DAVID O. McKAY
LIBRARY
FEB 8 2005
BYU-IDAHO

ARCHIVE
8
ORACLIVE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/harpersnew08harp

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME VIII.

DECEMBER, 1853, TO MAY, 1854.

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

329 & 331 PEARL STREET,

FRANKLIN SQUARE.

MDCCCLIV.

ADVERTISEMENT.—VOLUME VIII.

In closing the Eighth Volume of Harper's New Monthly Magazine, the Publishers refer to the disastrous calamity which overwhelmed their establishment in December last, as a sufficient apology for whatever defects may be observed in its mechanical execution. Its typography and pictorial embellishments were for a time seriously impaired by the sudden destruction of their usual facilities for its preparation. They believe, however, that all these evils have been fully remedied, and that hereafter the successive volumes of the Magazine will be presented with their usual elegance.

The Publishers can not neglect the present opportunity of renewing their cordial acknowledgments to the Press and the Public for their expressions of sympathy in their misfortune, and for the general kindness and favor with which their endeavors to interest and instruct the great mass of the People have been received. The circulation of the Magazine has steadily increased, and is now larger by many thousands than that of any similar periodical ever published; and the Publishers can not but regard its extraordinary success as indicating the emphatic approval of the general plan on which it has been conducted. No efforts will be spared to increase its attractiveness and its excellence, in all those features which have hitherto received so large a measure of popular approbation. The Magazine will continue to present, at the cheapest price and in the most elegant style, the choicest literary matter, original and selected, which American writers and the pages of current literature will supply. Special attention will be given to the Editorial departments, in which the greatest possible variety of literary, personal, and miscellaneous gossip, prepared with taste and care, as well as the regular Record of Current Events and the more elaborate discussion of topics of graver interest, will be embodied. The Publishers are confident that, with the increased facilities, literary and mechanical, at their command, they will be able to render the Magazine still more worthy of the remarkable favor which has thus far attended its publication.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME VIII.

ABOARD A SPERM WHALER..... 670
ACCESSION OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS..... 658
ACCOMMODATING ORGAN..... 717
A HAPPY NEW YEAR..... 510
AMY THE CHILD..... 499
A WORD OF APOLOGY..... 145
BIT OF LIFE IN OREGON..... 119
BLANCHETTE—A FAIRY TALE..... 654
BRACKLEY HOUSE..... 93
CAPITAL IDEA FOR COLD WEATHER..... 429
CASE OF LADY MACBETH MEDICALLY CONSIDERED. By T. B. THORPE.... 391
CHAPTER UPON SNAKES..... 401
CHRISTOPHER NORTH..... 674
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO—THE CROWING OF THE COCK BENEVENTANO..... 77
COOL PROPOSITION..... 429
COTTON AND ITS CULTIVATION. By T. B. THORPE..... 447
DUPE AND DUPER..... 817
DUTCH AND ENGLISH INTERCOURSE WITH JAPAN..... 194

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

Cut and Come again; Wild Oats; Brudder Dickson; Woman as a Lover; Catching the Anchor, 134. A Verbal Fence; New Legal Authority; Look out; Proof of Personal Identity; Life in Australia; Order of Exercises, 135. Epitaph; A Wrong Rap; Looking Green; The last Cake of Supper; The Watch and the Body, 136. Philoprogenitiveness; About Rats; Absence of Mind; Chill November; A Woman on Women; A Wonderful Parrot; Epitaph on a Dog, 137. Winter Scene, 278. Cockneys Sold; Indian Romance, 279; Little Children; A Ducal Trick; Circumlocution; The Descent of the Greenhorns, 280. Hint for the Honeymoon; Use of the Foot; A bustling Snake; Epitaph, 281. A Prayer with a Codicil; A Poser; Impertinent Lawyer done for; Bugle Song; Everett on Farmers; Supporting a Husband, 282. Lunatic Inventions; Baby Fair; Inhabitants of Robinson Crusoe's Island; Terrible Conflict; Responsible for the Silver, 283. A Dollar or Two; Loss of a Cow; Save the Eggs; Lesson for bad Penmen; Little Things; Paying the Costs; A Couple of Dialogues, 284. Fleas and Musquitoes; The Arab and the Robber, 419. Perfect Liberty; Blessings of a Child; A new Ben Bolt; Carts before the Horses; The Conductor's Story, 421. The Blind Sculptor; Californian Lyrics; Succession of Witnesses, 421. Work for the Schoolmaster; A Pauper's Death Bed; Mike Walsh and Henry Clay, 422. Anecdote of Isaac Hopper; Poor Economy; Miseries of Human Life; Coal and Iron, 423. Hint on Punishment; Burlesques on the Dramatists; Does your Mother know, etc.; True Love; Buried Alive, 424; A new Curve; Error of the Press; Women's Rights; Lament of the Cherokee; A new Recruit, 425. Anecdotes of Webster, 564. Do-Nothings; A Prospect of New York in the Olden Time; A Sweet Creature; The poor Abbé, 565. The Worth of a Doll; Jeremy Diddler on the Mississippi, 566. The Death of the Firstborn; Who gets best paid? Borrowing Trouble; Napoleon at St. Helena, 567. F. F. W.; The poor Customer; Biblical Representation, 568. Night Side of the Town; Entry into London; Mrs. Partington on the War, 569. April Sights, 705. Small Fee; Cuban Custom; What is Death? Railway Anecdote, 706. Cures for Intemperance; Questions for Debate; Running in the family; The Blind Wife, 707. School for Nurses; Napoleon at St. Helena, 708. A Tale of a Rat; The Fascinating Clergyman; A large House; The real Meaning; I am Old and Blind, 709. A solemn Soliloquy; Letter from Daniel Webster, 711. A pleasant Prospect; The Beggar's Portion; Horticultural Anecdote; Juvenile Theology; Quince, 711. The Major's Adventures; An Irreformable Drunkard, 712. Passed Away; Poor Tom Campbell, 713. Holy Angels are around me, 850. Telling the Sheep from the Goats; The Irish Innkeeper; Why they attend Church; Address to a Jug of Rum; Anecdote of Arnold; Coming out of the Hole; Invitation to Mont Blanc, 851. Memoirs of Rostopchin; Sam Slick on Music; The Power of Kindness, 852. A Revolutionary Mother; Fightin' and Trainin'; Getting the wrong Watch, 853. Paddle your own Canoe; Old Humphrey's Prescriptions; Sea Sickness, 854. A Poetical Dun; To Scolds; On Frogs; Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington; Charlotte and Werther; Deportment in Church, 855. Too Sharp to be Wise; The Span of Grays, 856.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

An Old-School Dandy out of Season, 128. Koszta and American Public Spirit; Miss Bremer and her Gossiping, 130. The Northwest Passage, 131. The Wishy-washy School in Literature and Music; The French Emperor at Home, 132. Political Mobility and Social Fixity in France; The Emperor and the War; Mademoiselle Rachel and the Gamblers, 133. New Year's Greetings; French Politeness and American Gallantry; Have we a National Dish among us? 269. Giving up Seats to Women, and its Moral; the Russians and the Bosphorus, 271. Women as Waiters and Women's Rights; French Ideas of English Eccentricity, 272. Concord between France and England; the Turks as Fighting Men, 273. Mesmeric Marriage; A Marriage of Convenience, and what came of it; Another French Marriage, 274. Turkish Influence upon the Fashions; Letter Writers from the East, 275. Homemade Letter from Constantinople; One of the same Sort from Italy, 276. A genuine Letter from Italy, 278. Lectures and Lecturing, 415. The Bourcicault Theory of Humbug, 416. The Lectures of the Season; The Æsthetics of Dancing, 417. The Astor Library; Sleigh-

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR—*continued.*

ing, 418. Gossip from Abroad; A Glance at London; The Queen, the Prince, and Politics, 559. The Warlike Aspect; English Country Life; Repudiation and Mr. Skimpole; Albert Smith and his Placer on Mont Blanc, 560. A Peep at France, 561. Sanatory Arrangements in Paris; The Theatres and the Opera; Singular Law Case; Police Reports, 562. Diplomacy and Bayonets; The Austrians, 563. Life in Italy and Switzerland, 563. Hard Times at Constantinople; Farewell, 564. Crystal Palace and Fancy Stock Jobbing; Dry, Sly, and Lye, 694. Exploded Bubbles; Morality; The Opera House; Basis of the Opera, 695. The Musicians' Speculations; Great Fires; Metropolitan Hall, 696. Spending Money; Libraries and Galleries, 697. April Fool; Jeroboam's Inexpressibles, 698. Nahant Redivivus; The Battle of the Coats, 699. The Diplomatic Duello, 700. Abroad again; Turkey in the Paper, 701. The Prince; Long Faces; The Snow in England, 702. The War; Across the Channel; Old Authors and New Books; Alexandre Dumas, 703. An Editor's Funeral; The Grisette and the Duchess, 704. The Swiss making both Ends meet; Italy, Spain, and Portugal, 705. Violets; Poetry *al fresco*, 839. The Ideal; Thackeray; Private Apartments in Babel; Stories in Numbers; Philosophy of Enjoyment, 840. The Boulevards; Flowers in New York Windows; Stage Pastorals; City and Country, 841. Citizen Daniel, 842. Consul Sanders; Buncombe, 843. Poetry and Railroads; Sam Rogers; Laurence the Artist, 844. Idealizing; May-Moving; Pa and Ma, 845. The Code of Honor; The Exhibition of the National Academy, 846. Academies attacked; The Winter in Europe; The War Fever; Attitude of Austria, 847. Prognostics of the Issue; Effect on Amusements; Laced Coats and Black ones, 848. The Carnival at Rome, 849.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Political Corruption..... 125
Curiosities of the Census..... 264
The Remedy for Political Corruption..... 411
Political Regeneration..... 555
The Sacredness of the Human Body..... 690
Politics and the Church..... 836

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN CEYLON..... 758
FACTS WORTH KNOWING..... 632
FAMILY OF MICHAEL AROUT..... 347
FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER..... 141
FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY..... 431
FASHIONS FOR MARCH..... 576
FASHIONS FOR APRIL..... 719
FASHIONS FOR MAY..... 863
FLORENCE MAY—A LOVE STORY..... 515
FLOWER BELLS..... 174
FORGIVENESS—THE RETURN..... 219
FOUNDED ON FACT..... 806
FOUNDLING HOSPITALS OF PARIS..... 337
FOUR SIGHTS OF A YOUNG MAN. By G. P. R. JAMES..... 61
FROM BELGRADE TO BUCHAREST..... 289
FROZEN AND THAWED..... 627
GHOST OF A LOVE STORY..... 682
GLIMPSE OF ARMENIA..... 819
GOVERNOR'S LADY. By G. P. R. JAMES..... 769
GRAND-DAME AND CHILD. By ALICE CAREY..... 537
GRINNELL EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN..... 433
HOLLAND HOUSE AND ITS CELEBRITIES..... 813
ILLUSTRATED PROGRAMME FOR JULLIEN'S CONCERTS..... 573
INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN NEW MEXICO. By G. D. BREWERTON..... 577
INFANT HEIR..... 824
IRREPARABLE LOSS..... 429
IS THE TOAD VENOMOUS?..... 812
ITALIAN SISTERS. By G. P. R. JAMES..... 148
KATE GORDON..... 377
LEAF FROM THE PARISH REGISTER..... 500
LETTERS TO SAPPHO..... 86, 771
LIFE AND TIMES OF MADAME DE STAEL..... 340
LIFE IN ABYSSINIA..... 523
LIFE IN PARIS—SKETCHES ABOVE AND BELOW GROUND..... 305

LITERARY NOTICES.

ORIGINAL NOTICES.

Forsyth's Captivity of Napoleon; Memoir of Judson; Autobiography of Haydon; Beecher's Conflict of Ages, 138. Memoirs of Abernethy; The Czar and the Sultan; Osgood's God with Man; Bow in the Cloud; Eastman's American Aboriginal Portfolio; Scotia's Bards; Tales from Nieritz; Lady Lee's Widowhood; Leutze's Washington Crossing the Delaware, 139. The British Poets; The Bloodstone; Hot Corn; Poole's Index to Periodical Literature; Shelton's Up the River, 285. Mrs. Hall's Liberia; Little Ferns; Tuckerman's Month in England; Harry's Ladder to Learning; Poetical Works of George P. Morris; Clovernook Sketches, Golden Link; Grimm's popular Stories; Poems for the Gentle and Loving; The Hundred Boston Orators; Turnbull's Christ in History; January and June; Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi; Willis's Health Trip to the Tropics; The Blackwater Chronicle; McConnell's Western Characters; Sargent's Landing of the Pilgrims, 287. Passion Flowers; Grace Greenwood's Haps and Mishaps, 426. Mrs. Mowatt's Autobiography; Vascouselos; Spencer's Conversion, Selections from Fénelon and Madame Guyon; Thoughts

LITERARY NOTICES—*continued.*

to Help and Cheer, 427. Campbell's Poems; Hitchcock's Outlines of Geology; Talks and Tales for Children; Gazeteer of the United States; Sketches of the Irish Bar; Lambert's Human Anatomy; De Quincey's Works, 570. Davis's Papers on American History; The Old Brewery; Uncle Toby's Library, 571. Maurice's Theological Essays; The Working Man's Way in the World; Lardner's Hand-Book of Natural Philosophy; Christmas Holidays at Chesnut Hill; Simms's Poetical Works; Freligh's Homeopathic Practice; The Lamplighter; The Barclays of Boston; Bruce's Classic and Historic Portraits; Mitchell's Dissected Maps, 714. Roget's Thesaurus; The Poetical Works of W. H. C. Hosmer; Apheila, 857. Vathek; Merrimack; Weise's French Protestant Refugees, 858.

FOREIGN NOTICES AND INTELLIGENCE.

The English Journals on Thackeray's Newcomes; On Eliot's Early Christians, The Old House by the River, and Hawthorne's Tanglewood; On Ruskin's Stories of Venice; Pension to Head, 140. Notices of Eastman's Aboriginal Portfolio and Flagg's Venice; American Literary Diplomatists; Poems by Frederick Tennyson, 288. Alexander Smith, 427, 716. Mr. Ruskin; Oxford University, 427. Sheridan Knowles; Martin the Painter; M. de Beaumont; Sonnets by William Humboldt; Victor Hugo's *Châtiments;* M. Scribe, Monument to Tieck, 428. The Grinnell Expedition, 571. Publications announced, 571, 715. Hilliard's Italy; The Ethnological Journal; Gallery of Inventors; Professor Maurice, 571. George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert; New French Books; Lamartine's Works; Carus's *Thierischen Morphologie;* Humboldt's Minor Writings; Scott in Swedish, 572. Calvin's Letters; Evelyn's Diary; Mrs. Crossland's Memorable Women; Universal Alphabet; Balder, 715. Miss Bremer and Mrs. Howitt; Memoirs of Moore; Leverrier, 716. Blackie and Ruskin; Maurice's Essays; Discoveries in Egypt, 859.

OBITUARIES.

Dr. Wardlaw; Mrs. Opie; F. de Waldheim, 428. M. de Bodisco, 551. Mrs. Carlyle; M. G. F. Grotofend; William Maltby; Armand Bertin, 572. Mrs. Candlish; M. Blanqui; Max Korn; Silvio Pellico, 716. Thomas Noon Talfourd, 859. Abbé de Lamennais, 860.

LIVES OF PLANTS 538

LORD BROUGHAM. By GEORGE GILFILLAN 503

MEMOIRS OF THE HOLY LAND.—BETHLEHEM. By JACOB ABBOTT 1

MERCHANT OF BAGDAD 548

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.

Elections in Georgia, Maryland, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Vermont, Tennessee, 120. Mr. Benton on the Pacific Railway, 120. French Exhibition of 1855, 120. Agricultural and Mechanical Celebrations, 120. Opening of Congress, 257. Abstract of the President's Message, 257. Abstract of the Report of the Postmaster-General, 259. Of the Secretary of War, 260. Of the Secretary of the Navy, 260. Escape of John Mitchell, 260. Wreck of the Steamer San Francisco, 404. Proclamation against Piratical Expeditions, and Mr. Gwin's Speech, 408. Meeting of the Legislature of New York, 408. Message of Governor Seymour, 408. Election of Mr. Crittenden as U. S. Senator from Ohio, 408. Message of the Governor of Ohio, 408. Of the Governor of Texas, 408. Texas Railroad Bill, 408. Message of the Governor of Pennsylvania, 408. Case of Tausig an Austrian Refugee, 561. Meeting of the American Colonization Society, 551. The Gadsden Treaty with Mexico, 551. Protests against the Nebraska Bill, 551. Public Works in Pennsylvania, 551. The Panama Railroad, 552. Exploration of the Isthmus of Darien, 552, 834. Analysis of the Vote in the Senate on the Nebraska Bill, 686. The Black Warrior Affair, 687, 832. Maine Law in New York, 832. Louisiana and Mississippi Legislatures on the Nebraska Bill, 832. Mr. Clemens's Letter on the Nebraska Bill, 832. Fremont's Exploring Party, 834. General Intelligence from California, 120, 261, 408, 551, 686, 833. From the Western Territories, 120, 260, 408, 409, 552, 686, 834. From the Sandwich Islands, 120, 552. *Proceedings in Congress:* Opening of the Session, 257. Proportion of the Parties, 260. Railroads in the Territories, 260. Public Works, 260. Steam Frigates, 260, 862. Thanks to Captain Ingraham, 260, 408. The Nebraska Bill reported in the Senate, 407. Mr. Cass on the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty, 407. Reply of Mr. Clayton, 407. Proceedings in Reference to the Wreck of the San Francisco, 407, 408, 551. Mr. Dixon's Amendment to the Nebraska Bill, 408. Mr. Gwin on Piratical Expeditions, 408. Debate in the Senate on the Nebraska Bill, 550, 685. Debate respecting Mons. Bedini, 551. Nebraska Bill reported in the House, 551. Amendments to the Bill in the Senate, 685. Its Passage in the Senate, 686. Railroad Bill of Mr. Gwin, 686. Speech of Mr. Badger on Nebraska Bill, 832. Message on the Black Warrior Affair, 832. Debate in the House on referring the Nebraska Bill, 832. Messrs. Cutting and Breckenridge, 832.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Insurrection in Yucatan, 122. Mining Projects in Chili, 122. Navigation of the Uruguay, 122. New Ministry in Brazil, 122. Chincha Island Affair, 122. Navigation of the Amazon, 122. New Captain General of Cuba, 122. Precautions against Insurrection, 122. Project for an Empire in Mexico, 122, 438. Walker's Expedition to Lower California, 122, 833. Slavery and the Slave Trade in Cuba, 122, 408. General Intelligence from South America, 552. The Black Warrior in Cuba, 687. Exploring Party on the Isthmus, 834

GREAT BRITAIN.

Discovery of the Northwest Passage, 122. Views of Government on the Eastern Question, 123. Peace Meeting at Edinburgh, 123. Mr. Cobden's Defense of the Czar, 123. Reported Convention between the four Powers, 261. Sir Charles Napier's Speech, 261. Letter from Kossuth on the Eastern Question, 262. Letter from Mazzini, 262. Address of Czartoryski to the Poles, 262. Close of the Dublin Exhibition, 262. Opinions on the War, 262. Views as to Sir John Franklin, 262. Presbytery of Edinburgh on a Fast, 262. Lord Palmerston's Withdrawal from and Return to the Cabinet, 409. Preparations for War, 552. Reports prejudicial to Prince Albert, 553. Messrs. Cobden and Bright on Education, 553. Bulwer's Address at Edinburgh, 553. Dispatch of Troops to the Black Sea, 687. The new Reform Bill, 687, 835. The Russian Embassador takes his Leave, 687. Debates on the War Question; Speeches of Mr. Layard, Lord John Russell, Mr. Cobden, Lord Palmerston, and others, 688. Russian Proposals for the Dismemberment of Turkey, 834. War Estimates, 835.

THE CONTINENT.

Trial of Conspirators in France, 262, 553. A new Saint at Rome, 262. Death of the Queen of Portugal, 262. Speech of the King of Sweden, 263. Of the King of Prussia, 263. Russian Exactions in the Principalities, 263, 689. The Soulé Duels, 409. Speech of the Regent of Portugal, 410. Scarcity in France, 410. Outrages upon Foreigners in Italy, 410. Neapolitan Troops for Rome, 410. Negotiations for Peace, 410. Naval Preparations in France, 553. Presentation of Mr. Mason, 553. Ministerial Disruption in Spain, 553. Note of the Danish Government declaring Neutrality, 553. Letter from Napoleon to the Czar, 638. Departure of the Russian Minister from Paris, 689. Mission of Count Orloff to Vienna and Berlin, 689. Authoritative Exposition of French Policy, 689. Greek Insurrection in Turkey, 689. Meeting of the Legislative Body in France, 835. Reply of the Czar to the Letter of the Emperor, 835. Circular to the French Diplomatic Agents, 835. Russian Proposals to France for Dismemberment of Turkey, 835.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

Turkish Manifesto setting forth the Facts of the Case, and demanding the Evacuation of the Principalities, 124. The Russian Commander declines, 124. The Sultan requests the Allied Fleets to be sent for, 124. Declaration of War by Turkey, and Counter Manifesto by the Czar, 263. Circular by Count Nesselrode to the Russian Diplomatic Agents, 263. The Turks cross the Danube, and Commencement of Hostilities, 263. The Turkish Fleet destroyed at Sinope, 263, 410. The English and French Fleets enter the Bosphorus, 263, 554. Hostilities in Asia, 263. Address of the French Embassador to the Sultan, 263. Attitude of Servia, 263. Course of the Russians in the Principalities, 263. Persia joins Russia, 263. Attempts at Negotiation: Note of the four Powers, 263, 553. Reply of the Porte, 553.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS—*continued.*

Circular Note of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, 554. Action at Citate, 554. Letter from the Emperor of France to the Czar, 688. Hostilities on the Danube, 689. Greek Insurrection in Turkey, 689. Exposition of the Views of English Government, 123. Reported Convention between the four Powers, 261. Speech of the King of Sweden, 263. Speech of the King of Prussia, 263. Denmark proclaims a Desire to be Neutral, 553. Russian Proposals to England and France for Dismemberment of Turkey, 834. Reply of the Czar to the Letter of the Emperor of France, 835. Russian Manifesto, 835. French Diplomatic Circular, 835.

MIGHTY HUNTERS 496
MR. COTTLE AND HIS FRIENDS 68
MY FRENCH MASTER 382
MY UNCLE MAURICE 255
MUSTACHE MOVEMENT 717
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT 155, 315, 479, 596, 721
OLD LADY'S STORY 369
PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES 509
PHARISEES AND SINNERS 543
PILGRIMAGE TO PLYMOUTH. By C. W. PHILLEO 36
PUBLIC CAREER OF TALLEYRAND 248
ROBBERS OF LE MAUVAIS PAS 540
ROYAL AMUSEMENTS IN JAVA 635
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. By GEORGE GILFILLAN 215
RUSSIAN GENERAL OF THE OLD SCHOOL 679
SCHOOL-BOY'S STORY. By CHARLES DICKENS 365
SHOTS AND SHELLS 809
SIGHTS AND PRINCIPLES ABROAD.—MARSEILLES TO FLORENCE 471
" " " " —FLORENCE 617
" " " " —FLORENCE ARCHITECTURALLY AND HISTORICALLY 744
SOCIAL CUSTOMS IN BRITTANY 234
STORIES OF THE HUGUENOTS 251
STORY OF THE DAISY 519
SWORD OF MAULEY 239
STORY OF A MOTHER 513
SWEET BELLS JANGLED 55
THE FIRST AERONAUT 521
THE GARROTE. By G. P. R. JAMES 330
THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE. By H. T. TUCKERMAN 76
THE LIFE ESTATE 207
THE LONG VOYAGE 398
THE NEWCOMES. By W. M. THACKERAY 104, 178, 351, 637, 780
THE PORTRAIT 229
THE RAVEN. By G. P. R. JAMES 463
THE RUSSIANS AT HOME 801
THE SPIRIT VISION. By MAUNSELL B. FIELD 178
THE TABLES ALL WRONG 717
THE TEMPTRESS 224
TRUE STORY OF AN ACTRESS 624
TURK AT HOME 736
TWELVE SCENES FROM BACHELOR LIFE 141
TWO COUSINS 168
UNCLE GEORGE'S CHRISTMAS STORY 374
VIRGINIAN CANAAN. By A VIRGINIAN 18
VISIT TO OVERBECK'S STUDIO IN THE CENCI PALACE 87
WARNING FOR GREEDY BOYS 429
WHY MY UNCLE WAS A BACHELOR 664
WHAT A SIGHT-SEER DID AND SAW IN ONE DAY 97
YOUNG COUPLE 717

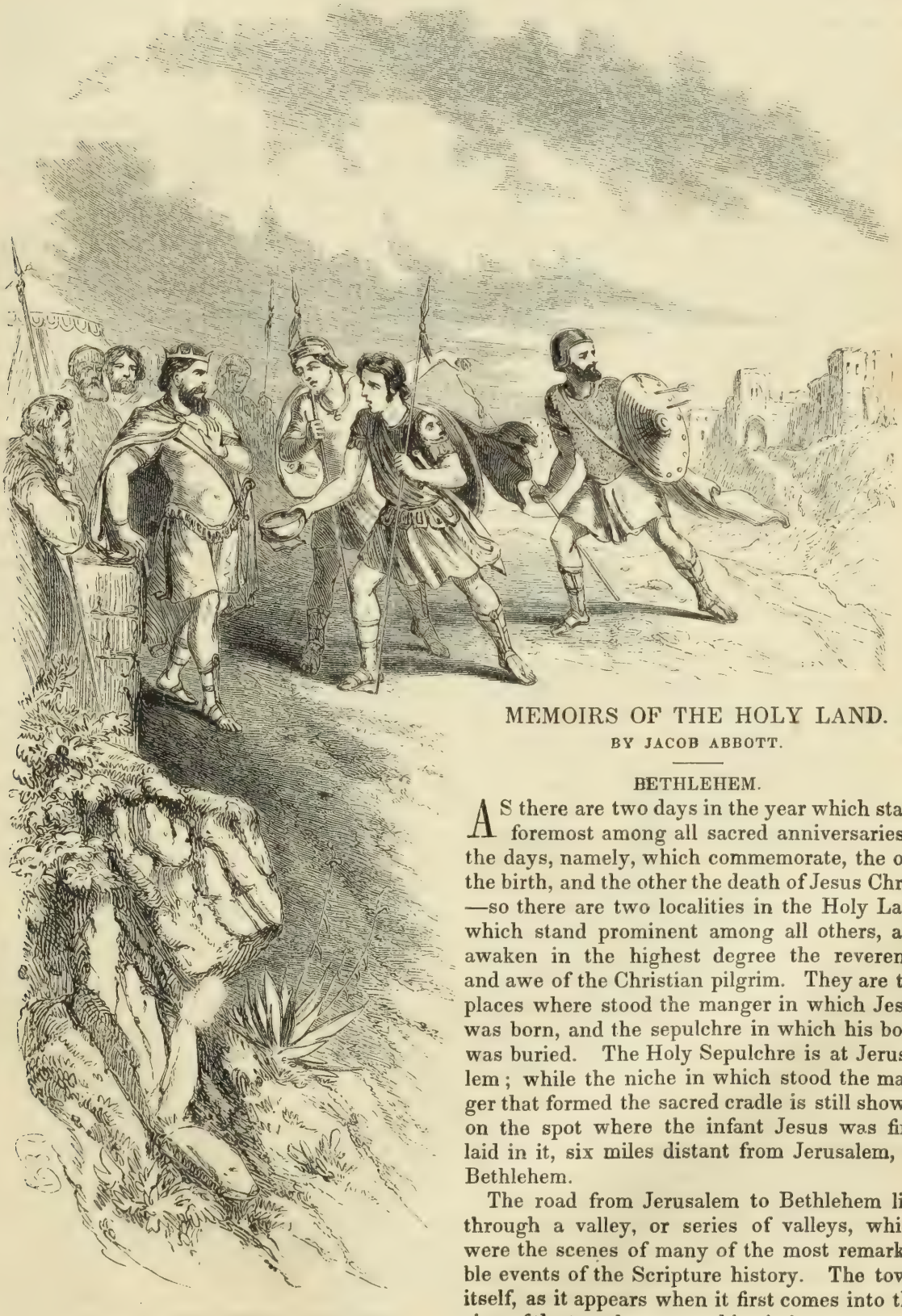
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Exploit of the three Mighty Men..... 1
2. David before Samuel 3
3. Solomon in his Chariot..... 5
4. The Road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. 6
5. Women at a Well..... 7
6. Rachel's Tomb..... 8
7. Entrance to Bethlehem 9
8. Interior of the Church of the Nativity ... 11
9. Plan of the Church of the Nativity..... 13
10. Plan of the Grotto of the Nativity..... 14
11. Place of the Nativity 15
12. The Manger 16
13. Plan of the Cave of Macpelah 17
14. En Grand Tenue..... 18
15. The Commissary Department 19
16. A Great Humbug..... 20
17. Thornhill's Cabin 21
18. Conway 22
19. The March 23
20. The Alarm..... 24
21. Through the Woods 25
22. Passing the Laurel 26
23. The Mummy..... 27
24. All in my Eye 28
25. Falls of the Black Fork of Cheat..... 29
26. Fate of the Fancy Rods..... 30
27. Mr. Jones's Legacy..... 31
28. Mr. X. hastens to get a Shot 31
29. Falls of the Blackwater..... 32
30. First Trout of Mr. X..... 33
31. Camp on the Blackwater..... 34
32. Wrath of Mr. Dindon 35
33. Californians Trumped 36
34. Map of Plymouth Bay 38
35. Gurnet 39
36. Pilgrim Hall..... 40
37. Fragment of Plymouth Rock 41
38. Brewster's Chest and Standish's Pot ... 41
39. Signatures of the Pilgrims..... 41
40. The Allyn House 42
41. House on the Site of Common House... 43
42. Post Office—Site of Bradford's House .. 43
43. Map of Plymouth..... 44
44. Landing of the Pilgrims..... 48
45. Carver's Chair 49
46. Brewster's Chair..... 49
47. Peregrine White's Cabinet 49
48. The Joanna Davis House 50
49. Plymouth Rock 51
50. Plymouth, from the Beach 52
51. Watson House, Clark's Island..... 53
52. Great Rock, Clark's Island..... 53
53. Messrs. Briggs, Brown, and Bangs at Home 141
54. They take a Turn with the Foils 141
55. Mr. Brown makes a Hit..... 141
56. They take a Bout with the Gloves 141
57. Mr. Briggs explains the Cross-buttock... 141
58. Mr. Brown gets a Lift 141
59. Mr. Briggs makes a Slip 142
60. Too much Noise, Gentlemen..... 142
61. Messrs. B., B., and B., take a Little 142
62. Mr. Brown tries an Experiment 142
63. Result of the Experiment 142
64. Grand Exit of Messrs. B., B., and B..... 142
65. Costumes for December..... 153
66. Bonnet 143
67. The Steppes of Wallachia 289
68. View of Belgrade..... 290
69. A Servian Dwelling 295
70. Great Khan at Sophia 297
71. Ruins at Giourjevo 298
72. Traveling in Wallachia 299
73. Wallachian Ox-Wagons 300
74. Street in Bucharest 301
75. Wallach and Gipsy Costumes, Male 302
76. Wallach and Gipsy Costumes, Female.. 303
77. Port of Brailow 304
78. Paris Above and Below Ground 306
79. Parisian Postman 307
80. Letter-Box in Paris 307
81. French Post-Car 308
82. Interior of Post-Car 308
83. Nil Admirari..... 309
84. Les Claqueurs 309
85. A Bas 310
86. The Door of the Theatre..... 310
87. New Theatre at Paris 311
88. Sister of Charity 312
89. Pickpocket 313
90. The Police and the Mendicants 314
91. Paris to Moscow—Map..... 316
92. A Warning for Greedy Boys..... 429
93. An Irreparable Loss 429
94. A Cool Proposition..... 430
95. A Capital Idea for Cold Weather 430
96. Costumes for February..... 431
97. Bonnet 432
98. Ribbon and Lace Cap..... 432
99. Boy's Hat 432
100. Cabin of the "Advance" 433
101. The "Advance" and "Rescue" 434
102. The Sukkertoppen, Greenland..... 434
103. Encounter with an Iceberg 434
104. Icebergs on the Coast of Greenland 435
105. Hummocks of Ice 435
106. Inspector's House, Lievely 436
107. Entering Melville Bay..... 438
108. The Vessels in the Pack 437
109. Arctic Coast Scenery..... 437
110. The Devil's Thumb, Melville Bay 437
111. The "Advance" in the Ice 438
112. Hummocks Forming..... 438
113. Moving Ice 439
114. Caught in the Ice..... 439

115. Aurora off Cape Farewell 440
116. Cook; Galley during the Winter 440
117. Winter Rig 441
118. Arctic Hood 441
119. Off Croker's Bay, December 442
120. The "Advance" in February 442
121. Snow-Shoe Traveling 443
122. The Ice-Pack Opening 443
123. Cutting out the Vessel 444
124. Seals at Play 444
125. Eroded Ice-Floe 445
126. Interior of an Esquimaux Hut 445
127. Saluting the Town of Pröven 446
128. Parting with the "Prince Albert" 446
129. Shipping Cotton 447
130. Cotton—the "Bloom" 450
131. Cotton Flower in the Morning 451
132. Cotton Flower in the Evening 451
133. Cotton—the "Boll" nearly ripe 452
134. Cotton—the "Boll" perfectly ripe 453
135. Cotton—the "Boll" shedding its Contents 454
136. Cotton—the "Boll" after shedding 455
137. Picking Cotton 456
138. Carrying Cotton to the Gin 457
139. The Gin-House 458
140. The Cotton-Gin in Operation 459
141. Hauling Cotton to the River 460
142. Battle of Krasnoi—Diagram 486
143. Julien's Concert—*Pianissimo* 573
144. Julien's Concert—*Cornet-à-Piston* 573
145. Julien's Concert—*Contra-Basso* 573
146. Julien's Concert—*Contra-Basso, encore* .. 573
147. Julien's Concert—*Yankee Doodle* 574
148. Julien's Concert—*Hunting in Africa* 575
149. Julien's Concert—*God Save the Queen*... 575
150. Julien's Concert—*Finale* 575
151. Costumes for March 576
152. Portrait of J. C. Frémont 577
153. Road Scene, New Mexico 579
154. View between Taos and Santa Fé 579
155. Father Ignatio moved by the Spirit 581
156. Grand Entrée into Santa Fé 585
157. Gambling Saloon, Santa Fé 587
158. Lady Tules 588
159. The Padre Wins 589
160. Santa Fé, from the Missouri Trail 590
161. Navajo Indian in War Costume 591
162. Head of Navajo Indian 591
163. Ruins of Catholic Church, Pecos 593
164. Ruins of Aztec Temple, Pecos 593
165. Whirlwind on the Prairies 594
166. Effect of the Mirage—False Ponds 595
167. Napoleon's approach to Dresden 597
168. Death of Duroc 598
169. March of the Conscripts 599
170. Napoleon Asleep on the Field of Battle . 600
171. After the Battle 601
172. Napoleon and Metternich in Council ... 602
173. Campaign in Saxony—Map 603
174. Dresden and Vicinity—Map 606
175. The Strozzi Palace, Florence 618
176. The Brothers of Pity 620
177. A parting Song 637
178. Colonel Newcome's Party 638
179. Barnes Newcome takes a Glass 640
180. The Bottle 641
181. Barnes Newcome reads the News 645
182. Colonel Newcome takes a Post-Chaise .. 646
183. Colonel Newcome and Ethel 649
184. Colonel Newcome Meditates 650
185. The Colonel at Astley's 652
186. The Mustache Movement 717
187. The Young Couple 717
188. An Accommodating Organ 718
189. The Tables all Wrong 718
190. Costumes for April 719
191. Chemisette 720
192. Under-sleeve 720
193. Child's Dress 720
194. Napoleon Reconnoitering 723
195. Napoleon at the Battery 724
196. Napoleon at the Outposts 725
197. The Fall of Moreau 727
198. The Soldier Rewarded 729
199. The Council of War 736
200. Destruction of the Bridge 738
201. Death of Poniatowski 739
202. Bursting of the Bomb-Shell 742
203. Napoleon and Maria Louisa 743
204. Front View of the Pitti Palace, Florence 745
205. Rear View of the Pitti Palace 746
206. The Campanile, Florence 747
207. The Duomo, Florence 748
208. Church of Santa Maria Novella 749
209. Church of San Miniato on the Hill 750
210. Florence, from San Miniato 752
211. Fountain of Neptune, Palazzo Vecchio .. 757
212. Elephant Hunting—Stalking a Herd 760
213. Elephant Hunting—A Close Shave 761
214. Elephant Hunting—Attacking a Herd ... 762
215. Elephant Hunting—Caught at Last 763
216. Interview with a Buffalo 764
217. Past and Present 780
218. Sir Thomas de Boots cuts a Figure 781
219. Mr. Gandish's Great Picture 782
220. Mr. Gandish and his Pupils 784
221. Portrait of Mr. Gandish 785
222. A Painter of the Old School 785
223. A Visit of Ceremony 787
224. A Conversazione 789
225. Clive's Mustache 791
226. Mrs. Jenkins calls in a "Medium" 861
227. The "Medium" moves the Funiture 861
228. The M. P. and the "Medium" 862
229. The "Medium" in a Moving Situation .. 862
230. Costumes for May 863
231. Bonnet of Silk and Blonde 864
232. Bonnet of Hair and Straw 864
233. Child's Hat 864
234. Cap of Tulle 864
235. Cap of Blonde and Lace 864

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XLIII.—DECEMBER, 1853.—Vol. VIII.



EXPLOIT OF THE THREE MIGHTY MEN.

MEMOIRS OF THE HOLY LAND.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

BETHLEHEM.

As there are two days in the year which stand foremost among all sacred anniversaries—the days, namely, which commemorate, the one the birth, and the other the death of Jesus Christ—so there are two localities in the Holy Land which stand prominent among all others, and awaken in the highest degree the reverence and awe of the Christian pilgrim. They are the places where stood the manger in which Jesus was born, and the sepulchre in which his body was buried. The Holy Sepulchre is at Jerusalem; while the niche in which stood the manger that formed the sacred cradle is still shown, on the spot where the infant Jesus was first laid in it, six miles distant from Jerusalem, at Bethlehem.

The road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem lies through a valley, or series of valleys, which were the scenes of many of the most remarkable events of the Scripture history. The town itself, as it appears when it first comes into the view of the traveler approaching it, is seen crown-

ing the summit of a hill that extends from east to west, and is inclosed on every side by a beautiful country of hills and valleys, all well watered, and covered at the proper season of the year with a rich and beautiful vegetation. There are groves of olive-trees and figs—and fields of corn and grain—and vineyards planted on terraces, formed by ancient walls built to support them, along the slopes of the hills, with tall watch-towers here and there for the protection of the fruit, and ancient walls and cisterns—some filled with water, and some exhausted and dry—and monuments, and sepulchres, and consecrated spots, marked by the footsteps of pilgrims as the scene of some event or incident of sacred history. In a word, the whole region is full of relics, traces, and memorials, commemorating the transactions of which it was formerly the scene.

RACHEL'S TOMB.

Conspicuous among these objects, and more ancient in respect to its origin than any other, is the Tomb of Rachel, the wife of the patriarch Jacob. This tomb stands upon an eminence by the wayside, not far from Bethlehem. It consists, at the present time, of a small mosque-like edifice covered by a dome. It contains two apartments—one, toward the east, is open; the other, toward the west, is closed, and contains the tomb, which, as it appears at the present day, is an oblong mound, like a common grave. The peculiar circumstances which attended the death and burial of Rachel, and those which have since occurred to perpetuate the memory of the event, render it highly probable that this is indeed the actual spot in which the body of the venerable Hebrew mother was really interred.

The death of Rachel occurred under such circumstances as to make a very deep and affecting impression on the mind of her husband. He was traveling with her and the rest of his family from Bethel to Mamre (afterward Hebron), in order to visit his father, Isaac, who was at that time there, when she suddenly fell sick by the way; and, after a brief period of excitement, suffering, and alarm, she died, leaving the infant, subsequently named Benjamin, motherless in his father's arms. Jacob buried her where she died, and erected a monumental pillar upon the spot, to mark the grave. The very deep impression which the death of Rachel under these circumstances made upon the patriarch's mind, is shown by his affecting allusion to it on his own death-bed, many years afterward, and by the prominence which he gave to the event in reviewing the circumstances of his history: "As for me," said he, "when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath: and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath; the same is Beth-lehem." (Gen. xlviii. 7.) Though at the time when he said this the venerable patriarch was so much enfeebled by infirmity and age that he was scarcely conscious of what was taking place around his dying bed, his thoughts instinctively recur to the scenes and incidents through which he had passed in former years, and he recounts calamities long gone by, as if they were present sorrows.

The monument which Jacob erected over Rachel's grave, and the general feeling of veneration with which Rachel was regarded, marked the spot so effectually as to make it universally known to the several generations which immediately succeeded the age of the patriarch. Moses alludes to the pillar as still standing at the day when he wrote his history;* and subsequently, in the time of Saul, a rendezvous is appointed at the place, implying that it was a spot then universally known.† From that day to this it has been visited and described by a constant succession of travelers, bringing its identity down, by an almost uninterrupted succession of proofs, to the present day.

THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

Not far from the city of Bethlehem, in a southwesterly direction, perhaps a mile from the present wall of the city, is a natural fountain or well, which is celebrated as the scene of a remarkable incident narrated in the history of King David, or rather in the account given of some of his most distinguished warriors, at the conclusion of the history of his life. In enumerating the great exploits which some of these men performed, it is said that one time, during the wars which David waged against the Philistines in the course of his reign, a body of the enemy had taken possession of Bethlehem, and had fortified themselves there, while David himself was shut up in a stronghold situated on one of the adjoining heights, from which Bethlehem was full in view. While thus situated, David's men suffered greatly from thirst, while the Philistines, being in possession of the well watered grounds about Bethlehem, were abundantly supplied. Under these circumstances David one day, when reconnoitering the position of his enemies, remembering this ancient well, longed for a drink of its water, and said in the presence of the officers who stood around him, "Oh that some one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate." Hearing this, three of his mighty men undertook the task of accomplishing the wish of the king. It is true that in speaking these words David did not probably mean seriously to express a wish that the water should be brought to him. The desire was doubtless a mere passing thought, which found utterance almost involuntarily. He was looking at the walls of the city and at the lines of the Philistines' encampment, and said, as if thinking aloud—How good it would be to have a drink from the well that stands by the gate! The three men, however, fired by the ambition and military ardor which in those days sought their gratification in the performance of daring personal exploits, immediately undertook to accomplish the king's desire. They rushed desperately forward, broke through the enemy's

* Gen. xxxv. 20. † 1 Sam. x. 2.

lines, drew water from the well, and came back, fighting their way through all opposition; and thus, flushed and breathless with excitement and exertion, they brought the water and offered it to the king. All who witnessed the deed wondered at the presumptuous daring which the three warriors displayed in it, and were astonished at the success of the exploit. A great impression was made too upon David's mind by the transaction. He would not drink the water, but poured it out as an offering to the Lord. (2 Sam. xxiii. 14–17.) To drink it, he said, would be like drinking blood, since the lives of men had been put in such jeopardy to procure it. So he poured it out upon the ground as an oblation.

BETHLEHEM, THE NATIVE CITY OF DAVID.

David's exclamation of longing desire for a drink from the well of Bethlehem, was prompted no doubt, in a great degree, by the fact that he had been familiar with the well from his earliest childhood, and had often drank of its water when a boy. It was in Bethlehem that his father Jesse lived at the time when David was born; and it was here that Samuel came to designate David as the future king of Israel. Jesse was a shepherd, and with the assistance of his sons tended his flocks in the neighboring hills, while the dwelling in which his family resided, and to which he returned at night after the labors of the day were over, was within the walls of the town. It was here that Samuel came to visit him, and asked to see his sons, that he might point out the one whom God should designate as the future king. He desired, he said, to offer in Bethlehem a sacrifice to the Lord, and he invited all the people to assemble and be present at the ceremony. Jehovah had previously directed him to do this, and to summon Jesse and his sons specially to attend, promising that when the young men should appear, he would designate the one who had been determined upon by the divine will as the future monarch of the kingdom.

In obedience to this summons, Jesse came himself and brought all his full-grown sons with him to the sacrifice, leaving David—whom, as he was but a lad, he deemed too young to be included in such an invitation—to watch the sheep, in their pastures among the hills, without the city. As the others, who had all grown to man's estate, passed in successsion before Samuel, he looked upon them one after another, but received no divine token in favor of either one of the seven.

"Are these all?" said he. "The Lord hath not chosen any of these."

Jesse replied that they were all, except the youngest—a mere boy, he said—who had been left to tend the flocks in the fields. Samuel desired that the boy should be immediately brought in. They accordingly sent for him, and in a short time he came, his bright and beaming face flushed and ruddy with haste and



DAVID BEFORE SAMUEL

excitement. All who saw him were struck with the beauty and animation of his countenance, and the Lord said immediately to Samuel, Arise and anoint him, for this is he.*

The extreme simplicity of manners that prevailed in the land of Israel in those ancient days, is strikingly illustrated by the fact that, after the young David had been set forth by this solemn ceremony as the future prince and ruler of Israel, he returned to his wonted employment, and continued for some time after this to guard his father's flocks in the pastures as before. He followed them in the valleys or on the hills, keeping watch over them by day, for the double purpose of preventing them from going too far astray, and of protecting them from the wild beasts which lurked in the dens and ravines of the wild and savage country, that lay between Bethlehem and the Dead Sea, and returning at night, when the flocks were in the fold, to his home within the city. He thus, doubtless, while a boy, often passed by the well of Bethlehem which was by the gate, and stopped to drink of the water; and it is not surprising that, when in his advancing years, he found himself surrounded by his enemies within sight of Bethlehem, and faint and thirsty from privation and fatigue, he should have remembered the cool and refreshing fountain where he had so often drank when a boy, and have longed for access to its water again.

This celebrated well of Bethlehem is found now to be at a distance of twenty minutes' walk from the walls of the city, which would seem to be a greater distance than that denoted by the sacred writer in this ancient narrative; for he speaks of it as being "at the gate of Bethlehem." Such a mode of expression, however, when used to designate the situation of a well —the resort of shepherds with their flocks from distant pasturages, and of travelers prosecuting long and toilsome journeys—should not be too strictly interpreted. Besides, the precise situation and extent of the town may have been somewhat changed in the course of the many centuries which have elapsed since this description was given. At any rate, there is little doubt of the identity of the spot. Although water, from its ceaseless fluctuation and flow, would seem to form the very type and symbol of evanescence, there is really nothing in nature more permanent than a fountain or a stream; and no masonry that man ever builds is more enduring than that of a well. This fountain of Bethlehem, David could remember as having flowed unceasingly for fifty or sixty years, and now after the lapse of nearly thirty centuries since his day, the traveler who visits the spot finds it flowing on with very little change.

THE POOLS OF SOLOMON.

The whole country in the vicinity of Bethlehem is more abundantly watered than most other portions of the Holy Land. The fruitfulness of the soil on the hill sides and the greenness of the neighboring valleys, are due, doubtless, in a great measure to this fact, and there stand to the present day the remains of an ancient system of water-works for conveying water to Jerusalem, which derived its supplies from this region. The reservoirs from which the water is taken are situated about two miles to the southeastward of Bethlehem, in a secluded and lonely valley. These reservoirs have been known for many centuries as the Pools of Solomon. That Solomon constructed such a work is stated in sacred history,* and there is no special reason to doubt that the ancient tradition is correct which assigns these reservoirs and the aqueduct which supplies Jerusalem with water from them, to him.

These reservoirs, as has already been said, are situated in a lonely valley, two miles from Bethlehem. The road to them from Jerusalem leaves the Bethlehem road, near the place of Rachel's tomb.† After journeying on from this point for two or three miles over a rough and rocky road, the traveler at length enters the valley, and soon afterward arrives at the pools. They are situated on the side of a hill, and near the spot are the ruins of an ancient Saracenic castle or khan.

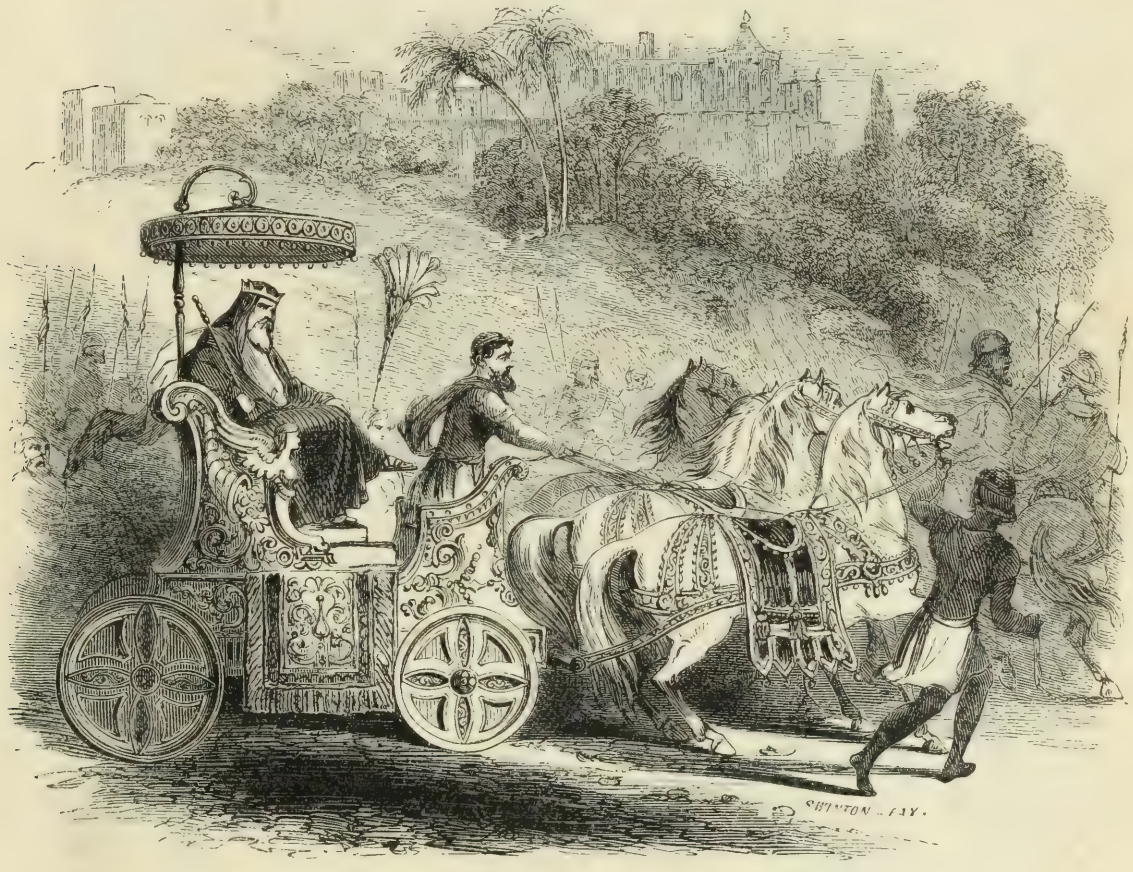
The pools are three in number, and are situated one above another in the side of a hill. The reservoirs are of an oblong form, though not strictly rectangular, and are four or five hundred feet long each, and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet broad. The cavities which contain the water are formed partly by excavations in the side of the hill, and partly by walls and embankments built up upon the lower side, and strengthened by buttresses A considerable part of the excavation is in the solid rock, and in some places steps have been formed in the rock thus cut away for descending to the bottom of the excavations. The water is supplied by springs which issue from the ground and from fissures in the rocks. These springs, however, do not appear to enter directly into the pools. They rise in a subterranean fountain, a short distance above the upper pool. This fountain is arched over and closed from view; but there is an entrance and a flight of steps, by means of which those travelers who are interested in such subterranean explorations can go down and examine the structure below. It consists of two vaulted apartments, formed of arches built in brick and stone. There are four springs whose waters are collected within these chambers, and from them the supply is conducted down the hill side, by a subterranean channel which passes along the side of the great pools, throwing off branches of communication with them as they pass. The main channel goes on, and forms the aqueduct which conveys the water to Jerusalem.

This arrangement has led some persons to doubt whether the pools were really constructed as auxiliaries to the system for the supply of

* 1 Sam., 16th chap.

* 2 Kings, xx. 20. † See Engraving, page 6.

Jerusalem, or whether they were intended only to contain water drawn off from that system for some other incidental purpose. Some have supposed that King Solomon, to whose architectural ingenuity and enterprise the whole work is ascribed, had a country villa at this place, and that the three reservoirs were built for some purpose of irrigation or of ornament for his grounds. The expressions which he uses in Eccl. ii. 4, 5, 6, when reviewing his experience of life, it has been thought may possibly refer to pleasure grounds which he laid out on this very spot. "I made me great works. I builded me houses. I planted me vineyards. I made me gardens and orchards, I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit. I made me pools of water, to water them—with the wood that bringeth forth trees." Josephus, the Jewish historian, in narrating the life of Solomon, is thought to have referred to this spot in the following passage. "There was a certain place about fifty furlongs distant from Jerusalem, which is called Etham. Very pleasant is it in fine gardens and abounding in rivulets of water. Thither did Solomon use to go out in the morning, sitting on high in his chariot."



SOLOMON IN HIS CHARIOT.

On the whole, it is probable that even if these pools were connected with gardens and pleasure grounds that were laid out around them, their primary design was to aid in furnishing water for the city. Such reservoirs, for the storage of some considerable quantity of water, it is always necessary to provide, in hydraulic works of this character that are designed for the service of a great population, in order to equalize the movement, and guard against the irregularities to which all such systems are necessarily subject, both in respect to consumption and supply.

The aqueduct which conveys the supply of water from those sources to the city, is a channel of masonry, for the most part subterranean, which winds along the hill sides by the circuitous meanderings that are necessary to preserve the level, till it reaches Jerusalem, where it crosses a valley over arches of ancient masonry, and enters the city on the side of Mt. Zion. This aqueduct, though in a ruinous and dilapidated state, still fulfills in some measure its function; for the water flows in it to a reservoir in the vicinity of Jerusalem, to the present day.

THE ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO BETHLEHEM.

Having thus briefly described the various objects that principally attract attention in the environs of Bethlehem, let us now, in imagination, accompany the traveler in his journey from Jerusalem thither. He sets out upon his excursion in the morning, full of interest and excitement, for every portion of the ground which he is to traverse is hallowed by the most sacred associations. He leaves Jerusalem by the Bethlehem gate, and descends into the valley of Gihon, passing along by a rough and winding way. The path passes down the side of Mt. Zion, the declivities of which are seen rising precipitously on the left hand, with the walls of the city and the tomb of David crowning its brow. The scenery is wild and in some sense desolate.



THE ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO BETHLEHEM.

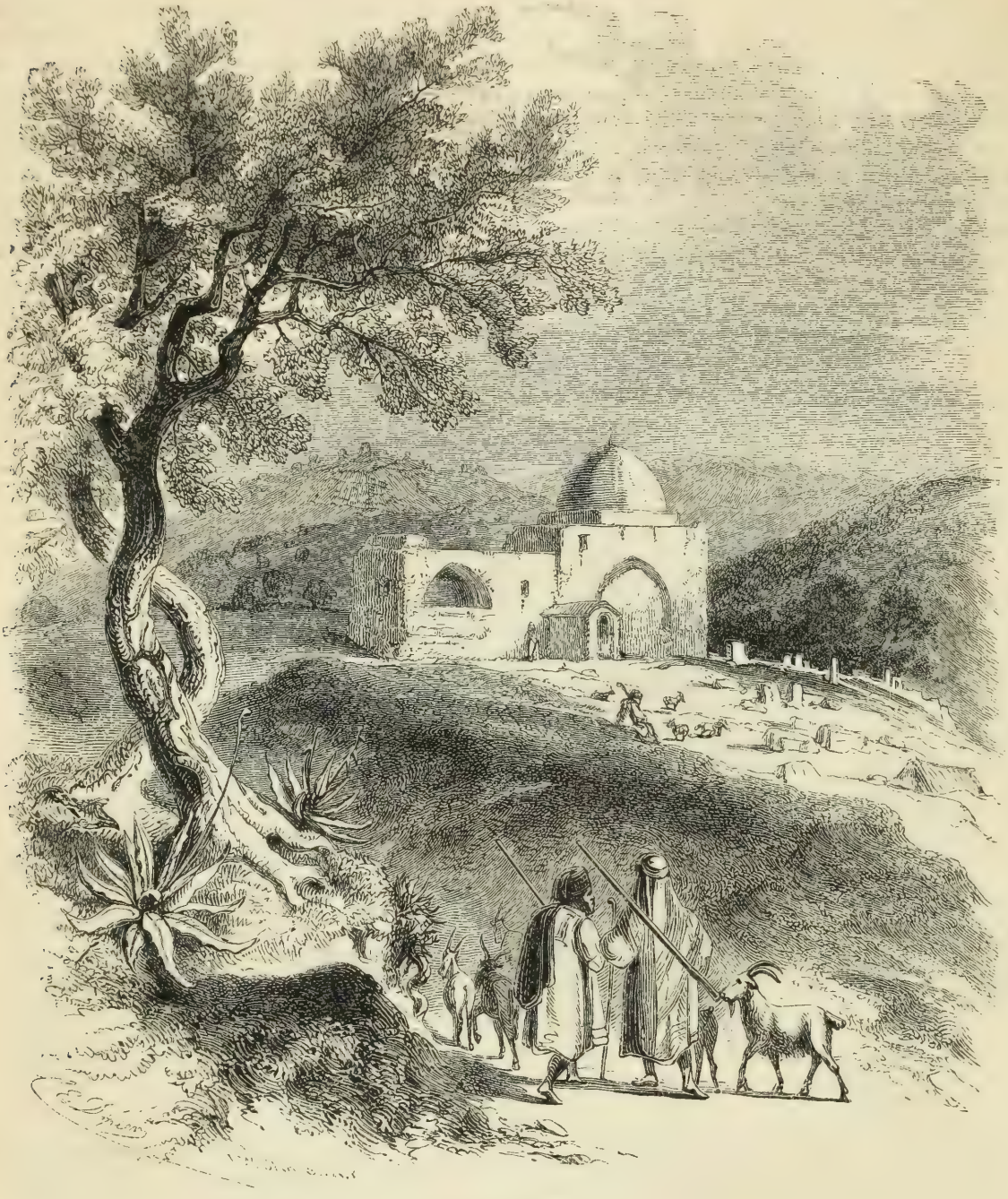
There are no dwellings outside the city gates, no suburban villas, no broad avenues filled with traffic, no equipages, no groups of pleasure-seeking pedestrians—none, in fine, of the indications and tokens which elsewhere mark the environs of a great and celebrated capital. The road, a narrow pathway, winds along the declivities of the hills, through uninclosed and almost deserted grounds, adorned only with scattered olive-trees, and with ancient ruins. Here are what remains of the arches of the aqueduct—there is a tomb; this declivity is crowned with the crumbling walls of an ancient fortress—and down deep in yonder valley are to be seen the foundations of a bridge, the superstructure of which has long since been swept away. The traveler moves slowly on through this melancholy but exciting scene of desolation, mounted upon a camel or a mule, and attended by servants and guides, all clothed in the turbans and in the flowing robes of the East. He meets now a group of maidens, going to or returning from a neighboring fountain, and Rebecca-like, bearing on their heads the pitchers which have been,



WOMEN AT A WELL.

or are yet to be filled—now a shepherd driving a few sheep or goats along the road—and now a traveler like himself, mounted on a camel, with his tents and baggage borne by another camel in his train. Journeying slowly in this manner, and turning more and more toward the south, he gradually leaves the city behind him, and loses it at last entirely from view.

The road leads him for two or three miles along the declivity of a hill which, as may be seen by the engraving, rises on his left hand—that is, to the east of the road. On the other side he overlooks the great plain or valley of Rephaim, which was the scene of so many of the conflicts between David and the Philistines. At length, on the summit of an elevation, at some distance before him, a convent comes into view. It is the Convent of Elias. The traveler ascends to the gates of the edifice. On surveying the landscape around as he rests at the gate, he finds that he is standing upon the height of land between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and that both cities are in full view. Servants take charge of the animals of the visitors at the door, while an aged priest, with a long white beard, dressed in the elegant and ancient costume of his order, receives the guests with dignity, and at the same time with cordiality and kindness. He conducts them about the establishment to show them the chapels and relics, the paintings, and the other objects of religious interest and curiosity that the place contains. He takes them to the top of the convent too, and points out to them the various localities which come within the view. He shows them on the north, the domes and towers of Jerusalem, crowning the summit of a distant hill, and "there, on the south," he says, "is Bethlehem." Like Jerusalem it crowns the summit of a hill, which is separated only by narrow valleys from higher hills and valleys that gather round about it. As seen from a distance, the buildings which constitute the town present so imposing an array of walls, ramparts, buttresses, and towers, as to



RACHEL'S TOMB.

convey the impression to the mind of the spectator, that it must be some ancient and venerable fortress that he is viewing, and not the mere abode of peaceful monks, and humble husbandmen and herdsmen.

The traveler, in examining the form and appearance of Bethlehem more closely, as it presents itself to his view from his station on the convent-roof, perceives that it extends along the crest of the hill for a considerable distance from east to west, and that the western part consists chiefly of the ordinary structures of such a town, while toward the eastern end there stands a venerable pile of buildings, detached in some measure from the rest, and rising conspicuously above them. This group consists of the churches, chapels, convents, and walls of inclosure, that cover the sacred spot of our Lord's nativity. The traveler gazes at the picturesque and venerable form of this ancient pile, with long and eager interest, and then after one more general survey of the horizon, he descends with his host to the apartments of the convent below. There he partakes of refreshments, hospitably set before him by the monks—consisting of bread, wine, fruits, jellies, and coffee, and other such luxuries as the hill sides around them supply. The traveler then making a moderate donation to the convent, in acknowledgment of the hospitality which has been shown him, resumes his journey.

Convents like this, scattered every where throughout the Holy Land, are the general resting-places of pilgrims and travelers—standing in the stead, and in some measure serving the purposes of inns. In fact, some of them

were originally founded with the express design of succoring and protecting the Christian devotees who in early ages made long and weary pilgrimages to the consecrated ground, and who often, long before they reached their destination, became destitute and helpless beggars. Not unfrequently even at the present day the traveler in passing by one of these lonely retreats, finds a large company of pilgrims at the gates, some feeding their horses and mules, others loitering about the walls and grounds, and others still spreading their rude repasts under tents or in the open air. Even the well-appointed European traveler, who comes to the gates of one of these convents at night for the sake of the sense of safety and companionship offered by the vicinity of the walls, often finds it more comfortable to lodge in his tent without, than to seek sleeping accommodations within. Still every tourist in Palestine has occasion to think and speak well of the convents, and to be grateful for the protection and succor which he often finds in them, whether from within or without the walls. Thus the accounts of their journeys published by tourists abound in descriptions of their visits to the convents, and of the hospitality extended to them by the inmates.

On leaving the Convent of Elias, our traveler descends the hill and resumes his slow progress toward Bethlehem. After proceeding a short distance, he sees a little before, on an eminence upon the left side of the way, a small square mosque-like building, one end of which is surmounted by a dome. It is the tomb of Rachel, which we have already referred to. The road divides. A branch turning to the left ascends to Bethlehem, while the main road bearing to the right through the valley, leads to the pools of Solomon, which we have already described, and thence southwardly to the ancient capital, Hebron; while a third pathway, turning still further to the right, passes across the country westward, toward the sea. We take, of course, the Bethlehem road, and winding around the base of the hill, we approach the city by a terraced path which ascends the acclivity in an oblique direction, and enters at an ancient Gothic gate on the northern side. The traveler



ENTRANCE TO BETHLEHEM.

as he ascends this path looks on terraced walls far beneath him, sustaining vineyards and orchards of olives—with here and there a watch-tower for guarding the fruit. Beyond him, toward the east, he sees the imposing mass of walls, buttresses, and towers which constitute the outer inclosure of the Church and Convent of the Nativity. The edifice has the appearance of an immense castle. A square tower, rising in the centre of it, is the only feature which denotes the ecclesiastical character of the structure. In the foreground, above the rocks on his right hand, are the walls which inclose the dwellings and shops of the town.

The church and the convent, as is thus seen, occupy the eastern, and the dwellings and shops of the town the western part of the ridge on which the city is built. Between these two quarters there is a considerable vacant space, which forms a sort of esplanade through which the approach to the sacred edifice lies.

THE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

On first entering, however, within the gate, the traveler and his party find themselves near the western end of one of the streets of the town, and they have consequently almost the whole length of the town to traverse before reaching the convent buildings. The town itself is very narrow, occupying only the crest of the hill, and as the way to the convent lies through the principal street, which traverses the town through the centre, from end to end, the visitor sees almost the whole of it as he passes along. The houses are all substantially but roughly built of stone. Many of them, however, are dilapidated and empty. In fact, one graphic narrator* of adventures in Palestine, describes this street as bordered, not by regular lines of houses, but rather by a confused mass of cracked arches, rent walls, and small dark stone cells for shops —all constructed apparently from the remains of former buildings, and forming a dark and gloomy labyrinth, in which the inhabitants rather burrow than dwell. The people come out from these recesses to gaze on the party of travelers as they pass along; and if the strangers evince, at any point, a disposition to stop, crowds of boys gather around them, and compete with great earnestness for the privilege of holding the horses and mules. Some portion of the traffic of the place is carried on in the open street, and the figures and groups which are seen engaged in it, present a spectacle which is entirely in keeping with the mournful scene of desolation which reigns around them. Here an old man is seated on the ground, clothed in tattered garments, and having a quantity of wheat before him, spread on a cloth, which he is selling by the gallon. There is a woman with oranges or rice for her stock in trade; and beyond, peasant girls are seen going to and fro, carrying pitchers of water on their heads, or presenting in some other form the strange and picturesque reflection of Oriental life and manners.

The inhabitants of the city do not subsist altogether upon the agricultural products of the hills and valleys that surround it. Bethlehem is quite a manufacturing town, though the manufacturing industry of the people takes a form that is entirely in harmony with their condition and history. They make a great number and variety of what may be called religious toys, consisting of crucifixes, images, beads, and other figures, representing holy places, persons, and events, which they sell to pilgrims and travelers. Some of these figures are carved from wood obtained from various consecrated places; some are cut on shells or pearl, and others still are cast, some in lead or pewter, for the poorer pilgrims, and others in bronze or even in silver and gold. All visitors to the Holy Land become purchasers of these memorials. The pilgrims buy them as sacred relics, endued, in their imaginations, with some miraculous or magic power; while tourists and travelers prize them almost as highly, though in a different way, as souvenirs of their visits to these sacred grounds, and as the means of reproducing, in future years, the sublime and solemn emotions which were originally awakened in their minds by the scenes in the midst of which they obtained them.

The place for the sale of these memorials is, however, not at Bethlehem, but at Jerusalem. They are not ready for the pilgrim's hand until they have been taken to Jerusalem, and consecrated by being laid, with proper ceremonies, on the Holy Sepulchre. Accordingly, when they leave the hands of the workmen at Bethlehem, they are sent to Jerusalem, and when blessed and consecrated at the Saviour's tomb, are sold to the pilgrim and traveler there.

THE CONVENT BUILDINGS.

Surveying thus, with constant emotions of curiosity and wonder, the strange scenes and spectacles which meet his eye in the streets of Bethlehem, and attended by a troop of boys, who follow the party in hope of being employed to hold the horses and mules at the convent gates, our traveler passes across the open space or esplanade which has already been described, as separating the town from the sacred edifices. The buildings, as he approaches them, have the appearance of an ancient and venerable fortress. The edifice is, in fact, like most other monastic establishments in the East, a castle as well as a convent; for in such a land of violence and revolution, the structures consecrated to the most peaceful and holy purposes, have often to serve as the only means of protection for their inmates against armed and ferocious foes. The whole inclosure therefore of the convent buildings consists of massive and solid walls, flanked by towers and strengthened by buttresses, whose continuous masonry, unbroken, except by here and there a loophole high up in the wall, frowns upon the approaching traveler with an expression of defiance and exclusion. The only entrance is by a small postern gate leading through a low and narrow archway. The door which closes the passage is exceedingly thick and

* Durbin.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH

strong, and the passage itself is so contracted that only one person can be admitted at a time, and he must stoop in going in. There was once a greater gateway, but it was long since built up to increase the security of the inclosure, and is only opened now at long intervals and on great occasions.

On entering within the walls, the traveler finds himself in a sort of vestibule, from which he is led forward into the church itself, a structure of majestic size and proportions, and venerable with age and decay. Four rows of columns, twelve in a row—all monoliths of beautiful marble, and crowned with Corinthian capitals—form the nave and aisles; and the ornamented ceiling above, though injured somewhat both by the hand of time and of violence, shows many remaining marks of its ancient beauty. The pavement of the floor is worn and broken by the footsteps of the pilgrims of many centuries. From this church archways and passages open on every side, leading to chapels and oratories, and also to the convents, for there are two convents—one maintained by the Latin, and one by the Greek church. The traveler, as he enters, hears perhaps the chant of the service from one or the other of these brotherhoods of monks, and the solemn notes of the organ, which, issuing

mysteriously from some unseen chapel or choir, fill the vaulted roofs and columned aisles with their grand but mournful reverberations.

The church is built, according to the ancient tradition, over the precise spot where the stable stood in which Christ was born. The spot was determined, and the church was built to commemorate it, at a very early period, by the Empress Helena, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the fourth century, and devoted a great deal of time and attention to the work of examining the sacred localities, and erecting churches, convents, monuments, and other architectural memorials over them. She made minute and precise inquiries in respect to the places which she visited, and formed her conclusions only after the most full and thorough investigation. She was assisted in some of her researches, and especially in those which she made at Bethlehem, by the very measures which had been adopted by the enemies of Christianity for the purpose of defeating such objects as she had in view. Until her day the Roman emperors had all been pagan in their faith, and they had made every effort in their power to suppress the new and rising religion. Among other measures which had been adopted for this end, the Emperor Adrian, finding that the Christians in Judea were beginning to regard the places which had been the scenes of the leading transactions in the Saviour's life with holy reverence, determined to desecrate these grounds, by establishing pagan altars and instituting pagan rites upon those that were most esteemed. So he set up statues of Jupiter and Venus on the sacred grounds at Jerusalem, and instituted pagan rites and ceremonies to be performed around them. He established sacrifices and games in honor of Adonis, at Bethlehem, on the ground which the Christians had been accustomed to honor as the birth-place of Christ. A small church, it is said, had been built on the spot before. This church, however, was displaced to make room for the pagan altar; and games and celebrations, such as were deemed most abhorrent to the pure and simple devotion of the Christians, were periodically performed there for the purpose of effectually desecrating the ground. These profane and wicked orgies, however, only served, as it would seem, the more effectually to identify and mark the spot, and to preserve for future ages a knowledge of the precise locality where Jesus was born.

DOUBT ABOUT THE SACRED LOCALITIES AT BETHLEHEM.

We say, as it would seem, for the most learned and judicious among the sacred geographers of modern times have, after all, expressed very grave doubts how far reliance can be placed upon the tradition which designates the spot where the Church of the Nativity now stands as the one precisely where the infant Jesus was laid in the manger at the inn. It is true that the locality has been unequivocally marked, since the commencement of the fourth century, by architectural monuments erected upon it, and a tradition running back for a considerable period beyond that time, carries the supposed identification of the place to a still earlier origin. Still, however, there remains a considerable period, more remote still, during which there was ample time for the chain of evidence to be effectually broken; and it is now forever impossible to ascertain whether Helena was governed, in the judgment which she formed in respect to the identification of the ground, by substantial proof, or by imagination and credulity.

It is considered a somewhat suspicious circumstance, in respect to the claims of this locality, to be regarded as the precise birth-place of Jesus, that the apartment shown as the stable where the birth occurred, is so entirely subterranean. It is not within the church, but under it, being a grotto, or cave, entirely beneath the ground. The walls of this grotto, too, are formed of the living rock, showing that the subterranean character of the apartment could not have been given to it by any gradual raising of the surface of the earth—such as has often been found to take place in the course of centuries in and near ancient cities. If the apartment where the marble representative of the ancient manger now stands is really what it claims to be, the ancient stable must have been in a cave in the ground. Now, there is no allusion in the account given in the Gospels to any such subterranean situation of the stable in which Christ was born. Still, however, it is well known that the grottoes and caves—which from some peculiarity in the geological structure of the country, are very abundant in many parts of Palestine—have in all ages been used very freely in that country for the various purposes and wants of men. We find innumerable examples in the history of Palestine, both sacred and profane, of the occupancy of these grottoes, or caves, not only for places of retreat and temporary shelter, but also for the permanent abode of man. They were sometimes even fortified, by means of walls, and even ramparts built across the entrances to them—thus becoming castles and citadels for the protection of life and property against the violence of foes. They were also frequently used as places for sheltering and protecting domestic animals; and there is therefore no strong presumption against the idea that the stable in which Joseph and Mary sought refuge, when excluded from the inn, might have been a cave.

Still, however, so many of the sacred localities, identified by traditions coming down to us from the earlier centuries of the Christian era, are grottoes and caves, that a certain degree of doubt and suspicion is thrown over them all. For the birth-place of the Virgin Mary herself, the pilgrim is shown a grotto. The place of the annunciation is a grotto. So is the spot where Mary saluted Elizabeth; where John the Baptist was born, where Jesus suffered the agony in the garden; where Peter wept in his hour of repentance for having denied his Master; and

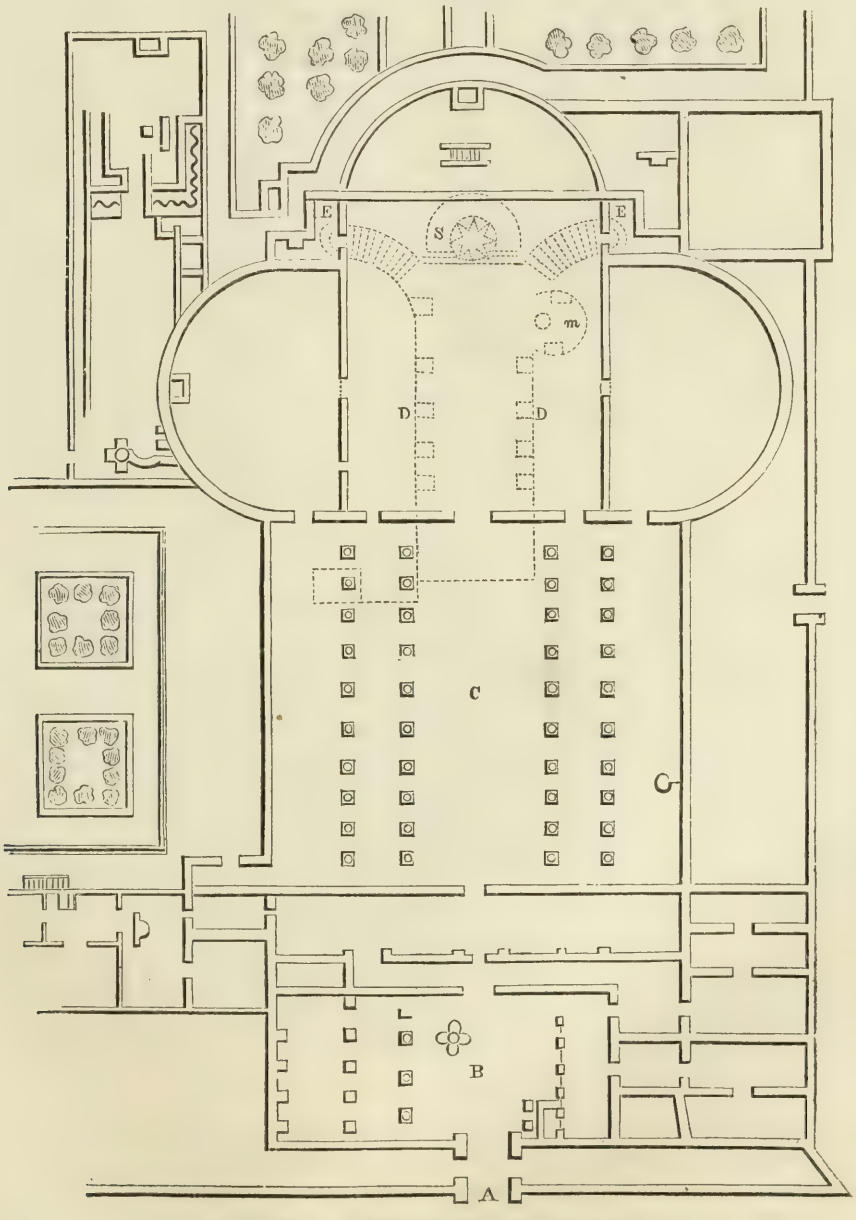
where Jesus was transfigured. In a word, as a certain traveler expresses it, wherever you go you find that almost every thing is represented as having been done under ground.

Now it is a fact seemingly very significant in connection with this subject, that the monks and pilgrims of the earliest ages of the Christian era, on whom the duty seems to be devolved, in the first instance, of determining and identifying the sacred localities, were themselves in almost all instances hermits and anchorites, who chose such dens and caves for their own abodes; and thus these subterranean seclusions came to be so connected in their minds with religious association and ideas, and so fitted to aid in inspiring the solemn emotions which they desired the sacred localities to awaken, that it is not surprising—if they were governed by imagination and surmise in determining where the Scripture events occurred—that they should have often made grottoes and caves the scenes of them. It is, perhaps, most probable that grottoes became thus frequently designated as places of holy memorial for some such reason as this.

This reasoning, however, applies perhaps with as little force to the Grotto of the Nativity at Bethlehem, as to any—for that a cave should have been used for a stable, in connection with an inn, is not at all inconsistent with the known usages of those ancient days. Nor is there any special reason in this case for discrediting the testimony which ancient tradition bears. There is no doubt whatever about the identity of the town of Bethlehem itself. The question of the precise spot of the nativity is thus brought within very narrow limits; and most people decide to take or reject the grotto beneath the church as the exact locality, according as the native temperament and constitution of their minds leads them to take the greatest pleasure in doubting or in believing.

THE CHURCH.

The church is built directly over the Grotto of the Nativity, vaulted passages leading from it in various directions to the convents and chapels. Some general idea of the plan of the church, and of the grotto beneath, and of the stairways descending to it, may be obtained by the following plan.

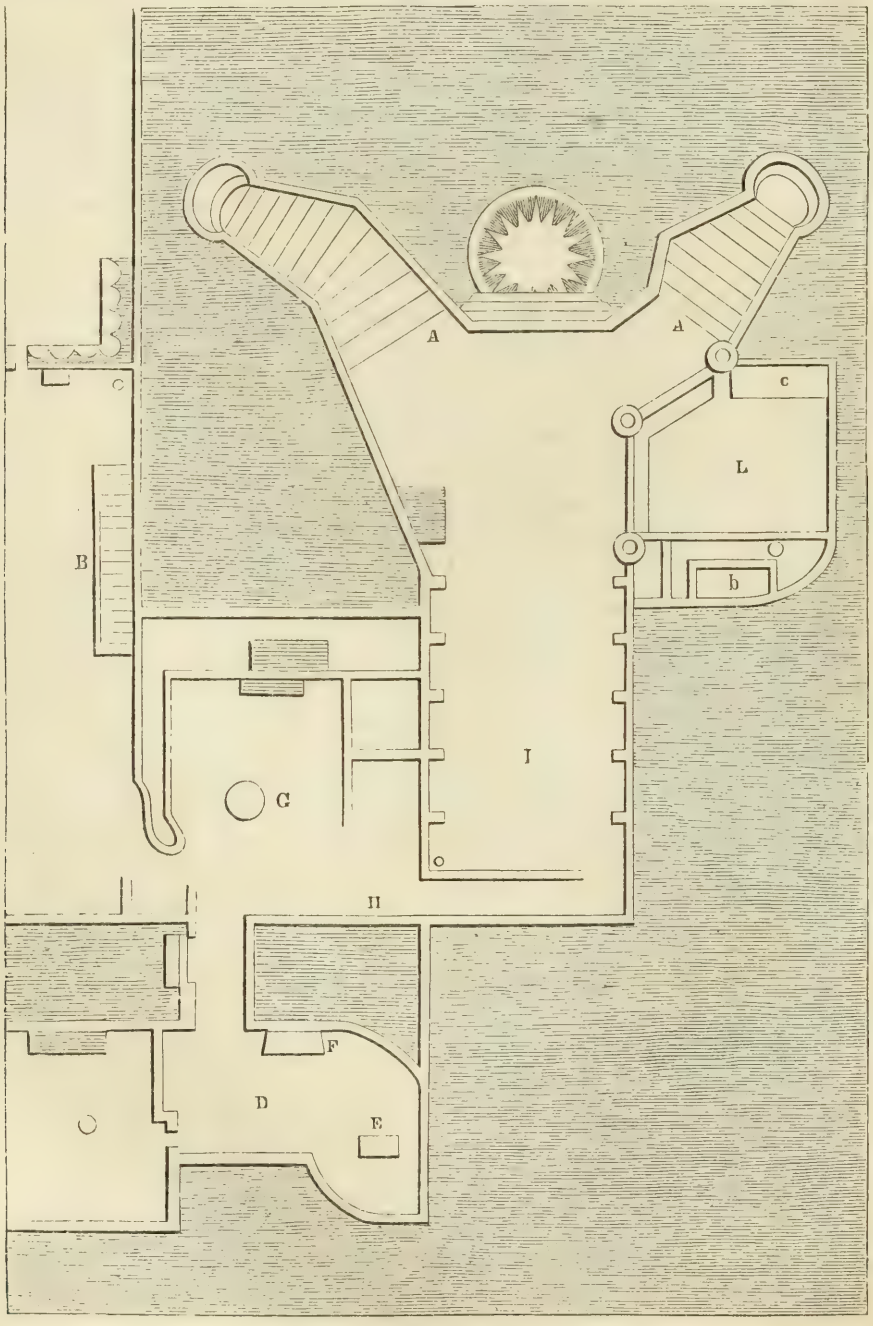


PLAN OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

A is the entrance through the outer wall of the edifice. From this passage the visitor advances to B, the vestibule already referred to. This vestibule contains various tombs and monuments, and opens into various apartments connected with it, as represented in the plan, but which can not be here more particularly described. From the vestibule the visitor proceeds into the church, and advances up the aisle at C, between the rows of Corinthian columns, until he enters the choir. The dotted lines at D D represent the leading outlines in the plan of the grotto below, which will be given more in detail in the next engraving. The entrance to the staircases leading down to the grotto are on the sides of the altar at E E. The star S on the floor of the grotto, within a semicirclar recess or niche, situated between the landings of the staircases below, marks the place where Jesus was born, and *m* is the place of the manger. The situation of these, and other points of interest in the grotto, will be more clearly delineated in the next engraving.

THE GROTTO.

There are three flights of stairs leading down to the grotto. Two of them open from the sides of the altar of the great church above, and the third communicates with a smaller church that is connected with the Latin convent, and is called the church of St. Catharine. The two first mentioned of these staircases are to be seen at A A on the following plan, and the other at

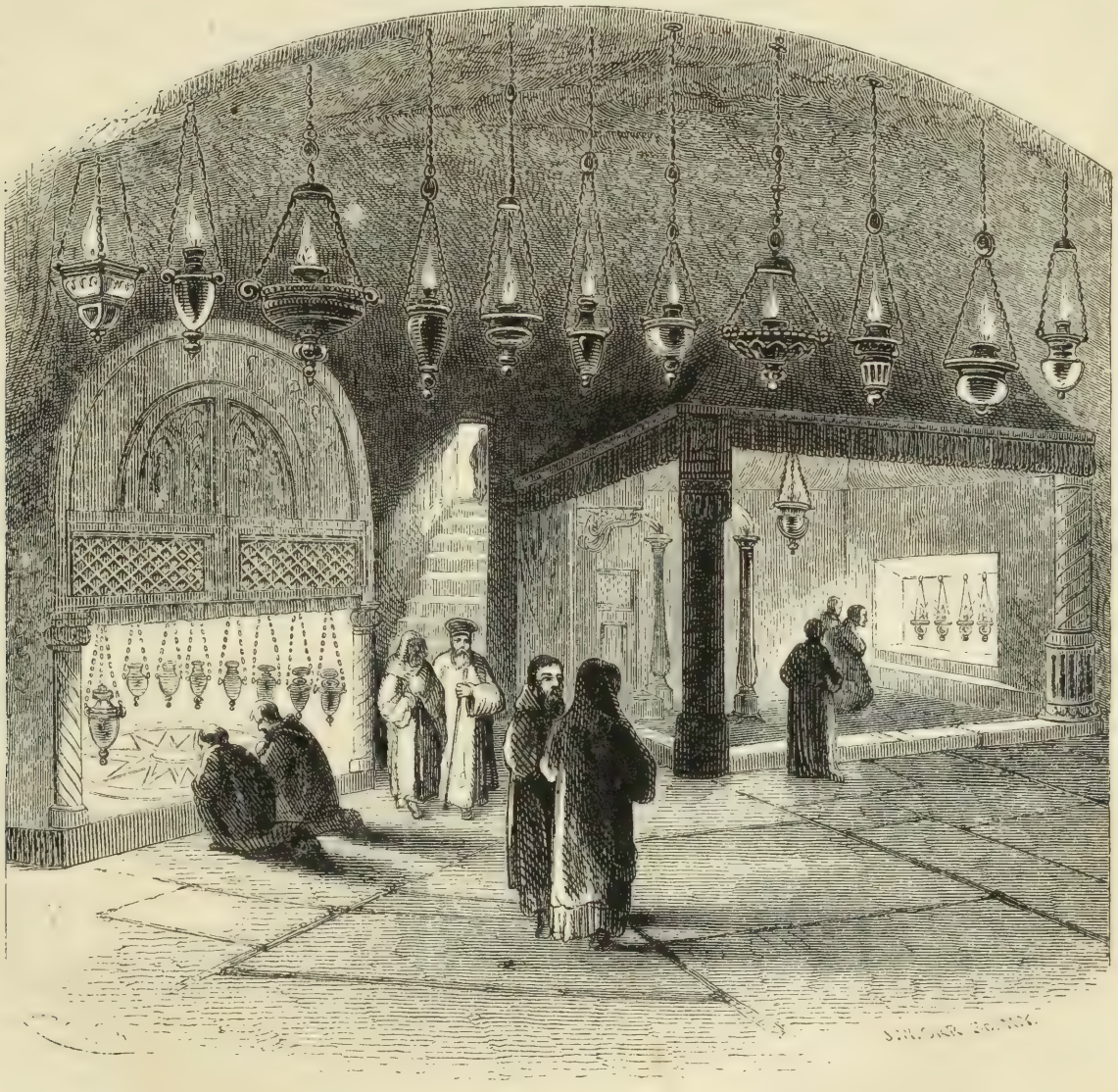


PLAN OF THE GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY.

B. The former belong respectively to the Greek and Armenian churches, and the latter to the Latin or Catholic church. The grotto itself is brilliantly lighted by lamps that are kept continually burning, but if the visitor, in descending to it, goes from the Latin convent, under the guidance of a Latin monk, he himself, and also his attendant, carry torches in their hands,

to light their way through the dark subterranean passages which, as may be seen by the plan, intervene between the Latin staircase and the interior of the grotto. These passages, as the visitor gropes his way through them, present to his view various openings leading to chambers cut in the rock—and here and there to altars and tombs dimly lighted by tapers whose feeble radiance does little to dispel the surrounding gloom. At G is an altar consecrated to the babes whom Herod caused to be slain—in the hope of destroying the infant Jesus among them. It is called the Altar of the Innocents. Beneath the altar is a tomb in which the bodies of the children were buried. At D the visitor enters a chamber which contains the tomb of the celebrated Christian Father Jerome, who, in connection with the wealthy Roman matron Paula, founded the convent at Bethlehem at the commencement of the fifth century, and spent the remainder of their days it it. We shall have occasion to speak more particularly of both these distinguished saints in the sequel. The tomb of Jerome is at E, and at F is that of Paula and her daughter Eustachia.

Returning to the main corridor at H, and continuing his progress toward the central grotto, the visitor soon perceives a light shining in the passages before him, and at length he emerges into the chamber J, which he finds brilliantly illuminated by rows of gold and silver lamps, of rich and costly workmanship, hanging from the ceiling. These lamps have been presented to the church by various princes and potentates, in past ages, and are now kept constantly burning. The visitor advances through the centre of the grotto at J, with five oratories on each side, corresponding to the ten stalls for mules and horses which tradition relates were contained in the apartment at the time when



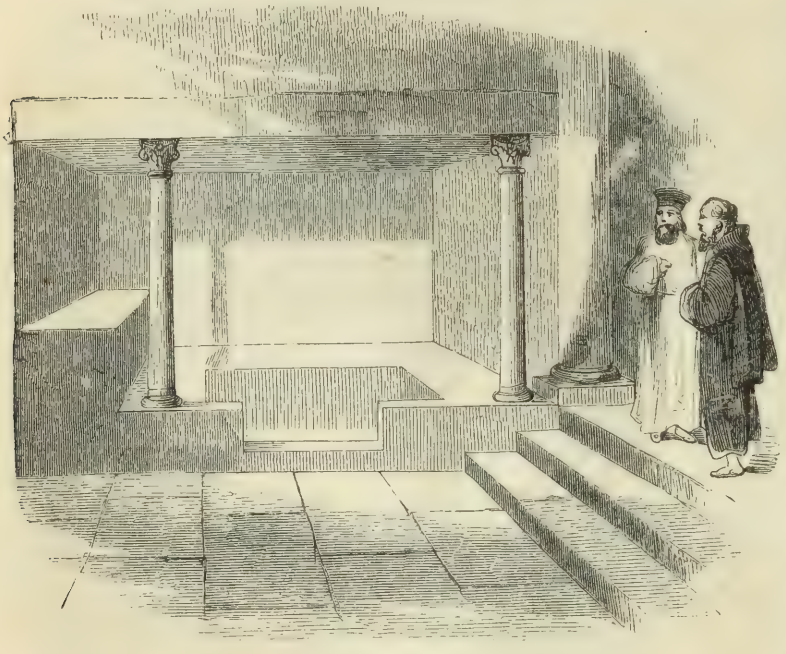
PLACE OF THE NATIVITY.

Christ was born. At the upper end of the grotto, at a point where the light of the lamps is chiefly concentrated, is a semicircular niche, the front and sides of which are adorned with columns and casings of beautiful marble. On the floor of this niche, which is raised two or three steps above the general level of the grotto floor, is a star, beautifully wrought in mosaic of marble and jasper, and surrounded by a silver band. Upon this band is engraved a Latin inscription meaning,

HERE, OF THE VIRGIN MARY, JESUS CHRIST WAS BORN.

Over this star is a marble altar, and the sides and front of the inclosure are adorned with splendid draperies, embroidered with gold and silver, while a number of golden lamps, hung within it, shed a rich and glowing effulgence upon the star below. The visitor usually finds pilgrims kneeling before this sacred shrine, in attitudes of the most profound veneration and awe. Sometimes the grotto is nearly filled with the devotees that have made their way, by long and painful journeys, to the hallowed spot.

On the right hand of the visitor, as he stands facing the niche which marks the birthplace of Jesus, is a recess, marked L on the plan, which is called the Chapel of the Manger. It contains the place of the manger at *b*, and at *c* an altar called the Altar of the Magi. This Altar of the Magi stands in the place where the magi offered their adoration to the infant prince. The Chapel of the Manger is formed in a recess cut out apparently from the living rock. The sides of it are, however, lined with marbles and drapery, and like the other parts of the grotto, it is illuminated by lamps pendent from the ceiling above. The manger is a small square recess,



THE MANGER.

containing a marble receptacle, over which hangs a beautiful picture of the Adoration of the Magi. The floor of the Chapel of the Manger is somewhat lower than the floor of the grotto, the descent to it being by steps extending along the whole length of the open sides, as represented in the plan.

Whatever may have been the faith, or the skepticism, with which the visitor has been accustomed to regard the traditions which identify this grotto, and the recesses around it, as the scene of the events that occurred on that ever memorable night when the Son of God made his entrance, as the offspring of a human mother, into this world of sorrow and sin, it is impossible for him to stand upon the spot which has represented it so long, and which contains so many impressive and solemn memorials of the event, without experiencing the most profound and exciting emotions. The whole aspect of the scene is calculated to fill the soul with solemn wonder and awe. The gorgeous draperies, the brilliant illuminations, the golden lamps, the tall censers, the paintings, the inscriptions, and the reverential attitudes and strange dress and demeanor of the pilgrims that kneel upon the pavement around him, form a spectacle which once seen can never be forgotten. The mind of the visitor is deeply impressed with a feeling of veneration and awe, as he gazes upon the gorgeous and solemn spectacle, and reflects upon the long duration of the period during which the consecration of this spot, as the true natal chamber of Jesus, has been recognized by the Christian world. Almost precisely as it presents itself to his eyes now, it has presented itself to the eyes of a long and unbroken succession of pilgrims and travelers for fifteen centuries past—and it may remain equally unchanged for fifteen centuries to come.

PAULA AND JEROME.

The original establishment of the convents and monasteries at Bethlehem is attributed to a Roman matron named Paula, who, as has been already intimated in a preceding paragraph, repaired to Palestine and took up her abode at Bethlehem in company with the distinguished scholar Jerome, toward the close of the fourth century. Jerome was born in Dalmatia. His parents were wealthy, and they made arrangements for giving their son a thorough education, according to the ideas of their times. He was provided with the best teachers, under whom he made himself master of all the languages then studied by learned men, particularly the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. To complete his education he went to Rome, where he studied for some time under a celebrated instructor named Donatus.

Unfortunately, as often happens in the case of young men residing as students in great and licentious capitals, Jerome fell, while at Rome, into irregular and immoral habits, and he lived for many years a very gay and unscrupulous life. At length musing one day at the tombs of some of the Christian saints and martyrs, he became impressed so deeply with a sense of the great realities of death and of judgment, and of his own guilt and folly in devoting his life to pursuits and pleasures which could only end in the destroying his soul forever, as to lead to a total change in his whole character and course of conduct. He abandoned his sinful ways, embraced Christianity, and thenceforth

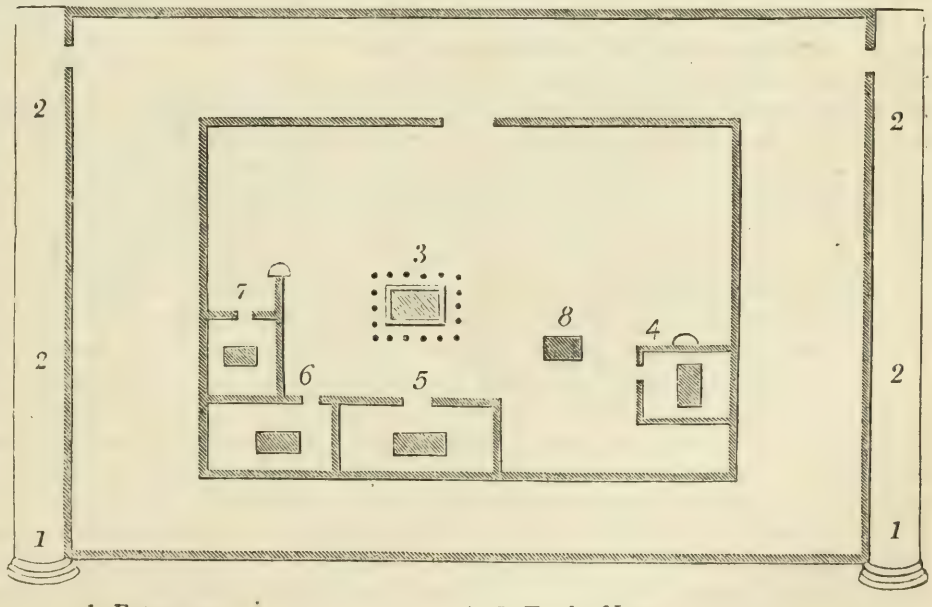
devoted his life to the most earnest and persevering efforts for the promotion of what he deemed to be the interests of the cause of Christ. He acquired great influence in the church at Rome, and was the means of making many converts there. Among these converts was a distinguished and wealthy matron named Paula. Paula devoted herself to the cause of the church with great energy and ardor. We may in another place give a more full account of her character and history. It is sufficient here to state, that she finally left Rome in company with Jerome, to travel in the East, taking with her her daughter Eustachia, whom she had consecrated to God, as a nun. She left an infant son behind at Rome. After various journeyings and adventures in the East she arrived at Bethlehem, and there expended her fortune in building the Convent of the Nativity. She remained an inmate of these institutions during the rest of her life. Jerome himself, too, made one of the cells of this seclusion his home. He there pursued his studies, and wrote many books, which exerted a powerful influence in their day, and acquired a wide celebrity. The world-renowned Latin translation of the Scriptures, called the Vulgate, was in a great measure his work.

Of course under these circumstances, the tombs of Jerome, Paula, and Eustachia are objects of great interest and veneration to all the Christian pilgrims that visit the subterranean grottoes of Bethlehem.

Beyond Bethlehem there is seen on the map or view contained on page 6, the site of Hebron, a city greatly famed as the burial place of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The place of their burial, as related in the Scriptures, was the Cave of Macpelah, which was situated at Hebron.* The principal part of the town lies in a valley, though it ascends to some extent up the slope of a hill lying to the eastward. The spot said to contain the Cave of Macpelah, and the tombs of the patriarchs, is on this hill. The Mohammedans hold this spot in very great veneration, the patriarchs being the fathers of the faithful in their church as well as in ours. They accordingly took possession of the ground at a very early period, and inclosed it with a high wall. Christians are not allowed to enter any of their sacred places, and they are of course very rigidly excluded from this. It is said that only two Christians have entered this inclosure since the days of the crusaders.

The walls of this inclosure comprise a space of two hundred feet long by one hundred and fifteen wide, as measured by Robinson. There are entrances at two of the corners, through which, however, nothing can be seen. The walls are fifty or sixty feet high, and there is no window or opening of any kind in any part of them. The height to which the walls have been carried is such as to prevent their being overlooked from any of the surrounding eminences. Thus the precautions taken against the curiosity of the Christians are of the most efficient kind.

Still this vigilance was in some measure baffled by the ingenuity and tact of the Rev. Dr. Durbin, who visited these countries a few years since, and has written a very entertaining and instructive account of his adventures. He employed a servant of his to go in, and scrutinize every thing that he should see in the most careful manner. On his return the messenger drew the following plan, "to the correctness of which," says Dr. Durbin, "he constantly adhered, under the severest cross-examinations." The sepulchres of the patriarchs, within this inclosure, are richly adorned. They are covered with magnificent silken carpets, green, embroidered with gold. These carpets are furnished by the Sultans of Constantinople, and are renewed from time to time as occasion requires.



1. Entrances.
2. Covered passages ascending outside of the wall.
3. Tomb of Abraham.
4. Tomb of Sarah.
5. Tomb of Isaac.
6. Tomb of Joseph (so called).
7. Tomb of Jacob.
8. Entrance to the cave.

The entrance to the Cave of Macpelah is near the centre of the inclosure, and it is held so sacred that not even the Mohammedans themselves are permitted to enter it.

* For an account of the appropriation of this place as the burial ground of the patriarchs, see Gen. xxiii. 25; ix. 49; xxx. 31; l. 13.

THE VIRGINIAN CANAAN.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

IN Randolph County, Virginia, is a tract of country containing from seven to nine hundred square miles, entirely uninhabited, and so savage and inaccessible that it has rarely been penetrated even by the most adventurous. The settlers on its borders speak of it with a sort of dread, and regard it as an ill-omened region, filled with bears, panthers, impassable laurel-brakes, and dangerous precipices. Stories are told of hunters having ventured too far, becoming entangled, and perishing in its intricate labyrinths. The desire of daring the unknown dangers of this mysterious region, stimulated a party of gentlemen, who were at Towers' Mountain House on a trouting excursion, to undertake it, in June, 1851. They did actually penetrate the country as far as the Falls of the Blackwater, and returned with marvelous accounts of its savage grandeur, and the quantities of game and fish to be found there. One of the party wrote an entertaining narrative of their adventures and sufferings, which was published in a stout volume—which every body ought to read.

During the winter of 1852, several of the same party, with other friends, planned a second trip, to be undertaken on the first of June following. At that date, so fully was the public mind occupied with filibustering and President-making, that the notes of preparation for this important expedition were scarcely heard beyond the corporate limits of the little town of M——, in the Valley of Virginia. Even in this contracted circle the excitement was principally confined to the planners themselves, while the public looked on with an apathy and unconcern altogether unaccountable. Indeed, some narrow-minded persons went so far as to say, that it was nothing but a scheme of idleness to waste time; and advised the young gentlemen to stick to their professions, and let the bears alone. But, as may be supposed, all such met the usual fate of gratuitous counselors who advise people against their inclinations.

In the daily meetings which were held for five months previous to the date fixed for their departure, our adventurers discussed freely and at great length every thing that appertained, or that could in any way appertain, to the subject in view, from the elevation of the mountains and the course of rivers, down to the quality of a percussion cap and the bend of a fish-hook. They became students of maps and geological reports; read Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler" and "Le Guide et Hygiène des Chasseurs;" consulted Count Rumford and Doctor Kitchener, and experimented largely in the different kinds of aliments most proper for the sustenance of the human system. Mr. Penn, the author, copied at length a recipe for making cat-fish soup, assuring his friends that when surfeited with venison and trout, this dish would afford them a delightful change. Mr. Porte Crayon, the artist, also furnished frequent designs for hunting-coats, caps, knapsacks, and leggings, modeled, for the most part, from those of the French army in Algiers; "For," said he, "the French are the most scientific people in the world; and as they have paid more attention to the equipment of their army than any other, every thing they adopt is presumed to be perfect of its kind.

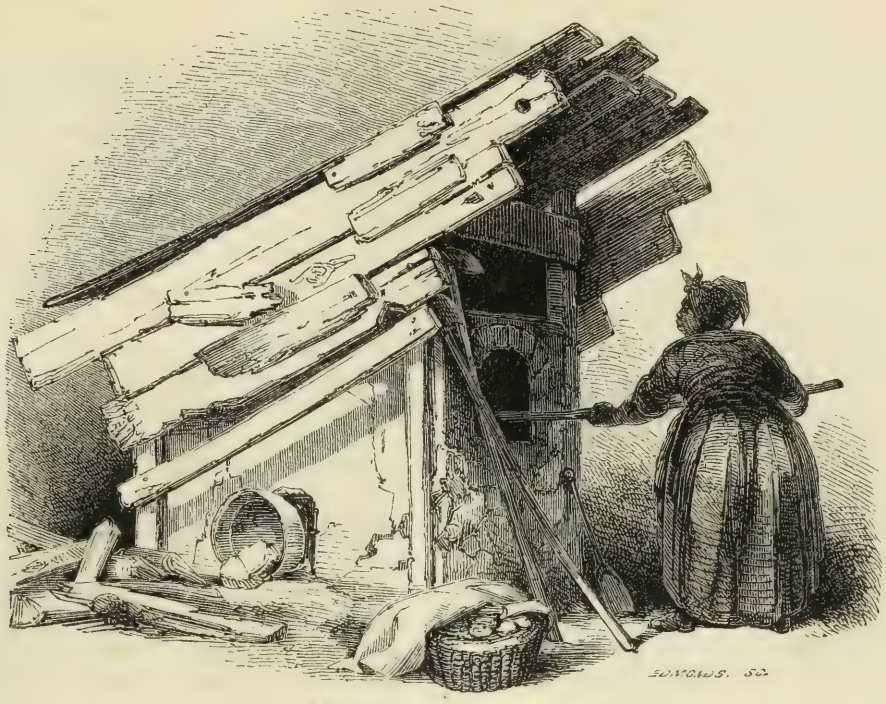


EN GRANDE TENUE.

The result of all this studying and talking was, that every one differed from his friend, and equipped himself after his own fashion; and the commissary department suddenly concluded that biscuit and bacon were the most substantial, portable, and palatable articles of food known to the dwellers south of the Potomac, and accordingly made arrangements to have ample supplies of both ready for the occasion.

With the opening spring the buds began to swell and the blue-birds to warble, and the zeal of our adventurers kept pace with the season, so that by the first of April all were ready, fully equipped, "straining like grayhounds in the slip." The intolerable vacuum between this and the starting day might be graphically illustrated by leaving half a dozen blank pages; but as such a procedure might be misunderstood, or characterized as clap-trap, it may be preferable to fill up the blank by introducing the *dramatis personæ* who are to figure in the following narrative:

Mr. PENN, an author of some distinction, has already been mentioned. He is gaunt and tall, with distinguished air and manners, flowing and graceful gestures, prominent and expressive eye, indicating, according to Phrenology, a great command of language. In this case, how-



THE COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.

ever, the science was at fault, for when Mr. Penn got fairly started in discourse he had no command over his language at all. It poured forth in an irresistible torrent, carrying away the speaker himself, and overwhelming or putting to flight his audience.

Mr. Dindon, a fine, athletic sportsman, not a dandiacal popper at quails and hares, but a real Nimrod, a slayer of wild turkeys and deer, to whom the excitement of the chase was as the breath of his nostrils; and who sometimes forgot even that in his keen appreciation of the poetry of forest life. He was never known either to be wearied in a hunt or silenced in a debate.

Mr. Jones was somewhat inclined to be stout, not to say fat. Mr. J. was equally fond of rural sports and personal comforts. Ambitious of being considered a thoroughgoing sportsman, he kept the best dog and the most beautiful gun in the district. He frequently appeared covered with his hunting accoutrements, followed by his dog, and generally went out alone. Prying persons remarked that his game-bag was usually fuller when he went out than when he returned. Dindon, who was knowing in these matters, always said that Mr. J. was a humbug; that all this apparent fondness for the chase was a sham; that Jones, as soon as he got out of sight of town, found some shady place, ate the dinner that stuffed the game-bag, and went to sleep; when he woke, would drag himself through a thicket hard by, muddy his boots in a swamp, and return with the marks of severe fatigue and determined hunting upon him, and with whatever game he might be able to purchase from straggling urchins or old negroes who had been lucky with their traps. For the rest, Mr. Jones had some rare companionable qualities. He could give a joke with enviable point and readiness, and take one with like grace and good-humor.

The sprightly sketches which illuminate this unskillful narrative are the most appropriate and shall be the only introduction of our friend Porte Crayon. He has rendered the subjects with great truthfulness, and has exhibited even some tenderness in the handling of them. If he has nothing extenuated, he has, at least, set down naught in malice. Porte, indeed, modestly remarks that his poor abilities were entirely inadequate to do justice either to the sublimity of the natural scenery or the preposterous absurdity of the human species on that memorable expedition.

Mr. Smith, a gentleman of imposing presence, of few words, but an ardent and determined sportsman, and a zealous promoter of the expedition, completes the catalogue.

Sometime during the month of May, X. M. C. (for certain reasons his initials only are used) an accomplished and talented gentleman residing at a distance from M——, received a letter which ran as follows:

"Dear X.—We have fixed upon the 1st of June to start for the Canaan Country. Our party will consist of Dindon, Jones, Smith, your old friend Penn, and myself. Can you join us? If so, give us immediate notice, and set about making your preparations without delay. I would recommend to you to procure the following equipments: a water-proof knapsack, fishing tackle, and a gun; a belt with pistols—a revolver would be preferable, in case of a conflict with a panther; a hunting-knife for general purposes—a good ten-inch blade, sharp and reliable. It will be useful for cleaning fish, dressing game, and may serve you a turn when a bear gets you down in a laurel-brake. Store your knapsack with an extra pair of shoes, a change of raiment, such as will resist water and

dirt to the last extremity, a pair of leggings to guard against rattlesnakes, and the following eatables: one dozen biscuit, one pound of ham, one pound of ground coffee, salt, pepper and condiments. This will be the private store of each person, the public supplies will be carried out on horses.

"The place of rendezvous is the Berkeley Springs, the day the 31st of May.

"Yours in haste, PORTE CRAYON."

The Corresponding Committee had the gratification of receiving a favorable reply to the foregoing: "Mr. X. will certainly come." All right; the party is made up. The last of May has come. Mr. Crayon, in full hunting costume, is standing on the portico of the great hotel at the Berkeley Springs. Messrs. Jones and Smith have arrived; their equipments have been examined and pronounced unexceptionable. Here comes X. What a pair of leggings! and there's Penn with him, in a blue blouse out at the elbows, with a rod like Don Quixote's lance.

"Ah, gentlemen! well met," shouted Penn, as they approached.

"You see before you a personification of Prince Hal, at a time when he kept rather low company," quoth Mr. Jones; "he looks more like Poins on a thieving expedition."

"Ah! my fat friend, are you there? glad to see you. I have a rod here, gentlemen, that will make you envious. See how superbly balanced; what a spring it has! the very thing for brook-fishing, for whipping the smaller streams. And then see how easily carried." And, suiting the action to the word, he unjointed it, and slipped it into a neat case, portable, light, and elegant. "I procured one of the same sort for Smith when I was in New York. I will show you also a supply of artificial flies," continued Mr. Penn, drawing a leather case from his knapsack, "and a fine bug calculated for the largest sized trout."

Here he produced a bug, which renewed the astonishment and hilarity of the company.



A HUMBUG.

"What is it for?" "What sort of creature is it?" "What does it represent?" shouted one and all.

"I have not dipped into entomology lately, but I have been assured that this bug is calculated to take none but the largest fish. No small fish will approach it, from personal apprehension; and no trout under twenty-two inches in length would venture to swallow it."

"If I were called upon to classify that bug," said Mr. Jones, "I would call it a *Chimera*—in the vernacular, *Humbug!*"

"Come to supper," said Porte. "We start at two o'clock to-night by the train."

The sun that rose fair and bright on the morning of the first of June, found our fishermen just entering the United States Hotel, in the town of Cumberland. "Who the —— are they?" inquired one of the matutinal loafers in the bar-room.

"Oh! they be some o' these Hungry fellers, I reckon," replied a gaping stable boy.

"Right, boy; right!" said Mr. Jones; "quite right; here's a dime. Landlord, let us have breakfast in the shortest time imaginable."

The route from Cumberland to the Oakland dépôt, on the summit of the Alleghanies, and the trip from thence by wagon to Towers', was as barren of notable adventure as it was fruitful in jokes and hilarity. At Towers' they found their old comrade, Mr. Dindon, who had gone ahead to procure guides, horses, &c.

"Well! what have you brought up?" asked Dindon.

"Eleven hundred and forty biscuit, twenty pounds of ground coffee, forty pounds of middling and two hams; lard, salt, pepper, sugar, *et cetera*. All well packed and in good order. What have you done?"

"The eight loaves of bread are ready." "Good!"—"The horses are ready." "Good!"—"The guides are still to be looked after." "Hum!—let us see the horses."—"Andrew, bring out the animals."

Lame Kit and Old Sorry here made their first appearance on the stage, and were received with mingled laughter and indignation. Lame Kit's fore-leg was as stiff as a ramrod; and Old Sorry, among other defects, was blind and distempered.

"What an inhuman idea!" said Mr. Jones; "you don't really mean to afflict these wretched tackies with such loads of baggage as we have here."

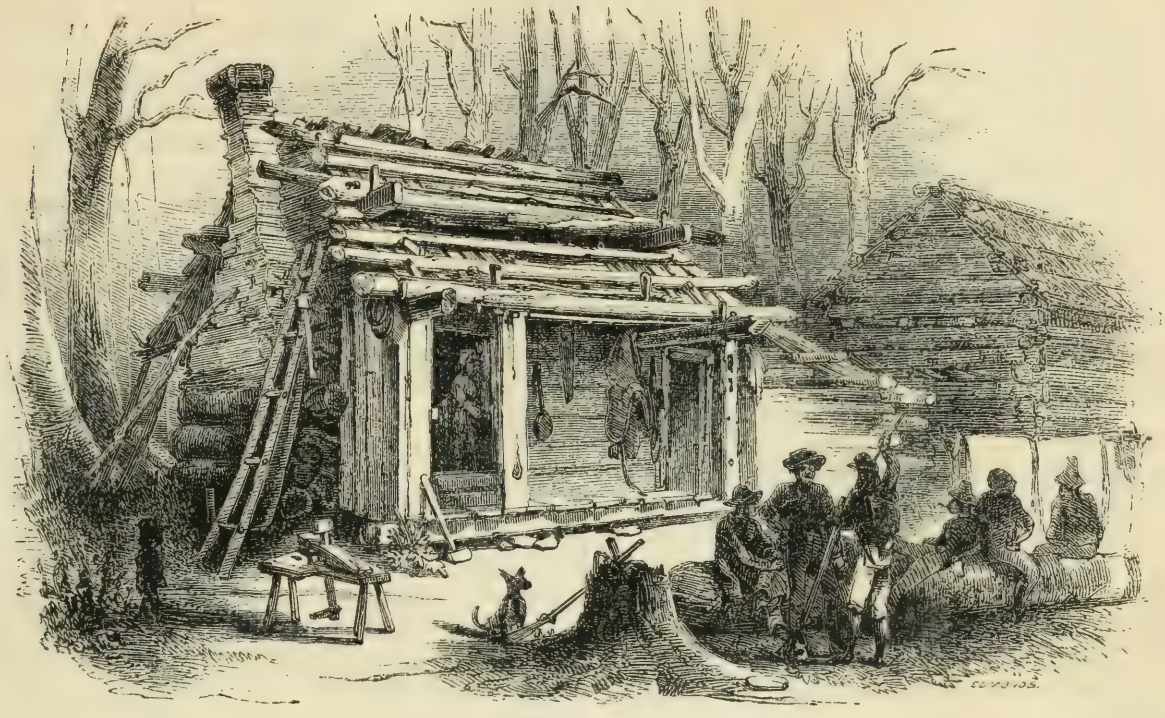
Mr. Dindon was aroused. "I'll bet a thousand dollars you haven't two such horses on your estate,"

"No, I'll swear to it," responded Jones. "If I had, I'd have them shot within an hour."

"No, sir," rejoined Dindon, with heat. "I mean that you can't produce their equals for strength and endurance."

"I won't take advantage of you," said Jones; "but will offer you a more equal bet: That if you load them with this baggage neither of them will live to reach the banks of the Cheat River."

"That shows your judgment in horseflesh;



THORNHILL'S CABIN.

but what can be expected of a man educated north of the Potomac? What can he know about horses?"

Mr. Jones assumed an attitude confronting Mr. Dindon. "I'd like to know," said he, "if Northern horses are not universally conceded to be superior to Southern?"

"Gentlemen," interposed X., "I foresee an interminable wrangle. We'll adjourn—cough them down."

The following day was spent in engaging guides. Thornhill, an intelligent, energetic, good-tempered fellow, agreed to undertake it. His dwelling was a specimen of rural architecture not noticed by Downing, nor characterized by any of the writers on that subject. Porte declared it looked like the connecting link between a hut and a wood-pile. But, like the pearl in the oyster, the gem of disinterested hospitality is found as frequently in these humble abodes as in the proudest mansions of our good old State.

All things being arranged at Towers' for an early start on the third, Crayon and X. M. C. shouldered their guns and knapsacks, and started for Conway's, nine miles distant, on the route to the Canaan Country. They were to engage Conway to accompany the party, and to be in readiness to join the main body as they passed in the morning. Crayon had traveled the road on a former occasion, and as he pretended to considerable skill in woodcraft, confidently took the lead, and struck into the forest by a blind path. For four or five miles all went well, until the declining sun was hidden by the tall crowns of the firs, and the path became more and more indistinct. Crayon became thoughtful, and dropped behind.

"Whose dogs are these?" quietly asked X.

Crayon looked up, and saw two wolves standing in the path, within thirty paces of them, staring with amazement at the strange intruders. In the twinkling of an eye his piece was leveled, but the wolves, with equal celerity, had betaken themselves to the bushes.

"Well, you don't say they were wolves? I supposed they were some of the neighbor's dogs. What a mortification! I might have shot them both."

"There are no neighbors hereabouts, X., and no dogs wandering about The rule is to crack away at every four-legged creature you see, and the chances are that it is legitimate game. But we must be moving; night is coming rapidly on. Push on for Conway's."

Within the next mile Mr. Crayon came to a stand-still. "X.," said he, musingly, "at what hour does the moon rise to-night?"

"Don't know—haven't observed—are we not near Conway's?"

"My friend, it is useless to disguise matters; in fifteen minutes it will be pitch-dark. I have seen no trace of a path for the last half mile; this country looks strange to me. I couldn't go back if I would, I wouldn't go if I could; we should be laughed at."

"This life is all new to me," said X., with resignation; "but go on, and I'll follow till death."

"X., can you see a star, or any thing that might serve as a guide, to prevent us from making circles?"

"No, I can see nothing but trees and bushes, and can hardly see them."

"Follow on, then; we'll try it."

As they trudged on, the forest grew murkier and darker, and the undergrowth more dense and tangled.

"Where are you, Porte?" "Here; come on."—"Ho! I'm up to my knees in a marsh!" "Hist! did you hear that?"—"Yes; keep close, and don't shoot, or we may kill each other; be careful of your fire-arms, and depend on your hunting-knife." "Good Heavens! we are getting into a laurel-brake. Turn back, or we are gone."

On they struggled, torn by briars, throttled by wild vines, and tripped up by fallen timber

"Porte! stop. I'm ready to perish with fatigue; let us rest a while on this log."

"X., did you ever sleep in the woods?"

"No, I never did."

"Have you any thing to eat in your knapsack?"

"Not a mouthful; to lighten my load, I tumbled mine into the general provision-bag."

"I did the same thing."

"How unlucky! I will take this impressive opportunity, Mr. X., to read you a lesson in woodcraft. Never leave the camp without a day's provision with you."

"But are we likely to get to Conway's to-night?"

"The probabilities seem to be against it; but let us try again."

Another hour of fruitless toil, and no hope.

"X., don't it seem to be getting lighter on our left hand?"

"Ho! by all that's jolly I'm on open ground, and feel something like a beaten track under my feet."

A broad gleam of light shot across the wood, like the sudden flash of a torch, revealing a long vista in the forest and the trodden and rutted surface of the highway.

"Whoop! whoop! hurrah!—the moon and the big road—the big road and the moon. I knew it! I knew I couldn't be mistaken. Here's the stream; we're not a mile from Conway's."

The wanderers, notwithstanding their fatigue and knapsacks, indulged in a *pas de deux* and an embrace, and cheerily resumed their route. The moon rose higher and higher; anon they heard the bark of a dog—a long-welcome bow-wow. X. quoted Byron:

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark."

Then they came to a clearing with a double cabin in the midst. The chorus of dogs was at its full.

"Get out, ye whelps! Who's there?"

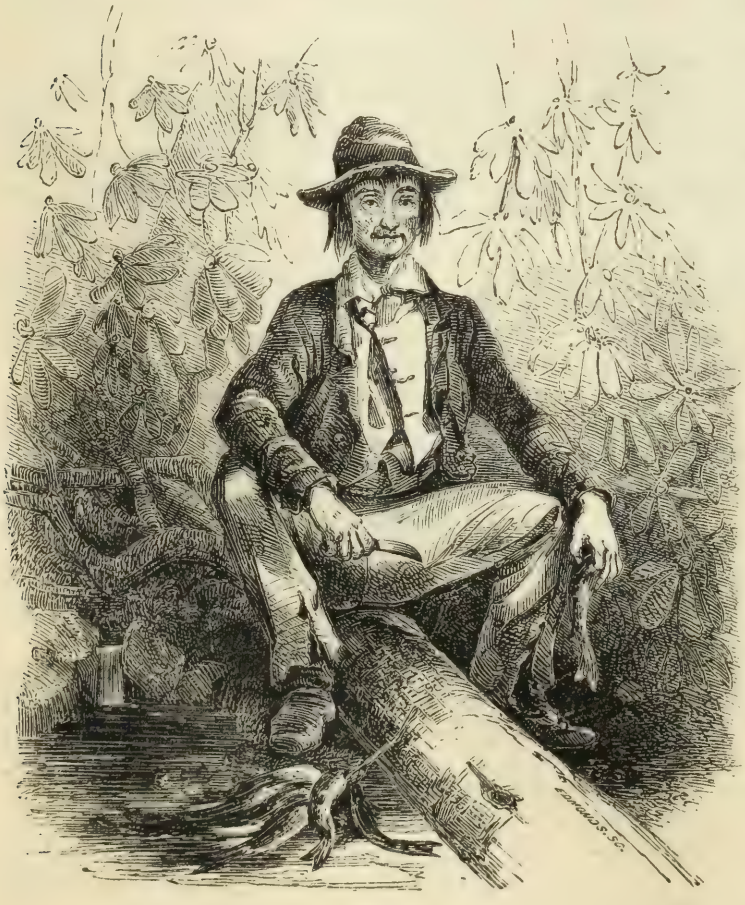
"Hallo! Old Otter, come out of your den. Here are friends."

The old man stuck his weasel face out of the door, and, after a short scrutiny, recognized Porte Crayon. "Well done," said he; "but I'm glad to see ye. I heard ye were in the country, but I didn't expect to see ye at this time o' night. But come in, ye must be hungry. Gals, get up, and find the gentlemen some supper."

The old man's buxom daughters tumbled out of a bed in a dark corner of the room, and soon the fresh-heaped fire roared and sparkled in the chimney, and the table was spread with the best in the house—cold bread and meat, fragrant glades butter, rich milk, and maple beer. As they supped, they narrated their adventure with the wolves, at which their host chuckled greatly. A bed in the spare room of the cabin received the weary couple, who slept soundly until the morning. "How delicious! what an invigorating atmosphere! what a magnificent forest is this that walls us round!" were their first exclamations on issuing from the cabin. They breakfasted and took their seats upon a comfortable stump in front of the house while Conway completed his simple arrangements for the journey. "Is the fat gentleman in your company this time?" inquired he. "Well, I never expected to a-seed him agin. Is the big-eyed gentleman coming, too?—he that writ a book, I disremember his name. And the one with spectacles?"

"Yes, they are all coming."

Anon loud voices are heard issuing from the depths of the forest, which gradually approach, until those of Mr. Jones and Mr. Dindon are distinguishable, and the words, confusedly mingled, Northern horses—Southern



CONWAY.



THE MARCH.

horses—trotters—thousand dollars—Eclipse—then a long string of expletives. The head of the column emerges from the wood; this is no other than the fat man, stripped to his silk shirt and pantaloons, with a great pack on his back and a sapling in his hand; he was a good personification of Orson of the Wood. He presently halted and faced about.

"Mr. Dindon, I say—hush! you have the advantage of wind in this argument, but not of reason. You know I am short of breath: I can't walk and discuss at the same time; it is ungenerous to press it now—wait until we halt for dinner. At present, I say, peremptorily—hush!"

The detachment from Conway's now joined the march—and, whooping, laughing, singing, and wrangling, they wound along under the gloomy archway of the trackless forest. Thornhill, with his tomahawk belted about him, led the van. Dindon, Crayon, and Penn followed; then came Lame Kit, led by Conway; and Old Sorry, conducted by Powell, a hunter, who was engaged to go in with them to bring the horses out after they had reached their destination. Smith and X. M. C. formed the rear-guard, and far behind lagged Mr. Jones, probably with the intention of avoiding useless discussions, and of managing his wind to the greatest advantage. After a march of six miles, they entered a green glade of great beauty, watered by an amber rivulet, which they leaped with their packs and guns. This rivulet was the infant Potomac; that leap was from Maryland into Virginia. Now they breasted a mountain—a long, tiresome tug it was, that took the conceit out of more than one of the party who started fair that morning. On the summit they took a breathing spell. This is the dividing-ridge between the waters of the East and the West. In a short time they crossed another amber brook, a tributary of the Ohio, and one of the immediate sources of the Blackwater. About five o'clock in the afternoon they emerged from the dreary forest into another waving glade, and at the further border, Thornhill gave the welcome order to halt for the night. Cheerfully our adventurers deposited their guns and knapsacks; and after a brief repose, joined the hunters in heaping up dry logs and combustibles for the camp-fire. How the fire blazed and crackled! how grandly the smoke volumed up among the lofty tree-tops! The horses, relieved of their burdens, were tethered in the glade, up to their bellies in grass. While preparations for supper were going on, several of the party got out their fishing-tackle, and tried the little stream that watered the glade. It was alive with trout; and half an hour after, a hundred of the small fry were served up at supper with the biscuit and bacon. It was a meal that a monarch might envy. A good bed of hemlock branches was duly spread, the fire replenished with larger logs; and the weary party disposed itself to sleep as best it might, pillowed on log or knapsack. The excitement produced by the novelty of the situation kept X. awake. The gloom of the forest around was intense; the camp-fire blazed in the centre of a group of four lofty firs, whose straight and mast-like trunks were illuminated by its light for a hundred feet without the interruption of a limb, and whose tops interlaced and formed a lofty and almost impervious covering over the sleepers. X. raised himself upon his elbow, and broke the silence. "What a picturesque scene! What a couch! What a canopy! What sublime bed-posts!"

"Go to sleep, poet," growled a dowsy fellow, "or you'll be sorry for it to-morrow."

Presently a noise was heard in the forest—a wild, unearthly cry—an incomprehensible sound—every body sprang up. "What the deuce is it?" inquired the sleepers, rubbing their eyes. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Dindon, deliberately cocking his rifle, "get your arms ready. I know that sound well—it is the cry of a wolf." Again the terrible voice echoed through the wood, nearer and more distinct. There was a general clicking of gun-locks;—Jones, who had made himself a comfortable nest at the foot of a tree, pitched into the centre of the group; Crayon sat the picture of deliberate valor, with hunting-knife in one hand, revolver in the other, and a rifle lying across his lap; X. crept on all fours to get possession of his double-barrel; Penn, in whose poetic bosom the joy of meeting with an adventure over-balanced every personal consideration, with nervous haste drew forth his book, and began noting down the incident;—Thornhill and Powell, however, so far from evincing any anxiety, seemed bursting with suppressed laughter; while Conway sat smoking his pipe with imperturbable gravity. Here is an extract from Mr. Penn's note-book:

"*Camp No.* 1—10 *o'clock p. m.*—Disturbed by a terrible cry, somewhat resembling this: too-too—too-hoo—too-too—too-hoo. Supposed to be wolves or panthers. In momentary expectation of an attack. If we perish . . . . *Half-past ten.* Sounds ascertained to proceed from owls of the largest size, but not dangerous. Camp calm, and disposed to slumber."

Next morning our adventurers were stirring betimes—refreshed the half-extinct fire—dispatched a hasty breakfast—and resumed their march before sunrise. This was a hard day for most of them. The broken sleep and unusual beds had not done much to repair the fatigues of the previous day—the hills were steeper, and the fallen timber cumbered the route so greatly that they were frequently obliged to make long *détours* to find a passage practicable for the horses.



THE ALARM.



THROUGH THE WOODS.

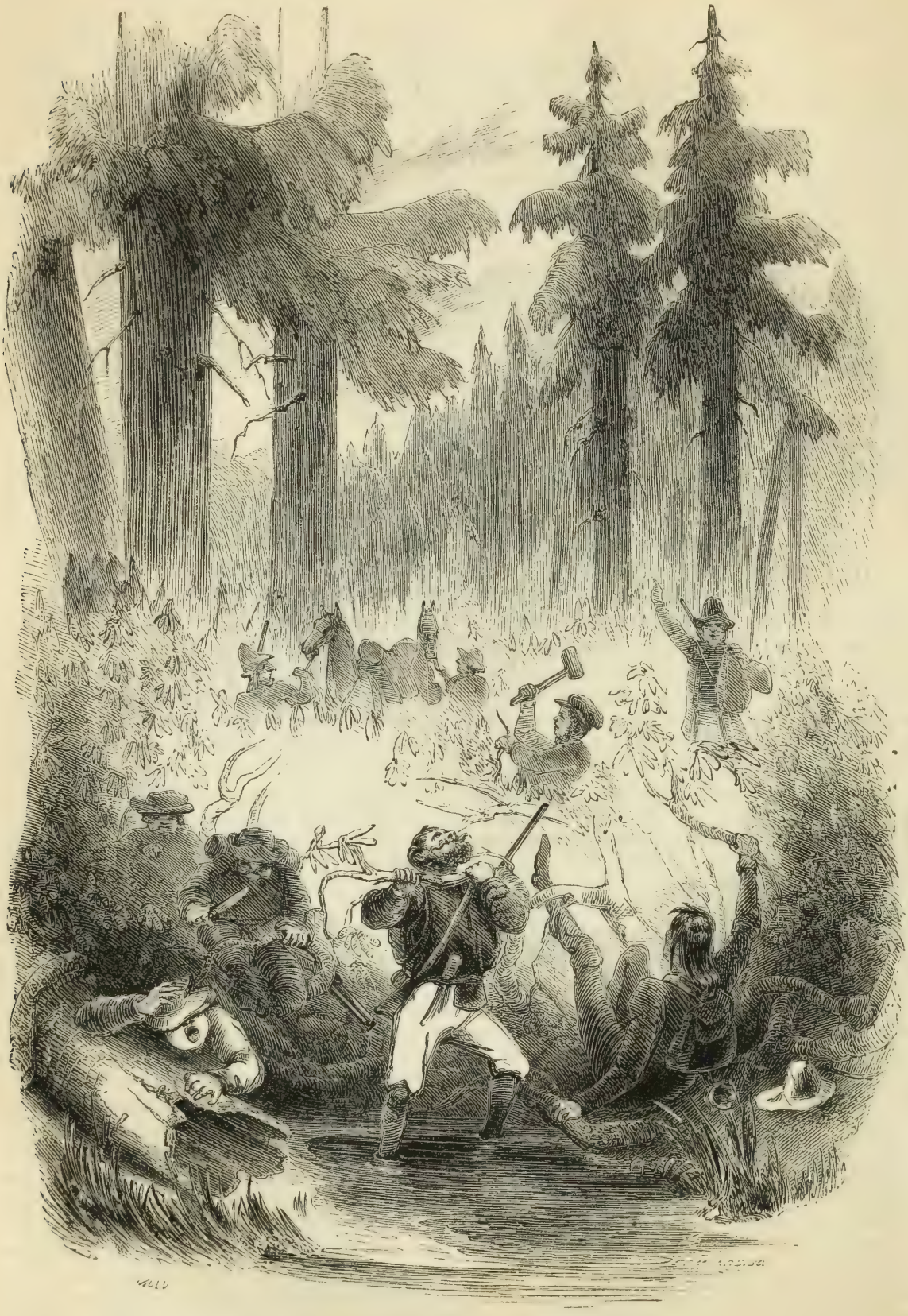
The bodies of these fallen giants afforded quite a curious spectacle as they lay prone and supine, singly and in monstrous heaps; frequently, a hundred and fifty feet in length, and eighteen in girth, coated with a rich covering of moss, and their decayed wood affording a soil for thickets of seedlings of their own and other species. Sometimes they were seen spanning a ravine at a giddy height, like suspension-bridges, the parasite growth forming a parapet or hand-rail, as if for the safety and convenience of the passer. Sometimes the faithless surface yielded to the tread, and the astounded hunter found himself imbedded to the armpits, in what he had supposed to be solid wood. The climbing of these barricades was one of the principal items in the fatigue of the journey, and any one who happened to look back on that day would generally see Mr. Jones astride of one of them, beseeching the party to wait awhile. It would have been well for the venatical reputation of Mr. Jones if the events of this day could be effaced from the record, or covered by a black vail, like the face of Marino Faliero among the Doges of Venice.

"Look at him," quoth Dindon, triumphantly; "he pretended to underrate that lame mare, and now he's glad to hang to her tail. He said she couldn't carry her load to the Cheat River, and now she is carrying his knapsack and himself into the bargain. I suppose, Mr. Jones, you'll now acknowledge you're no judge of horse-flesh."

"It's too bad," said X. "Let go, Jones; have you no greatness of soul? don't you see the poor beast can hardly get along?"

But deaf alike to satire or remonstrance, Mr. Jones kept his hold until Kit, with a long-drawn groan, stood stock still. "Thar now," said the hunter, "I've been a-looking for her to drop." The mare was released, and Jones attempted to seize Old Sorry by the same appendage. He, however, being too blind to see the justice of such a proceeding, relieved himself with a kick.

The hunters had been dodging the laurel-brakes all day. They seemed to dread the passage, and would frequently go miles around to avoid it. They had stories of men who had spent days in them, wandering in circles, and who had finally perished from starvation; and they say when once fairly in there is no calculating when you will get out. Some of these brakes extend for many miles, and are so dense that even the deer can not pass except by finding the thinnest places, and when the experienced woodman is forced to cross, he always seeks a deer-path. The ponderous strength of the bear enables him to traverse them more easily. In them he makes his lair, and our adventurers often found the laurel recently torn and broken by bears, in going to and from their places of retreat. With the horses the passage could not even be attempted without a previous clearing of the way by the ax-men. Upon consultation, it was considered necessary to cross the brake before them, and the guides went into it lustily, while the rest of the company, one after another, dropped asleep. In about two hours the way was cleared, but it was with much difficulty that the horses could be induced to proceed. The guides swore like the army in Flanders, Kit's stiff leg would not yield to circumstances, and Sorry became several times so tangled that he had to be released by the ax. The footmen passed ahead of the horses, and soon found themselves in similar circumstances. They sank up to their knees in mud and water; they were throttled by the snake-like branches of the laurel, and were frequently obliged to resort to their hunting-knives to extricate a leg or an arm from its grasp. Ascending the stump

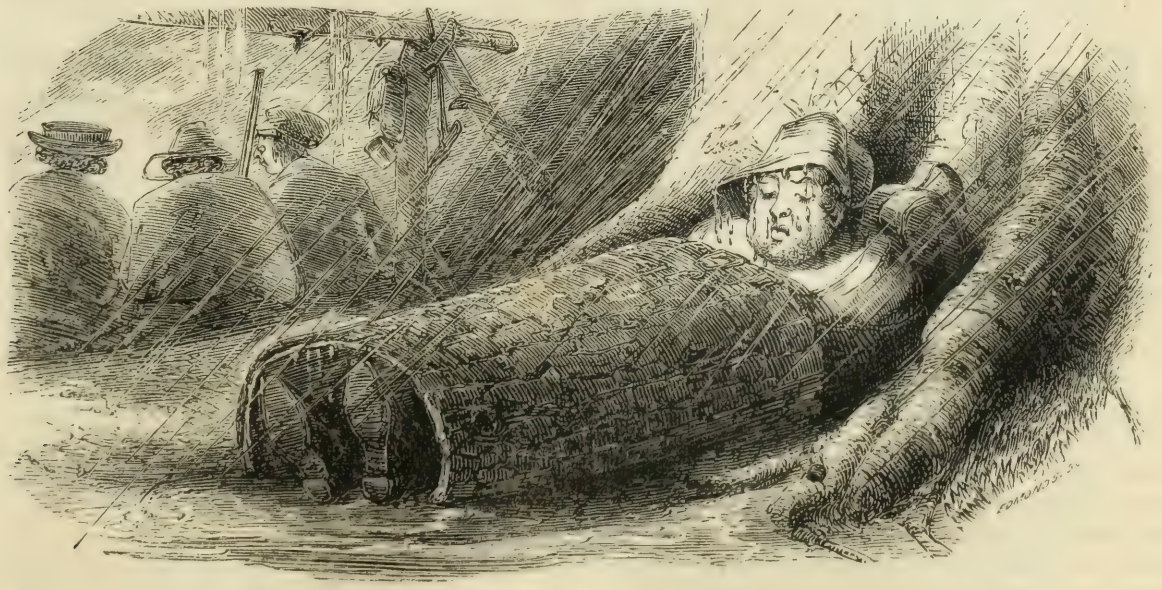


PASSING THE LAUREL.

of a riven hemlock, a striking picture presented itself. The laurel waved up and down as far as the eye could reach, like a green lake, with either shore walled by the massive forest, and out of its bed, rising singly or in groups of three or four, the tallest and most imposing of the fir species. The heads of our adventurers sometimes appeared hidden as they struggled through —and whether visible or invisible, the crackling of branches, the rustling of leaves, and a rolling fire of execrations marked their progress. All else was silent.

Toward evening a bear was seen, but so worn and spiritless were the adventurers that no one thought of pursuing it. All were anxious to reach the river that evening, as they had proposed. At length the ridge upon which they traveled seemed suddenly to terminate, and they

heard far below, the rushing of waterfalls. Here they came willingly to a halt, while the guides descended the mountain to ascertain their position. In the course of an hour they returned, reporting that the roaring was from the Falls of the Blackwater, and that they now overlooked the site of the encampment of the last season. By this time it had grown so dark and rained so heavily that it became indispensable to look out for a place of encampment. The men dispersed to look for water, taking care, however, always to keep within calling distance of each other. Water was soon found on the border of a laurel-brake, a most cheerless spot for a bivouac. The rain fell in torrents. The horses were unloaded, and a young birch cut down for them to browse upon, in default of grass. While some are trying, apparently without success, to get together dry combustibles for a fire, others endeavored to secure the provisions, arms, and ammunition from the rain; and some sunk down on the spot where they halted, and wrapping their blankets about them, slept in spite of every thing. A more cheerless prospect for a night could scarcely be imagined. With garments soaked, blankets wet, every leaf dripping with water, and the earth covered with moss and dead leaves, like a sponge thoroughly saturated: stiff with fatigue and shivering with cold, there seemed to be little chance of obtaining either rest or fire. Conway's woodcraft, however, triumphed over all difficulties. With knife and hatchet he pealed the bark from a fir about four feet in circumference. With this he sheltered the fire until it got headway, and then heaping on such wood as was most combustible there was soon a cheerful roaring blaze that defied the rain. He next with forks, props, and cross-poles erected the framework of a shed, twelve or fourteen feet long, which was speedily covered with bark, and afforded a complete shelter. The ground beneath was covered with hemlock branches, shaken and dried over the fire, to serve at once for seats and bedding. Fried middling and hot coffee were then served round, and from a most forlorn and unpromising beginning our adventurers found themselves in comparatively comfortable circumstances. Mr. Jones was as usual an object of peculiar attention. On their arrival at the halting place Mr. Jones observed a large hemlock, which threw out its roots like the arms of a sofa. Between them a plump cushion of moss, which had hitherto escaped the rain, seemed to invite him to a seat. Mr. J. accepted the invitation, and set about making himself as comfortable as possible. Upon examining the ground about him, it occurred that just over his seat would be a very proper place to build the shed, and he gave orders accordingly. Whether from a malicious suggestion of some one else, or some sly waggery of his own, Conway took pains to locate the fire and shed at some distance off. Mr. Jones argued and remonstrated, but to no effect. The savor of supper enticed him from his lair for a short time, and he then found that the shed was so full there was not room for a ramrod. Mr. Jones was not a ramrod, nor was he to be outdone so easily; he took Conway aside in a mysterious manner, and whispered something in his ear. Conway went out, and soon returned with a superb piece of fresh-peeled bark, with which Mr. Jones was duly covered. "Look here, gentlemen," said he, triumphantly, "you may now go to grass with your shed. I wouldn't change places with the man in the middle." The shed replied with a shout of laughter and a storm of jokes. "He's fairly embarked in it," cried one. "Looks more like he was embalmed," cried another. "A mummy! or a mud-turtle lying on his back—Pharoah the Fat! I'd like to see Gliddon unroll him before the Historical Society of Massachusetts." "Rail on from your mud-hole, my good fellows; but take my advice, and reserve your wit, for it will require more than you have got among you to keep yourselves dry to-night. I am entirely impervious either to jokes or rain; good-night." Unfortunately for Mr. Jones's comfort the wind changed, and the rain poured



THE MUMMY.

upon him in rivulets; and shortly afterward groans and lamentations were heard in the direction of the mummy. "It seems to be in pain; some one had better look after it," said X. Conway good-naturedly took a chunk of fire and went to Mr. Jones's assistance. It turned out that the acrid sap from the hemlock-bark had got into his eye; but it was soon over,



ALL IN MY EYE.

and a deep sleep fell upon them all—which lasted until the wood-robin warbled a reveille on the following morning. When they awoke it was still raining, and from all appearances had been raining hard all night. A thin vapory smoke rose from the extinguished embers, and all nature was dripping.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" exclaimed Porte Crayon as he combed the leaves and sticks out of his own flowing appendage, "by the beard of Mahomet, I have been sleeping all night in a puddle of water."

"The hydrostatic bed," said Mr. Smith, "is preferable to any other for an invalid."

"Well done, Smith, this is the first time we've heard from you since night before last. You must be getting better."

"Thank you, I feel much better, and will hereafter be a believer in the water cure."

"Look here," said X., sticking his heels into the air, while a stream poured from each boot.

"Bless my soul!" quoth Mr. Penn emphatically, as he gathered up his legs and arms like separate pieces of lumber, and scrutinized the covering of the shed; "there must be a leak in this roof; the water has been dribbling into my left ear, until it is so full I can't hear." Just then a drop took him in the eye. "There! blast the thing, I was sure of it."

"Conway! Conway! my good friend, come here," cried a sepulchral voice.

"Hark from the tombs—the mummy desires to be uncased."

"No—stand back. I don't want any of your aid—Conway, good fellow, remove this confounded bark. Gently—there—now help me to bend my legs—oh!—ah!—whew!—thank you—let go now, I think I can stand alone;" and, after sundry efforts, Mr. Jones recovered the use of his legs sufficiently to carry him to breakfast, where, by a free use of fried middling and hot coffee, he lubricated his limbs into their usual condition of activity.

A council of war decided that the army was not in condition to move on that day, and that they should remain under cover, and repose while such as felt disposed should go out as scouts to explore thoroughly the surrounding country. Conway's talents were again called in requisition to extend and improve the comfort of their quarters. A pack of cards was introduced, and the day passed in careless jollity. During the forenoon, Porte Crayon accompanied by Powell went out to search for the Cheat River, but after walking in idle circles for two hours, and becoming entangled in a laurel-brake, they were glad to get back to camp. Dindon, Thornhill, and Powell were more successful, and returned late in the evening with the report that they had found the Cheat, and had wounded an otter. This news gave great satisfaction, but their description of the stream differed so widely from the supposed location and size of that river, that the accuracy of the report was doubted by Mr. Penn and others who had been studying the geography of the country.

The fourth morning proved a favorable one. The sun rose bright and clear, and our adventurers, refreshed in body and soul, resumed their journey with cheerful alacrity. After marching about a mile, an extensive laurel-brake seemed to offer an impassable barrier to their further progress. Here the scouts of the previous evening informed them that the river flowed through the laurel some two or three hundred yards distant, upon which information a convenient spot was selected for a permanent encampment. Conway, Dindon, and Thornhill undertook to build the house, while the rest of the party started eagerly to explore the river and have a day's sport. After traversing the thicket, they reached a stream about forty feet wide, and of inconsiderable depth, completely hemmed in by laurel and beautifully arched with evergreens, so dense and dark that it had a cavernous look.

"This stream is certainly not the Cheat River," said Mr. Penn.

Powell suggested that it might be the Canaan Fork.

"There is no such stream known to geographers," said Mr. Penn.

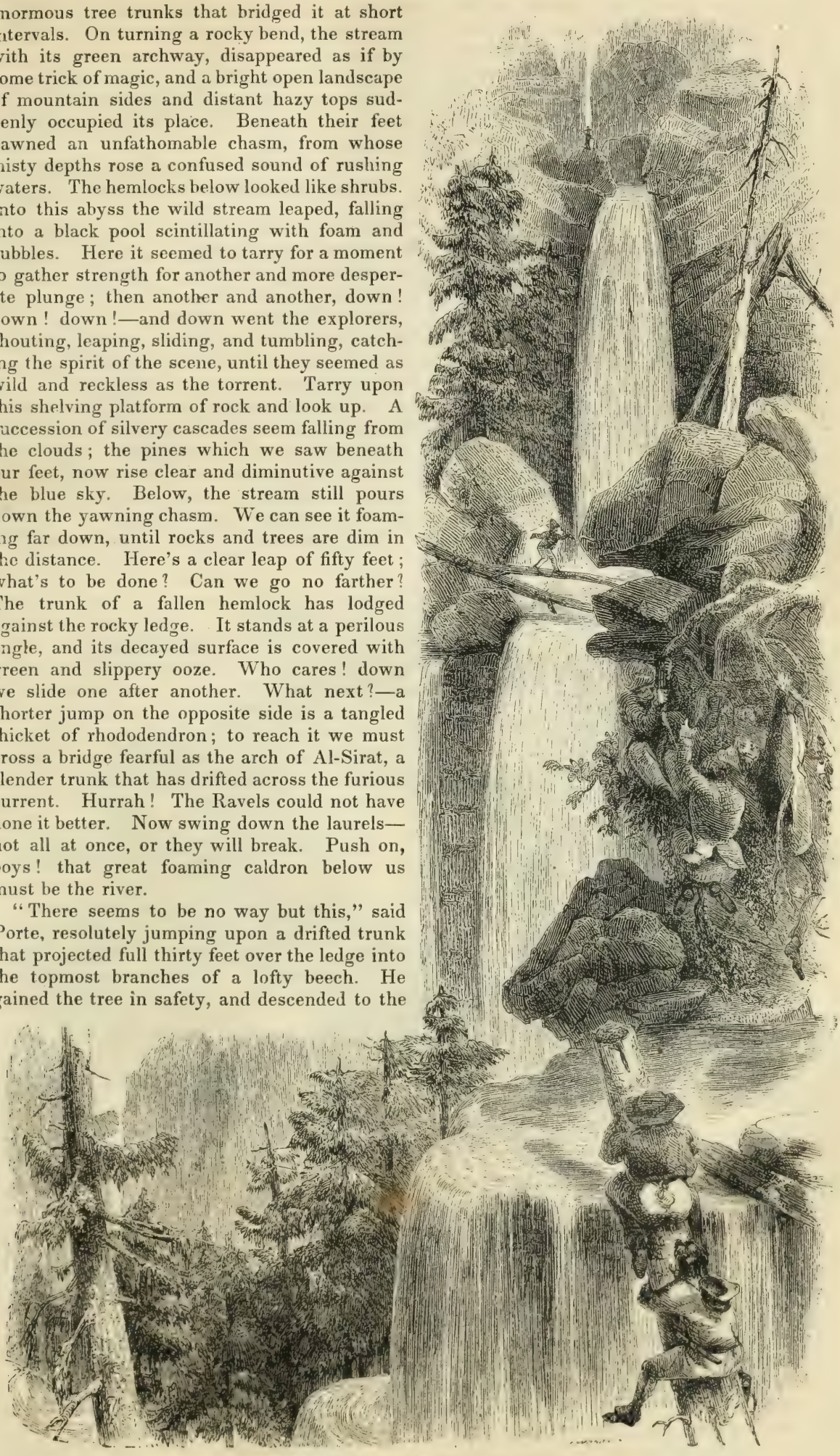
"It is the same," rejoined Powell, "that we ignorant hunters have been accustomed to call by that name, and it empties into the Cheat not far from here, I should say."

"By the maps this stream has no right to be here at all," continued Mr. Penn. "Either the maps or the stream must be mistaken. My map is a very correct map, I don't like to doubt its authority, but I suppose I must defer to the stream. Here it is. Now for the exploration."

The party, headed by Crayon, straggled down the bed of the stream, sometimes waist deep, sometimes ankle deep, climbing or dodging the

enormous tree trunks that bridged it at short intervals. On turning a rocky bend, the stream with its green archway, disappeared as if by some trick of magic, and a bright open landscape of mountain sides and distant hazy tops suddenly occupied its place. Beneath their feet yawned an unfathomable chasm, from whose misty depths rose a confused sound of rushing waters. The hemlocks below looked like shrubs. Into this abyss the wild stream leaped, falling into a black pool scintillating with foam and bubbles. Here it seemed to tarry for a moment to gather strength for another and more desperate plunge; then another and another, down! down! down!—and down went the explorers, shouting, leaping, sliding, and tumbling, catching the spirit of the scene, until they seemed as wild and reckless as the torrent. Tarry upon this shelving platform of rock and look up. A succession of silvery cascades seem falling from the clouds; the pines which we saw beneath our feet, now rise clear and diminutive against the blue sky. Below, the stream still pours down the yawning chasm. We can see it foaming far down, until rocks and trees are dim in the distance. Here's a clear leap of fifty feet; what's to be done? Can we go no farther? The trunk of a fallen hemlock has lodged against the rocky ledge. It stands at a perilous angle, and its decayed surface is covered with green and slippery ooze. Who cares! down we slide one after another. What next?—a shorter jump on the opposite side is a tangled thicket of rhododendron; to reach it we must cross a bridge fearful as the arch of Al-Sirat, a slender trunk that has drifted across the furious current. Hurrah! The Ravels could not have done it better. Now swing down the laurels—not all at once, or they will break. Push on, boys! that great foaming caldron below us must be the river.

"There seems to be no way but this," said Porte, resolutely jumping upon a drifted trunk that projected full thirty feet over the ledge into the topmost branches of a lofty beech. He gained the tree in safety, and descended to the



FALLS OF THE BLACK FORK OF CHEAT.

shore of the river; the others followed in rapid succession, although the dangerous bridge swayed and shook with each passenger. "Jones, don't try it!—Jones, you're too heavy—it shakes, it cracks—by Heaven, he's gone!"

With a sullen crash the heavy log fell into the pool below, while the intrepid Jones slid down the friendly beech, amid the bravos and felicitations of his comrades. Jones sat panting on a rock, red with exertion, beaded with perspiration, all saturated with water, and green with ooze. What a miraculous change? Can that be the same being that hung to old Kit's tail, or that groaned so lustily when he got sap in his eye? Jones, who crossed the bridge with the step of a rope-dancer? and who walked the drift-log with the courage of a Delhi? O Nature! how mighty are thy influences upon the impressible souls of men. How surely do thy softer beauties woo to luxury and indolence the same spirits who, amid thy rocks and thundering cataracts, are roused to energy and active daring. The Black Fork of Cheat, where our party stood, was about two hundred feet in width, and poured its amber flood at an angle of some seven or eight degrees, over a bed of monstrous boulders, and between mountain walls a thousand or twelve hundred feet in height.

"It looks to me," said X., "like the bursting of Barclay and Perkins's big beer-tub, you remember, that flooded half London, and drowned so many people."

"I wish to heaven it was beer," said Jones; "I think I could drink a barrel of it on the spot."

Such was the excitement and exhilaration produced by the discovery of these beautiful falls, that fishing became for the time a secondary object, and but few trout were caught. Penn and Smith, however, could not long resist the desire of trying their fine rods. Having uncased and fitted them up, they made a simultaneous throw. Smith's foot slipped, and he came down upon the point of his rod, splintering it to the last joint. Penn made a magnificent fling, but having forgotten to attach his line to the reel, three of the joints went over the falls, carrying with them the sea grass line and that incredible specimen of entomology, the bug.

Having disposed of his rod to his complete



FATE OF THE FANCY RODS.

satisfaction, Smith proposed to Crayon that they should make an exploration of the river, following its course downward toward the mouth of the Blackwater. They persevered in this undertaking until they had accomplished some two or three miles, but finding the route scarcely less difficult and hazardous than the descent of the falls, and having in the mean time emptied their haversacks, they concluded to return and rejoin their comrades. They found them waiting at the foot of the falls, tired of fishing, which had been unsuccessful, owing to the swollen condition of the stream.

The ascent of the falls was accomplished with more circumspection and with less danger than the descent. The precipices were avoided by scrambling up on the mountain-sides through the laurel, and the explorers rejoined the Building Committee early in the afternoon. As they approached the spot, each one was big with the scenes and adventures of the day, and thirsting to begin the narrative of his personal experiences and exploits. They suddenly drew up, like men bewildered, and then gave a simultaneous shout of pleasure and admiration.

"Hurrah for Conway!—Hurrah for Dindon!

—Hurrah for Thornhill! Well, this out-does the wonders of the Canaan Fork!" exclaimed X.

Before them stood a neat and roomy cottage complete at all points, with an open front, before which blazed a glorious fire. The baggage all securely and neatly bestowed, with shelves and fixtures for the cooking utensils, a rack at the fire for drying clothes, and, indeed, every comfort and convenience that could have been desired, and more than could have been reasonably hoped for. Conway sat philosophically smoking his pipe at the entrance; Thornhill was cooking supper; and Mr. Dindon, with a hospitable wave of the hand, desired them to walk in, make themselves at home, and take a bite of supper with him.

It was creditable to the exploring party that not a word was said in relation to their own adventures until the full meed of praise had been bestowed upon the builders for the ingenuity and industry which they had manifested in the accomplishment of their work. The enjoyment of the evening, however, was dampened by the unfavorable accounts of the condition of the river, and the diminished chances for sport. That night the mercury in Porte Crayon's pocket thermometer stood at 32°; and notwithstanding the well-nourished fire and comfortable shelter, it was impossible to sleep on account of the cold. That night also finished Mr. Jones. The reaction from the enthusiasm of the previous day, combined with the cold and loss of rest, brought the mercury of his spiritual thermometer below zero. Powell was to start that morning with the horses for the settlements. After partaking of a hearty breakfast, Mr. Jones formally announced his intention of accompanying them. Without regarding the exclamations of surprise which this announcement called forth, he proceeded as follows:

"A decent respect for the opinions of the world makes it necessary that I should give my reasons for this step. They are briefly these: I came out here for sport and pleasure; I have found neither. I have been out five days, and have not caught five trout; I have been tired to death, and unable to sleep—saturated, frozen, devoured by gnats and wood-ticks."

"And got sap in your eye," suggested Mr. Dindon.

"And besides, instead of venison and trout, I have been gorged with fried bacon and biscuit, until I am sick of seeing them."

"Three times five makes fifteen," said X. "He has been gorged just fifteen times, to say



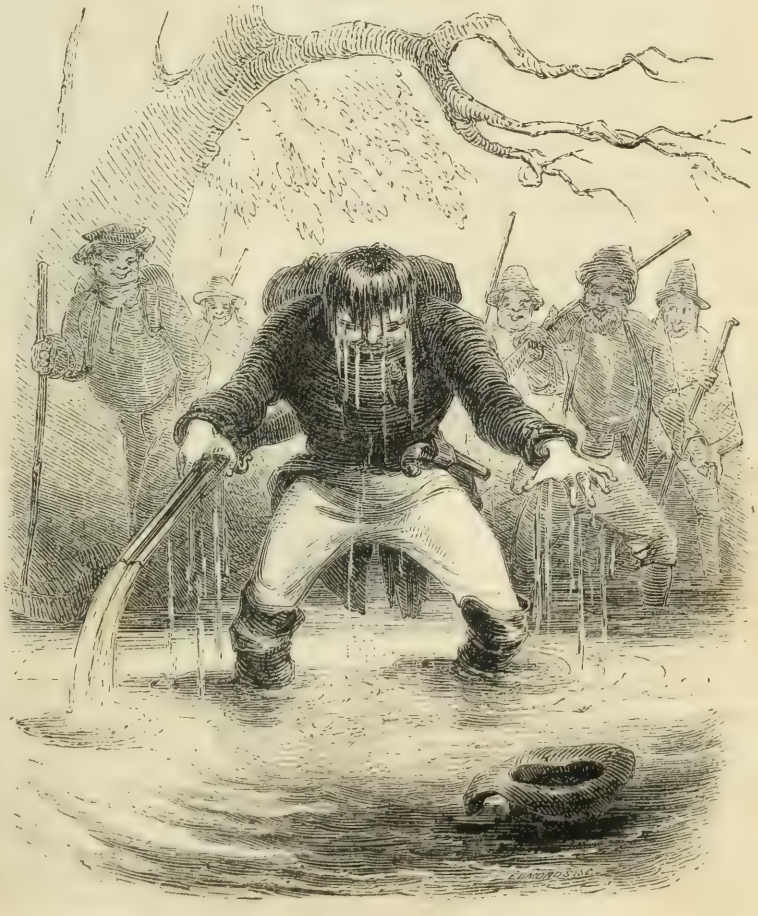
MR. JONES'S LEGACY.

nothing of snacks and odd biscuits. Poor fellow! how he must have suffered!"

"And," pursued Mr. Jones, in a louder key, "I pronounce the expedition a failure and a humbug; and, consequently, I will return with Powell."

Several hasty remarks were half-uttered, when Porte Crayon rose and affectionately addressed Mr. Jones:

"In expressing my deep regret at your sudden departure, let me assure you that I am heartily seconded by every one here present—a regret that would have been felt under any circumstances, but which is doubly felt when we remember the gallant and spirited Mr. Jones of



MR. X. HASTENS TO GET A SHOT AT A DEER.

yesterday. And let me also express a hope that the acrimonious character of your remarks is the result of physical discomfort, rather than of any unkind feeling toward this party or any member of it."

"Not a trace of it!" warmly responded Mr. Jones; "quite the contrary, I assure you all. I was wrong to say any thing against the enterprise. You all have enjoyed it, I have no doubt; but I will confess I'm not fit for this life; I'm —I am—friendship demands the sacrifice, and I'll out with the truth: I'm too confounded fat!"

A shout of approbation followed the avowal. "Jones, my dear fellow, your hand! Let's have a cordial embrace all round."

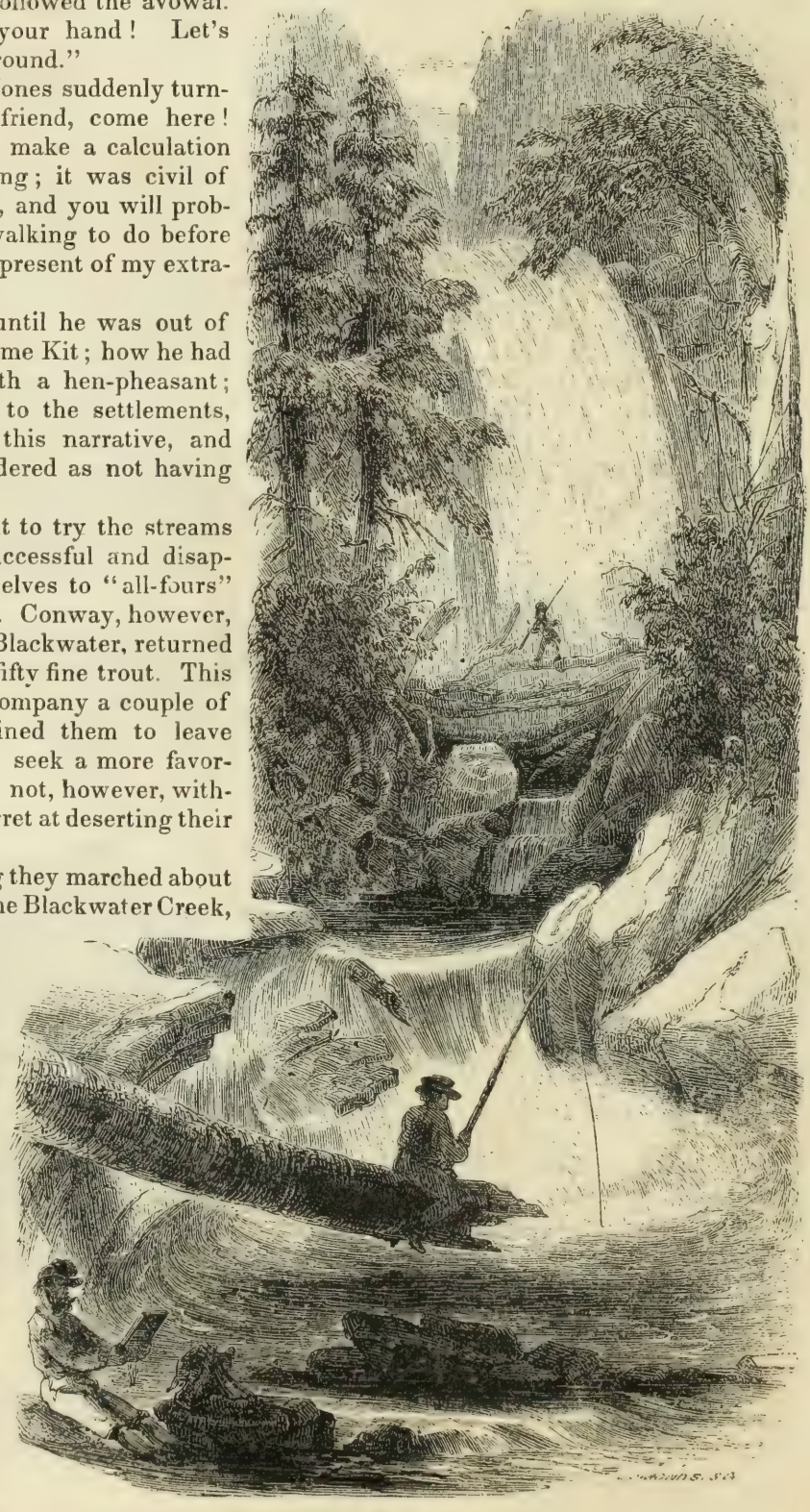
They started off—when Jones suddenly turned about. "Ah, X., my friend, come here! You were kind enough to make a calculation for me when I was speaking; it was civil of you. As I am going home, and you will probably have a great deal of walking to do before you return, I'll make you a present of my extra-boots. Adieu!"

How Mr. Jones walked until he was out of sight, and then mounted Lame Kit; how he had a surprising adventure with a hen-pheasant; and how he got safe back to the settlements, have nothing to do with this narrative, and consequently will be considered as not having been alluded to at all.

The parties who went out to try the streams again, soon returned unsuccessful and disappointed, and betook themselves to "all-fours" for the remainder of the day. Conway, however, who had gone over to the Blackwater, returned with about a hundred and fifty fine trout. This lucky forage afforded the company a couple of hearty meals, and determined them to leave their present location, and seek a more favorable one on the Blackwater; not, however, without many expressions of regret at deserting their fine cabin.

On the following morning they marched about four miles, and came upon the Blackwater Creek, about a mile above the falls. As they followed down the bed of the stream, a deer was seen to cross a short distance from them, which so excited Mr. X. that he made a rush to get ahead of the main body, and, if possible, to get a shot. Just as he was about attaining his object, he set foot upon a slippery stone, and pitched head-foremost into the water. As he emerged, his gun spouting from both barrels, he was hailed with shouts of encouragement. —"There goes the deer!—shoot! bang away!" X. politely requested the company to go to a place where cold water was more of a rarity; and quietly took his position in the rear of the column.

The site chosen for the new encampment was on the brow of a cliff, within thirty paces of the great fall—a situation of unequaled beauty and savage grandeur. Surrounded by a tangled thicket of the rhododendron, canopied by the loftiest firs, the thunder of the cataract in their ears day and night, and its spray freshening the atmosphere they breathed, our adventurers passed the eight days that followed in the fullest enjoyment of the pleasures of forest-life. Every day added to the treasures of Porte



FALLS OF THE BLACKWATER.

Crayon's sketch-book. The author reveled in a poetic existence, basking on moss-covered rocks, among foaming rapids and sparkling water-falls; and if his haggard and unshaven countenance and dilapidated wardrobe presented a strong contrast to his mental beatitude, it only exemplified the more strikingly the predominance of mind over matter, and the entire disconnection that sometimes exists between the ideal and the material world.

On the first favorable day after their location, X. M. C., who had not yet fleshed his maiden-hook in the gills of a trout, went out with Conway to try his luck. After many unsuccessful attempts, he at length hooked a fellow, and drew him out of the water with such a jerk (X. is possessed of great physical vigor), that rod, line, and fish were lodged in the overhanging branches of a tree. Here was a spite—the stream was wriggling with trout, and X. had just acquired the knack of hooking them; but his implements, and, worse than all, the first trophy of his skill, were hanging on the envious boughs. Now, if X. M. C. had any one trait that predominated over all others, it was determination. Missiles were plenty, and he straightway opened upon the devoted fish a mingled shower of stones, sticks, and anathemas. At the end of an hour he succeeded in bringing him down, well dried, and slightly tainted.

"Well!" quoth Conway, who, from a short distance had been the philosophical eye-witness of the proceeding, and who during the time had bagged some sixty of the finest trout—"Well; I've seed fish catched in a great many different ways, but I never seed 'em chunked out of trees afore."

About four o'clock in the afternoon our sportsmen generally gathered in for dinner. There is a kind of seasoning found in these mountain countries which gives to the coarsest food a savor, compared with which Delmonico's *chefs de cuisine* are insipid. Would it not be possible for some of our chemists to make an extract from this sauce, and bottle it for city use? How would your truffles, your mushrooms, your *à la Marengo's* be blotted from the list of delicacies, and their places filled with *sauce à l'Allegheine* and fried middling, *sauté à l'air de le Montaigne.* After dinner coffee and cards were introduced; and when it became too dark for all fours, "the vaulted aisles of the dim wood rang" with songs, choruses, and recitations; and it is no more than just to state that the neighboring bears had occasionally opportunities of hearing performances that would have challenged the admiration of the most gifted circles in the land.



THE FIRST TROUT OF MR. X.

On rainy days the camp wore quite an air of domesticity. In the centre was the eternal party at "old sledge." The author, wearied with such trite amusement, conned his note-book in one corner; the artist in another, arranged and re-touched his sketches; while old Conway with his jack-knife, passed his time in manufacturing wooden spoons, plates, and water-tight baskets of bark.

Conway was the most accomplished of woodsmen: small in stature, narrow-shouldered, and weasel-faced—insensible to fatigue, to hunger; or the vicissitudes of the weather; a shrewd hunter, a skillful fisher, unfailing in resources, he was ready in every emergency. He could build a comfortable house and furnish it in a day, with no other material than what the forest afforded, and no other tools than his ax and jack-knife. Nor was he destitute of the arts of civilized life. He could mend clothes and cobble shoes with surprising dexterity; and any one who has visited his cabin may have observed an old fiddle hanging beside his powder-horn and pouch. When in camp his pipe was never out; he smoked before and after meals,



CAMP ON THE BLACKWATER.

when at work and when idle. He talked but little, but occasionally told a quaint story of his hunting adventures, or cracked a dry joke; and the sharp twinkle of his gray eye, when any thing humorous was in question, showed the keenness of his appreciation of good-natured fun.

Rainy days were also fruitful in debates, which a discreet person might have characterized as noisy wrangles; and as usual the vehemence of the debaters was great in proportion to the littleness of the subject. It must be confessed the range of questions was a wide one—any thing from the Constitution of the United States down to the propriety of a play at "old sledge." The parties generally stood arrayed, Mr. Dindon against the field, the field against Mr. Dindon. One day Mr. Dindon was six in the game, and stood on the knave with another trump. Two consecutive leads brought down Mr. Dindon's jack, and he lost the game; but characterized his opponent's play as absurd and contrary to Hoyle. The whole pack—not of cards, but of players—opened upon him. The dispute waxed hotter and hotter, and Mr. Dindon waxed redder and redder, and finally lost all command of himself. He glared about him like a baited bear. Suddenly rushing forward he seized Conway's ax. The debaters scattered and dodged like rats in a pantry; but he deigned not to cast a look upon them, and strode out, upsetting the water-bucket and knocking over the clothes-rack in his progress. Presently he found himself, *vis-à-vis*, with an enormous hemlock, full fifteen feet in girth. Without considering the size and vigor of his opponent, he attacked him furiously. He knocked out chips as large as dinner-dishes, and the earth around was soon white with them. For a long time the combat seemed to be equal; the perspiration stood on Dindon's forehead in drops as large as kidney-beans; the inhabitants of the camp stood

around at a respectable distance, dodging the chips and wondering. Anon the lofty crown of the hemlock was seen to waver, the blows of the ax resounded with redoubled force, the trunk cracked and crackled, and the gigantic forest king began to sink, at first slowly, then with a rushing sound and with a thundering crash like the broadside of a frigate, he fell, crushing under him like shrubs a dozen trees, each of which might have been the pride of a city park.



WRATH OF MR. DINDON.

Dindon wiped his cheerful and unclouded brow, and with an air of careless triumph slung the ax into a log. "There now!" said he, "some of you smart gentlemen may chop that fellow into fire-sticks and carry them to the camp.

"By the body of Hercules!" exclaimed X., as the green wood rang with shouts of applause and triumph: "shade of Milo! I here make a vow never to dispute with Mr. Dindon again on any subject; the fate of that hemlock has convinced me that he can never be wrong, and that the rest of us are poor feeble mortals, after all."

One afternoon the attention of the party in the shed was directed to the external world by the increasing roar of the cataract. It had been drizzling all day, but for an hour or more the rain fell by buckets-full. Some apprehensions were expressed for the safety of Messrs. Penn and Conway, who were absent on a fishing-excursion. Accordingly, the party all went down to the banks of the stream to look out for the absentees. The Blackwater seemed run mad; and the fall, swelled to treble its usual volume, made the very hills tremble. Quantities of drift were passing, and some shade of real anxiety clouded the faces of the watchers.

"Oh horror!" exclaimed X., "oh fatal day! there goes Penn's body; there! there! he's over the falls—he's gone!"

"Why," said Thornhill, "that looked to me like a forked stick."

"No," insisted X., "it was Penn. I recognized his legs. I can't be mistaken."

Many kindly regrets were expressed, and eulogies pronounced upon his virtues, talents, and amiable traits—some of which the defunct had the pleasure of overhearing, as he crept out of a laurel thicket, and followed them up the path to the shelter, all forlorn and dripping.

"Why, here comes the gentleman now," said Thornhill.

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" exclaimed X., throwing himself into a superb attitude—

"Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee . . . . .
A ghost of shreds and patches. I'll call thee Penn.
Oh answer me, let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
How many fish you've caught—and where's the otter?"

"The otter is coming on with the fish," replied the ghost, in a sepulchral voice. "We've got about two hundred. In the mean time, hasten supper. I've had a narrow escape from drowning, and am now perishing with hunger."

At that moment Conway appeared with his load of fish, which were hailed with acclamations.

"Disciple of Izaak Walton!" said X., embracing the dripping body of Mr. Penn, and squeezing him like a sponge in his grateful ecstasy: "may you live forever. Glorious otter! what a fry we'll have!" And Mr. X. forthwith repaired to the fallen hemlock, and furnished himself with the largest chip he could find, to serve as a plate for the anticipated supper.

While this was cooking Mr. Penn seated himself on the end of a log at the fire, and narrated his adventure. He and Conway had been some distance up the Blackwater, and had been very successful. Mr. Penn was seated on a rock in the middle of the stream, and so intent was he on the sport, that he did not notice either the rain or the rise of the water. (As has been before observed, Mr. Penn has a remarkable gift of abstracting himself from worldly surroundings.) When the water began to pour over the rock on which he was sitting he jumped up, and, to his amazement, found himself hemmed in by the foaming torrent. He made a plunge to gain the nearest bank, lost his footing, and was washed up like a piece of drift among some rocks. Here he found himself on the wrong side. The appearance of the stream was terrific, but the terror of an unsheltered and supperless night was greater. Presently he saw Conway on the other side, making unintelligible signs to him. He rushed into the water up to his arm-pits; but it looked like suicide to go on, and he struggled back to the bank. Then a large tree drifted by and lodged against the rocks, forming a temporary bridge that reached nearly across. The thought of supper braced him to the desperate venture, and he leaped upon the log. With his weight the end upon which he jumped broke loose, and swung rapidly round like a flying ferry, bringing him within reach of the laurels on the opposite side. Mr. Penn grasped the bushes, and saved himself—

while the tree, loosed from its moorings, hurried on toward the falls.

"This I consider a very respectable adventure," said Mr. Penn, handing over his tin cup for his second pint of coffee, and deliberately separating the rich salmon flakes from the spinal column of a large trout. Deliberately, we say, for Mr. Penn was then on his fourteenth fish.

But all things must come to an end sooner or later. The party were all gathered under the bark roof—some smoking, others conversing in a more quiet and serious tone than had been usual among them. X. M. C. finally spoke out.

"Friends, and fellow-woodmen," said he, "our sojourn in the wilderness is about to end. We have promised to be at Towers' on the 16th. To fulfill this promise we must start homeward to-morrow morning. Owing to the early departure of Mr. Jones, we still have an abundance of provision, and might, if we were so disposed, remain a week longer; but the council seem to have determined on going. Well, let it be so. We have not realized all our expectations on coming out. We have killed neither bear, panther, nor deer. We have not even varied our diet with cat-fish soup—(nodding to Mr. Penn)—but we have manfully carried out the proposed objects of our expedition as far as circumstances permitted. We have explored the wilderness, fished in the Black Fork of Cheat, seen the Falls of the Canaan, surfeited on trout, and braved the unpropitious elements unflinchingly. As for me, the impressions made by this sojourn will never be effaced—never, though I were to live as long as the great hemlock felled by Mr. Dindon."

The return to the settlements was unmarked by any incident worthy of record. Accustomed to the forest, hardened to the toil, the difficulties of the march passed as matters of course; and an occasional unsuccessful shot at a deer, or the discovery of a bear's trail, only elicited a brief comment or a laugh. On the second morning they breakfasted at Conway's, dined at Towers', and, twenty-four hours after, the heroes of the Expedition into Canaan had resumed the dress, and, to all appearance, the habits of ordinary life. Yet by a shrewd observer of character they might still be distinguished from the common herd. There was a certain gallant swagger when they walked abroad, a lighting-up of the face when they met each other, or when the subject of hunting and fishing was introduced; an elevation of ideas, a largeness of speech, an ill concealed disdain of the petty affairs of life, such as law, medicine, or agriculture; and for a long time, whenever they were invited out, even the heavy handed and profuse housekeepers of their neighborhood seemed to have suddenly become close and thrifty, or to have made some unaccountable mistake in their calculations.

In the town of M. were several returned Californians who had made the overland trip, dug gold and starved on the Yuba and Feather rivers, and returned to their homes by the



CALIFORNIANS TRUMPED.

Horn or the Isthmus, with nothing to show for their trouble but a stock of hard earned experience, and the hope of being heroes and storytellers for the rest of their days. Alas! they happened in an unlucky time. Whenever one of them, thinking he had an audience in a barroom or at a street corner, would commence, *infandum renovare dolorem*, he was invariably trumped with—"Yes, that reminds me of the Blackwater;" and in five minutes the poor Californian stood mute and abashed at supposing that he had ever been hungry in his life, or had ever seen any thing worth talking about.

A PILGRIMAGE TO PLYMOUTH.

BY CALVIN W. PHILLEO.

TWO hundred years ago the colony of Plymouth was one of the most important on the North American continent. Its chief town was the equal in rank with New Amsterdam and Boston. Its governors and magistrates were statesmen whose names are immortal. The acts of its Council, the wars in which it was engaged, the famines and pestilences it endured, and every event that affected its welfare and prosperity, are matters of which we read in the histories of the nation. The classic names of Athens, of Sparta, and even of Rome itself are not more familiar to the memory than is that of Plymouth; and in the time to come there is no spot upon the earth that will possess in the hearts of men an interest more universal and enduring than the Rock at which ended the long and weary voyage of the passengers of the Mayflower. And yet, though we have all heard and read of Plymouth since we began to remember, though we know its early history by heart, and the very mention of its name sounds in our ears like the keynote of a national anthem of liberty, though five millions of us claim to have descended from its early colonists, and pride ourselves accordingly, though there is hardly a day in all the year in which we do not hear or utter an allusion to Plymouth or the Pilgrim Fathers,—either in sermon, oration, speech, or conversation, though we boast of the religion of the Puritans as if we hoped to be saved by the mer-

its of our ancestors, and daily assert—what no one can deny—that the Pilgrim Fathers shaped the model which has given the form to our free institutions and government, though, in fine, we acknowledge the town of Plymouth to have been the birth-place of our nation, great already, and with a destiny of unexampled greatness, there are scarcely fifty thousand of the five million descendants of the Puritan exiles, outside of the ancient county of Plymouth, that could answer correctly the probable questions of an intelligent foreigner, curious to know the present state and condition of a town so celebrated in the history of the country, and of the world as is the town of Plymouth.

A few school-children, fresh from their recitations in geography, might be able to repeat the brief paragraph of "fine print" in their class-book, which informs them of the pleasant situation of Plymouth upon the bay of the same name, about forty miles from Boston; that it was here that the Pilgrims landed in 1620, and commenced the first settlement of New England; that the present town has considerable coasting and some foreign trade, and is largely engaged in the fisheries, and that its population in 1850 was 6026.

We start on our Pilgrimage to Plymouth, from Boston, in the early afternoon of a bright August day. Thrice has our carriage been obliged to halt during the short ride between the hotel and the railroad station, in consequence of a choking up of the narrow and crooked streets. Nevertheless, we have a good ten minutes before the starting of the train, when we draw up at the door of a handsome brick edifice, built in the Italian style, with brown stone cornices and window caps. This is the front of the Old Colony Railroad Terminus.

But we are bound to Plymouth, and have no time to spare for the improvements made in the rival colony of Massachusetts Bay. Let us enter the station-house. Do not be dismayed at learning that your baggage must be consigned to the tender mercies of a man who says that he is the baggage-master, but who, nevertheless, may be an impostor for all that one can tell, inasmuch as he is too much of a republican to wear a badge, and refuses to give us checks for our trunks. There is doubtless an occult method in their system of management on this road, with respect to baggage. Let us have faith, then, in the baggage-master's curt prophecy, that we shall find our trunks "all right" when we shall have arrived at Plymouth.

But what a long train! Seven—eight first-class cars, besides second-class and baggage-cars—and all nearly filled with people. Plymouth Rock, one would think from these indications, must be what it should be—the Mecca of American pilgrims. But the truth is, that there are scarcely twenty passengers in the whole train that are going through with us. We shall arrive at Plymouth with only one first-class car. Of the others, some will have been switched off at the Braintree Junction, and some at the Bridgewater Junction, and one will have been left at this station and another at that station. The Old Colony Road is a trunk from which diverge several branches, some of which, indeed, are of more importance than itself. Traveling upon this road is much like the journey of life. One starts with a host, but at the end of the course but few remain who have traveled with him all the way. So, although there are several drawbridges to cross, we must take the foremost car, the only one of its class that goes through. We will sit on the left-hand side. The sun comes in the other way, and, besides, there is more to see in this direction.

It is a sterile-looking country we are passing through. There is scarcely enough of the thin soil to cover half the rock with a scanty green mantle, and so great ledges lie bare above ground, and barberry-bushes, loaded with unripe fruit, and sometimes stunted firs, grow from the crevices. But there are some good farms, nevertheless, and fields where heavy crops will be gathered. But such farms and fields have cost much labor and money to make them fertile.

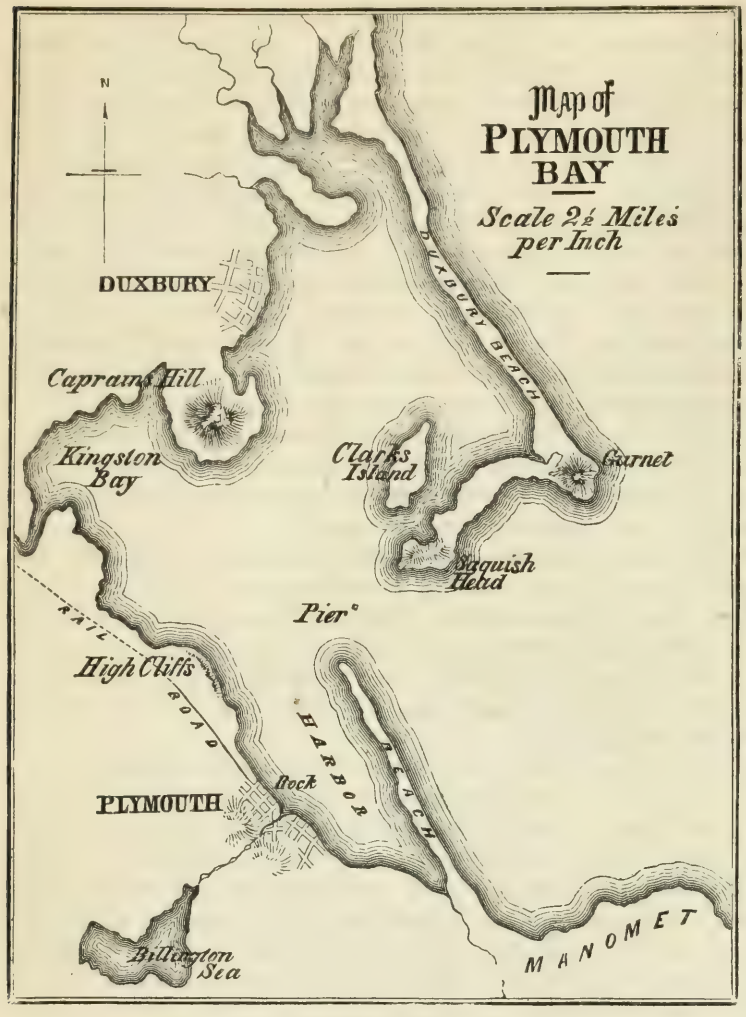
The people have grown rich hereabouts, in spite of the niggardly soil. There is a look about the houses that betokens the thrift of the dwellers in them. The little crowds at the station-houses are composed of well-dressed people. The cattle in the pastures are sleek, well-fed, and well-cared for, and people drive good bits of horse-flesh in easy, handsome carriages.

We are losing cars from our long train at almost every station, as I foretold, and the speed of those that remain is increased.

Kingston Station is the last this side of Plymouth. Here it was that Daniel Webster left the hurry and bustle of the world behind him, as he descended from the cars for the last time in his life. Marshfield lies about seven miles northeast from here.

We are nearing our journey's end. Yonder is the round, smooth summit of Captain's Hill, in Duxbury, that overlooks the whole of Plymouth Bay, and forms a prominent land-mark for vessels. It rises some two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea at its base. It was named after Captain Myles Standish, who, for many of the later years of his life, lived near the foot of it.

And now the train rounds a curve, the wheels ringing as they grind against the rails. A moment more—look now—the cool sea-breeze fans your cheek again, as you gaze for the first time upon the wide and beautiful Bay of Plymouth. It is high water—that is to say, it is full tide, or nearly so—and the extensive flats left bare at low ebb, exposing to view ugly sand-banks and unseemly patches of eel-grass, are now hidden beneath the surface of as handsome a sheet of blue water as ever sparkled in the rays of an afternoon sun. The bay is, you perceive, almost landlocked; and viewing it from this point one might almost imagine it to be a lake instead of



MAP OF PLYMOUTH BAY.

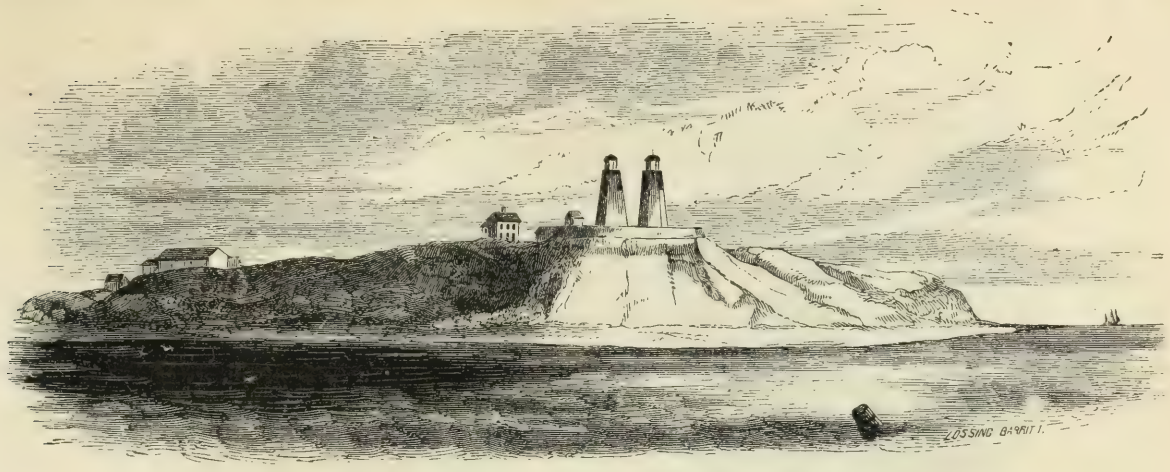
an arm of the sea. On our left, Captain's Hill rears its bald crown between us and the village of Duxbury, which lies concealed behind it, straggling along the shore for miles. Far away to the north, beyond those distant hills ruddy with fields of buckwheat-stubble, is Marshfield and the grave of Daniel Webster. From thence the shore sweeps with a gentle curve to the southward, the hills diminishing in height, until it becomes a low sandy beach, with here and there a clump of cedars crowning a knoll, and dark copses of stunted plum-bushes fringing and tufting the white and sparkling sides of the sand-hills. This is Duxbury Beach—a strip of land, that, averaging scarcely twenty rods in width above high-water mark, stretches from the main-land miles to the southward, interposing its narrow barrier of drifting sand between the thundering surges of the stormy Atlantic and the haven within its protecting embrace.

Half-way between us and the beach lies an island, a mile in length, with an oval outline rising with a gentle slope from the extremities toward the centre; near which stands a large gray rock, that one might, from its size, well mistake for a house, but that its irregular form shows plainly in the rays of the western sun shining straight upon it. The round surface of this island is green to the very brink of the gravelly bluff, against which dash the "waves of the bay;" and although upon its western slope there are no trees, except a few solitary and flat-crowned cedars — more ancient, probably, than the settlement of Plymouth—the tops of groves and orchards growing upon the eastern side are visible far above the undulating summit-ridge, with here and there the tapering forms of Lombardy poplars shooting up above the surrounding foliage, like steeples towering aloft among the house-tops of a city.

A few minutes more, and we have reached a point from which we can look straight out to sea. But half-way across the channel —the inlet to the bay, which has grown wider and wider with each instant of our advance toward it— runs a narrow spit of land, upon the extreme point of which stands a small black beacon. This is Plymouth Beach; and the part of the bay inclosed within its sweep, forms the shallow harbor of the town. The dark object in the water, apparently at a little distance from the beacon, is a square pier of granite rocks, erected upon a shoal that is oftentimes bare at very low water. Into the channel, upon the left, extends a small cape with a large, solitary tree growing near the edge of its bluff point, and a single weather-beaten house, nestling under its western slope as if striving to gain a lee from the cold northeasters, that so often blow here fiercely, for days at a time. This is Saquish Head, the termination of Duxbury Beach, and the few acres of tillable upland and the little wood-colored house, already mentioned, form the homestead of a family of hardy fishermen.

Beyond Saquish and rapidly opening from it, as we glide to the eastward, we observe a high promontory stretching boldly forth into the sea. The two white twin towers standing up on its highest point, in full relief, against the dark blue eastern sky, with flashing lanterns reflecting the dazzling rays of the sun, I need not tell you are light-houses. The promontory is called the Gurnet, and the light-houses the Gurnet Lights. Besides the light-keeper's white dwelling, there is only one habitation upon the lonely cliff. But of the Gurnet more anon, when we make it a visit.

Almost in front of us, forming the southern portal of the entrance to the bay, rises a lofty cape, four hundred feet in height, extending for miles from the mainland into the ocean. The air is so clear to-day that the blue haze of distance is hardly noticeable; and the play of the rosy light upon the heavily wooded sides of the frowning promontory, the different shades of green of the thick foliage, the ruddy tints of



GURNET.

the leaves where autumn has prematurely laid her hand, and the glitter of the sand upon the shore at the foot of the cliff, are distinctly visible, notwithstanding the miles that intervene. Manomet, as this cape is called, forms a magnificent back-ground to the lovely picture upon which we gaze. Beyond it lie the unknown regions of Cape Cod.

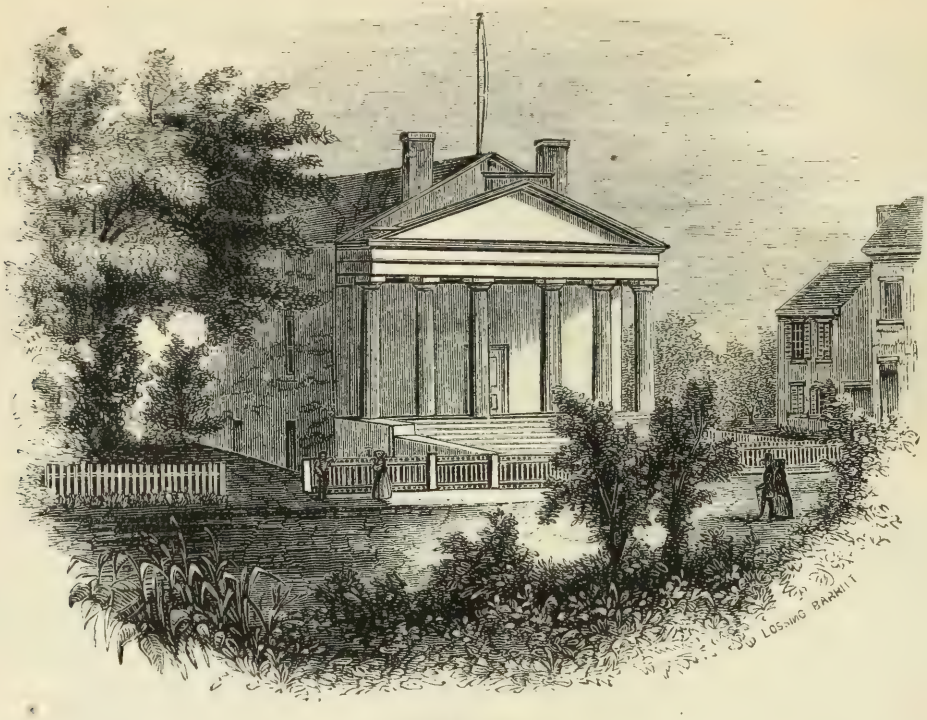
The southern shore of the bay and harbor is formed by a range of hills, gradually increasing in height as it extends to the eastward. Upon the northern slope of this range stands Plymouth. Yes, yonder village of old-fashioned, square-roofed houses, built upon the hill-sides and in the valleys between, of queer-looking stores and warehouses, and ropewalks huddled together at the water's edge, with the long ruinous-looking wharf, built upon piles, projecting into the harbor in front, with the square gray turret, and two or three steeples and cupolas just visible above the glaring shingled roofs, is Plymouth—the Old Colony, the home of the Pilgrims, the most ancient town in New England. We hardly have a fair look at it, for we are on the wrong side of the car; but never mind, this is not its best point of view, and to-morrow we will see it from the beach yonder; nay, perhaps this very night, by moonlight, from the bay.

At last the abbreviated train, with ringing bell and sounding whistle, rattles into the station-house. The groaning brakes perform their office. The train stops. Our journey is ended. We follow the few remaining passengers, and descend from the cars. The crabbed baggage-master's prediction has proved true. Our trunks are safe. Nobody but ourselves claims them. They are delivered to us upon demand. Pray, what need is there of checks, then?

A carriage is in waiting to convey us to the Samoset House; but we prefer to walk. The distance is but a few rods. Let the driver have our baggage while we go afoot. The soil is holy, albeit a trifle sandy.

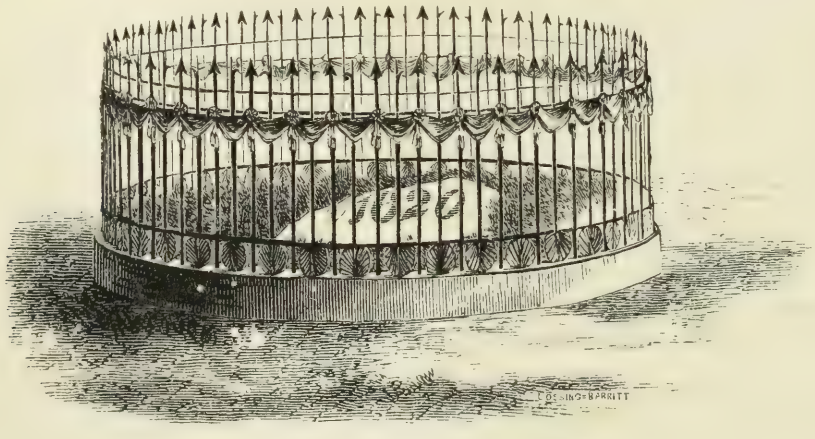
We did not come to Plymouth to talk about hotels; so let us dismiss the Samoset House with a word, while we are on the way to it, and mention it no more. You will find it a very well-kept hotel—quiet, roomy, cool, and pleasant. You will see few gentlemen there, except on Saturday evening and Sunday. There will be plenty of ladies, however (if of ladies there can ever be a plenty)—the wives and daughters of "solid men of Boston," and lots of happy children. The view of the bay from the long piazzas on the northeastern front of the house is very fine, and in hot weather the cool sea-breeze that plays there during the afternoon, is delightful. A prettier place in which to sit and smoke, and weave after-dinner fancies, read the morning newspaper, and take nice little naps, can rarely be found. Moreover, mine host of the Samoset gives one a good dinner, his wines are fair, and his bills are by no means extortionate. So much for the Samoset.

We have two hours before tea. Let us wash the dust from our mouths, and then commence our rambles immediately. The street that leads southeastwardly from the hotel toward the centre of the village is called Court-street. The houses on each side of the way are generally wooden, two-story, square-roofed dwellings, painted dingy white, with faded green blinds, and with scanty little front door-yards, full of dusty shrubbery. A few steps bring us opposite a structure standing a short distance in the rear of the line of houses, on the left-hand side of the street. It is built in the style of a Grecian temple, of rough granite, with a wooden front, and a colonnade of wooden Doric columns, painted in imitation of wrought granite. This edifice is Pilgrim Hall. The corner-stone was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 1st of September, 1824. It is seventy feet long by forty feet in width; and contains a dining-room in the basement, where the Pilgrim Society and their fortunate guests are wont to eat capital dinners, on appropriate occasions, in commemoration of the famines experienced by their forefathers. Truly a most pleasant custom. The hall above is a spacious apartment, fitted up plainly for the reception and preservation of interesting memorials of the Pilgrim Fathers and the ancient times of the Old Colony. All these will we see—but not now—for I am desirous that you have a look at Plymouth



PILGRIM'S HALL.

and its bay, from the summit of Burying Hill, before sunset, and while it is yet high-water. But although we will not at this time enter Pilgrim Hall, let us pause awhile before it. Approach with me to the iron railing within the yard, inclosing a small elliptical space. You behold a large fragment of a huge granite boulder, split in twain, and the crevice filled with cement, and upon which somebody has painted, in great black figures, "1620." Fear no imposture; you behold a genuine, authentic fragment of the upper surface of the Forefather's Rock.



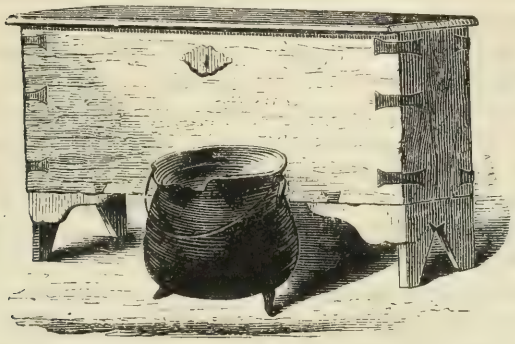
FRAGMENT OF PILGRIM ROCK.

The portion of this celebrated rock which here reposes, and which will here remain for a thousand years after we, who now gaze upon it, shall have crumbled into dust, was removed from its original position at the water's edge, to the Town Square, by some zealous whigs, in the year 1774. It was the intention of these worthy patriots to remove the entire rock, but, in the attempt, it split asunder. An ardent whig, with great presence of mind, seized upon this untoward occurrence, and pronounced it to be a most favorable omen, indicating the speedy, final separation of the colonies from the mother-country. It was finally concluded, however, to lower the base of the rock into its original bed, where it now remains, as we shall see it, just visible above the surface of the ground. The other portion was drawn by twenty yoke of oxen to the Town Square, and a liberty-pole erected over it. Here it remained until the 4th of July, 1834, when it was again removed to this spot, and inclosed within this iron-railing, which is, you perceive, composed of alternate harpoons and boat-hooks, and inscribed with the names of the illustrious forty-one who subscribed the compact on board the Mayflower, at Cape-Cod harbor, November 11th, 1620.* This compact

* This celebrated compact, which was, probably, the first written instrument of the kind in the world, was as follows:

"In the name of God, Amen We, whose names are under written, the Loyal Subjects of our dread Sovereign

was drawn up and signed, as well-authenticated tradition reports, upon the lid of the sea-chest of Brewster. This chest, together with the iron pot of stout Myles Standish, are now in the possession of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford.



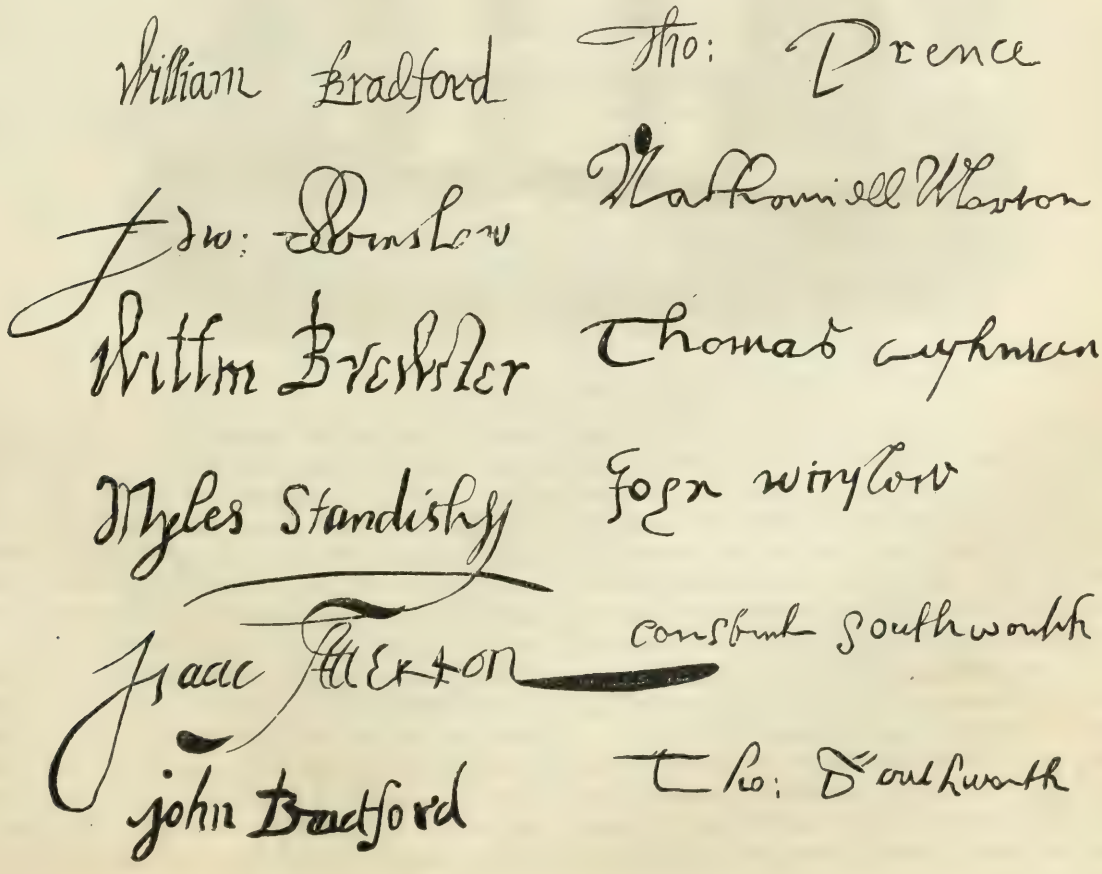
BREWSTER'S CHEST AND STANDISH'S POT.

On our way down the street we pass, upon the right, the Court House—a well-built brick edifice, painted white, with a shady green inclosure in front of it, called, in former times, Training Green, and in these latter days, Court House Square. A few rods further on, we enter Main-street. This avenue may evidently lay a well-founded claim to the distinction of a business street. On the right-hand corner, a showy lantern of stained-glass indicates an oyster and ice-cream saloon of no mean pretensions. Upon the opposite corner a three-story hotel rejoices in the title of the Mansion House. The houses are generally built close upon the side-walks, and the lower stories are occupied as shops and stores. We discover two dry-goods stores, with chintz and calicoes hanging about the doors; an apothecary's shop, with a rusty-looking gilt mortar for its sign; a book-store; several grocers' shops; a news-room; a daguerreotype saloon, and a barber's pole. One well-built house, moreover, bears upon its front the signs of two banks and an insurance company. There are two printing offices in this street, at each of which is published a weekly newspaper. The Old Colony Memorial is the organ of the Plymouth County Whigs; while its younger neighbor, the Plymouth Rock, rejoices in the publication of the laws and treaties of the United States, "by authority." Of course the "Rock" is Democratic in its politics. From Main-street we turn into Leyden-street. This

Lord, King James, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c., having undertaken, for the Glory of God and advancement of the Christian Faith and Honor of our King and Country, a Voyage to plant the first Colony in the Northern Parts of Virginia; Do, by these Presents, solemnly and mutually, in the Presence of God and one another, Covenant and Combine ourselves together into a Civil body Politic, for our better Ordering and Preservation, and Furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by Virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, Ordinances, Acts, Constitutions, and Offices, from Time to Time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the General Good of the Colony; unto which we Promise all due Submission and Obedience.

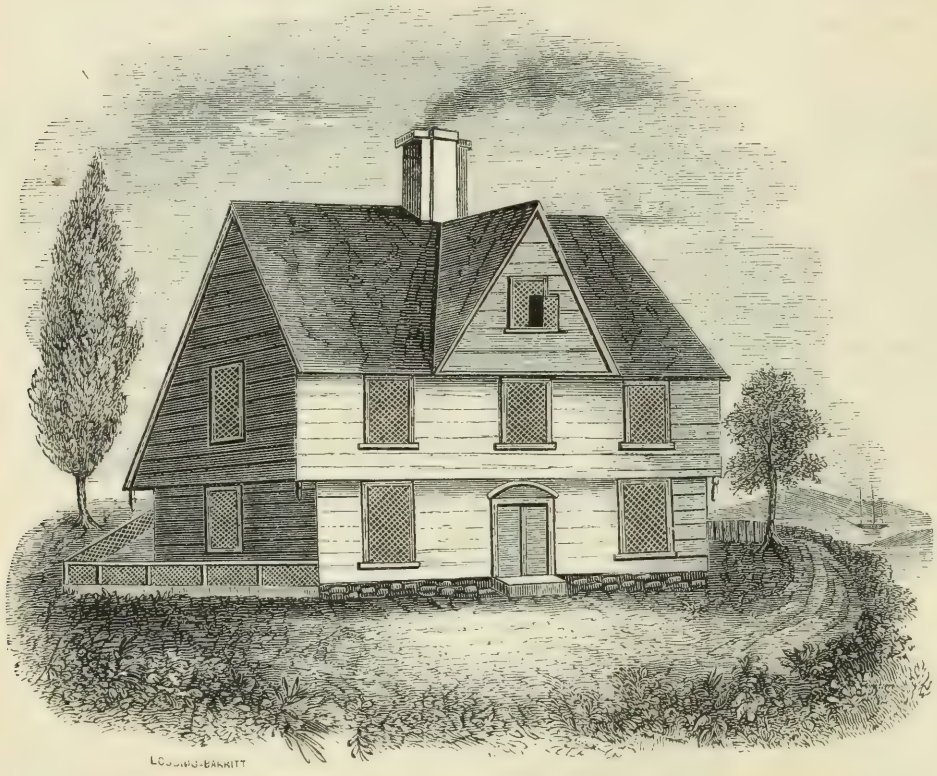
"In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our Names, at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, King James, of England, France, and Ireland, the Eighteenth, and of Scotland, the Fifty-fourth. Anno Domini, 1620."

The following are fac-similes of the Handwriting of the Pilgrims, some of whose names were subscribed to the compact; they were copied by Mr. Russell, from ancient documents:



is the oldest street in the town. Lots were laid out upon it as early as the 28th of December, 1620, but a week after the landing. In a letter found in the archives of the Hague by J. Romeyn Brodhead, Esq., written by one Isaack De Rasieres, of the colony of NewNetherlands, who visited Plymouth, on an embassy, in the year 1627, the following description is given of Leyden-street: "New Plymouth lies on the slope of a hill stretching east toward the sea-coast, with a broad street about a cannon-shot of 800 [yards] long leading down the hill; with a [street] crossing in the middle northward to the rivulet, and southward to the land. The houses are constructed of hewn planks, with gardens, also inclosed behind, and at the sides with hewn planks; so that their houses and courtyards are arranged in very good order, with a stockade against a sudden attack; and at the ends of the streets there are three wooden gates. In the centre, on the cross-street, stands the Governor's House, before which is a square inclosure, upon which four patereros [steen-stucken] are mounted, so as to flank along the streets." With respect to the length of Leyden-street, the worthy Dutchman must have been mistaken, or else the yard of Holland was not of the same extent as the Yankee measure of that name is now; for the ancient street could not have been more than four hundred yards in length.

Let us go to the left as we turn from Main-street, and walk a few paces down Leyden-street toward the water-side. At the brow of the hill the road forks—one path descending the declivity, and the other keeping upon the edge of the bank, and following its curve. We will choose the latter. At the corner stands the Universalist Church, upon foundations that are higher than even the chimneys of the houses hard by in the next street below. Upon its site, in 1826, stood a house, at that time the oldest in town, but which was, in that year, pulled down to give place to the church. It was known by the name of the Allyn House, and was the birth-place of the mother of James



THE ALLYN HOUSE.

Otis, who was the grand-daughter of Edward Dotey, a Pilgrim of the Mayflower. At the time of its demolition it was at least one hundred and fifty years old; and if it had remained, would now have been fast verging toward its third century. Although the Universalist Church is very respectable in its appearance, we can not help wishing that its place was still occupied by the ancient house that for so many years survived the ravages of time and the elements, and the "march of improvement."

Beyond the church we come upon an open level space, or square, upon the summit of the hill. The green-sward is intersected by irregular foot-paths, leading across it to flights of steps that afford the means of descent to the level of Water-street. The western side is formed by a row of dwellings facing the bay. On the right, we overlook the roofs and chimneys of the houses built upon the water side, peering up above the edge of the walled cliff. Beyond is the bay, and before us, in the distance, we catch a glimpse of Captain's Hill.

Here, in this square, were buried those who died in the years 1620 and 1621. Here was buried Governor John Carver, and, six weeks afterward, his gentle wife, who could not survive the loss of "so gracious an husband," was laid by his side. Here stood, beside the graves of their wives, dug in the frozen earth, Myles

Standish, Edward Winslow, and Isaac Allerton. Here lie the ashes of fifty of the passengers of the Mayflower, who died of the hardships and the "sore sickness" of that first dreary winter. Fifty out of one hundred and one! So many that their graves were smoothed, that the Indians might not count the number. And here stood the wasted band of survivors, and saw the homeward-bound Mayflower lift her anchor, spread her sails, and put to sea, leaving them, of their own free-will, alone in the wilderness with their dead.

When we have turned to retrace our steps we perceive, standing directly before us, on the southern side of Leyden-street, just where the steep descent of the hill commences, a plain square-roofed, two-story wooden house. It is



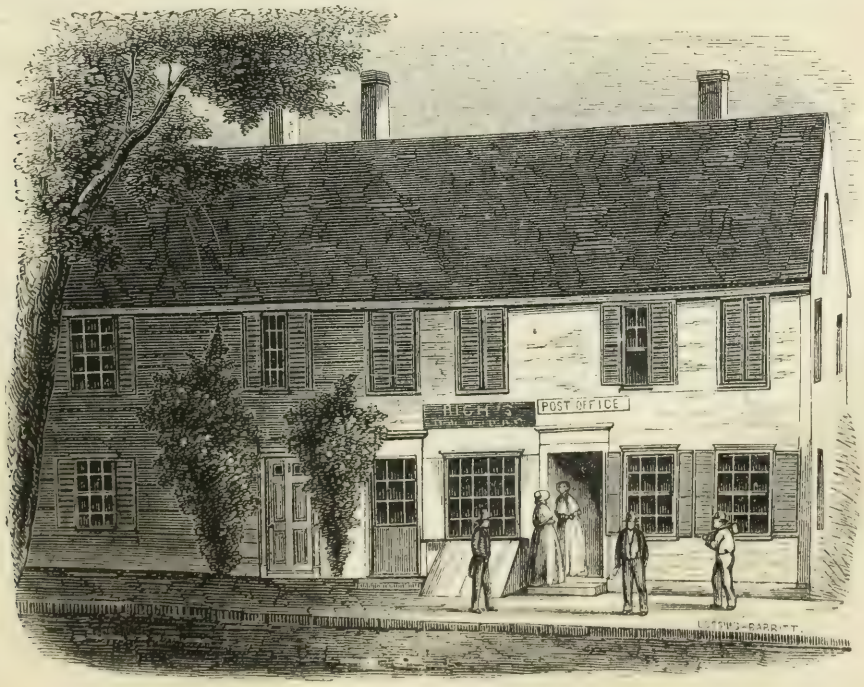
HOUSE ON SITE OF THE COMMON HOUSE.

the residence of Captain Samuel D. Holmes, and stands upon the former site of the Common House—the first substantial building erected in New England. It was a frame-building, twenty feet square. In the year 1801, some men, who were digging a cellar in this spot, found several tools and a plate of iron, seven feet below the surface of the ground. These interesting relics were carefully preserved.

The site of the first parsonage house is on the northern side of the street, near the fork of the roads. It is at this time occupied by the residence of Mr. James Bartlett. The present parsonage of the First Church stands on this street, further west. The land upon which it was built was given to the church in 1664. It is at the present time the residence of Dr. Kendall, the venerable senior pastor of the church, an octogenarian, having been settled in the ministry in the year 1800.

The grocer's shop at the northwest corner of Main and Leyden streets stands upon the ground formerly included within the fortified square inclosure in front of Governor Bradford's house, mentioned in the letter of Isaack De Rasieres. The site of the Governor's mansion is occupied by the next house on Leyden-street, standing opposite the foot of the street, which turns to the left. This building, the lower story of which is used as the Post-Office, is a long, low, wooden house, and is undoubtedly very ancient, but whether it was the immediate successor of Governor Bradford's fortified mansion, even the oldest inhabitant can not tell.

Market-street turns to the north, and leads down the hill and across the town brook, the finding of which in this place probably determined the exploring party sent out from the Mayflower, to select the site which they did for the location of the town. Herrings were formerly taken in this brook by the colonists in such vast numbers that they were used as a manure for the soil; but the dams of the numerous mills, rope-walks, and other manufacturing



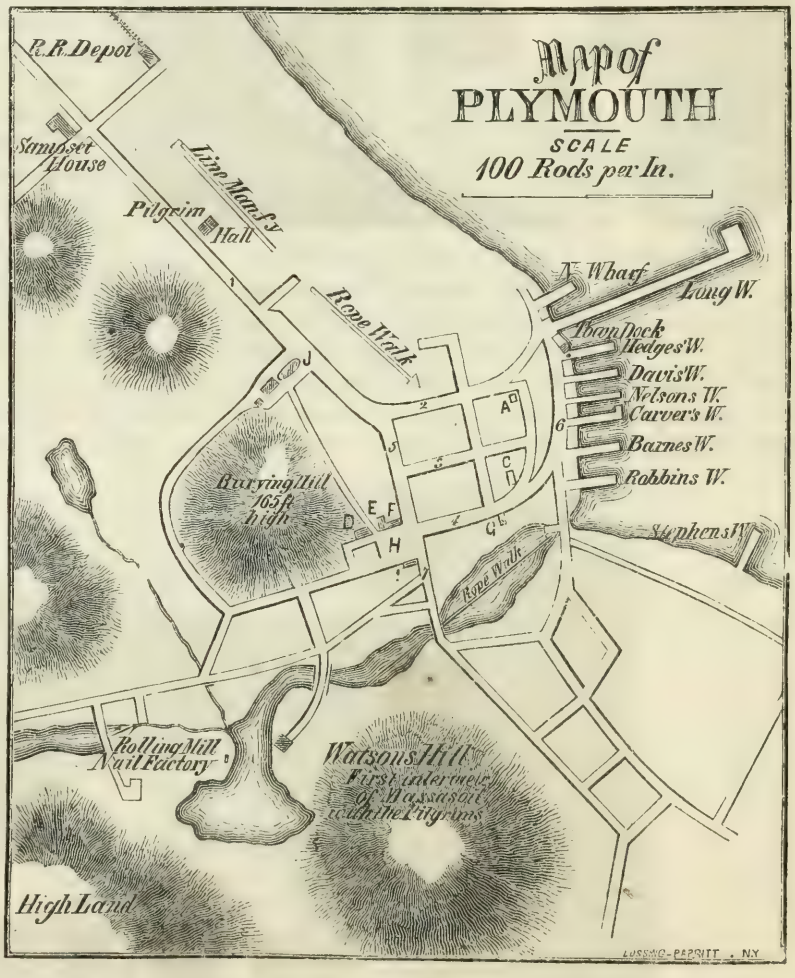
POST-OFFICE BUILDING, ON THE SITE OF BRADFORD'S MANSION.

establishments located on the stream, have long since caused it to be forsaken by the shoals of fish that formerly frequented it for the purpose of spawning. It has its rise in a small lake or pond lying in the woods some two miles southwest of the village. This beautiful sheet of water was discovered on the 8th of January, 1621, from the top of a high tree, by honest Francis Billington, who supposed it to be the great western ocean; and a week afterward, with the master's-mate of the ship, actually made a tour of exploration to its shores. These circumstances have given it the name of Billington Sea.

Standing on the corner of Market and Leyden streets, and looking westwardly, the Town Square lies before us. The branches of a grove of noble elms (planted in the year 1783, by the late Thomas Davis, Esq.) meet each other in mid-air, and form with their dense foliage a canopy of green leaves that completely excludes the glare of the sunlight from every part of the square. A prettier spot can not be imagined. On the right, is the ancient house, now occupied as the Post-Office, which, as I have already told you, stands in the place of the Governor Bradford house. West of this building, a little in the rear, is the Church of the Pilgrimage, a plain wooden structure, painted brown, with a low tower. On our left, nearly opposite us as we look across Market-street, is the Town House, formerly the County Court House, an ancient building, erected in 1749, and at that time esteemed one of the finest models of architecture. In front of us, upon higher ground, commanding a view of the whole length of Leyden-street, stands the house of worship of the old First Church, the lineal descendant (so to speak) of the meeting-house in which the Pilgrim Fathers assembled for prayer and praise. It is a handsome edifice, built of wood, in the Gothic style, with a large, square buttressed tower, lifting its four sharp pinnacles above the sun-gilded crowns of the elm trees that surround it.

It is probable that previous to 1622 public worship was held in the Common House. In that year a fort was erected on Burying Hill, a glimpse of which you catch between the two churches, rising steeply behind them. This fort was constructed in such a manner as to combine the means of defense with accommodations for public worship. This curious edifice is described in the letter of Isaack De Rasieres, a part of which I have already quoted: "Upon the hill," says he, "they have a large, square house, with a flat roof, made of thick sawn planks, stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they have six cannons, which shoot iron balls of four and five pounds, and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain's door; they have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the Governor, in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher with his cloak on, and on the left hand the captain with his sidearms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand—and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are on their guard night and day."

Fancy this quaint procession assembled before Captain Myles Standish's door, pausing at the



A. Joanna Davis House—Cole's Hill.
B. Plymouth Rock and Wells's Store.
C. Universalist Church.
D. First Church.
E. Church of the Pilgrimage.
F. Post-Office—Site of Gov. Bradford's House.
G. Saml. D. Holmes's House—Site of Common House.
H. Town Square
I. Town House.
J. Court-House Square.

1. *Court-street.*
2. *North-street.*
3. *Middle-street.*
4. *Leyden-street.*
5. *Main-street.*
6. *Water-street.*
7. *Market-street.*

gate of the Governor's mansion to receive the worshipful Chief Magistrate, and then marching solemnly through this very square before us, and up the hill yonder, to the embattled meeting-house.

The present church is the fourth that has stood upon this site. The first meeting-house was erected in 1637, and taken down in 1683, when the second was built in its place, and stood until 1744, in which year it was removed, in its turn, and a third meeting-house erected, which remained until the present modern church was built.

But let us hasten to the top of Burying Hill before the sun shall have declined too far. We will stay there to see him set, and there receive his parting rays. You remember, of course, the verse of Pierpont's Ode:

"The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
When Summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go stand on the hill where they lie:
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast,
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last."

Crossing Town Square diagonally, we pass through a gateway at the corner of the fence that surrounds the hill, about midway between the two meeting-houses, and commence the steep ascent. Upon the side that we are climbing, near the summit, stood the building mentioned in the letter of De Rasieres, partly fort, and partly meeting-house. Here, from time to time, were erected other fortifications, and a watch-tower, until the death of King Philip, in 1676, relieved the colonists from any further apprehensions with respect to Indian aggressions, when they were sold and removed, or suffered to fall into decay. In those days, therefore, the hill very naturally received, and for a while retained, the appellation of Fort Hill. Let us remember how many dreary nights has the lonely sentinel gazed forth from the tower which formerly stood here, watching and listening intently, lest the stealthy advance of the crafty foe should surprise the sleeping town below, and the little spark of civilization and Christianity, shining with a steady but feeble lustre upon the border of the immense wilderness of barbarism and heathendom, be extinguished in blood. Strive to realize the difference between now and then. You behold at your feet a well built and populous town—yet one that has, in these respects, a thousand equals in the country. The sentinel in 1622 kept watch over a hamlet of a score of rude huts; yet, withal, the only homes of civilized men in all New England. You carry in your mind the idea of Boston, the dust of whose busy streets still cleaves to your shoes; of New York, with its seven hundred thousand inhabitants, where you may sleep to-morrow night, if you will, borne thither on cushioned sofas in swift and gilded cars; of the other great cities of the Union, of the hundreds of smaller cities, the thousands of large towns and villages, and the tens and hundreds of thousands of civilized dwellings in more isolated situations, scattered thickly over the land. You know that if some great calamity should to-night befall the town before you—a sweeping conflagration, or (if in these days such a thing may be supposed) a sudden invasion of an enemy, before the setting of to-morrow's sun the tidings would be spread throughout the Union, and millions of countrymen would be sympathizing with the sufferers in their distress, or, if need be, promptly devising and providing the means of relief or defense. From the Puritan sentinel, New Amsterdam, Jamestown, and Saint Augustine, the only other Christian settlements on the continent, lay at a distance so vaguely remote—so far beyond unknown seas and trackless forests—that they seemed scarcely nearer than Europe itself. Even the colonists of these settlements were unfriendly to him. New Amsterdam was a Dutch colony. St. Augustine was peopled by Spaniards and Papists; and the Cavaliers of Jamestown, though Englishmen, bore him a hatred more bitter than that of a alien. He and his fellows were alone, without human aid to help them in their weary struggle for existence. When you turn your glance inland, you look toward a country, lying beyond the chain of hills that forms the western horizon, with which you are familiar. Your notions with respect to its form, extent, character, condition, and other circumstances are distinct, well-defined, and correct. You have a map of it in your pocket, which you consult only for its minutiæ. It is a land full of countrymen, kinsmen, and friends. It is your country, your native land, your home. When he directed his anxious, watchful gaze toward the western hills, he beheld, skirting the narrow belt of cultivated fields, the borders of a wilderness, dense, vast, untrodden, of unknown extent, the covert where fierce and dangerous beasts roamed in savage freedom, and built their lairs, and bred their young; and the congenial home of hordes of crafty and treacherous enemies, more cruel than the beasts of prey. Horrible as were the realities that surrounded him, his imagination peopled the wilderness with terrors still more frightful. Dragons, and monstrous beasts with scaly, impenetrable hides, and forked tongues, and breaths of sulphurous and poisonous flame, were supposed to lurk in the depths of the forest; and it was shudderingly whispered that demons of extraordinary ferocity and wickedness were the familiar spirits of the Indian magicians, and attended upon the powwows and pagan incantations, celebrated with human sacrifices and revolting ceremonies, in the dark and gloomy swamps and recesses of the solemn woods. The blue expanse of ocean that you behold is covered with the white-winged messengers of commerce. Its coasts, shoals, rocks, and currents are all known, and marked upon a thousand charts. Beyond the horizon, hence only some ten days' sail, is Europe. The great highway of nations that lies between is a crowded thoroughfare. Indeed, a collision with another ship is the peril most to be dreaded by

the traveler, who, borne over the yielding waves in a floating palace, gorgeously furnished and decorated, has scarcely time to weary of his voyage before it is concluded. The stormy ocean that met the Pilgrim's gaze, as he turned from the dismal forest toward merry England, was a trackless waste of dreary waters, a hundred weary days in width. Indeed, there is now no country on earth that lies beyond so broad and dangerous a sea as that which then separated the exiled colonists from the land of their birth. The thought of venturing forth from the sight and knowledge of men into the awful solitude of such an ocean, floating upon a bark so frail as were the slender, ill-built shallops that were then called ships, might well dismay the stoutest heart, and chill the warmest blood.

The place where we stand is indeed holy ground; for the hallowed dust of the Fathers forms the soil upon which we tread. Though Cole's Hill was the ground where the passengers of the Mayflower buried their numerous dead, the loftier elevation upon which we stand was probably used for purposes of interment as early as 1622. There are fewer ancient gravestones bearing very early dates than one would suppose. But, alas! there were in those dismal times so many graves to dig, and the survivors were obliged to struggle so hard to live, that there was little leisure in which to erect durable monuments over those that died. The white marble monument upon the brow of the hill covers the ashes of Governor William Bradford, but you perceive it is in the modern style, having been erected but a few years since by some of his descendants. His widow, the lovely and celebrated Alice Bradford, and two of their sons, both worthy of their parentage, are buried near this spot. The graves of several others of the early colonists are identified. Those of John Howland and his wife, pilgrims of the Mayflower, are marked by a handsome headstone, erected a few years since by their descendant in the fifth generation, the Hon. John Howland, of Providence. Near the graves of William Crowe, Elder Thomas Cushman, Elder Thomas Faunce, and others, beside the ancient and almost illegible headstones, have been placed white boards, with the names, dates, and ages in black paint. It is to be hoped that ere long each one of these hallowed and venerable graves will be distinguished by a handsome and durable monument, so that the knowledge of where sleeps the sacred dust of the early Pilgrims, that has been preserved to the present time, may be transmitted to future generations and perpetuated. Here, also, not unworthy of a grave among the Pilgrims, repose the remains of the noble-hearted pioneer missionary, Dr. Adoniram Judson.

It is almost sunset, and we must hasten. But, before we go, stand with me awhile by the side of the monument of the stout old Puritan Governor, and look about you beyond the hill upon which we stand. Views finer than that which is visible from this point are but few in number. Looking to the right, over the roofs and chimneys of houses, shops, mills, and manufactories standing in the deep and narrow valley through which the hard-working town brook struggles to escape from its numerous task-masters, and gain a brief repose with the quiet waters of the bay ere it seeks the wild freedom of the restless ocean, we see the round, smooth, green summit of a neighboring hill, crowned by a wind-mill of the most picturesque Dutch style. At the foot of its western slope lies, in deep shadow, a little lake, formed by damming the town brook, and behind it rises one of the chain of wooded hills that forms the background of the landscape in the rear of the town.

This is Watson's Hill, that whilome bore the pleasant title of Strawberry Hill, where, on the 22d of March, 1621, the great Sagamore Massasoit appeared, with a retinue of sixty painted warriors, on the friendly errand of negotiating a treaty of peace with the Pilgrims. Yonder stood the band of wondering savages, and in the street below were collected the stern and solemn-visaged exiles, preparing to make as imposing a display before the eyes of their visitors as their limited resources would allow. Each party distrusted the other. "We," says an eye-witness of the scene, "were unwilling to send our Governor to them, and they were unwilling to come to us." So the brave Edward Winslow went alone to the Indians as a hostage, and Massasoit, being met at the town brook by Captain Myles Standish and an escort of six musketeers, was conducted to an unfinished house, furnished for the occasion with a green rug and three or four cushions. Thither presently came the Governor, in great state, with a guard of musketeers, and followed by a drum and trumpet. The two chieftains saluted and kissed each other, and the Indian was regaled with a draught of strong waters, "that," says the eye-witness historian, "caused him to sweat all the while after." A treaty of peace and alliance was afterward concluded between Massasoit and the colony, and the interview came to an end.

Between this memorable hill and the bay, the village and its suburbs extend for a mile along the bending shore. On the extreme right Manomet, still glowing ruddily in the slanting sunbeams, looms grandly up against the darkening eastern sky, and beyond its farthest point, stretching out into the sea, marking the line where sky and water meet, appear a range of white, sparkling points, the tops of the highest sand cliffs of Cape Cod. On the left Captain's Hill heaves its bare summit high in the air, concealing with its huge bulk a large portion of the gorgeously-tinted sunset clouds, and casting a deepening shadow upon the villages of Kingston and Duxbury and the placid waters of the inner bay. Before us, at our feet, lies the town, sloping toward the waterside, and so showing every one of its hundred gleaming roofs, with here and there among them a steeple with its glittering vane, or the great, round, green crown of an elm, towering aloft above the house-tops.

The breeze has died away, and the surface of the harbor before the town is as smooth as glass. The small craft and boats, with idle sails, float motionless above their pictured shadows in the water, and even the roadstead is disturbed only by the long, regular heaving of the ground swell, that does not break or raise a crest until it suddenly tumbles in upon the shelving beach, with a weltering wash, the sound of which we can hear through the still evening air, even at this distance. Directly before us, beyond the point of the beach, the regular, mound-like form of Clark's Island rises from the middle of the bay, with its green fields and pleasant groves mirrored in the quiet waters that surround its shores. In the far distance, beyond the narrow white ribbon that marks the sweeping curve of the sandy beach, the ocean forms the northern horizon, a narrow verge of the deepest blue, with the sails of vessels upon it here and there visible, some gleaming brightly in the sun, and others, on a different tack, showing dim and gray, and fading into the sky, like ghosts. Even the bleak sand hills of Saquish are clothed with beauty by the magic of the hour, and the western slope of the bold headland of the Gurnet reflects the parting beams of the setting sun, and glows like an emerald flashing in the light. But while we gaze a change comes over the brilliant scene. The rosy light begins to fade from the landscape. The gleaming roofs in the town below us turn pale, and the sparkling windows are suddenly extinguished. A shadow falls upon the bay as the sun sinks below the horizon, and when, a few moments afterward, we again turn from the faded west toward the sea, we behold the lanterns of the twin towers on the Gurnet beginning to twinkle faintly, and to cast two long, flickering wakes of wavy light across the dull, leaden-gray waters of the roadstead.

Thank the propitious gods! (if such a heathenish expression may properly be used within a mile of Plymouth Rock.) The vaticinations of the lady in the cars, who yesterday predicted a northeast storm for to-day's weather, have signally failed. To-day beginneth not the annual August storm, as the lady falsely prophesied; for a brighter, balmier morning never shone on Plymouth Bay. It will be a little hazy in the afternoon, possibly, for the reign of the dog-star is not yet over; but as we stand upon the piazza of the Samoset, and inhale the fresh sea-breeze, we say to each other, over and over again, that it is a fine morning, and a very fine morning, and a very fine morning indeed. When a salt-water bath and an excellent breakfast have prepared us for the heat and fatigues of the day, we resume our explorations among the memorials of the Forefathers. We will first direct our steps toward Pilgrim Hall. Upon entering the vestibule of this building, we turn to the left, and in the ante-room we find the attentive and obliging janitor, Mr. Holmes, of whom, if we are wise, after inscribing our names in the register, we shall buy a little volume that he has for sale, entitled "Pilgrim Memorials and Guide for Visitors to Plymouth Village." The author is William S. Russell, Esq., a resident of Plymouth, Recording Secretary of the Pilgrim Society, and an enthusiastic and reliable antiquarian. The book contains, you perceive, besides other interesting matter, a catalogue of the antique curiosities deposited in Pilgrim Hall. It will be a better and less obtrusive guide than I can be. Let me, however, point out a few of the most interesting relics of which this place is full. Upon the wall yonder is an ancient deed, bearing the signature of Myles Standish. The faded sampler in another frame was wrought by the fair fingers of his daughter, Mistress Lorea Standish. Let us read the legend embroidered upon it:

> "Lorea Standish is my na ıe.
> Lord, guide my hart that I may doe thy will:
> Also fill my hands with such convenient skill
> As may conduce to virtue void of shame;
> And I will give the glory to thy name."

A winsome young lady and a pious was Mistress Lorea Standish, and "conveniently skillful" with the needle withal, if the sampler be taken as evidence.

Another deed, framed and glazed, bears the signature of John Alden, who, saith tradition, went a-wooing for the gallant Captain Standish, and won the lady for himself. There is a bond signed Peregrine White, the first native Yankee, having been born in November, 1620, while the Mayflower lay at Cape Cod; and another ancient instrument, the receipt of the heirs of Governor Thomas Prince, containing the signatures of Governor Josiah Winslow and others. The tall clock, decorated with faded gilding and lacquering, which, notwithstanding its great age, still keeps good time, though not itself a memorial of the Pilgrims, is worthy of a place here. It formerly belonged to Governor John Hancock, and was a whig refugee during the occupation of Boston by the British army in the war of the Revolution, having been removed with other valuables from the city-house of its owner to a place of safety in West Bridgewater. The ancient leathern sofa, the form of which is less unfashionable now than it was twenty years ago, also came from the parlor of the same stout-hearted rebel. Adams and Otis have sat together upon its broad cushion and talked treason with Hancock and Warren many a night, I warrant you, until the sound of yonder clock, striking the hour of twelve, warned the trio of visitors to depart.

Upon entering the principal apartment, our attention is at once attracted to the large historical painting of the Landing of the Pilgrims which hangs upon the opposite wall. The scene represented is the disembarkation of the passengers of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock. A dull, gray, cheerless light filters through a stormy sky of heavy, lowering clouds, and falls upon a wintry sea and a rocky shore covered with ice and snow. In the distance is seen the weather-worn Mayflower, lying with furled sails at anchor. The foreground of the picture is almost



LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, FROM SARGENT'S PAINTING.

entirely filled by a group of figures of the size of life. In the centre stands the stately form of Governor Carver, sword in hand, in the act of replying to the greeting of an Indian chief (Samoset), who is advancing in an attitude of humility to bid a welcome to the exiles. His wife, shrinking back as the Indian approaches, clings to her husband's side (without whom she could not live, poor lady), and leans trustingly on his shoulder, while at the feet of the father their children, trembling with cold and fear, gaze upward with tearful eyes in wonder and alarm at the savage chieftain. Immediately behind Carver stands Governor William Bradford, over whose left shoulder we catch a glimpse of John Alden's face, that Mistress Priscilla Mullins thought so handsome; and, indeed, it is not a matter of amazement that the discreet and modest, though somewhat frank and adventuresome damsel should have preferred this well-favored youth above the middle-aged widower, Captain Myles Standish, whose sharp features appear in the picture beneath the shadow of a slouching, broad-brimmed hat, his keen eye vigilantly watching the approach of the Indian warrior, and his stout hand grasping the staff of his trusty pike. Near the left of the picture William White is seen bearing in his arms his new-born son, Peregrine (who was to live to see the House of Stuart twice dethroned), and turning as if to speak encouragingly to Elder William Brewster, whose aged limbs seem to totter with the exertion of climbing the steep and slippery bank. On the extreme left, Isaac Allerton stands in an attitude of devotion, and at his side kneels his wife with clasped hands, offering to God her thanks for having safely preserved them through the dangers of the long and perilous voyage. The upturned face is one of singular beauty, and redeems many of the faults of the picture. The principal figures on the extreme right are those of Governor Edward Winslow and his wife. Near them the face of Rose Standish is partly visible, with a sweet but sad expression, as if she foreboded her impending doom; and, standing in advance of her husband, the wife of Stephen Hopkins recoils upon him with terror at the approach of Samoset, who is, indeed, the object toward whom the eyes of nearly all the group of English are directed.

There is no intermixture of myths and uncertain traditions with the well-authenticated facts of the history of Plymouth Colony. So that it is surprising that a painting, professing to depict one of the most remarkable events of this well-known history, and relying upon no aid that might be derived from allegory, should contain such an error as the introduction of Samoset as one of the most prominent figures upon the canvas. The absence of Mary Chilton from the picture is hardly pardonable; for that sprightly damsel, to say the least, has a fair claim to the honor of having imprinted the first footstep upon the rock that day made so famous, which should not be so entirely overlooked. That Mary Chilton certainly was present at the Landing of the Pilgrims, and that Samoset as certainly was not, one can not help remembering. The picture, which however is a work of considerable

merit, is a gift from the clever and generous artist, Henry Sargent, to the Pilgrim Society. Its size is 13 by 16 feet, and it hangs in a handsome frame and in a bad light upon the eastern wall, so as to face the visitor as he enters the Hall.

In the recesses of the windows, between which this picture is suspended, are placed two ancient chairs, both of which, undoubtedly, came over in



CARVER'S CHAIR.

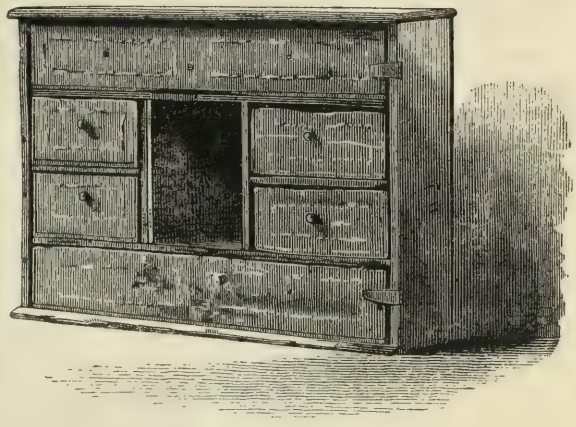
the Mayflower. The one upon the right belonged to Governor Carver, and the other to Elder William Brewster. Each of these sacred relics had suffered from the pilferings of whittling tourists; and, worse still, a commission to Governor



BREWSTER'S CHAIR.

Edward Winslow, dated April, 1654, hanging, in a frame over the Hancock sofa, which formerly bore the signature of Oliver Cromwell, has been despoiled of the autograph that gave it its chief value, by some graceless rogue, whose ears richly deserve to be slit by his own infamous jack-knife.

In a glass-case in a corner of the room are contained a large number of curiosities, a careful enumeration and description of which are given in Mr. Russell's Guide-Book. There is the spoon of Elder Thomas Cushman, affording the strongest circumstantial evidence of the great capacity of that worthy Puritan's mouth; a cabinet, formerly belonging to Peregrine White,



PEREGRINE WHITE'S CABINET.

inlaid with pearl; a Bible, brought over in the Mayflower by John Alden, imprinted in the old English type in the year 1620, at London, bought undoubtedly by the pious youth just previous to the embarkation; the corsets, against which was wont to heave the gentle bosom of sweet Mistress Alice Bradford; the good sword of Captain Myles Standish, and a pewter dish and an iron pot, both brought over in the Mayflower by the same gallant soldier. Here, also, is the gun-barrel from which sped the ball that pierced the brave, despairing heart of King Philip; and, scattered about in different parts of the room, are other relics, duly labeled, so that he who wanders near them may read, and be enlightened and informed. I pray you look for yourself, until you are wearied, if it please you.

Several portraits grace the walls, among which are one of Governor Edward Winslow, and another of Governor Josiah Winslow, the first native governor of the colony; both copies by C. A. Foster, from the originals, painted in London in 1651. The originals are the property of Isaac Winslow, Esq., of Boston, and are now in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society in that city.

In an adjoining apartment are deposited a part of the library belonging to the Pilgrim Society, and a collection of marine, Indian, and South-Sea Island curiosities. Among the most noticeable things in the room is a copy of the Indian Bible, translated by the "Apostle to the Indians," John Eliot.

Before we leave this spot, let me not fail to inform you concerning a most pious and praiseworthy custom among the staid Plymotheans. On the evening of each Forefather's Day, as the 22d of December is styled throughout the Old Colony, a ball is held in the large apartment of Pilgrim Hall, and the just-risen generation of

the descendants of the Pilgrims are wont to dance quadrilles and polkas, and whirl around the hall in the giddy mazes of waltzes and schottishes, in honor of the memory of their Puritan ancestors. Meanwhile the elders, full of good things devoured and imbibed in the dining-room beneath the springing floor, look on complacently, and call to mind the good old times when they themselves were light of foot as well as of heart, and used to figure bravely in Hull's Victory, Moneymusk, Virginia Reel, and other sprightly country dances, now, alas, fallen into desuetude!

Let us now, instead of proceeding further along Main-street, as we did yesterday, turn to the left and go down toward the water-side, through the shady avenue of North-street. At the declivity of the hill, as in Leyden-street, the road forks in twain—one path leading to the open space upon the brow of Cole's Hill, which we visited yesterday, and the other rapidly descending to the water. The old-fashioned gable-roofed dwelling that stands upon the curve of the upper path, is called the Joanna Davis House, taking its name from that of a former proprietor and resident. Besides the picturesqueness



JOANNA DAVIS HOUSE.

of its elevated situation, it is remarkable in consequence of the fact that it stands near the centre of the ground where were buried the dead of the winter of 1620. Its foundations were laid among the forgotten graves, and it marks the spot in the stead of the monument that should soon replace it.

Proceeding down the hill, we find ourselves at the head of Long Wharf—a pier of wooden piles, built for the accommodation of the steamboats that formerly visited Plymouth, but now fallen into a state of ruinous decay—and turn to the right around a corner formed by a range of low-roofed shops, as quaint in outward appearance as any thing ever seen in a picture. Pipes and tobacco, sheath-knives and belts, fish-hooks and lines, fly-specked pastry and confectionery, coarse woolen socks and striped shirts, shriveled onions in strings, and plump new potatoes in their native dirt, seem to be the principal commodities exposed for sale. Groups of shaggy-looking men stand in the doors, clad in canvas-trowsers, soiled beyond description and the efficacy of soap and water, and Guernsey frocks, or coarse red flannel shirts. Judging from the peculiar odor prevalent in the atmosphere that surrounds these worthies, it is safe to affirm them to be fishermen just landed from a voyage to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

Passing a few rods along the dingy street, we arrive opposite a large store-house, painted of a pale yellow tint, that stands at the head of a well-built and busy wharf. This building, as you perceive by the signs it bears upon it, is occupied as a flour and grain-store. Let us go a few paces down the wharf, the name of which is Hedge's Wharf. That is a good-looking schooner yonder discharging her cargo of corn; and the yacht lying in front of her bows is a handsome little craft. Stop here, and face about! See yonder group of people. They are gathered around Plymouth Rock as it lies in the very place where the Pilgrims landed upon it in 1620,



PLYMOUTH ROCK.

just even with the surface of the ground—so that just now you walked upon it, unconsciously, the soil having been filled in around it when the wharf was constructed. Here for scores of years it has remained a part of the pavement of the street, trodden under foot of man and beast. Often and again, when the mention of its name in the eloquent speech of the orator has been received with acclamations and thunders of applause, it has been lying here, covered with the mud and mire of this obscure street. And let us not ascribe to the people of Plymouth more than their share of this fault. Already they have removed a portion of the rock to a place of safety, inclosed it, and taken measures for its preservation. Fortunately, however, the larger portion was suffered to remain in its original position, where it still marks the spot so distinguished in the history of the nation. Payment for the property in this land, and for the injuries occasioned to private rights and interests by closing these streets and wharves, would require a larger sum of money than a small, and by no means wealthy town, like Plymouth, is able to expend for such a purpose. This sacred soil ought to belong to the American people; and the citizens of each State should contribute its share for the purpose of purchasing this spot, laying it out, and beautifying it as a public ground, and erecting here a noble monument, which, for centuries to come, shall lift its head to the skies above the hallowed spot where first the Pilgrims trod. The Pilgrim Society have taken the first step toward the performance of this pious national duty. It has secured the refusal of the property lying between Leyden and North streets, bordered on the west by the brow of Cole's Hill, including Hedge's Wharf and the Rock, at the price of $26,000, for a limited time.

It is proposed to clear away the unsightly buildings that encumber this space, covering an area of about half an acre, to lay it out as a public square, inclosing it with a handsome iron fence, and to erect upon the spot where the rock now lies, a monument that shall be worthy of the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, and of the mighty nation which they founded. The town of Plymouth has already subscribed for this object the sum of seven thousand dollars. There is scarcely a town in the Union that does not, as well as Plymouth, contain descendants of the Puritan settlers of New England. Let each of these towns contribute but one-tenth part of its fair proportion, taking the offering of Plymouth as a standard, and a fund would be raised sufficient to make the Monument of the Pilgrims the proudest structure in the land.

But, although we have stood upon Plymouth Rock, we must not consider our pilgrimage finished until we have visited Clark's Island, which lies beyond the mouth of the harbor, on the northern side of the bay, about four miles from the village. Selecting the handsomest of half a dozen neat little sail-boats, kept in the neighborhood for hire, and dispensing with the services of the boatman, we take a short cut through the ruins of Long Wharf, where the waves are poppling merrily among the barnacled piles, hoist our sail to the fresh western breeze, and stand across toward the beach, on our first tack. We have a fine view of the town from the harbor. Yonder are the two towers of the First Church and the Church of the Pilgrimage, rising out of and above the elm-tree tops that grow in the Town Square. Behind them is the steep ascent of Burying Hill, dotted with grave-stones and monuments. Beyond the hill is the High-School, from which the shady North-street seems to lead to the head of Long Wharf. A little to the right is the Court House; and further still, the Samoset House and the Railroad Station. The Universalist Church stands between the First Church and the water, overlooking Hedge's Wharf and the Rock. Immediately to the left is the valley of the town brook, beyond which is Watson's Hill and its wind-mill. There—put your helm down—we will go about. The next tack, I reckon, we shall fetch the point of the beach. As I told you—now keep her for the square pier yonder.

We are in the Horse-Market, as it is called—a place where three tides meet, from Plymouth, Kingston, and Duxbury. Though it is tolerably smooth now, sometimes, when the wind is against the tide, there is a very rough sea here. Look out to seaward at the grand view we have of the mouth of the bay, with the Gurnet and Manomet frowning at each other from the opposite sides. Do you see



PLYMOUTH, FROM THE BEACH.

that long line of breakers between? Hark! you may hear their continuous roar above the screaming of the gulls that hover over them in great flocks. They mark a dangerous shoal, of considerable extent, where, two hundred years ago, there was an island with heavy woods growing upon its upland. The settlers gave it the name of Brown's Island, which the shoal, though it is completely submerged at high-water, still retains. It has been the occasion and the scene of several terrible shipwrecks.

At length, Saquish Head gradually shuts by the Gurnet, and we are slowly creeping up the channel against the strong ebb-tide toward the island. Let me take the helm, or we may get aground, and be obliged to wait on the flats until the flood. Now we go through a space of clear water, with the quick current rippling against our bows, where you may look over the gunwale and see the horse-shoes, crabs, and star-fish crawling on the white sandy bottom, and the next moment we encounter a patch of eel-grass, waving and twisting with the tide like myriads of serpents, through which we force our way with a low, hissing sound, like snow drifting against the window-pane. We shall land in yonder cove that indents the southeastern shore of the island, where the little stone pier projects into the deeper water and the boats are at anchor.

There—stand by to lower the foresail—very well indeed. Fend off her bow from the stones of the pier—that's it—and now, here we are ashore.

We follow the path that ascends the gentle acclivity between two rows of ancient balm of Gilead trees, leading to the venerable mansion which was for many years the only dwelling on the island. There is now another house, nearer the centre of the island, where reside the widow and family of the lately deceased brother of Mr. Edward Watson, whose own hereditary mansion stands before us. This island has been in the possession of the Watson family for nearly two hundred years. The father of the present proprietor, the late John Watson, Esq., was one of the founders of the Old Colony Club, in 1769, and was President of the Pilgrim Society after the year 1820 until his death in 1826. Yonder is his worthy successor advancing to meet us. Prepare yourself for a hearty greeting and a warm welcome.

Now, after dinner, as we sit in the cool piazza, shaded from the sun that vainly strives to send his rays through the dense foliage of the chestnuts and the balm of Gilead trees, while we listen to the chirping of the grasshoppers in the open fields hard by, the humming of bees in the garden before us, and the lazy quacking of ducks in the poultry-yard—talking in their naps—and watch, between the boles of the trees, the soft tint of the cloudless sky blending with the deep blue of the ocean; and catch, at times, the breath of the wakening sea-breeze, bringing with it a low, whispering murmur of the surf upon the distant beach, like the sound heard in a sea-shell. Now, while we sit with tilted chairs and unbuttoned waistcoats,



WATSON'S HOUSE, CLARK'S ISLAND.

smoking fragrant Havanas, while our host prepares to accompany us in the projected ramble over his little dominions, let me tell you why Clark's Island is memorable.

On the 6th of December, 1620, O.S. (corresponding to December 16th, N.S.), ten of the pilgrims, among whom were Carver, Bradford, Standish, and Winslow the master's mate of the ship, Mr. Clark the gunner, and several seamen set out in the shallop from Cape Cod, where the Mayflower then lay, on a voyage of exploration. Having coasted Cape Cod Bay for a distance of fifteen leagues, on the afternoon of Friday, the 8th of December, they found themselves at the mouth of Plymouth Bay. A storm of snow and rain begins. The wind and sea rise, and the rudder of the shallop breaks, so that two men are required to steer it with oars. The pilot, however, encourages them, and bids them be of good cheer, saying that he knows the harbor they are approaching. The light of the brief winter's day begins to fade from the lowering sky, and with the darkness the violence of the gale increases. Still, they forbear to shorten sail, desirous to gain the shelter of the harbor while they can yet see. The pitiless storm drenches them to the skin. Wet, hungry, and shivering, they cower under the lee of the gunwale. Their sole earthly dependence is the pilot, who stands in the bows, peering anxiously through the driving snow and rain at the barren, inhospitable shores, dimly visible. Suddenly, a terrific blast comes howling from the north—it strikes them! the boat heels violently—the mast breaks, and with the sail falls overboard. The flood-tide, however, bore them toward the land, until the pilot, in a fright, exclaimed that he had mistaken the place for another, and that he knew not where he was. The officers were about to run the boat ashore in the cove yonder, between Gurnet and Saquish, among the breakers; but a sailor at one of the steering-oars bade the rowers to put her about; which was done; and after hard labor they weathered Saquish, and came up with the tide, under the lee of this island. The fury of the storm overcame their dread of Indians. So they landed, and with great difficulty kindled a fire; at which they dried and warmed themselves; and here they rested safely through the night. The next morning they found the place to be an island; and having discovered, near the highest land, a large rock, commanding a view of the whole extent of the island and of the approaches to its shores, thus enabling them to prevent being surprised by the Indians, they resolved to stay and keep the Sabbath here.

But here comes our host. He will lead us to this other Plymouth Rock, from whence as-



GREAT ROCK, CLARK'S ISLAND.

cended the first praises to God ever offered "on the wild New England shore." After crossing the orchard we come in sight of it, situated near the ridge on the eastern slope of the island. Its highest point on the down-hill side is at least twelve feet from the ground. This and the southern sides are precipitous, and are partly hidden by a cluster of sumachs. The western side slopes gradually toward the rising ground, thus affording an easy access to the broad summit, from which are visible the bay and its surrounding shores, the island lying in the midst, Gurnet and Manomet and the ocean beyond, and sometimes the far-distant cliffs of Cape Cod. Here was the sentinel stationed, while the remainder of the party, shielded from the cold northerly and easterly winds by the rock, and on the west by the rise of the hill, lay safely under the warm southern lee. So this gray rock was the first shelter the New World gave the Pilgrims. Here they kept the first Christian Sabbath of New England. Here they prayed and exhorted each other to good works; here they sang and

> ". . . . shook the depths of the desert's gloom
> With their hymns of lofty cheer."

I must admit that this place has a greater interest for me than any even in the village of Plymouth.

Our boat, which for a space at dinner-time was left aground by the ebbing tide, is once more afloat. We bid adieu to Clark's Island and its hospitable owner, and with a smart sea-breeze filling our sails stem the coming tide down the channel to Saquish Point. We are bound to the Gurnet. We round the Point, and coast along the shores of the cove where the shallop of the Pilgrims so narrowly escaped shipwreck. A fleet of boats are out to-day fishing for mackerel and perch, and as the breeze freshens they pitch and splash in the growing sea, and pull at their anchors like a young colt at the halter. On we go, the bold headland before us seeming to rise higher and higher from the water, and the white towers upon the cliff growing farther and farther apart. Are you in a mood for marvelous stories of the past, sailing over the bay that the brave Smith and the villainous Hunt explored; the bay plowed by the keel of the Mayflower, with Plymouth in sight astern, and the dim shores of Cape Cod in the distance ahead, where so much of the treasure of the pirate Kidd lies hid? Listen, then:

Once upon a time, nearly a thousand years ago, a man named Thorwald Ericsson, an Icelandic Northman, sailed from Ericsford, in Greenland, a colony of Icelandmen, on a voyage of exploration to a country called Vinland. This country had been discovered a few years before by one Biarni Heriulfson, who, in a voyage from Iceland to Greenland, had been driven from the usual course a great many days' sail to the southwest. Lief, the brother of Thorwald, had also visited this strange shore, sailing south and west from Greenland to find it; had given to it the name of Vinland, and built upon the shores of a land-locked bay a house, which he named Lief's-booths. Some people, who have given much attention to the subject, think it by no means unreasonable to suppose that Lief's-bay is now known by the name of Mount Hope Bay. Thorwald easily found Lief's-booths, and wintered there two seasons. The second summer of his sojourn in Vinland, he sailed to explore the coasts that lay to the eastward from his habitation. After several days, a violent storm drove his ship upon a promontory extending far into the sea, and its keel was broken. From this unlucky circumstance, and also, as some think, from the peculiar form of this promontory, he gave it the name of Kialarness, or Keel Cape.

Sailing from thence, westwardly across a broad bay, Thorwald and his company discovered another high promontory, covered with forest trees, situated at the entrance of a deep bay. They anchored here, and landed. Then said Thorwald, "This spot is beautiful; here should I like to build myself a habitation." Soon afterward, having wantonly killed several of the natives, they were attacked by a vast number of canoes, filled with warriors armed with bows and arrows, and forced to flee to their ship. In the battle which ensued Thorwald was mortally wounded. While dying, he commanded his followers to bury him upon the promontory, to erect crosses at the head and foot of his grave, and to call the place Krossaness, or Cross Cape; saying, "It may be that I have spoken true, in saying that I should like to dwell yonder." Thorwald died, and was buried as he had commanded. And now many very learned antiquarians pretend to be perfectly certain that Krossaness is no other than the Gurnet, where we shall shortly land. Whether these worthy gentlemen are correct or not, I can not say.

When we have landed, the light-keeper gives us the more modern history of the Gurnet. It has long been a light-house station. The first structure of this kind was erected here by the Province of Massachusetts Bay in 1768, and was consumed by fire in 1801. Two years afterward the United States Government built two towers upon the spot, and ever since, "soon as the evening shades prevail," the Gurnet sends forth the gleam of its twin stars far out upon the sea. During the last war with Great Britain a small redoubt was erected upon the highest part of the bluff, the remains of which are still visible, and a small garrison was set to watch the movements of the British fleet that so constantly hovered near the shores of New England during a greater part of the war.

At our departure, the friendly light-keeper accompanies us to our boat, ceasing not his entreaties to partake still further of his hospitalities, and stay to tea; but if we mean to take advantage of the flood-tide we must be off at once. Again we spread our little sail to the favoring breeze, and ninety minutes afterward we disembark as near to Plymouth Rock as Hedge's Wharf will permit.

"SWEET BELLS JANGLED."

THERE is a portrait by Wilkie, of Hartley Coleridge, son of the poet and philosopher. It represents him as a boy of six or seven years of age, and the expression is so wistful, sad, and dreamy, that it is never forgotten, but haunts the memory like the image of a young, doubting, half despairing soul, contemplating the chances and the inevitable sorrows of the life upon which it is entering. The look prefigures the fate to which the child was destined. And when the reader closes the memoir and the poems that follow, he is conscious that the fixed wistfulness of that face has accompanied the story, like a mournful undertone in a rapid musical movement, or the deep, sad roar of the sea, heard through all the sounds of a summer day.

It was on the evening after he had left College—and of course within a very few years—that Edward Angelo sat at his window with the book in his hand, and contemplating the portrait. A fascination which he did not care to explain, or which he possibly dreaded to investigate, held his eyes closely to the picture, and excluded from his mind every thing but a vague and sweet sadness. The eyes of the boy Hartley clung to his with a sympathy of sorrow that made his own humid; and all the triumphs of yesterday and the lofty hopes of to-morrow, seemed to him equally vain as he sat musing in the twilight.

When a young man, who is also in good health and circumstances, is sad, there is but one key to the mystery. The young man is in love. Or if not consciously attached to some particular object, there is that mental state of suspense and readiness, which is as near to love as the moment before sunrise to the day. Edward Angelo half knew this. He pleased himself with cherishing his reverie, as an opium-eater slowly swallows the poison; and his heart thrilled with a delight which was sad from its very intensity, as the gorgeous dreams, born equally of love and opium, rose, flattering his imagination. These dreams are glorious in the degree that the dreamer's imagination is delicate and sensitive. And this brow, open and fair as that of the young Raphael, and these eyes, deep, dark, and liquid, and this slight, graceful, gentle form, and this pure complexion, bluely veined as the hands of Helen, were they not all the signs of that exquisite sensibility which saddens the beholder as if they indicated a texture too frail for the rough handling of life?

"Do you see this vase?" Angelo once asked of a friend, pointing to a piece of porcelain, impalpable almost as an egg-shell, and beautifully designed. "I should fear that the finest wine would corrode it. It is too beautiful for use."

And his friend looked at him as he turned away, and in a low voice echoed:

"Yes, it is too beautiful for use."

Did Boadicea Fleurry think so, when, at the commencement party, Edward Angelo talked with her for so long a time? Or did she suppose there was any thing noble enough for her, she who was the most stately and beautiful woman within the experience of the young men, or the memory of the old? There was a supremacy in her beauty that could not be resisted. All the details of form and feature would have satisfied a sculptor, the glancing lights in the eye and movements around the mouth would have pleased a painter. But the low, rich voice, and the inaudible melody of her movement, would have inspired a poet. Yet in Boadicea Fleurry all this dower of beauty seemed superficial. It was undeniable and irresistible; but the victim of her splendor was as unsatisfied as the victim of wine. The next morning there was always a doubt and a half dismay. When the Collegians read of Circe they thought of Boadicea Fleurry. Yet every Collegian would have foregone the morning prayers of a whole term for one of her smiles. They would all have risked their academical career for a word of preference from her mouth.

Yet she was called cold. There were more pages of bad rhyme and worse blank-verse written to the Aurora Borealis and "inscribed to Miss B——a F——y," than there were words wasted upon the regular themes of the *Me* and the *Not-Me*. There was but one *Me* in college. And there was singular unanimity in the students' theories of the *Subject* and *Object*.

Boadicea Fleurry was not flattered by all this boyish homage. Homage was the atmosphere in which she had always lived. She had always breathed that spiced and perfumed air. Her nature was positive and imperial; her character hard and inflexible; her manners simple and direct. Men of the world were confounded by her simplicity. They found the polished armor of convention and elegance was only a clog upon their limbs, when in her presence. Verbal flattery she despised, and no man ever dared to insult her twice with compliment. Her clear, ringing laugh shook to pieces, like a fresh, brisk wind, the thin-spun meshes of flattery in which men sought to entangle her. And if one ventured too far, a firm and direct rebuke humbled his audacity, and heightened his admiration. She was no lover of books, nor was she a sharp observer of men or things. To lead an active life, to eat, sleep, and dress well, to ride a horse of spirit, and be surrounded by a gay, sympathetic society, were the chief wishes of Boadicea Fleurry.

It would be curious to know what women really thought of her. A few were utterly enslaved by her imperious nature, her hearty good-humor, and her frank manners; others allowed that she was "very handsome, but very peculiar, extremely odd;" others sharply criticised her conduct, and were chagrined by her independence; others scoffed more openly, and declared her heartless and calculating, and said naïvely, "Do you really like Boadicea Fleurry?" as if such a pretense were too transparent to push very far. Others said smilingly, "Oh! yes, we all like her for a time. One must have Boadicea

Fleurry as one has the measles, but you get safely over it, and are all the better for it."

But beauty is a law to itself. Boadicea was not distressed by what was said or what was thought. Men instinctively honor beauty; and how much more deeply when it is set in wealth and social position. She was not witty, nor wise; she had little experience of life; her friends were adoring girls; she had none of the little charms and fascinations that women have sometimes been known to deploy to secure attention; she did not flirt; on the contrary, she had a very hearty hatred of flirtation; but she was always a belle; every man was content if he had been walking, or talking, or driving with Boadicea Fleurry.

If some sentimental lover had watched her narrowly he would sometimes have detected a deep dejection. She would weep alone for days in her chamber, and move about the house as silently as a cloud. There was nothing in her experience to explain this sadness. She would say to her friends, if they inquired:

"I am only blue."

And they could learn nothing more; it would pass as suddenly as it came, and likewise without apparent reason. She could not have explained the dejection to herself. She knew no reason. The clouds came into her mind and wept, as they came into the sky. And if she sought to account for it, she quite satisfied herself as she supposed she had satisfied her friends, by saying:

"I am only blue."

Edward Angelo had always known her. He was a boy and she was a girl when they first met. It was long before the commencement party—long before he thought of College or she of lovers. They lived near each other, and grew up together. Time led them gently apart, for the duties and occupations of a student kept him away, and she gradually ceased to play with boys, and became known as the beautiful Miss Fleurry. Their meetings were as cordial as ever. She called him Edward. He refrained from addressing her directly, for he could not say Bo, as in old times, and he would not say Miss Boadicea, with the rest of the world. Devoted to study, and strictly conscientious in all the duties which it is the pride of Collegians to avoid, the academic years glided away, leaving him upon the threshold of manhood, and crowning her with the very perfection of beauty.

They were known as friends; more was not suspected. There were so many prominent and resolute lovers; so many suitors of every age and conviction, who rushed to lay themselves and their lives at her feet, and were coolly requested by her to take themselves and their lives away again, that in the press and throng, Edward was forgotten, or at least classed as an old friend of the family, and playfellow of Boadicea's.

"Who will marry Boadicea Fleurry?" demanded the world.

"Whom will she marry?" asked Edward Angelo of his heart.

"Religion, the only true Philosophy!" said the President of the College, summoning the young graduate on commencement day; and the audience was silent, as Edward Angelo ascended the platform.

His slight figure was draped in the silken gown that clung to him gracefully. His pale, spiritual face was illuminated by the purity of his mind; and the light of his eye was rich with the hope and resolution of youth. Slight, and graceful, and dignified, he stood motionless a moment, for the applause which his appearance had excited to die away. Then in a low, musical, and manly voice, he commenced the recitation of his oration. His knees had trembled, and his lips quivered, as he gathered his gown around him to obey the summons; but now that he stood confronted with the vast audience, and felt their attention closely riveted upon him, he was entirely calm and self-possessed. His eye had searched the crowd until he discovered Boadicea. From that moment she was his only audience. To her, and for her, he spoke, while she was almost the only one of that multitude who did not feel the lofty beauty, and childlike wisdom, of his discourse. It was rare for a youth so accomplished, so flattered, so successful, to speak in a strain of such Christian humility; and the admiring Professors, as they looked and listened, remembered, without irreverence, the old pictures of Jesus in the temple.

"What a serious sort of speech," whispered Boadicea to her companion, a little appalled by the earnest silence of the audience as Edward proceeded. And then she took up a hymn-book that lay in the pew where they were sitting, and looked at the figures drawn upon the blank leaves. One of them struck her as amusing, and she was laughing over it, when she suddenly felt the building shake with heavy applause upon the completion of the oration. She looked toward the platform. Edward was just bowing, and his pure, pale face was turned toward her, his whole heart selecting her in that throng, and paying her its homage. The applause was renewed. Boadicea saw the women around her wiping away tears. The young orator was greeted with enthusiasm by the class and the Faculty as he descended. They shook hands heartily.

"We shall hear of that young man again," said Mr. Richard Roe, one of the Corporation, and sitting in a front pew, to his neighbor, Mr. John Doe.

"We certainly shall," answered Mr. John Doe. "He ought to turn his attention to politics."

"Mr. Angelo will study divinity, of course," said the Reverend Thomas Tit to Professor Tat who sat next to him.

"I should say so, certainly," replied Professor Tat, offering his snuff-box.

During all that day Edward Angelo had but one thought and one hope. It was one of those

crises in life that reveal depths of which we had no suspicion. Such crises are like the little motion that instantly crystallizes the ready liquid, and presents an utterly new form. He could not say how or why he had that day first acknowledged to himself that he loved Boadicea Fleurry. He could as little explain to himself why he so intensely loved a woman with whose nature and habit of life he could have so little real sympathy. But he would not inquire. With all the ardor of youth, with all the enthusiasm of a delicate and finely-strung nature, he threw himself headlong into his passion, and reproached himself for venturing even to ask if it were all he ought to desire.

The class met on the afternoon of the next day, and that parting took place which of all partings in this world, other than those of lovers, is the most solemn and sad. For it is not alone of each other that the graduating class take leave, but it is a formal farewell to that season of life during which society makes no direct claim upon their talents or care. They cease to be boys from that hour. They may never really become men, but they can not avoid the sense of manly responsibility. To a man like Angelo, who seemed to touch the most trivial event of life with bare nerves, the excitement of the occasion was an inspiration. He was the last who spoke, but the fervor of his appeal to his companions to keep their faith in men and God as virgin as it was in that moment, drew the company to their feet in enthusiastic response.

"Experience may show us that some smiles are hollow—some hearts hard, and a thousand hopes delusive. But however *men* may deceive, believe that *man* is true, or we shall be forced to acknowledge that God is unjust. The first mortal wound that the devil inflicts, is the cool admission that the baser motives are always preferred to the nobler. The form in which he will come to *us* is that of Mephistophiles. He will smile and strut, and you would not believe so small a foot was cloven. But, friends and brothers, the shake of his hand is the death-grapple, and he will not scowl, but smile, upon our overthrow."

The words seemed to burn their way into the hearts of the hearers. It was a fair spectacle, that of a band of young men, full of hope and ardor, flushed with past successes, and confident of future triumphs, acknowledging, by the eager eye and curving lip, the claim and dignity of the loftiest aims. Nor can it be that such moments fail of their influence in every life. However widely varying from the vow of that hour the careers of that young band may be, we must trust the human heart so far as to believe that sometimes a voice, a thought, an echo, returns to them all—a strain of early-heard, long-silent music—and they confess in a gentler word, a sweeter thought, a more charitable judgment, the influence of Edward Angelo.

At sunset they parted, having joined hands and hearts in the hymn of Auld Lang Syne, half feeling that the day so long and passionately anticipated was one of the most memorably sad days of life. After the party had broken up, many still lingered, talking together, planning, remembering, and saying a more particular farewell. They all crowded around Edward to take especial leave. Perhaps a vague surmise crossed their minds as they looked at him, that the parting would be for a longer season than they knew. Perhaps they were awe-stricken by that singular purity of expression, that burning eye, those spiritualized features. But Edward smiled, and grasped every hand cordially, and promised a thousand reunions.

Then he walked slowly homeward, and sitting down by his window took up the book of which we have spoken, and gazed long and earnestly at the portrait of the boy. Gradually its spirit seemed to pass into his own mind. He sank into a vague, half-apprehensive reverie. Forgetting the outer world and the circumstances around him, he saw only the picture, and that, not consciously as the portrait of another, but with a pleased terror as if he were gazing upon the portrait of his own soul. Even so timorous and wistful seemed his soul to be looking out upon the future, like a sad-eyed child across a dark and rainy sea. A tearless melancholy gradually settled in his mind. He strained his eyes into the darkening air, but saw only the vague outlines of the trees languidly moving in the mystic embraces of the evening breeze. They became to him airy phantoms alluring him into the darkness. He could no longer see the portrait, but he felt the mournful glances of the eyes stealing into his heart, and feeling about there for the tears that could not flow. There was something so tender, so helpless in the feeling which possessed him, that he instinctively shuddered. But when the image of Boadicea passed across this misty mood, he started as one who in a tropical trance is awakened by a searching wind. There was something so real and positive in the impression her remembrance made upon him at this moment, that he instinctively demanded of himself why he had not been thinking of her all the time. He could not avoid the conviction that there was something lying deeper in his mind, some interest more serious than she, however vague it might be, and he shuddered as the thought swept over him. It was as if his eyes had wandered beyond a near and pleasant object far and far out upon a horizon indistinct in purple light, and had there reveled in indescribable longings, returning only with a kind of regret to the familiar forms around it.

Yet in Edward's mind this feeling was the sadder because he knew how deeply he loved Boadicea, and loved her to that degree, that in this moment and during these rapid convictions he seemed to himself false and disloyal. So deep was his love that these sweet, vague regrets and yearnings in which she had no share, seemed to him little less than crimes. But so

true was his nature that they left a conviction that they, though so faint, were the permanent realities.

"How can I indulge myself in this sentimentality?" cried he suddenly, springing up, and throwing the book upon the table.

The sound of his voice broke strangely upon the evening air. The moon was rising, and he heard the murmur of distant music from a house to which he had been bidden. It struck his imagination, and he instantly conjured a festive scene, radiant with youth and beauty, in which Boadicea moved, a willing queen, honoring and honored, and smilingly acknowledged the type of noble womanhood, the lady of every poet's longing. This was easy to imagine. For the young lover added to the personal charms of his mistress every detail of goodness and beauty which his memory had garnered. And a lover's memory is an enchanted treasury, dropping instinctively all the dross, and burnishing the bright residuum. Little events of life, that were the result of thoughtlessness on her part, and a momentary generosity, or of a conviction of duty, seemed to Angelo, as he remembered them, the shining evidence of a sweet and loving character. All Boadicea's good deeds were as separate rays in the halo of glory that encircled her image in his mind. All the rest were forgotten. The lover's mind is a heaven in which a mortal woman becomes a goddess, and woe to her and to him when she appears less than a goddess.

Boadicea Fleurry was sitting at the same moment before her glass, while her maid arranged her hair, and amused her by idle gossip.

"Everybody says Mr. Angelo made such a beautiful speech, ma'am, and that he will be such a great man. And, oh! how handsome he is, Miss Boadicea, and how pale he looks! They say he is going to Europe to study, and that he will stay a very long time," said Abigail.

"Get that plait a little smoother," said her mistress.

"Why, dear me! I've been half asleep," said she, after a few moments, as Abigail paused in a second long disquisition upon the great mental, moral, and personal endowments of Mr. Edward Angelo. And the splendid Boadicea Fleurry arose and yawned.

When she entered the room in which Edward stood, it was already thronged. But the crowd instinctively made way for her as she advanced, smiling superbly upon all her friends. She had the natural *aplomb* that all extremely beautiful woman possess. Nature will not be balked of her finest triumphs. There are certain kinds of female loveliness which shyness and timidity adorn. But queens must be queenly, and the supremest beauty is not that of the violet but of the dawn. It is vast, and irresistible, and persuasive. The festive queen that Edward had imagined, as he heard the distant music, was not more imperial than Boadicea. He had no life but in watching her as she moved around the room; and at length he advanced and spoke to her. She greeted him cordially, and put out her hand with a frank smile that broke over him like morning.

"Are you enjoying yourself!" she asked.

"I am perfectly happy," answered he.

She raised her head a moment in a kind of smiling surprise, and said:

"You are easily satisfied."

"On the contrary, I am the most fastidious of men. I am like the child who would have nothing if he could not have the moon."

"Ah! then you are satisfied to have nothing."

"Wrong again. I have every thing. I have the moon."

Boadicea looked at him smilingly, evidently not understanding, nor caring to understand. Edward's eyes were fastened upon her with a tremulous adoration. Her eyes glanced around the room.

"How prettily every body looks to-night," said she.

He said nothing.

"Are you going to Europe, as I hear, Edward?" she asked, after a little while.

Angelo's face flushed, and he answered rapidly, as if seized by a sudden impulse:

"Yes; probably to remain several years." And he looked in her eyes.

"How we shall miss you," returned Boadicea, in the same tone. "I should like to go to Europe."

Some one addressed her at the instant, and she turned away. Edward was not a bit deceived. He knew that he was as indifferent to her heart as any other of her early companions. He stood perfectly still, looking quietly after her.

"Mr. Angelo, why do you suppose Frederic Baye married Mary Lee?" inquired a gay girl at his elbow.

"Because he loved her, of course," answered Edward, smiling.

"But she was neither pretty, nor rich, nor of good family, nor clever, nor graceful, nor any thing else, that I can discover."

"Very well, then; if he didn't marry her for any of those things, it's fair to suppose that he was in love with the girl herself, and independent of any other consideration."

"But wasn't it funny?"

"Not otherwise than all love is funny. That is the one grand caprice of nature. You may explain every thing else, but that is a nut too hard for your cracking. Men and women often wonder as much at their own passions as any observer can wonder at them."

And he walked away, feeling too deeply that he was illustrating his own theory.

Edward did not sleep much that night. There are periods in life when we live very rapidly, and this is one of them, when a man discovers his passion for a woman, and at the same time perceives that she cares nothing for him. Yet the stranger and more inexplicable appear the circumstances, the more thoroughly is he convinced of the truthfulness of the feeling. The whole world wonders; but love and the lover

laugh the world to scorn. We ought not to be amazed at the endless combinations of the passion, since the history of the world is the history of its experience. But each new form is so surprising that we yield to astonishment instead of confessing that we ought not to be surprised.

It did not occur to Boadicea that Edward loved her. She was not a woman of fine instinct. It seemed that her large, robust, healthy nature had somewhat sullied her womanly sensibilities. No shadow of romance lay softening around her heart. She had not read the multitude of novels that supply sentimentality in the place of feeling. Herself fancy-free, it could not occur to her that her life-long companion was her lover. Besides, her feeling for him was partly pity; and pity, despite the adage, is the very deadly foe of love. It inspires compassionate and tender treatment, but in the nature of things it can not beget that love which, in a strong woman, is at once a leaning and an aspiration. She felt tenderly for Edward as an elder sister might feel; but the superior points of his nature and character, his religious sweetness and mature gravity, lay entirely beyond the sphere of her sympathy, and she only perceived his delicate frame and sensitive organization. In a husband, in a lover, she, a queen, required a king; not a pure, meek son and servant of the King of kings, but a visible, palpable hero. This at least was her dream, and this also was Edward's instinctive feeling in regard to her. He looked at his attenuated hand, and dropped it slowly from his sight. He stood long before the mirror, and marked the pallor of his face, and the fatal delicacy of the features. He surveyed his slight, erect figure, and thought of her commanding form. He fancied himself by her side; he remembered a thousand times when he had stood there, and a sad smile glimmered across his face as he acknowledged to himself the extreme disparity. He thought of her crude, girlish, undeveloped nature—her thin thought—her shallow and uncertain feeling—and the smile faded, as if there were a deeper and more fatal incompatibility between him and her.

Edward Angelo not only felt that Boadicea Fleurry did not love him, but that she could not. It was in vain that he said so to himself, it was in vain that he exhorted himself to resist the crushing despair which the conviction engendered in his mind. He set himself steadily to see that the chances were against his happiness, even if he married her. He fancied himself grown cold and indifferent, yet linked legally to her forever. He tried to imagine the withering disgust of life-long disappointment. He pictured sorrow, sickness, and death, gathering around a home that no love illuminated. He resolved by all his Christian heroism and by his manly pride to conquer his passion, and love laughed his fine resolves to scorn. Love conquers in this world, and is not conquered. These efforts were not the trivial affairs of a day with Edward, they were the business of his life. For he knew that upon this struggle depended his future. He was young, but he was wise. He knew that in many men such emotions were but tents of a night, easily struck at the dawn of a new experience. But in himself it was a feeling that fed upon his whole nature, and even if he surmounted it he could not hope to escape the traces of the trial, but would bear upon his soul forever the consecrated scar. There was one magic phrase that silenced all objection and denial. "I love her!" was the reply that stole in like a strain of music upon all the tumult of the emotional war within him. It was in vain that his friends saw that he was of too fine a mould for her—that she, with all her supreme beauty, was not intrinsically beautiful, and that they prophesied his speedy awaking from the delusion. Edward Angelo worshipped Boadicea Fleurry.

He devoted himself to study, and did not seek to see her. But he did not avoid her when they chanced to meet. He was rather afraid of her power over him if he should leave her entirely to his imagination. For imagination idealizes and consecrates, and he would not allow his passion such an ally, so far at least as he could prevent it. The struggle refined his already fine character. There was something feminine in the purity and grace of his nature and life. As a chord stretched in the wind gives a tone more delicate in the degree of its fineness, so was his subtle organization susceptible of emotions too rare for general experience. As is the face of one rapt in the hearing of distant and entreating music, and a music inaudible to others, so was the pathetic aspect of his life to the common observer. He was well named Angelo.

Yet, whether it was that his mind grew morbid as the struggle went on, or that, as his emotions were purified, they were also strengthened, he felt that he was not conquering. He contemplated the brilliant career of Boadicea. He saw how she maintained her simple sweetness under all homage. He saw that she neither flattered nor coquetted, that she seemed to feel, as he did, how equally unnecessary flattery and coquetry were to her. Lovers sighed for her, and she smiled cheerfully, and wished them well. Sorrows fell upon her, and she smiled still.

"I told you she had no heart," said the world; and Edward Angelo was perplexed.

"Good-by, I am off to-morrow," said he to her one summer morning.

"Good-by, Edward, pleasant journey, and don't forget the rose-coral in Naples."

He staid in Paris for many months. It was a masquerade that stung his soul with pity. He longed to lift the smiles from the faces around him and look down into the sorrowful hearts they covered. He gasped in an air that seemed to him choking—thick with deceit of every kind. He feared to sleep lest the due fate should befall by night a more sinful Gomorrah. His life was as gentle and pure as a child's in a mountain valley, but he felt his soul stained by

the mere contact of Babylon. He was the prey of a thousand vague fancies, and trembled at himself. He extricated himself from a city to which he was held by a kind of fascination of horror, and escaped to Italy. That was soothing and sweet. The pensive charm which invests a land whose glory has long since faded—whose cities were finished centuries ago—which stands with folded arms and face averted, contemplating the darkening sunset, like Haydon's Napoleon—this harmonized with his mood, but deepened his sadness.

Flight had destroyed him. The only hope of success for him lay in the steady struggle of daily life before the eyes of Boadicea. By flying her face she became instantly a radiant and perfect figure occupying all the past, and by flying his duties at home his mind was abandoned to that sole contemplation. But the very subtilizing process through which that mind had passed, had rendered it an easier victim to the one inexorable passion which that process had not affected. As he became spiritualized, so became all the images of his imagination. And each effort he had made to wean himself from Boadicea, had resulted in making her seem worthier of adoration.

He was away but a few months, and returned to her side. She was still the same, and so must ever continue. She was one of those beings on whom time and change pass without traces—whose hair may grow gray, but whose feelings will be ever green—whom joy does not chasten nor sorrow sweeten—who do not outgrow prejudices, whose pride is never mellowed, whose good qualities never develop into something more and better than they were, who bear a placid and pleasant existence rather than live, and whose surprising beauty must needs seem to every serious and thoughtful man who wishes to find adequate reasons for every thing, an inexplicable enigma.

When Edward Angelo returned, Boadicea Fleurry was in the country, whither he went to find her. It was in a fine old country mansion, sequestered in a lovely region, that she was staying, and it was a brilliant autumn morning that led him to the door. She had just mounted her horse, and as he came up the avenue under the gorgeous maple trees, she threw back her head with a smile of surprise and pleasure, and greeted him heartily, with a voice that rang like music among the trees.

"And the rose-coral from Naples?" said she.

"Is here," answered Edward, putting his hand to his pocket.

There were a few more greetings with the elders, during which his eyes were fastened upon the superb Boadicea as she sat upon her horse, listening to his few words, and looking at the coral gifts.

"Come," said she, "jump on a horse, and ride with me."

The horse was brought, and he mounted and galloped away at her side. Bounding under the golden maples, clattering over the little rural bridges, flashing and fluttering in the sunlight, away they went in the clear, sparkling air. Far off beyond the distant hills the clouds lay softly, rolling and wreathing along the blue, and toward noon the camp of the retreating year was pitched along those heights in the haze of the Indian Summer. All the long morning Edward talked of Europe and his travels. All those bright hours he was a troubadour, and the Lady Boadicea listened as a Queen listens. He paused a moment, and they reined in their horses.

"You are paler than you were," she said, as she looked at him. "You have been too gay," she added, and smiled.

"Too gay!" said Edward, in a low voice.

She made no reply. She was chirruping to her horse, and calling Edward's attention to his arching neck.

And away they dashed again, and rode for a long time without speaking.

They stopped once more. It was high noon. A low wind wailed about the landscape, like the voice of Rachel weeping. The golden silence of the autumn day hung over the fields, like a spell. Edward drew his horse close to the side of his companion.

"Boadicea, I love you."

She turned and looked at him, surprised. For a moment there was a look of perplexity in her eyes; then she said quietly—

"I am very sorry."

They did not speak again. They rode gently along the road under the trees, along the edges of fields, through patches of woods, and still the golden autumn silence was unbroken, and the low wind wailed for something that was not.

Edward remained but a short time. He pleaded the necessity of attending to his affairs consequent upon his recent arrival, and took an early leave. Boadicea remained in the room with the others, and avoided seeing him alone. He approached her last, to say farewell. His voice was pathetically solemn. When he went out, it was remarked by the old people that he looked very delicate.

"I am afraid his trip has not done him much good," said Boadicea's mother.

The struggle was over, and he had lost. The wistful eyes in the little picture that had so strangely fascinated him were indeed the eyes of his soul, foreboding and forecasting. He was crushed, but he had not surrendered his faith in men. He had been strong in Paris, but it was because he shuddered to think that Paris was the best work that associated men could show. His life had been like a sunbeam, a strain of music, to all who had been brought in contact with it. But the one great and long effort of that life had so refined his exquisite organization, that a single serious blow, however delicate, jarred the whole. Edward went home from Boadicea the same, yet changed. The shock of disappointment, and the sense that he ought not to be disappointed—that he had been a slave, and a

willing slave, to an emotion he should have mastered—that his life was a failure and a mistake, and himself a burthen and not a blessing to those around him, soon did their work.

Let the vail drop here over the last act of a tragedy of human life. Edward Angelo is a name now spoken only in hushed and solemn whispers. It is the name of a nature too finely strung, such as we have all met—of one whose soul was indeed that vase, too beautiful for use, into which no wine of life could be poured so fine that it would not corrode it. Into the coarser clay a stronger elixir may be poured without danger. Boadicea Fleurry was shocked at Edward's death, and did not dream of the cause.

"He was always too nervous," she sometimes says to her husband; who replies, without looking up from the newspaper:

"Ah!"

But the autumnal wind wailing over a stricken landscape, and the waning moon hanging in the hollow east, and the subtle sympathies of hearts that knew the costly beauty of that man—these, with melancholy pomps and dirges, and with thoughts sadder than funeral sermons, still celebrate the obsequies of Edward Angelo.

FOUR SIGHTS OF A YOUNG MAN.

FIRST SIGHT.

THE first time I saw him, he was, I think, one of the handsomest youths I ever beheld. I had gone down to see a boy who had been intrusted to my care by a friend in India, and whom I had put to a school at Wimbledon. On entering the play-ground with the master, I found my young charge eagerly engaged with a schoolfellow, somewhat older, in the highly intellectual occupation of knocking a ball with a crooked stick from one side of the ground to the other. Both were too earnest to observe any body or any thing but the ball; and, praying the master patience, I stood and watched them. Harry Wilson, my young friend, was a plain boy enough; but I never beheld a finer form or a finer face than that of his companion. The features were perfectly Greek, the complexion brown and warm, the hair curling in great masses round the broad open brow, the eyes full of light and life, and the mouth perfect in symmetry. With every muscle brought into action, and with the countenance full of excitement, I could not help thinking that such must have been the moments that ancient sculptors seized for the expression of their models; and this youth certainly might have furnished one to the greatest sculptor that ever lived.

I asked the master who he was; but Mr. C—— in answering sunk his voice a good deal, saying, in a confidential tone: "He is a very fine lad; but his history is rather a sad one. His father is Colonel Hardy, a very wealthy man, now holding an important command in India. He married a young lady, principally for her beauty, I believe; but they could not agree. This boy was their only child; for"—and he dropped his voice still lower—"about a year after young William's birth, she left her husband—ran away with another man. A divorce and two deaths followed. Her paramour was shot by her husband in a duel; and she died—let us trust penitent—within eight months of her fatal error."

"And how does the Colonel treat his son?" I asked.

"I should say admirably," replied Mr. C——, "did he not indulge him too much in one respect. He placed him here before he went back to India, three years ago, with very careful injunctions as to his education, and that is the only time I ever saw him. He is a fine, soldier-like man, somewhat stiff and haughty, perhaps, but yet he showed all kindness toward the boy in leaving him, besought me on no account to 'break his spirit,' as he called it, saying that he was destined for the army, and would need it all, and leaving him somewhat too amply supplied with money. I have remonstrated by letter against the large allowance made him; but I received rather a tart reply, to the effect that the young man was the heir to a large fortune, and should learn betimes how to use it."

"Does he use it well?" I inquired, shaking my head at what I considered a very doubtful policy.

"In one respect he does," replied the master. "No selfishness, in the common acceptation of the word, mingles with his employment of it. He has treble or quadruple the allowance of any other lad in the school; but he spends less upon himself than many of the others. He is always ready to give or to lend. Indeed, he is lavish; and that is the only fault I can find in his use of his money."

"He is impetuous, I should think," I remarked, "from the way in which he strikes the ball."

"Too much so—far too much so," replied Mr. C——; "but, like most impetuous boys, frank and open-hearted. I should call him a creature of impulse, but that he has very strong and enduring affections; and it is only by them that he can be ruled. His mother's was much such a temper as his own, I am told; but she had weaknesses which he has not; and he has a touch of his father's pride, in which very doubtful quality she was deficient. One proof of his strength of attachment you may see in his regard for your little friend Harry. He has been his protector and guide ever since he came to the school; and not a boy in the house dare hurt or annoy Harry Wilson, if William Hardy is near at hand."

I had already obtained the master's permission to take Harry out with me to row on the Thames and dine with me higher up the river; and I easily got permission to add William Hardy to the party. We made a pleasant expedition, without any incident or adventure worth detailing; but I was much charmed with Harry's young comrade. His manners were peculiarly high-toned and gentleman-like, and

there was about him all that frank, fearless openness which always characterizes the high-bred English boy. Faults he had, indeed, which were not hidden even during our short companionship. He was not only impetuous, but willful; and I could not but observe that he seemed to harden himself against counsel. Indeed, it was evident that he had been somewhat spoiled in his early youth, and I internally prayed that the similar points in his father's character and his own might never be brought into harsh opposition; for I had already gleaned enough insight into that of Colonel Hardy, from the few words which Mr. C—— had uttered concerning him, to feel sure that such antagonism might be very dangerous to the happiness of both. The man who spoils a son in youth is always prone to be harsh with him when he is grown up.

The approach of calamities either toward others or ourselves, however, is never worth calculating. As the simple iron edge of the railroad gives direction hither or thither to the enormous mass of the train, so things imperceptible or hardly noticed often divert the mighty events that seem coming directly upon us. Our little expedition concluded very pleasantly, and I parted from the two boys with kindly feelings, I am sure, on all parts. William Hardy came frequently during the holidays to see his young companion, and for a time became quite familiar in my house. But the tie between us was to be soon severed, for a time at least. Harry, in some boyish, exploit, got very wet, concealed the fact from the master, and was seized with that horrible disease, acute rheumatism of the heart. By enormous bleeding, the severer symptoms were checked; but the disease put on a chronic form, and it was necessary to remove the poor boy to my house. There he lingered sadly for some five months, and among all the painful pictures with which the gallery of my memory is filled, I know few more distressing than that of the poor gentle uncomplaining boy, sitting in an easy chair, with his feet at the fire, in the midst of summer, his breathing terribly laborious, his large dark eyes anxiously protruding, and his once ruddy lips become of a dark and sickly purple. With the extinction of all corporeal energies, kindly affections seemed to have gathered about him like fruit upon the branches of a tree stripped of all the freshness and green vigor of the summer. He evidently saw my anxiety regarding him, and my deep and painful sympathy, and when I came in he would turn round his head with a bright smile, which made his plain face look lovely, telling me in his gasping voice that he felt better, that he was easier. He kept up the same story to the day of his death; and I do believe he did then feel better and easier; for he went to sleep like a child. The mortal part seemed to give up the struggle to retain the immortal companion against the separating power of death, and during the last twelve hours one might have fancied that the freed spirit was voluntarily lingering for awhile about the decayed house which it was abandoning forever.

William Hardy got up to see him more than once, and his cheerful tenderness always seemed to revive the poor boy during his long illness. There was no effort apparent upon William's part to talk happily and cheeringly; but yet there must have been an effort and a strong one; for when I met him one day as he was coming out of poor Harry's room, the tears were already in his eyes, and he passed me hurriedly without a word.

There were strong feelings in that boy's heart, and strong powers too in his mind. He could not bear to see poor Harry suffer, and yet how much happier was Harry Wilson's fate than his!

After the death of my little charge, a long interval succeeded during which I saw nothing of William Hardy. It was nearly five years, I think, and during that time I heard nothing of him personally, though I saw the return of his father from India noticed in some newspaper.

THE SECOND SIGHT.

The next time I saw William Hardy was in very different scenes. I was then a man of about forty-five; not old enough to forget the feelings of youth; too old to enter into its rivalries. If we would but try, it requires no very severe effort of the mind to fix, for our own government, our exact position in the race of life at each of its various periods; and the benefit of so doing is very great. If every man is in search of happiness, he will never attain his full share at any time of life, unless he settles what is the happiness that befits his age. At forty-five I had given up dancing, except when I was wanted to assist the amusements of others; but I was very fond of going to places where I could see others dance and enjoy themselves. To enjoy life innocently, I have always looked upon as obedience to the will of God—as a part of his worship when we do it in a right spirit; and I love to see young people happy.

On one occasion I was invited to a very gay ball, given by a merchant of some eminence. He had a little weakness for what is called "high life;" but, to his honor be it said, that the acquaintance he had contrived to form with people of elevated station never led him to look down upon or neglect persons in his own rank; nor had the wealth he had acquired ever taught him to sever the kindly ties between himself and the poorer companions of his youth—for he had not always been a rich man.

The house to which I was invited was a very splendid one near the end of Portland Place; and the decorations could not have been surpassed, either in point of taste or cost, by the palace of a prince. The hour of my arrival was not either very early or very late. Dancing had begun; but still the rooms were comparatively thin, and, as I stood in the first drawing-room, I could see the gay young couples swimming gracefully along in the ball-room beyond. There

were many pretty faces there; but the one which most attracted my attention was that of a young lady, of perhaps twenty years of age, with more color than is usually seen in the cheeks of London-worn beauties, and with white camellias in her rich dark hair. She was what is called splendidly dressed, but with great taste, and I think I have seldom seen any thing more graceful than her movements in the dance. She attracted a good deal of attention from all the male part of the company, but it was very evident that there was one she cared for more than all the rest. Nor was he at all indifferent to her. He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, a model of youthful strength, with the rich brown hair floating round the fine forehead, and rather large whiskers curling wildly which way they would. He was dressed almost in the extreme of the fashion, but withal there was a sort of careless ease about him which made his clothes become him much more than if they had been very precisely put on. He danced with that pretty girl twice before any one else could engage her, and then he suffered her to take a turn or two with some one else, but stood still gazing at her with eyes full of admiration—ay, and tenderness; and when she stopped he was by her side again in a moment.

I needed not to be told who he was, and yet I asked my host his name.

"That is young William Hardy," replied he, "the son of the rich Colonel Hardy. He is quite infatuated with our pretty little friend Jessie Reid; but I do not know how it is going to end. He has met her here several times at our little parties, but Colonel Hardy was here himself the last time, and I thought he did not seem to like it. I wish William would conceal his admiration a little more, for I fear the Colonel might not approve of his marriage with her."

"Not rich, I suppose?" I said.

"Neither rich nor high born," replied my good friend. "She is an excellent girl though, and her father is an excellent man. He is only, however, our principal managing clerk. I invite the family always, and nothing shall prevent me; for a better man does not live, nor one better educated. Besides, he was my schoolfellow and old friend, and though fortune has dealt differently by us, that can make no change in my regard."

Just at that moment William Hardy's eyes turned for a single instant away from Jessie, and toward where I stood. He darted across at once, and took my hand with kindly warmth. A few words of no consequence passed between us, and then the looks of both were directed toward Jessie Reid.

"Is she not lovely?" he said, with a burst of lover's enthusiasm.

"Yes, she is very pretty indeed," I answered, drily enough. But he did not wait to hear or comment, darting away to her side again, to pour honey into her ear.

A few minutes after, an elderly gentleman, tall, thin, and hard-looking, but with a very distinguished air, in spite of a toilet somewhat too elaborate, came near me, and continued gazing into the ball-room as if he had just arrived, and was reconnoitring the ground before he took up his position. William Hardy nodded to him gayly; but went on with his dancing and his love-making without the slightest change of demeanor. Again and again he danced with Jessie Reid, and his manner was not to be mistaken. His salutation of my neighbor made me turn my eyes to the countenance of the latter; but there was little to be remarked upon it. It was quiet, grave, and stern; and the only thing that attracted my notice was an occasional twitch of the upper lip, which might be habitual or might proceed from some nervous affection—though, be it said, he did not at all look like a nervous man.

At length when William, as if feeling that he was making his love too conspicuous, withdrew for a moment from fair Jessie's side—it was rather late in the evening—the tall, elderly man walked straight across the ball-room, putting a good number of people out of his way, as he went without the slightest ceremony and seated himself by William's fair partner. What he said to her, I do not know; but at first she smiled faintly, and answered, it seemed to me, with a timid effort to make herself agreeable to him. I had settled who he was, and I was right; but I was looking round for some one to give me confirmation, when suddenly I saw Jessie turn deadly pale, and Colonel Hardy rose dignifiedly, and left her, talking easily to some people near. William at once crossed over to her, and seemed to ask her to dance again, for I could see him offer his arm. She rose and took it with a bewildered sort of look; but the next moment she sunk down, rather than fell, with every particle of color gone from her cheeks and lips. She had fainted.

Some people talked of the extreme heat of the room, and some carried her into another chamber, and William Hardy disappeared; but the Colonel carried on his conversation, as if nothing had happened; and the music sounded gayly; and people proceeded with the dance. I fancied that I saw deeper than others into that fainting fit; and I have every reason to believe that I was not wrong. Soon after I took my departure and retired to my own quiet home. The feathers and the finery, the jewels and the gold, the gay laugh and the music, the whirling dance, and beaming eyes, and palpitating hearts, all faded away like the images of a vision, and a solemn sort of thoughtfulness fell upon me—an impression of the vanity of life and all things earthly, which would not let me sleep.

I fear the changes from fine weather to storm are more sudden than the reverse—that the brilliant and the gay scenes of life are more frequently the precursors of disaster and sorrow than the dark and the gloomy are of joy and prosperity. The mind requires time to recover

from the shock of the tempest: the effect of enjoyment is more evanescent. Even if it leaves a sweet trace upon memory, it is but to make the darker picture which follows look more black by the comparison.

Was the grave thought which succeeded this bright scene a forewarning of the melancholy things to come? Within six months from that time, that splendid house and all its costly furniture were brought to the hammer; for a commercial crisis had come on. The owner became a bankrupt, a paralytic, a corpse. The Reid family shared in his ruin; and in old age Mr. Reid had to take an inferior clerkship on a small salary. It broke his heart too, and he died ere long—I know not how long after the disaster, but at all events within two years. All these facts reached my ears by degrees: but we are all very hard in this world: our feelings and affections are short-sighted; they only perceive keenly when things are brought very near them. A "Poor fellow!" a "Well, that is very sad!" is the most we give to the sorrow, the ruin, the death of mere acquaintances—and then, they are forgotten.

I next heard that William Hardy had married Jessie Reid against his father's consent, and that the Colonel had cast him off. That touched me more nearly. I had an interest in William Hardy, and I tried in vain to find out where he was living, to see if I could not mediate a reconciliation between him and his father. I could not find him, and I concluded that he was trying the rarely successful experiment of love in a cottage. I heard nothing more of his history for a long while, and then I heard it from his own mouth.

THE THIRD SIGHT.

Paris is Paris only. Give it what name you will—a great Fair—a large Theatre, where tragedy and farce are alternately enacted—a Race-course where every one is running against his neighbor to win the cup of pleasure—still it is the Fair, the Theatre, or the Race-course, Paris. London is the epitome of the whole world—in its resources, in its pursuits, in its enjoyments, in its privations, in its frantic joys and frantic miseries, its vices, its virtues, its brightness and its gloom. Human nature, human life, whatever be its aspect or its phase, finds there its exponent and its illustration. The very diversity of its streets; the proximity of the dark, the dingy, and the low, to the brilliant, the fresh, and the magnificent; the gradation from the thronged, noisy, and mercantile thoroughfares through the cool, aristocratic squares, the quiet abodes of mediocrity; the dull streets of poverty and labor to the low, narrow alleys of vice and destitution is but a symbol of man's condition here.

To the eastward of Regent-street, but close to it, and in a parallel line with its busy and crowded channel runs a small, well-smoked, very quiet street, enlivened only by the existence of a Roman Catholic chapel, a picture-frame maker's shop, a corn-chandler's, in a small way, and a low public-house. Yes, I forgot—there is one other house worthy of note—a small eating-house, where one can get a plentiful meal of good beef, roast or boiled, for tenpence half-penny, and give the three-halfpence out of the shilling to the waiter. Most of the houses are used as furnished lodging-houses—and furnished lodgings of London are very curious places, well worthy, in general, of a history—where lodge persons of very various classes and pursuits, having but one characteristic common to them all—paucity of means. Women not quite abandoned, but in the high road to be so; gamblers who have lost much money, and no little reputation; men once well off, who have been ruined by a speculation, a friend, a merchant, or a lawyer; authors, who have had the singular misfortune of meeting with an honest bookseller; a few oboe-players and clarionet-men—and even a trumpet or a trombone here and there, affect that street, and the small quiet lodgings which it contains.

It is a place very full of heart-aches, I have a notion; more so than those who roll along Regent-street in smooth carriages with gaudy servants behind them, know or care about; for it is not the utter abysses of any thing that are the most terrible. When you reach the bottom, it is all over, or you are stunned; but it is while falling that come the terror and the agony.

There in that street men sit and think of all that might have been; and women, too. There they ponder over blighted hopes and wasted energies; there curse the perversity of Fortune, and murmur at the stern decree of Fate. There are no ghosts in that street—it does not look like it; but there are many living, hard realities; —no rats, I dare say, but gnawing cares and fearful expectations. Remorse, despondency, despair; the canker-worm, the mildew, and the blight lie beyond those dusty and obscure casements; and many, many a sad review of a dark army of errors is passing daily before the sight of the eyes within, to the dead march of the heart's hopes. There, too, perhaps, high aspirations, genius, bright and strong, kindly sympathies noble impulses, all the powers of mind, and heart, and spirit, lie crushed beneath the dust of petty cares, like the bright things of Græco-Roman art beneath the ashes of Vesuvius. Like the flowers of the forest, they perish unseen and unregretted, while brambles and tall weeds grow up and flourish; but unlike those flowers, they feel and repine. The world is a hard-heeled clown looking for precious stones, who treads upon a thousand gems, and picks up the bright pebbles which the glistening waters burnish.

It is a sad and sorrowful-looking street by night or by day; and yet, I know not why, I always prefer walking through it, on my way home, to threading the living labyrinth of the crowded street near at hand. It is, perhaps, the contrast which makes the gay scene more sad to me than the gloomy one.

One evening in November, about six o'clock, I was walking home from Lincoln's Inn, and passed up that way. It was by no means one of the gloomiest November nights I have seen in London; but yet the rigorous and ungenial precursor of the cold tyrant, Winter, made itself felt. There was a thin, yellowish mist in the air, a damp, unwholesome smell; the lamps looked large, and threw out long, straggling pencils of light; and the ground was in that unpleasant, half-frozen state when the very friction of passing feet dissolves the abortive ice into cold, clammy mud. I went along slowly by the many windows—some of them dull and blank, like the eyes of death; others emitting a feeble, obscure light. I had nearly reached the shop of the corn-chandler, where a gas-burner was flaring in the still open window, when I saw a man—the only one I had met for the last two hundred yards—coming with a quick and irregular pace toward me. I thought from his walk that he was tipsy, and gave him ample room; but just before the shop we came close—and, looking at him, I saw a face that I knew.

He did not recognize me, and I might have passed on; but there was something in his appearance which, even by that dull light, struck me as strange and sad. How shall I describe it? I can not; it is not to be clearly defined. The color, the materials of his dress, I could not see—no particular was distinct; but yet there was about him altogether what I must call an air of neglect, which was very grievous when compared with his appearance a year or two before; and, stopping suddenly, I called to him before he had passed out of hearing. There was something friendly in my tone, I suppose—I hope there was; and he turned instantly and approached me.

"Mr. Hardy," I said, holding out my hand, "I am exceedingly happy to see you."

He paused a minute, at least, before he answered; and then asked, "Are you? You are the only one, I believe, who would say the same."

There was something bitter, and yet deeply melancholy, in his tone, and icy cold—almost to superciliousness—in his manner. His face, too, which I could now see more distinctly by the light in the shop-window, was deadly pale, and grave as that of a corpse. There was no fierceness in it; and, as to the superciliousness, I knew right well what a contempt of every thing earthly, and of human nature especially, is exhaled from the crushed flowers of hope when the heel of despair treads upon the heart.

I saw that I had made a mistake. He had not been drinking; and I was almost inclined to address him in the words of the prophet speaking to Jerusalem: "Hearken unto me, thou drunken, but not with wine."

That, however, which is sublime on great and rare occasions becomes ludicrous in ordinary circumstances; and I answered: "Something, I fear, has distressed you, Mr. Hardy. I trust there are many who would greet you kindly."

He shook his head, sorrowfully; and I added: "As for my part, I never use words I do not wish to express feelings. I said I was exceedingly glad to see you, because I had heard that some unpleasant circumstances have befallen you. As long as you are affluent and happy, I—being somewhat morose—do not care much whether I see you or not; but when reverses befall you, or sorrow assails you, I claim my right as an old friend, as the friend of the poor boy, now in his grave, to a portion of your society and a share in your confidence."

He put his hand up to his forehead, pushing his hat a little back; and as he did not speak, I continued, saying: "Come now, my young friend, I am going home. There is nobody at my house to-night to interrupt us. Take a bachelor's dinner with me, and let me hear all that has befallen you."

"Time was," he answered, "when I could have accepted your invitation to dine with a free heart. Now, I feel as if I were receiving a charity."

"Good heavens!" I murmured, grasping his terrible meaning at once; but then I checked myself suddenly, and replied, with the wish to revive hope: "You give way too soon, my dear sir. We lawyers are accustomed to see strange vicissitudes; and we do not give up the fates of men till long after they have given them up themselves. But come, our dinner is being overcooked, and it is too simple to bear spoiling."

"Go on—go on," he said, in a choking voice, "I will dine once more."

I put my arm through his, unceremoniously, and walked along with him, supporting his unsteady steps. When we got into the lights of Regent-street, I saw—without appearing at all to look at him—that his dress was worn and dirty; but, nevertheless, I kept tight hold of his arm; for I thought I perceived a sort of shrinking from the glare that might soon make him run away from me. Yet, with all, there was that indefinable gentlemanly look, which made the common eye pass over him without notice of his shabby dress.

When we arrived at my house I told my servant to put another cover on the table, and led the way to the drawing-room, which was lighted—but dimly, however, for I abominate a harsh glare. I do not know how I should have got over five minutes; for it was my object not to appear observant of any thing amiss, or to enter upon any of the painful themes which I feared were in his heart, till he had taken some refreshment. The punctuality of my habits, however, spared me any trial. The servants knew I loved every thing to be ready, and never delayed dinner after my arrival longer than just allowed me to wash my hands.

I took him into my little dressing-room, on one side of the drawing-room, and he washed his face, and neck, and hands—I may say eagerly—murmuring, with a sort of sigh, "How fragrant this soap is!"

The words were hardly spoken when dinner was announced, and we went down. I then perceived that his dress was very shabby—very shabby, indeed—and that his linen was by no means fresh and clean. I took no notice, however, and took care to treat him exactly as I would have treated him in other circumstances, without any extraordinary civilities, but with easy cordiality. He ate ravenously, and drank a sufficient, but not too abundant proportion of wine, his fine countenance seeming to expand and revive under the influence of nourishment which he had too evidently needed. As long as the man was in the room I avoided all allusion to his circumstances, talked upon indifferent matters, party politics, and other subjects, in reference to which no sensible man has any real feelings, though intense excitement is often assumed to countenance electioneering or other manœuvres. He listened with the air of one to whom such subjects were altogether new and strange: sometimes answered with a very vague sentence or two; but never grappled with any general question affecting his fellow-men and fellow-countrymen. He was evidently "not read up," upon the subjects which I thought would interest him—subjects which every one who saw a newspaper, or took an active part in the world's doings, was conversant with.

As soon as dinner was done, and the man out of the room, I dashed at the main question at once. "Mr. Hardy," I said, "I gather from your words when first I met you, that you have met with misfortunes. What are they? You are speaking with a friend—with one who knew you as a boy—with one who is bound to you by ties not to be broken—with one who can counsel—perhaps assist you. Speak freely, I entreat you, and let me know what has happened."

He remained silent for some minutes. He leaned down his forehead and covered over his eyes with his hands. It was a terrible struggle for him to tell the whole. It was like the throes of a woman in labor for him to bring forth the tale. But at length it was spoken. He had married the beautiful, poor, rankless girl with whom I had seen him dancing, without and against his father's approval. He had been cast off in consequence, and had striven with the world for her sake till she died and left him with a child. Then, he had appealed to his father and had received a cold letter and a hundred pounds. That saved him and the babe from starvation, and as long as the little girl lived he had a consolation and an object; but it died a month or two after its mother; and then the spirit of resistance seized upon him. He resolved never to appeal to his hard father again, to struggle with the world, to carve his own fortune, to do aught, to do every thing, rather than to be a dependent upon the mere pity of a parent. He flattered himself with fond hopes; he thought of his education—of his powers of mind. But alas! those powers of mind had never had a practical direction; his education had not been of the world. Hope delayed, constant disappointment, rejection where he had the best right to expect employment, crushed his spirit. He tried every where and in every manner, he said, to earn his bare bread; but some refused to employ him because he was too high bred; others because he was too smartly dressed; some because he had not already labored as a clerk; others because he did not write a round hand. Long weeks of frustrated efforts wore away his means to a few pounds. Then came the desperation and the last fatal resource. He took to the low gambling tables; he drank hard to keep up the feverish excitement that bore him on. Sometimes he won—sometimes he lost—one day he was in the fashionable dens of St. James's—one day in the dark holes near Leicester Square and Newport Market. Once he and a number of others were taken by the police, their names exhibited in the papers—their examination in a police court paraded to the eyes of the public. There was no end of miseries and degradations; and, oh, with what keen and cutting energy he depicted his mental sufferings—how he despised, how he abhorred his pursuits—his associates—himself. The strong spirit, the stout heart, the high pride had been at length broken and ground down, he said. He had written to his father, implored forgiveness—asked for a crust of bread. He had said "I have sinned before Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." But the father had refused to hear, and the letter was returned without an answer.

And yet, he told me, he saw that father whirled by him in the splendid chariot or riding along upon a magnificent horse, with his gayly dressed groom behind him; he heard of him spending thousands upon luxuries, or upon amusements, or sometimes upon vices. As he dwelt upon all this there was a bitterness in his tone—a fierce indignation mingling with his grief and his despair that had something very painful in it.

At length the tale came to its close in what might be expected. Step by step—or rather by waves and pulsations, sometimes tossed up and sometimes cast down, but left lower and lower at every fall, he had sunk into utter destitution. When I met him, he had not tasted food for four-and-twenty hours; the next day was his rent day, and then he would be homeless as well as penniless. There was nothing left for him but a lodging on the steps of a house or of a church, a beggar's pittance, or the Thames. Bitter and terrible was the telling of the tale, and it ended with a groan which spoke anguish of spirit more strongly than any thing I ever heard at a gallows foot or in prison cell.

My task was to come; but it seemed neither a very painful nor a very hopeless one. I had to console and to offer relief. I did the first as best I might. Where mistakes and misfortunes have gone together it is the worst plan in the world to preach, and I therefore made it my first business to see if I could not stir up the embers

of the undying fire—hope, in the bosom of the afflicted man, and warm him into exertion and activity. I found this not so easy as I had expected. He seemed quite crushed, saying gloomily that there was no return for him, and quoting the line of Dante on the fate of those who pass the gates of Hell, as if he really believed that he had entered the place of the condemned.

I did not give up the task, but I thought it better to hold out something more substantial than mere philosophical arguments upon the folly of despair. I assured him that I would do the best I could to serve him; that if he liked I would see his father and attempt to mediate; but I strongly advised him to go to his father and personally entreat forgiveness.

"Put away all pride, my young friend," I said, "submit yourself to his will, and even hear his reproaches without reply. The sight of a son's face must have an effect upon a father's heart if it be not of stone."

He shook his head, gloomily murmuring, "it might be dangerous—it might be dangerous!"

I did not clearly understand what he meant; but I still pressed him to what I believed to be the right course, and starting up as if to go, he said, "I will write to him first and ask permission to wait upon him—oh, he is a very punctilious gentleman, and may not find it convenient to receive his own begotten beggar. No one was ever admitted to his presence without an appointment. His dearest friends never ventured to take him unaware."

There was an angry sarcasm in his tone that I did not like, and though I would not give up my good offices, yet there might be something reproving in my manner when I replied, "You know your father best; but depend upon it the least sign of unsubdued pride on your part, will harden his heart against you."

He grasped my hand tight in his, and answered in a low, earnest tone, "Don't mistake me. There shall be no pride. I have drunk the cup of degradation to the dregs. I have acknowledged to him my faults, my follies, and my vices. My next letter shall be merely a humble request that he will see me once again. I will disguise my hand that he may open the letter, and I will try to move him by the most abject entreaty."

"Stay, stay," I cried, as he turned toward the door; "you forget you must have some temporary assistance till we see how this plan answers."

"I know how it will answer," he said, in a harsh, grating voice, "but it is the last act, and it must be done."

"No, no;" I replied, "there may be many other resources. But in the mean time, let me supply you with what money you may want at present."

He started, gazed full in my face for a moment or two, and then casting down his eyes remained silent for some time, while his face worked with many emotions. Oh that I could have read upon his countenance what was going on in his heart. At length he looked up saying in a mild, sweet tone, but with a very strange expression upon his handsome countenance, "You are very kind—very kind indeed. I can not, however, be a dependent upon any man's bounty. If you will let me have two guineas, I will take them. If I can ever repay you I will. If not, you have done an act of charity. Two guineas will be enough."

"Take more—take more," I said, "you will be able to repay it some day. That I will answer for."

"Well, make it another guinea," he answered with a ghastly smile. "That is one-and-twenty days' life at a shilling a day."

I urged him, but in vain. He would only take three guineas, and promising that I should hear the result of his letter to his father, he left me to think over what could be done for him if that plan failed, in regard to which I had some misgivings.

THE FOURTH SIGHT.

For a whole week I heard nothing of William Hardy; but whenever an interval of business gave me time for thought in regard to his case, I went on meditating and planning. The more I revolved the circumstances and the peculiar character of his father, which I had easily divined, the less probability I saw of his application succeeding. I almost regretted that I had advised it. Colonel Hardy's vice was intractable pride. That was clear enough. Was there any chance then that one who had brought disgrace upon his name, who had set his authority at naught, should obtain any compassion in misery and distress. Could William have gone to him in splendor and success he might have obtained pardon for sins much more heinous than any he had committed. I doubt not in the least if he had cut a friend's throat, or insulted a benefactor, or seduced a lady of high rank, Colonel Hardy would have forgiven it all. But to have his name on the police-sheet as a common gambler for mere bread was unpardonable.

Such was the conclusion in which all my meditations ended. My plans were rather more satisfactory to myself at least. I determined to offer the young man a seat in my office; to give him his articles; and to pay him a salary. I entertained no doubts of him—no suspicions. His were not faults which would render such confidence dangerous, and I only waited to see him to make the offer.

I had settled the matter in my own mind and dismissed the subject from my thoughts, when just one week after he had dined with me, to the very day, I was walking quietly to my chambers, thinking of other affairs, and had taken my way through a short but wide street, principally consisting of fashionable lodging houses, leading from a great square. There was but one shop in the street; that of a wax-chandler with whom I dealt, and who knew me well: a man of the name of Shepherd. I walked along on the same side of the way as that on

which his shop stood, and had met nobody till I reached it; but just as I was coming near, I saw a servant in a striped morning jacket run across from a house opposite, and call Shepherd to the door. They were talking eagerly, and apparently anxiously; but I was passing on when Shepherd called me by name, saying, "I beg pardon, sir; but I am afraid something serious has happened over there. This man, William, sir, tells me he has heard two pistol shots in his master's drawing-room, where he was at breakfast, and he and the people of the house are afraid to go in, for the gentleman is very stern and severe, and never suffers any one to come unless he rings the bell."

"Nonsense," I said, "people do not fire pistols in their drawing-rooms without cause which should be inquired into, and if they do they should be taken care of. Who is your master, my man?"

"My master is Colonel Hardy, sir," he answered with a very anxious look; and his words seemed to send all the blood in my body to my heart in a moment.

"Was any one with him?" I asked in a shaking voice; "was your young master with him?"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant, "the housemaid says he walked past her when she was cleaning the steps, and up-stairs straight, about half an hour ago."

I walked across the street at once, followed by the servant and the wax-chandler, and ran up the stairs without ceremony. "Which is the room?" I cried: but before the man could speak, the question was answered by my sight. There were two doors on the first floor; one apparently leading to a bedroom at the back, and one to a front room facing the street. From underneath the latter, as I put my foot upon the top step, I saw oozing a small dark red stream of blood. I instantly tried the door, but it was locked, and I called loudly for admission.

There was no answer.

"Colonel Hardy! William!" I exclaimed, "let me in!"

All was silent.

Shepherd, who was a stout man and a famous pugilist, stepped forward, turned the handle of the door and put his shoulder against it. It gave way suddenly; but then caught against something. The violence of the first push, however, had forced it open sufficiently for a man to pass. Shepherd went in first with an exclamation of horror, and I followed him closely.

Never shall I forget the sight. There before me stretched upon the hearth-rug, lay the stern father with his right arm bent underneath him, and the left stretched out as if it had been grasping at something—the bell perhaps. He was dressed in a brocade silk dressing-gown, with slippers on his feet, and his coffee-cup stood half full upon the table near. His face was somewhat distorted but not disfigured; but it was the face of a dead man, and the blood that stained the rug and spattered his dressing-gown told the manner of his death, though the wound being in the side of his head, and rather toward the back, was not at first apparent. He was deadly pale, of course: the flush of passion, if it had been there, was gone; but the brow was still knitted in one of the fiercest frowns I ever saw.

Not far from him lay on the carpet a discharged pistol; but I stopped not to look at it, for after having given one glance at the first object which struck me, I turned to another still more horrible.

That which had prevented the full opening of the door was the body of William Hardy, and it was his blood which had trickled underneath. He had fallen partly against the door, and lay on his side with his head toward the windows. Oh, what a frightful sight that head presented! The temple was blacked; the beautiful curling hair was singed, and dabbled with the spouting blood, and the ball passing right through from side to side had spattered the brains against the wall; and yet his face was perfectly calm. Agony, anguish, despair—there was no trace of either. It looked far more like his countenance as a boy than I had ever seen it between my first and last sight of him. A pistol was grasped firmly in his right hand—so firmly indeed, that we had difficulty in removing it; and hanging to the guard of the trigger was still the shop ticket bearing the words, "Second-hand. Egg's best make. Only £2 10*s*."

Good Heaven, how he had applied the money that I gave him!

There he lay, that bright, warm-hearted, energetic, willful boy—a parricide—a suicide! Was it altogether by his own fault he had become that thing? No, no! sin breeds sin, and crime begets crime; and every guilty human being has to answer not only for his own offenses, but for a share of all those to which his offenses lead, or tempt, or drive another. No one ever accurately knew what had passed in that dreadful chamber before we entered it. The housemaid had heard high words; and after they had gone on some time two pistol shots, with the interval of but a few seconds between them. And that was all. I trust that the poor lad was mad; but that was my last sight of William Hardy.

MR. COTTLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

A YOUNG man in drab coat and broad-brimmed hat is leaning over the counter in the shop of Mr. Joseph Cottle, the young Bristol bookseller, in earnest discourse with the proprietor. The subject of conversation is the problem—ever old, yet always new—of the reorganization and reconstruction of society. This great problem, says Mr. Lovell, the young gentleman in the drab coat, is now upon the point of solution. A perfect social state is about to be constituted, which shall be free from all the evils and turmoils which have always agitated the world—never so much so as at the present

day; for it is in the year of grace 1794, and the terrific experiment of the French revolution is working itself out.

Mr. Lovell is not the author of the scheme he is so zealously expounding. That honor belongs to two young friends of his, both University men—Mr. Coleridge, of Cambridge, and Mr. Southey, of Oxford. The latter of these is Mr. Lovell's most intimate friend, and indeed is affianced to Edith Fricker, his wife's sister. But this is a great secret for the present, as Mr. Southey has aristocratic friends who would not be well pleased to learn that he was about to marry a milliner of Bath. The honor of propounding the scheme belongs mainly to Mr. Coleridge, who is a famous Greek scholar, and has invented a couple of names which accurately describe it. He calls it PANTISOCRACY, signifying the "equal government of all," or ASPHETISM, implying the "generalization of all individual property."

The outlines of the scheme are these: A chosen band are to form a social colony on the banks of the Susquehanna, in America. None are to be admitted except persons of tried and incorruptible character. Selfishness is to be utterly proscribed; all property is to be absolutely in common; government is to be conducted not by formal laws, but by excluding all deteriorating passions; and human nature is to have a fair chance of developing its inherent perfectibility.

Mr. Coleridge, so says Mr. Lovell, notwithstanding his wonderful genius—(for he is the first poet of his age; and Mr. Southey, by the way, is hardly his inferior)—is no mere cloistered projector, but a cool and careful reasoner. He has gone into the most minute calculations, and is fully satisfied that in this new country the labor of two hours each day will be amply sufficient to supply all the necessities of life. But as the adventurers are to be all young and vigorous, they will probably choose to devote some additional labor to extending and improving their domain. They will hew down the stately forests; the loppings and trimmings of the trees will supply fuel for their cheerful winter fire, and the trunks cut up into planks will afford materials for their outbuildings, reserving the finest for constructing their own picturesque habitations. All this will cost barely the labor of cutting and hewing. Making all due allowance for these voluntary labors, there will be ample leisure for each individual to employ as he may choose in reading, study, and conversation; or even in writing books, if any one has a gift that way.

In these calculations Coleridge and his friend Southey have been greatly aided by a young man who has resided some years in America, and has now returned to England for the purpose of selling land upon the banks of this very Susquehanna. He spends almost every evening in their company—for the sake of benefiting by their conversation, he says—and in return he gives them a deal of valuable information. Six hundred dollars, he assures them, is all that will be requisite to purchase a thousand acres of land, and to build houses thereupon. Twelve men can easily clear three hundred acres in four or five months. The Susquehanna country he recommends on many accounts—(how lucky it is that the lands he has to sell are located just there)—such as its wonderful beauty, and its perfect security from any incursions of hostile Indians. He has heard of bisons, but has never seen one himself; at all events he, can assure them that they are not dangerous. One annoyance he can not in conscience deny to exist in this favored land. That is the musquitoes; but, after all, they are less troublesome than the gnats in England; and when a person gets used to them, why, he will not mind them at all. "And as for literary characters," continues the ingenuous young man, "they make lots of money there."

In answer to Mr. Cottle's inquiries, Mr. Lovell informs him that it has been determined that the young adventurers shall charter a ship at Bristol in the ensuing spring, for it is far in autumn, and set sail. It is true that just now they are rather short of funds to carry out the scheme; but there are yet some months before the time set for departure, and he shall introduce the two great pioneers to all his friends in Bristol, where they are to arrive in a few days.

By great good fortune, he happens to have in his pocket some manuscript copies of the poems of his friends, which he would like to read to Mr. Cottle. The bookseller would be happy to hear them, for he has a taste for literature; and, to tell the truth, has just then in press a small volume of poems of his own composition. This volume is neither of his two stupendous epics of "Alfred," and the "Fall of Cambria," in twenty-four books each, which belong to a much later period, but a small collection of miscellaneous poems, chiefly descriptive.

Not very long after this conversation, Mr. Southey arrives in Bristol, and is duly introduced to Mr. Cottle. A most fascinating young man is this Mr. Robert Southey. Tall and dignified, with a prominent aquiline nose, piercing eyes, and a countenance full of genius, kindliness, and intelligence, possessing great suavity of manners, he quite answers to the young bookseller's idea of what a poet should be, and is most cordially received. After a while, it is announced that on the following day Mr. Coleridge himself is expected in Bristol. When he arrives, Mr. Cottle is delighted with him. Such a brow, such a forehead, was never before worn by man. Mr. Cottle introduces them both to his friends, and they speedily become quite the rage in Bristol, Mr. Coleridge especially, who is the most brilliant converser ever listened to.

Mr. Cottle, who knows something of business, has all along feared that the pecuniary resources of his young friends are inadequate to allow them to charter a vessel and provide the outfit for their voyage. He is in the course of a couple of months confirmed in this opinion by receiving a note from Mr. Coleridge, asking for a loan

of five pounds to enable them to pay for their lodgings in Bristol; the whole bill amounts to eleven pounds—decidedly more than they had anticipated. He is too happy to make the required loan; and finding that Mr. Coleridge is in a desponding mood, advises him to publish a volume of his poems, in order to raise funds. Mr. Coleridge has thought of that, and has already offered them to sundry London booksellers, who will not even look at "the article," declaring that poetry is "quite a drug in the market." One does, however, condescend to look at the manuscripts, and offers him six guineas for them—a very liberal proposition, when we remember for how much "Paradise Lost" was sold.

"Well, then," says Mr. Cottle, "I will give you twenty guineas."

Mr. Coleridge's countenance grows radiant at once.

"Nay," adds Mr. Cottle, "I will give you thirty guineas, and will pay you the money as your occasions require, without waiting for the completion of the work."

A most liberal publisher is Mr. Cottle, as is still further evinced by his making a similar offer to Mr. Southey, who accepts it with the greatest pleasure. Nor does his liberality stop here. Mr. Southey has read to him portions of his completed poem, "Joan of Arc," for which he is now soliciting subscriptions. He offers to publish it in quarto, giving the author fifty guineas, and fifty copies of the work for his subscribers. This offer is accepted, and Robert Southey's destiny is fixed. He is to be a man of letters.

Meanwhile the two young poets have recourse to sundry expedients to recruit their finances. They project a series of public lectures. Southey chooses historical themes; Coleridge expatiates on moral and political subjects: such as the Slave Trade, the Hair-Powder Tax, the French and English Revolutions, the Liberty of the Press; draws parallels between Charles I. and Louis XVI., Cromwell and Robespierre, Mazarine and Pitt, and sundry other historical characters. He also proposes to deliver a course of theological lectures. Upon one occasion he volunteers to take the place of his friend Southey, and deliver one of the lectures of his historical course; but unfortunately fails to make his appearance at the appointed time.

It is much to be regretted that this brilliant young man is so little to be depended upon, as Mr. Cottle finds to his cost; for the volume of poems, which has been paid for, does not make its appearance for two whole years. On Saturday he promises that the printer shall have copy in profusion by Monday morning—a whole printed sheet a day, if he wants it. No copy makes its appearance, but a letter instead, asking the bookseller to send four pipes, as the poet has "an impulse to fumigate;" and by the succeeding morning copy shall be forthcoming, which, however, does not arrive. So many excuses he has, too: now he is unwell; now he must go marketing—will Mr. Cottle take tea with him this evening?—now he will come to Mr. Cottle's to tea, and after tea he will write; the publisher may lock him up in a chamber if he will, and not let him out till a due quantity of copy is produced; and so on, and so on.

Things have gone on thus for eighteen months or so, when it is announced that the young poet is about to be married to Sarah Fricker, the sister of his friend Southey's *affiancée*. This intelligence excites some surprise, for the poet is supposed to be deeply enamored with a certain Mary Evans; and it is not many months ago that, in a fit of despair at his unprosperous suit to her, added to pecuniary embarrassments, he had suddenly left the University, and enlisted as a private soldier, under the name of Silas Tomkyn Comberbatch. From this uncongenial position he has been released just in time to form this famous scheme of Pantisocracy. Mr. Cottle is a true friend in this emergency, and promises to pay him a guinea and a half for every hundred lines of poetry he will furnish—after the completion of the volume so long promised. On the strength of this promise, the rite is performed, and the new-married pair take up their abode in a cottage which the groom has hired. Mr. Coleridge has not thought of the requisite furnishing of his home; and two days after taking possession of it, writes to the ever-prompt Cottle to send him down the following list of household plenishing:

"A riddle slice; a candle-box; two ventilators; two glasses for the wash-hand stand; one tin dust pan; one small tin tea-kettle; one pair of candlesticks; one carpet brush; one flour dredge; three tin extinguishers; two mats; a pair of slippers; a cheese-toaster; two large tin spoons; a Bible; a keg of porter; coffee; raisins; currents; catsup; nutmegs; allspice; cinnamon; rice; ginger; and mace."

Meet place for a poet was this cottage home, as Coleridge has pictured it in two of his most exquisite poems. Who does not know that cot overgrown with white-flowered jasmine and broad-leaved myrtle, the simple lute placed lengthways in the casement; the tall rose peeping into the casement window, the faint murmur of the sea, audible in the distance? Who has not climbed from the low dell up the bare bleak mountain, and watched the gray clouds, the river, the Channel, flecked with white sails, and all the beauty which the inland view affords? Whose heart has not been soothed and tranquillized, at the picture of the "pensive Sara" with her soft cheek reclined upon the poet's arm; while her mild eye darted reproof upon his impetuous imaginings? And what young manly heart has not echoed the thanksgiving for the mercy which vouchsafed him the possession of peace and that cot, and the heart-honored maid?

Alas, that romance should be such unsubstantial food. Alas that this rosy morning of connubial love should be so soon overclouded; that mother and children should so soon be forsaken by the husband and father.

Coleridge soon grew weary of his pretty cot. It was too far from the provincial town; friends were too distant, tattling neighbors too near; and perhaps certain festive scenes which he had learned to love were too inaccessible. So back to Bristol he goes, and the rose-embowered cottage knows him no more forever.

It is very true that man lives not by bread alone; still it is no less true that without bread he can not live at all. Such schemes of intellectual activity did Coleridge then, as ever after, form! It was in these days that he once showed to his friend Cottle that leaf from his pocket book upon which he had written down a list of the works he had then determined to write. Eighteen of them in all, a number to be in quarto; and first and foremost the great work; not that "Great Work" which for a score of years he was so fond of promising his friends and disciples—nor yet that other "Great Work" of "Imitations," of which he elsewhere speaks—but a work on the darling scheme of "Pantisocracy." Eighteen works at once! Yet no one who listened to his inspired conversation, could doubt that that wonderful mind was amply furnished with materials for them all. At any evening, over a steaming pot of "egg-hot" with pipes of "Oroonoko," he would talk half a volume.

Yet conversation, though as wonderful as that of Coleridge, will not furnish the arms with which the battle of life is to be waged. Of the eighteen works not one gets to the pen's point, to say nothing of type and press. The poetry at one and a half guinea the hundred lines, is not forthcoming. But something must be done. Coleridge projects a monthly publication to be called the Watchman, embracing the characteristics of a Register, Review, and Newspaper; and he sets off to canvass for subscribers; combining with the character of agent that of preacher. He is at that time an undoubting Socinian; and the holders of that faith wish to see him an occupant of their pulpit, for preachers of their doctrines are quite too few, owing, as we are told—we hope with a spice of exaggeration—to the fact that the greater number of the young men who commence the study of that form of doctrine, turn out infidels in the course of their studies. Coleridge canvasses and preaches, with rather indifferent success in both departments of exertion. The Watchman makes its appearance, but breaks down at the close of the tenth number. It does not pay expenses; and Mr. Cottle pockets the loss, without a murmur.

The glorious scheme of Pantisocracy does not in the meanwhile succeed well. The projectors of the new golden age have bickerings. Coleridge and Lovell meet without speaking like perfect strangers. Lovell thinks the marriage of his friend is hardly a prudent thing. Coleridge is outraged, and calls him a villain. Kind Mr. Cottle acts the part of peacemaker, and effects a reconciliation; and in good time too, for in a few days after, Lovell is attacked by a fever, and sets forth on the long voyage for the Silent Land. Mr. Southey also grows cold in the faith of Pantisocracy, and informs Coleridge that he has abandoned the scheme of American Colonization, and shall accompany his uncle to Portugal. Coleridge is wrathful, charges his associate with desertion, and they part in anger. When Southey returns, after an absence of a year, he makes overtures for a reconciliation. He sends to Coleridge a slip of paper upon which he has written in German, a line from Schiller: "Fiesco, Fiesco, thou leavest a void in my bosom, which the whole world, thrice-told, can not replace." The overture is accepted, and a reconciliation takes place, much to the joy of their friend Cottle. But the old terms of cordial intimacy appear never to have been fully re-established; and each goes on in his own separate path of life.

Upon the morning of his embarkation, Southey was privately married to his Edith. The ever-helpful Cottle furnished the means for paying the wedding fees and purchasing the wedding ring, and afterward received the young wife into his own loving household, as Southey long after, when he had won for himself a name and station, gratefully acknowledged. And the young wife, suspending her wedding ring from her neck, parts at the church door from her husband. This marriage under such untoward circumstances was no idle freak of passion. Southey knew that the delicate feelings of his beloved would shrink from receiving support from one not legally her husband; and besides he was assured that in the event of his death while abroad, the prejudices of his kindred would yield to the anguish of affection, and they would love and cherish his widow on account of the dead husband. The union consummated under such ill auspices proved the joy of the poet's life. For more than forty years Edith proved herself a true helpmate, through joy and through sorrow.

In these days another poet is added to the list of Mr. Cottle's friends. He is a tall, quiet, self-composed young man with a countenance indicative of calm contemplation, rather than of genius. He has already published a couple of small volumes of poetry; and is now meditating another volume of poems, and a tragedy of which Coleridge speaks in terms of enthusiastic admiration. It is wonderful; there are touches of humanity in it which he finds three or four times in Schiller, often in Shakspeare, but not elsewhere. He has moreover written twelve hundred lines of blank verse superior to any thing in the language which at all resembles it. His name is Wordsworth.

Mr. Cottle desires to publish the "Lyrical Ballads" which Wordsworth has nearly ready for the press. If, his verses and epics notwithstanding, he is himself destitute of the true poetic fire, he can appreciate poetry; and he wisely thinks it will be no small credit to a provincial bookseller to introduce to the world three such poets as Coleridge, Southey, and

Wordsworth. The volume accordingly appears; but for any immediate honor which the author receives, he might as well have been a prophet. So slow is their sale that when, a few years after, the publisher upon retiring from business disposes of his copyrights, that of the Ballads is reckoned as of no value. Mr. Cottle thereupon requests the purchaser, the great London publisher Longman, to give it to him, that he may present it to the author. "You are quite welcome to it," replies the famous bibliopole.

The name of Charles Lamb now begins to be spoken among the circle of the friends of Mr. Cottle, though he is personally known only to Coleridge; for Lamb is a clerk in London, and is tied to his daily task at the desk of the India House. He had been a schoolfellow of Coleridge, and reverences him almost to idolatry. Slight in form, awkward in demeanor, and afflicted with an impediment in his speech, none as yet recognize in him one of the most genial spirits and delicate humorists of the time.

Few who listened to the quaint conceits and delicate fancies of Lamb, knew that he was endowed with a moral heroism which enabled him cheerfully to fulfill the sternest duties ever imposed upon man; that he was daily enacting a part in one of the deepest tragedies of human life; and that over him and his brooded a more unrelenting fate than that which in the old Greek drama overhung the doomed house of Atreus. He was now just entering upon manhood, and his scanty salary as a junior clerk was the chief support of his family. His father had fallen into a state of almost utter imbecility; his mother was afflicted with a disease which deprived her of the use of her limbs; and his sister, ten years older than himself, in addition to daily attendance and nightly watching with their mother, endeavored to add to their resources by needlework. There was a hereditary taint of insanity in the family, which had not long before developed itself in Charles Lamb. To Coleridge he writes, at this time: "I know not what suffering scenes you have gone through at Bristol. My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant passed very agreeably in a mad-house. I am somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one. But mad I was. It may convince you of my regard for you when I tell you that my head ran on you in my madness almost as much as on another person, who, I am inclined to think, was the more immediate cause of my temporary phrensy." A recurrence of these attacks was reasonably to have been anticipated. But any tendency to mental aberration was crushed by the weight of a great calamity which suddenly fell upon him, and by the pressure of the duties which it involved.

Those who in after years win their way to the friendship of Lamb are impressed by the anxious and yearning love which exists between him and his sister. They are all the world to each other. But it is fully a half century before any, save the most select few, know the nature of the mournful tie that binds them together. It was only when, a few years since, the death of the survivor removed the obstacles which tenderness for the living interposed, that the publication of Talfourd's "Final Memorials of Lamb" unvailed the mystery.

Mary Lamb, one of the gentlest and most loving souls that ever breathed, had more than once manifested the taint of insanity latent in her family. At the period of which we speak, in one of these paroxysms, induced by incessant toil and watchfulness, she had stabbed her own mother to the heart, and inflicted a wound upon her father. Lamb writes to Coleridge: "My poor, dear, dearest sister has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a mad-house, from whence I fear she must be removed to a hospital. I am very composed and calm, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write me as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me 'the former things are past away,' and I have something more to do than to feel. You look after your own family. I have my reason and strength left me to take care of mine. I charge you, don't think of coming to see me. Write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us." And again: "God be praised, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm, even on that dreadful day; even in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity not of despair. I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since."

Need enough was there that Lamb should possess his soul in calmness, for every thing rested upon him. So deeply had his father sunk into dotage that in a single day he had wholly forgotten what had occurred, and while the coroner's inquest was sitting, he was playing at cribbage in the next room. Lamb stands alone in the world to confront this terrible fate, and he does it unflinchingly. His dead are buried from his sight; his sister is removed to the asylum, where she soon recovers from the paroxysm of insanity, and rightly looks upon what has occurred as a calamity, not as a crime; but for her own and her father's sake she must not return home at present. From his scanty earnings the brother makes liberal provision for her wants, and himself toils at his desk till far into the night. When he comes home, faint and overwearied, he must play at cribbage with his father. "If you won't play with me, you might as well not come home at all," says the poor old man.

In the course of a few months, death relieves the father from his weary and unprofitable life, and Lamb resolves to bring his sister to his

home. This wish meets with opposition. It is hinted that she should be kept in perpetual confinement, for no assurance can be afforded against the return of her insanity. But Lamb persists, and by entering into a solemn engagement to take her for life under his charge, succeeds in effecting her release. And so, at the age of twenty-two, with an income of barely a hundred pounds, hardly won at the desk, he binds upon himself the cross of daily martyrdom, crushes within his heart the germs of a first love, and sets out upon the long pilgrimage of life, a man foredoomed to lone estate. How nobly and unflinchingly this self-imposed task was fulfilled, and what a rich return of love was given back to him, the Life of Lamb, as recorded by his loving biographer, may inform us. For almost half a century this unwearied care was continued; and as the fortunes of the brother improved, his first solicitude was to make provision that in the event of her surviving him, as she did for many years, her comfort should be secured. To the lasting honor of the East India Company, in whose service he was, be it recorded, that upon his death the pension which according to their rules would have been paid to his widow, had he left one, was continued to his sister.

The paroxysms of insanity of his sister returned through life with increasing frequency and duration. It is impossible to read with dry eyes, in his published letters, the touching allusions to her illness, and the fervent prayers for her recovery, when we know that these illnesses were returns of her insanity. The recurrences of these paroxysms were forewarned by certain premonitory symptoms, which grew to be too well known. When these symptoms made their appearance, the sister took her way, accompanied by her brother, to the mad-house, where she remained till the madness had passed, when she again returned to their home. More than once were they seen together on their way in this touching pilgrimage.

Coleridge at this period passed some time in London, and Lamb's chief delight was in his conversation; when he returns to the country the lonely clerk writes to him the most touching expressions of love and homage: "You are the only correspondent, and, I might add, the only friend I have in the world. I go nowhere, and have no acquaintance. Slow of speech and reserved of manners, no one seeks or cares for my society, and I am left alone." Poor Lamb!

By-and-by Coleridge proposes that a few poems which Lamb has written should be printed in a volume with his own, to be published by the kindly Cottle. This is acceded to, and Lamb inscribes his portion "with all a brother's fondness to Mary Ann Lamb, the Author's best Friend and Sister."

Let us now overleap a score of years, and look again upon the fair brotherhood of poets. Southey has long ago taken up his residence in his beautiful home at Keswick, where he labors as diligently and persistently with his pen as does any laborer in broad England with spade or hammer. Yet he is changed. The Robert Southey of the olden time, the man of high hopes and brilliant aspirations, is dead. The poetical fire has burnt itself out. The verse which he will yet write compares sadly with the productions of his youth: with "Joan of Arc" and "Madoc," with the wonderful creation of "Thalaba" and the gorgeous Oriental splendor of the "Curse of Kehama." Instead of these he produces the feeble "Vision of Judgment," an apotheosis of the third and most stupid of the Georges. The Pantisocrat has subsided into the strict Conservative and rigid Churchman. The author of "Wat Tyler" has grown into a firm upholder of the powers that be; and, for the rest, is one of the main writers for the Ultra-Tory Quarterly Review.

Wordsworth has calmly and conscientiously fathomed his own powers; and from his still retreat among the lakes has sent forth to the world those poems which, falling at first unheeded, have now, like the winged seed, sprung up into so glorious a harvest of renown. The "Excursion" has just made its appearance. The Edinburgh Review has oracularly pronounced that it will never do. But the critic might as well attempt to crush the Alps by stamping his foot upon them, as to crush that poem by a sneer. Unmoved alike by calumny or neglect, the great philosophical poet goes serenely on his way, confident of future fame. He asks "fit audience though few" for his strains, and gains far more than he asks.

This year, 1816, marks the darkest period in the life of Coleridge. That wonderful genius which, in its youth, had created the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," which in its glorious prime had given birth to the solemn "Ode to the departing Year," and the sublime "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouny;" which had reproduced the great work of Schiller's manhood so grandly that we know not which most to admire, the original or the translation; which had uttered the serene and stately wisdom of the "Friend;" which had apparently swept the circle of metaphysical inquiry, and flung a bridge of light across the abysses of "fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute:" that genius which had done all this, and which had shown itself adequate to achievements far higher than any or all of these, was now suffering under disastrous eclipse. This year is the crisis and culminating point of Coleridge's opium-eating.

Biography has few pages so mournful as those which relate this passage in the life of Coleridge. Cottle, who has for years lost sight of his early friend, learned a couple of years ago that he would soon make his appearance at Bristol as an itinerant lecturer. When he comes, the fearful state to which he is reduced becomes apparent. Most earnestly does Cottle remonstrate with him, urging him to abandon the pernicious habit, and to return to that family whom for years he has utterly abandoned.

What a depth of tragedy lies in Coleridge's letters on this subject. "For ten years," he says, "the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my guilt worse. I have prayed with drops of agony on my brow, trembling not only before the justice of my God, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer." Try to abstain from the use of the drug! He has tried, till life itself has seemed to him at peril. Could he but obtain a paltry sum of money to maintain him in a private mad-house how gladly would he add external restraint to his shattered will, and then there might be hope. For his disorder is madness, a derangement not of the intellect but of the will. You bid me rouse myself, he says; "Go bid a man paralytic in both arms to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. 'Alas!' he would reply, 'that I can not move my arms is my complaint and my misery.' May God bless you, and your unfortunate and most miserable S. T. Coleridge." Again: "You have no conception of the dreadful hell of my mind, and conscience, and body. You bid me to pray. Oh, I do pray to be able to pray." . . . "I have resolved to place myself in any situation in which I can remain for a month or two, as a child, wholly in the power of others; but alas, I have no money;" and then follow entreaties that this old schoolfellow and that other "affectionate friend to worthless me," would consult together on his behalf. Does not this exceed in tragic pathos the spectacle of Swift in his old age of madness? Swift was mad, but unconscious of his fate. Coleridge was a conscious, remorseful madman, praying for the restraint of an asylum.

Southey's narrower but well-balanced mind can not comprehend this state of Coleridge. He is not a proper object for charitable aid; he can work, and find profitable employment, if he will "I work and by my daily labor win bread for myself and those dependent upon me, including even the wife and children of Coleridge, who has absolutely forsaken them. He promises, but does nothing. New friends may perhaps aid him with money, but those who know him well know his habits. All that he needs is to leave off opium, and do his duty." Yes! All that a man dying of consumption needs, is to breathe deeply and freely—all that a lunatic needs, is to act sanely! It is useless and worse than useless, he thinks, to supply Coleridge with money to expend himself. But let him come to him and his own family at Keswick. "Here he ought to be. He knows in what manner he would be received: by his children with joy; by his wife not with tears, if she can control them—certainly not with reproaches; by myself only with encouragement."

In this sad wreck of the vital power of the will, it is not strange that the moral nature of Coleridge in a measure participated. While throwing himself on the charity of his old friends, professing, and doubtless feeling, the deepest anxiety to reform, he was secretly and by stealth procuring the drug, whose use was both consequence and cause of his ruin. What a mournful letter is that to a friend whom he had thus deceived: "Dear sir—for I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused; accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness and for your prayers. Conceive a poor miserable wretch who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for any good man to have. . . . . In the one crime of Opium what crime have I not made myself guilty of. Ingratitude to my Maker, and to my benefactors—injustice and unnatural cruelty to my poor children—self-contempt for my repeated promise-breach; nay too often, actual falsehood."

Alas that the great philosopher should have occasion to write as a mendicant to his old friend; to lay bare his distress, his poverty. Can Mr. Cottle advance him thirty or forty pounds on the pledge of his manuscripts? He has already enough poems to make an additional volume; besides, what few or none have ever seen, a series of Odes on the Lord's Prayer; and more than all, he has the materials all collected for the Great Work, "Christianity considered as Philosophy, and as the only Philosophy." He has all the materials collected, and in no small part reduced to form, and written out; but how can he complete the work? what can he do when he is so poor, when he must turn momently from those high themes to scribble for daily bread—and alas that it should be so, for daily opium, though of that he says nothing. He is five and twenty pounds in debt, his expenses are fifty shillings a week—and he never in his life had fifty pounds beforehand; not even when young De Quincey (afterward to be known as "The Opium Eater,") years ago, presented him with three hundred pounds—all was forestalled. Can his old friend Cottle assist him, for he would rather die than be subject as a slave to a club of subscribers to his poverty?

No: Mr. Cottle for the first time refuses to advance the required amount of money—he knows where that poor man's money must go to, who uses from two to three quarts of laudanum weekly. All he dares do is to send him five pounds. Three days after the date of the last letter, and before the answer has been received, Coleridge writes still more piteously. He has exhausted the slender resources of the friends whose hospitality he has enjoyed. He has humbled himself to ask the assistance of four or five of his old associates and friends. If he succeeds, he will try to earn his daily bread by receiving or waiting on day-pupils: but even for this he can not wait without some assistance to meet his immediate and pressing neces-

sities. If he succeeds in obtaining that, he will take cheap lodgings somewhere, and will receive or wait on twenty pupils, partly children and partly those more advanced in years. The children he will instruct in the elements of the English, Latin, and Greek languages; the elder pupils he will instruct upon a systematic plan of general knowledge. So many hours each day and evening he will devote to his pupils. To these, or any other merely mechanical duties, he is sure he can attend with the strictest regularity. But composition is no voluntary business. The fact that he must do a thing robs him of the power to do it. Had he only possessed a competency he should have been a voluminous writer. As for the pupils, he thinks that fifteen pounds a year from each would not be more than he might venture to ask. Excluding holidays and vacations, this would amount to little more than a paltry shilling a day. What a spectacle for gods and men! The mightiest, the most gifted, the most richly stored intellect of the time—scarcely equaled in any or all time—looking forward with trembling hope to a lowly lodging, and the duties of the humblest usher, at a shilling a day for each pupil. This sad letter is the last that Coleridge ever addressed to his old friend, Mr. Cottle. It bears date March 10, 1815.

How the next year past we know not, but in the spring of 1816 Coleridge made his state known to an eminent London physician. The physician writes to a brother in the profession, Mr. Gillman of Highgate, that a very learned, but in one respect very unfortunate gentleman has made a singular application to him. He has for many years made use of large quantities of opium; he has for some time endeavored to break off the habit, but his friends have not sufficient firmness to absolutely prevent him from obtaining the drug. He wishes to put himself under the control of some medical man who will firmly refuse to allow him to use it. The unfortunate gentleman is possessed of a very communicative disposition, and his society will be found interesting and useful. Will Mr. Gillman undertake the charge? Mr. Gillman consents, and in April, 1816, Coleridge becomes an inmate of his family, a dear friend and honored guest for nineteen years.

Coleridge was now but four-and-forty; in the very prime of life. Thanks to the care of his new friends, the fearful habit which had acquired such power over him was overcome; and the world might still hope that the bright promise held out by the "logician, metaphysician, bard," would yet be fulfilled. But though the weapon had been withdrawn, the infixed barb remained behind. Physical agony, incapacity for continuous mental exertion or resolute effort, were his portion daily and nightly. His life's work was done. A mighty work it was, in itself considered, for he has stamped his own impress upon the thought of his age; and given form and color to the rising literature of his own country, and still more to that of ours. But what he has accomplished is almost nothing when measured by the capacities which lay within him, or by the plans of his early manhood, in the "bright dayspring of his fancy, with hope like a fiery column before him—the dark pillar not yet turned." The seven volumes of his Works, which have been first brought together upon our side of the Atlantic, comprise the direct results of his intellectual life. Few and scanty are those which were produced after the close of his forty-fifth year. The "Aids to Reflection," a short tract or two, a few brief and tender verses, such as the "Lines suggested by the Last Words of Berengarius," the "Blossoming of the Solitary Date Tree," "Work without Hope," "Love, Hope, and Patience in Education"—all most touching as exponents of his own states of mind—are the sum of what the world has to show of the last seventeen years of the life of the most profound genius of his age. Of the last ten years of this life, not as many pages exist. These four lines, intended as an "Inscription for a Time-piece," are probably the last he ever wrote:

> Now!—it is gone. Our brief hours travel post,
> Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How:—
> But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
> To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!

What Coleridge wrote of himself long years before was true retrospectively; but an added emphasis of truth lay therein prophetically enfolded:

> "..... past youth, and manhood come in vain;
> And genius given, and knowledge won in vain,
> And all which I had won in wood-walks wild,
> And all which patient toil had reared—but flowers
> Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
> In the same coffin, for the selfsame grave."

Yet he still discoursed of that "Great Work," which was to be the crown and complement of his intellectual life. But three years before his death he penned that solemn prayer, closing with the petition: "If the purpose and aspiration of my heart be upright before Thee, who alone knowest the heart of man, oh, in Thy mercy vouchsafe me yet in this my decay of life an interval of ease and strength, if so—thy grace disposing and assisting—I may make compensation to thy church for the unused talents thou hast entrusted to me, for the neglected opportunities which thy loving kindness had provided. Oh, let me be found a laborer in thy vineyard, though of the late hour, when the Lord and Heir of the vintage, Christ Jesus, calleth for his servant." His friends and admirers still hoped that the Great Work would be put forth—a work which should be a possession to mankind forevermore. But of it no trace or fragment exists. Yet the absolute powers of Coleridge's intellect were unimpaired. The abode of the worthy Gillman became a Mecca to which year after year thronged the young and the enthusiastic, the earnest and the hopeful, to listen to his marvelous discourse. From these high colloquies they returned bearing away precious and weighty fragments of

thought, as travelers gather richly sculptured marbles and mutilated statuary from the ruined temples of antiquity—fragments indeed, but more valuable than the unbroken works of later ages. So passed away the swift years, until the 25th July, 1834, when

> ". . . . . every mortal power of Coleridge
> Was frozen at its marvelous source."

He had written his own epitaph in these words:

> "Stop, Christian passer by: stop, child of God,
> And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
> A poet lies, or that which once seemed he.
> Oh, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.
> That he who many a year with toil of breath
> Found death in life, may here find life in death.
> Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame,
> He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."

Requiescat in pace. Lamb mourned the death of his early friend with intense sorrow. "Coleridge is dead," he would break forth at intervals. But in a little more than two years his lonely pilgrimage closed, and he was summoned to pass the portals of the Silent Land.

Still a few years longer, and the overtasked brain of Southey began to give way. Memory grew feeble, and his recollection of things receded farther and farther toward the days of his childhood. His conversation grew wandering and unconnected. Slowly and reluctantly he ceased from his wonted labors, dreaming, long after the power of execution was extinct, of completing his unfinished works, and ever planning new ones. He ceased to write; but still continued mechanically to read, after the faculty of comprehension had gone; and when unable to read even, he still loved to wander vacantly among the long files of his beloved volumes, gazing dreamily at them. Thus for three years the vail grew closer and darker, until the closing year, during which all knowledge of outward things seemed to have vanished. So it was with joy rather than sorrow that on the 21st day of March, 1843, his loving friends saw the thread of life loosed, and knew that he had passed from the darkness of this world into the brightness of the Life Beyond.

Among the few who followed the remains of Southey to the grave, was a calm-eyed man whose tall form was scarcely bent by the weight of more than three-score years and ten. It was Wordsworth, who had walked over the hills that wild and stormy March morning, in reverence for an unbroken friendship of half a century.

Yet a few years more, and he, the greatest—greatest in performance, though not greatest in capability—the eldest-born of that great triumvirate of poets, and the survivor of them all, having rounded the full circle of four-score years, joined on the 23d of April, 1850, the still throng of the Immortals.

As we write these concluding lines, intelligence comes to us across the Atlantic, that Mr. Cottle, the firm and faithful friend of Coleridge, and Southey, and Wordsworth, and Lamb, has rejoined their companionship beyond the portals of time.

THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

ON a green knoll, in yonder field of graves,
Where the rank grass o'er mound and tablet waves,
A granite shaft allures the vagrant eye
To where the ashes of a hero lie.
This briny air, in its perennial sweep,
Nerved his young frame to conquer on the deep;
Around these shores, a boy, with sportive ease,
He trimmed his shallop to the wayward breeze;
A fearless athlete, in his summer play,
He clove the surf of this unrivaled bay;
Trod the lone cliff where storm-lashed billows roll,
To see the rocks their baffled rage control,
Or watch their serried ranks majestic pour
A ceaseless tribute on his native shore;
The snowy fringes on each leaping surge,
Like victors' wreaths, heroic purpose urge;
In their wild roar the deadly charge he hears,
Feels in their spray a nation's grateful tears;
The mellow sunsets, whose emblazoned crest
With purple radiance flushes all the west,
Like glory's banner, to his vision spread,
To guide the living, consecrate the dead!

His boyhood thus by winds and waves beguiled,
Here Nature cradled her intrepid child;
Won his clear gaze to scan the horizon wall,
His heart with ocean's heart to rise and fall,
His ear to drink the music of the gale,
His pulse to leap with the careering sail,
His brow the landscape's open look to wear,
His eye to freshen in this crystal air;
Braced by her rigors, melted by her smile,
She reared the hero of her peerless isle.

Then went he forth—not like a knight of old,
Armed at all points, with veterans enrolled,
But in the strength of a devoted will,
A martyr's patience and a patriot's skill:
No fleet was his whose guns and pennons bore
The tested might of conquests won of yore;
The trees whose shadow played o'er Erie's wave,
Were felled and launched—a rampart for the brave;
The oak that stretched its leafy branches there,
And dallied lightly with the autumn air,
One morn, a sturdy bulwark of the free,
Floated the empress of that inland sea!
No gray survivors of the battle's wreck
Manned the rude ports of her unpolished deck;
Destined to grapple with a practiced foe,
The will to fight is all her champions know.

Sublime the pause when down the gleaming tide,
The virgin galleys to the conflict glide;
The very wind, as if in awe or grief,
Scarce wakes a ripple, or disturbs a leaf;
The lighted brand, the piles of iron hail,
The boatswain's whistle and the fluttering sail,
The thick-strewn sand beneath their noiseless tread,
To drink the gallant blood as yet unshed,
The long-drawn breath, the glance of mutual cheer,
Eager with hope, oblivious of fear,
Valor's stern mood, affection's pensive sigh,
Alone declare relentless havoc nigh.
Behold her chieftain's glad, prophetic smile,
As a new banner he unrolls the while;
Hear the gay shout of his elated crew
When the dear watchword hovers to their view,
And Lawrence, silent in the arms of death,
Bequeaths defiance with his latest breath.[1]

Why to one point turns every graceful prow?
What scares the eagle from his lonely bough?

A bugle note far through the welkin rings,
From ship to ship its airy challenge flings;
Then round each hull the murky war clouds loom,
Her lightnings glare, her sullen thunders boom;
Peal follows peal, and with each lurid flash,
The tall masts shiver and the bulwarks crash;
The shrouds hang loose, the decks are wet with gore,
And dying shrieks resound along the shore;
As fall the bleeding victims, one by one,
Their messmates rally to the smoking gun,
As the maimed forms are sadly borne away
From the fierce carnage of that murderous fray,
A fitful joy lights up each drooping eye
To see the starry banner floating high,
Or mark their unharmed leader's dauntless air
(His life enfolded in his loved-one's prayer).[2]
Pity and high resolve his bosom rend,
'Not o'er *my* head shall that bright flag descend!'
With brief monition, from the hulk he springs,
To a fresh deck his rapid transit wings,
Back to the strife exultant shapes his way,
Again to test the fortunes of the day:

As bears the noble consort slowly down,
Portentous now her teeming cannon frown;
List to the volleys that incessant break
The ancient silence of that border lake!
As lifts the smoke, what tongue can fitly tell
The transports which those manly bosoms swell,
When Britain's ensign down the reeling mast
Sinks to proclaim the desperate struggle past!
Electric cheers along the shattered fleet,
With rapturous hail, her youthful hero greet;
Meek in his triumph, as in danger calm,
With reverent hand he takes the victor's palm;
His wreath of conquest on Faith's altar lays,[3]
To his brave comrades yields the meed of praise;
With mercy's balm allays the captive's woe,
And wrings oblation from his vanquished foe!

While Erie's currents lave her winding shore
Or down the crags a rushing torrent pour,
While floats Columbia's standard to the breeze,
No blight shall wither laurels such as these!

[1] Just before the action a flag, with the motto—"Don't give up the ship!" was hoisted.
[2] Perry said, after his miraculous escape, that he owed his life to his wife's prayers.
[3] "It has pleased the Almighty to grant to the arms of the United States a signal victory." &c.—*Perry's Dispatch.*

NEWPORT, R.I., *Sept.* 10, 1853.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

OR, THE CROWING OF THE NOBLE COCK BENEVENTANO.

IN all parts of the world many high-spirited revolts from rascally despotisms had of late been knocked on the head; many dreadful casualties, by locomotive and steamer, had likewise knocked hundreds of high-spirited travelers on the head (I lost a dear friend in one of them); my own private affairs were also full of despotisms, casualties, and knockings on the head, when early one morning in Spring, being too full of hypoes to sleep, I sallied out to walk on my hill-side pasture.

It was a cool and misty, damp, disagreeable air. The country looked underdone, its raw juices squirting out all round. I buttoned out this squitchy air as well as I could with my lean, double-breasted dress-coat—my over-coat being so long-skirted I only used it in my wagon—and spitefully thrusting my crab-stick into the oozy sod, bent my blue form to the steep ascent of the hill. This toiling posture brought my head pretty well earthward, as if I were in the act of butting it against the world. I marked the fact, but only grinned at it with a ghastly grin.

All round me were tokens of a divided empire. The old grass and the new grass were striving together. In the low wet swales the verdure peeped out in vivid green; beyond, on the mountains, lay light patches of snow, strangely relieved against their russet sides; all the humped hills looked like brindled kine in the shivers. The woods were strewn with dry dead boughs, snapped off by the riotous winds of March, while the young trees skirting the woods were just beginning to show the first yellowish tinge of the nascent spray.

I sat down for a moment on a great rotting log nigh the top of the hill, my back to a heavy grove, my face presented toward a wide sweeping circuit of mountains enclosing a rolling, diversified country. Along the base of one long range of heights ran a lagging, fever-and-agueish river, over which was a duplicate stream of dripping mist, exactly corresponding in every meander with its parent water below. Low down, here and there, shreds of vapor listlessly wandered in the air, like abandoned or helmless nations or ships—or very soaky towels hung on criss-cross clothes-lines to dry. Afar, over a distant village lying in a bay of the plain formed by the mountains, there rested a great flat canopy of haze, like a pall. It was the condensed smoke of the chimneys, with the condensed, exhaled breath of the villagers, prevented from dispersion by the imprisoning hills. It was too heavy and lifeless to mount of itself; so there it lay, between the village and the sky, doubtless hiding many a man with the mumps, and many a queasy child.

My eye ranged over the capacious rolling country, and over the mountains, and over the village, and over a farm-house here and there, and over woods, groves, streams, rocks, fells—and I thought to myself, what a slight mark, after all, does man make on this huge great earth. Yet the earth makes a mark on him. What a horrid accident was that on the Ohio, where my good friend and thirty other good fellows were sloped into eternity at the bidding of a thick-headed engineer, who knew not a valve from a flue. And that crash on the railroad just over yon mountains there, where two infatuate trains ran pell-mell into each other, and climbed and clawed each other's backs; and one locomotive was found fairly shelled, like a chick, inside of a passenger car in the antagonist train; and near a score of noble hearts, a bride and her groom, and an innocent little infant, were all disembarked into the grim hulk of Charon, who ferried them over, all baggageless, to some clinkered iron-foundry country or other. Yet

what's the use of complaining? What justice of the peace will right this matter? Yea, what's the use of bothering the very heavens about it? Don't the heavens themselves ordain these things—else they could not happen?

A miserable world! Who would take the trouble to make a fortune in it, when he knows not how long he can keep it, for the thousand villains and asses who have the management of railroads and steamboats, and innumerable other vital things in the world. If they would make me Dictator in North America a while, I'd string them up! and hang, draw, and quarter; fry, roast, and boil; stew, grill, and devil them, like so many turkey-legs—the rascally numskulls of stokers; I'd set them to stokering in Tartarus—I would.

Great improvements of the age! What! to call the facilitation of death and murder an improvement! Who wants to travel so fast? My grandfather did not, and he was no fool. Hark! here comes that old dragon again—that gigantic gad-fly of a Moloch—snort! puff! scream!—here he comes straight-bent through these vernal woods, like the Asiatic cholera cantering on a camel. Stand aside! here he comes, the chartered murderer! the death monopolizer! judge, jury, and hangman all together, whose victims die always without benefit of clergy. For two hundred and fifty miles that iron fiend goes yelling through the land, crying "More! more! more!" Would fifty conspiring mountains would fall atop of him! And, while they were about it, would they would also fall atop of that smaller dunning fiend, my creditor, who frightens the life out of me more than any locomotive—a lantern-jawed rascal, who seems to run on a railroad track too, and duns me even on Sunday, all the way to church and back, and comes and sits in the same pew with me, and pretending to be polite and hand me the prayer-book opened at the proper place, pokes his pesky bill under my nose in the very midst of my devotions, and so shoves himself between me and salvation; for how can one keep his temper on such occasions?

I can't pay this horrid man; and yet they say money was never so plentiful—a drug in the market; but blame me if I can get any of the drug, though there never was a sick man more in need of that particular sort of medicine. It's a lie; money ain't plenty—feel of my pocket. Ha! here'a powder I was going to send to the sick baby in yonder hovel, where the Irish ditcher lives. That baby has the scarlet fever. They say the measles are rife in the country too, and the varioloid, and the chicken-pox, and it's bad for teething children. And after all, I suppose many of the poor little ones, after going through all this trouble, snap off short; and so they had the measles, mumps, croup, scarlet-fever, chicken-pox, cholera-morbus, summer-complaint, and all else, in vain! Ah! there's that twinge of the rheumatics in my right shoulder. I got it one night on the North River, when, in a crowded boat, I gave up my berth to a sick lady, and staid on deck till morning in drizzling weather. There's the thanks one gets for charity! Twinge! Shoot away, ye rheumatics! Ye couldn't lay on worse if I were some villain who had murdered the lady instead of befriending her. Dyspepsia too—I am troubled with that.

Hallo! here come the calves, the two-year-olds, just turned out of the barn into the pasture, after six months of cold victuals. What a miserable-looking set, to be sure! A breaking up of a hard winter, that's certain: sharp bones sticking out like elbows; all quilted with a strange stuff dried on their flanks like layers of pancakes. Hair worn quite off too, here and there; and where it ain't pancaked, or worn off, looks like the rubbed sides of mangy old hair-trunks. In fact, they are not six two-year-olds, but six abominable old hair-trunks wandering about here in this pasture.

Hark! By Jove, what's that? See! the very hair-trunks prick their ears at it, and stand and gaze away down into the rolling country yonder. Hark again! How clear! how musical! how prolonged! What a triumphant thanksgiving of a cock-crow! "*Glory be to God in the highest!*" It says those very words as plain as ever cock did in this world. Why, why, I begin to feel a little in sorts again. It ain't so very misty, after all. The sun yonder is beginning to show himself: I feel warmer.

Hark! There again! Did ever such a blessed cock-crow so ring out over the earth before! Clear, shrill, full of pluck, full of fire, full of fun, full of glee. It plainly says—"*Never say die!*" My friends, it is extraordinary is it not?

Unwittingly, I found that I had been addressing the two-year-olds—the calves—in my enthusiasm; which shows how one's true nature will betray itself at times in the most unconscious way. For what a very two-year-old, and calf, I had been to fall into the sulks, on a hill-top too, when a cock down in the lowlands there, without discourse of reason, and quite penniless in the world, and with death hanging over him at any moment from his hungry master, sends up a cry like a very laureate celebrating the glorious victory of New Orleans.

Hark! there it goes again! My friends, that must be a Shanghai; no domestic-born cock could crow in such prodigious exulting strains. Plainly, my friends, a Shanghai of the Emperor of China's breed.

But my friends the hair-trunks, fairly alarmed at last by such clamorously-victorious tones, were now scampering off, with their tails flirting in the air, and capering with their legs in clumsy enough sort of style, sufficiently evincing that they had not freely flourished them for the six months last past.

Hark! there again! Whose cock is that? Who in this region can afford to buy such an extraordinary Shanghai? Bless me—it makes my blood bound—I feel wild. What? jumping on this rotten old log here, to flap my elbows and crow too? And just now in the doleful

dumps. And all this from the simple crow of a cock. Marvelous cock! But soft—this fellow now crows most lustily; but it's only morning; let's see how he'll crow about noon, and toward night-fall. Come to think of it, cocks crow mostly in the beginning of the day. Their pluck ain't lasting, after all. Yes, yes; even cocks have to succumb to the universal spell of tribulation: jubilant in the beginning, but down in the mouth at the end.

. . . . "Of fine mornings,
We fine lusty cocks begin our crows in gladness;
But when eve does come we don't crow quite so much,
For then cometh despondency and madness."

The poet had this very Shanghai in his mind when he wrote that. But stop. There he rings out again, ten times richer, fuller, longer, more obstreperously exulting than before! Why this is equal to hearing the great bell of St. Paul's rung at a coronation! In fact, that bell ought to be taken down, and this Shanghai put in its place. Such a crow would jollify all London, from Mile-End (which is no end) to Primrose Hill (where there ain't any primroses), and scatter the fog.

Well, I have an appetite for my breakfast this morning, if I have not had it for a week before. I meant to have only tea and toast; but I'll have coffee and eggs—no, brown-stout and a beef-steak. I want something hearty. Ah, here comes the down-train: white cars, flashing through the trees like a vein of silver. How cheerfully the steam-pipe chirps! Gay are the passengers. There waves a handkerchief—going down to the city to eat oysters, and see their friends, and drop in at the circus. Look at the mist yonder; what soft curls and undulations round the hills, and the sun weaving his rays among them. See the azure smoke of the village, like the azure tester over a bridal-bed. How bright the country looks there where the river overflowed the meadows. The old grass has to knock under to the new. Well, I feel the better for this walk. Home now, and walk into that steak and crack that bottle of brown-stout; and by the time that's drank—a quart of stout—by that time, I shall feel about as stout as Samson. Come to think of it, that dun may call, though. I'll just visit the woods and cut a club. I'll club him, by Jove, if he duns me this day.

Hark! there goes Shanghai again. Shanghai says, "Bravo!" Shanghai says, "Club him!"

Oh, brave cock!

I felt in rare spirits the whole morning. The dun called about eleven. I had the boy Jake send the dun up. I was reading Tristam Shandy, and could not go down under the circumstances. The lean rascal (a lean farmer, too—think of that!) entered, and found me seated in an arm-chair, with my feet on the table, and the second bottle of brown-stout handy, and the book under eye.

"Sit down," said I; "I'll finish this chapter, and then attend to you. Fine morning. Ha! ha!—this is a fine joke about my Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman! Ha! ha! ha! let me read this to you."

"I have no time; I've got my noon *chores* to do."

"To the deuce with your *chores!*" said I. "Don't drop your old tobacco about here, or I'll turn you out."

"Sir!"

"Let me read you this about the Widow Wadman. Said the Widow Wadman—"

"There's my bill, sir."

"Very good. Just twist it up, will you;—it's about my smoking-time; and hand a coal, will you, from the hearth yonder!"

"My bill, sir!" said the rascal, turning pale with rage and amazement at my unwonted air (formerly I had always dodged him with a pale face), but too prudent as yet to betray the extremity of his astonishment. "My bill, sir!"—and he stiffly poked it at me.

"My friend," said I, "what a charming morning! How sweet the country looks! Pray, did you hear that extraordinary cock-crow this morning? Take a glass of my stout!"

"*Yours?* First pay your debts before you offer folks *your* stout!"

"You think, then, that, properly speaking, I have no *stout*," said I, deliberately rising. "I'll undeceive you. I'll show you stout of a superior brand to Barclay and Perkins."

Without more ado, I seized that insolent dun by the slack of his coat—(and, being a lean, shad-bellied wretch, there was plenty of slack to it)—I seized him that way, tied him with a sailor-knot, and, thrusting his bill between his teeth, introduced him to the open country lying round about my place of abode.

"Jake," said I, "you'll find a sack of blue-nosed potatoes lying under the shed. Drag it here, and pelt this pauper away: he's been begging pence of me, and I know he can work, but he's lazy. Pelt him away, Jake!"

Bless my stars, what a crow! Shanghai sent up such a perfect pæan and *laudamus*—such a trumpet-blast of triumph, that my soul fairly snorted in me. Duns!—I could have fought an army of them! Plainly, Shanghai was of the opinion that duns only came into the world to be kicked, hanged, bruised, battered, choked, walloped, hammered, drowned, clubbed!

Returning in-doors, when the exultation of my victory over the dun had a little subsided, I fell to musing over the mysterious Shanghai. I had no idea I would hear him so nigh my house. I wondered from what rich gentleman's yard he crowed. Nor had he cut short his crows so easily as I had supposed he would. This Shanghai crowed till mid-day, at least. Would he keep a-crowing all day? I resolved to learn. Again I ascended the hill. The whole country was now bathed in a rejoicing sunlight. The warm verdure was bursting all round me. Teams were a-field. Birds, newly arrived from the South, were blithely singing in the air. Even the crows cawed with a certain

unction, and seemed a shade or two less black than usual.

Hark! there goes the cock! How shall I describe the crow of the Shanghai at noon-tide? His sun-rise crow was a whisper to it. It was the loudest, longest, and most strangely-musical crow that ever amazed mortal man. I had heard plenty of cock-crows before, and many fine ones; —but this one! so smooth and flute-like in its very clamor—so self-possessed in its very rapture of exultation—so vast, mounting, swelling, soaring, as if spurted out from a golden throat, thrown far back. Nor did it sound like the foolish, vain-glorious crow of some young sophomorean cock, who knew not the world, and was beginning life in audacious gay spirits, because in wretched ignorance of what might be to come. It was the crow of a cock who crowed not without advice; the crow of a cock who knew a thing or two; the crow of a cock who had fought the world and got the better of it, and was now resolved to crow, though the earth should heave and the heavens should fall. It was a wise crow; an invincible crow; a philosophic crow; a crow of all crows.

I returned home once more full of reinvigorated spirits, with a dauntless sort of feeling. I thought over my debts and other troubles, and over the unlucky risings of the poor oppressed *peoples* abroad, and over the railroad and steamboat accidents, and over even the loss of my dear friend, with a calm, good-natured rapture of defiance, which astounded myself. I felt as though I could meet Death, and invite him to dinner, and toast the Catacombs with him, in pure overflow of self-reliance and a sense of universal security.

Toward evening I went up to the hill once more to find whether, indeed, the glorious cock would prove game even from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof. Talk of Vespers or Curfew!—the evening crow of the cock went out of his mighty throat all over the land and inhabited it, like Xerxes from the East with his double-winged host. It was miraculous. Bless me, what a crow! The cock went game to roost that night, depend upon it, victorious over the entire day, and bequeathing the echoes of his thousand crows to night.

After an unwontedly sound, refreshing sleep I rose early, feeling like a carriage-spring—light—elliptical—airy—buoyant as sturgeon-nose—and, like a foot-ball, bounded up the hill. Hark! Shanghai was up before me. The early bird that caught the worm—crowing like a bugle worked by an engine—lusty, loud, all jubilation. From the scattered farm-houses a multitude of other cocks were crowing, and replying to each other's crows. But they were as flageolets to a trombone. Shanghai would suddenly break in, and overwhelm all their crows with his one domineering blast. He seemed to have nothing to do with any other concern. He replied to no other crow, but crowed solely by himself, on his own account, in solitary scorn and independence.

Oh, brave cock!—oh, noble Shanghai!—oh, bird rightly offered up by the invincible Socrates, in testimony of his final victory over life.

As I live, thought I, this blessed day will I go and seek out the Shanghai, and buy him, if I have to clap another mortgage on my land.

I listened attentively now, striving to mark from what direction the crow came. But it so charged and replenished, and made bountiful and overflowing all the air, that it was impossible to say from what precise point the exultation came. All that I could decide upon was this: the crow came from out of the East, and not from out of the West. I then considered with myself how far a cock-crow might be heard. In this still country, shut in, too, by mountains, sounds were audible at great distances. Besides, the undulations of the land, the abuttings of the mountains into the rolling hill and valley below, produced strange echoes, and reverberations, and multiplications, and accumulations of resonance, very remarkable to hear, and very puzzling to think of. Where lurked this valiant Shanghai—this bird of cheerful Socrates—the game-fowl Greek who died unappalled? Where lurked he? Oh, noble cock, where are you? Crow once more, my Bantam! my princely, my imperial Shanghai! my bird of the Emperor of China! Brother of the Sun! Cousin of great Jove! where are you?—one crow more, and tell me your number!

Hark! like a full orchestra of the cocks of all nations, forth burst the crow. But where from? There it is; but where? There was no telling, further than it came from out the East.

After breakfast I took my stick and sallied down the road. There were many gentlemen's seats dotting the neighboring country, and I made no doubt that some of these opulent gentlemen had invested a hundred dollar bill in some royal Shanghai recently imported in the ship Trade Wind, or the ship White Squall, or the ship Sovereign of the Seas; for it must needs have been a brave ship with a brave name which bore the fortunes of so brave a cock. I resolved to walk the entire country, and find this noble foreigner out; but thought it would not be amiss to inquire on the way at the humblest homesteads, whether, peradventure, they had heard of a lately-imported Shanghai belonging to any of the gentlemen settlers from the city; for it was plain that no poor farmer, no poor man of any sort, could own such an Oriental trophy—such a Great Bell of St. Paul's swung in a cock's throat.

I met an old man, plowing, in a field nigh the road-side fence.

"My friend, have you heard an extraordinary cock-crow of late?"

"Well, well," he drawled, "I don't know—the Widow Crowfoot has a cock—and Squire Squaretoes has a cock—and I have a cock, and they all crow. But I don't know of any on 'em with 'strordinary crows."

"Good-morning to you," said I, shortly; "it's

plain that you have not heard the crow of the Emperor of China's chanticleer."

Presently I met another old man mending a tumble-down old rail-fence. The rails were rotten, and at every move of the old man's hand they crumbled into yellow ochre. He had much better let the fence alone, or else get him new rails. And here I must say, that one cause of the sad fact why idiocy more prevails among farmers than any other class of people, is owing to their undertaking the mending of rotten rail-fences in warm, relaxing spring weather. The enterprise is a hopeless one. It is a laborious one; it is a bootless one. It is an enterprise to make the heart break. Vast pains squandered upon a vanity. For how can one make rotten rail-fences stand up on their rotten pins? By what magic put pith into sticks which have lain freezing and baking through sixty consecutive winters and summers? This it is, this wretched endeavor to mend rotten rail-fences with their own rotten rails, which drives many farmers into the asylum.

On the face of the old man in question incipient idiocy was plainly marked. For, about sixty rods before him extended one of the most unhappy and desponding broken-hearted Virginia rail-fences I ever saw in my life. While in a field behind, were a set of young steers, possessed as by devils, continually butting at this forlorn old fence, and breaking through it here and there, causing the old man to drop his work and chase them back within bounds. He would chase them with a piece of rail huge as Goliath's beam, but as light as cork. At the first flourish, it crumbled into powder.

"My friend," said I, addressing this woeful mortal, "have you heard an extraordinary cock-crow of late?"

I might as well have asked him if he had heard the death-tick. He stared at me with a long, bewildered, doleful, and unutterable stare, and without reply resumed his unhappy labors.

What a fool, thought I, to have asked such an uncheerful and uncheerable creature about a cheerful cock!

I walked on. I had now descended the high land where my house stood, and being in a low tract could not hear the crow of the Shanghai, which doubtless overshot me there. Besides, the Shanghai might be at lunch of corn and oats, or taking a nap, and so interrupted his jubilations for a while.

At length, I encountered riding along the road, a portly gentleman—nay, a *pursy* one—of great wealth, who had recently purchased him some noble acres, and built him a noble mansion, with a goodly fowl-house attached, the fame whereof spread through all that country. Thought I, Here now is the owner of the Shanghai.

"Sir," said I, "excuse me, but I am a countryman of yours, and would ask, if so be you own any Shanghais?"

"Oh, yes; I have ten Shanghais."

"Ten!" exclaimed I, in wonder; "and do they all crow?"

"Most lustily; every soul of them; I wouldn't own a cock that wouldn't crow."

"Will you turn back, and show me those Shanghais?"

"With pleasure: I am proud of them. They cost me, in the lump, six hundred dollars."

As I walked by the side of his horse, I was thinking to myself whether possibly I had not mistaken the harmoniously combined crowings of ten Shanghais in a squad, for the supernatural crow of a single Shanghai by himself.

"Sir," said I, "is there one of your Shanghais which far exceeds all the others in the lustiness, musicalness, and inspiring effects of his crow?"

"They crow pretty much alike, I believe," he courteously replied; "I really don't know that I could tell their crow apart."

I began to think that after all my noble chanticleer might not be in the possession of this wealthy gentleman. However, we went into his fowl-yard, and I saw his Shanghais. Let me say that hitherto I had never clapped eye on this species of imported fowl. I had heard what enormous prices were paid for them, and also that they were of an enormous size, and had somehow fancied they must be of a beauty and brilliancy proportioned both to size and price. What was my surprise, then, to see ten carrot-colored monsters, without the smallest pretension to effulgence of plumage. Immediately, I determined that my royal cock was neither among these, nor could possibly be a Shanghai at all; if these gigantic gallows-bird fowl were fair specimens of the true Shanghai.

I walked all day, dining and resting at a farm-house, inspecting various fowl-yards, interrogating various owners of fowls, hearkening to various crows, but discovered not the mysterious chanticleer. Indeed, I had wandered so far and deviously, that I could not hear his crow. I began to suspect that this cock was a mere visitor in the country, who had taken his departure by the eleven o'clock train for the South, and was now crowing and jubilating somewhere on the verdant banks of Long Island Sound.

But next morning, again I heard the inspiring blast, again felt my blood bound in me, again felt superior to all the ills of life, again felt like turning my dun out of doors. But displeased with the reception given him at his last visit, the dun staid away. Doubtless being in a huff; silly fellow that he was to take a harmless joke in earnest.

Several days passed, during which I made sundry excursions in the regions roundabout, but in vain sought the cock. Still, I heard him from the hill, and sometimes from the house, and sometimes in the stillness of the night. If at times I would relapse into my doleful dumps, straightway at the sound of the exultant and defiant crow, my soul, too, would turn chanticleer, and clap her wings, and throw back her

throat, and breathe forth a cheerful challenge to all the world of woes.

At last, after some weeks I was necessitated to clap another mortgage on my estate, in order to pay certain debts, and among others the one I owed the dun, who of late had commenced a civil-process against me. The way the process was served was a most insulting one. In a private room I had been enjoying myself in the village-tavern over a bottle of Philadelphia porter, and some Herkimer cheese, and a roll, and having apprised the landlord, who was a friend of mine, that I would settle with him when I received my next remittances, stepped to the peg where I had hung my hat in the bar-room, to get a choice cigar I had left in the hall, when lo! I found the civil-process enveloping the cigar. When I unrolled the cigar, I unrolled the civil-process, and the constable standing by rolled out, with a thick tongue, "Take notice!" and added, in a whisper, "Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

I turned short round upon the gentlemen then and there present in that bar-room. Said I, "Gentlemen, is this an honorable—nay, is this a lawful way of serving a civil-process? Behold!"

One and all they were of opinion, that it was a highly inelegant act in the constable to take advantage of a gentleman's lunching on cheese and porter, to be so uncivil as to slip a civil-process into his hat. It was ungenerous; it was cruel; for the sudden shock of the thing coming instanter upon the lunch, would impair the proper digestion of the cheese, which is proverbially not so easy of digestion as *blanc-mange*.

Arrived home, I read the process, and felt a twinge of melancholy. Hard world! hard world! Here I am, as good a fellow as ever lived—hospitable—open-hearted—generous to a fault: and the Fates forbid that I should possess the fortune to bless the country with my bounteousness. Nay, while many a stingy curmudgeon rolls in idle gold, I, heart of nobleness as I am, I have civil-processes served on me! I bowed my head, and felt forlorn—unjustly used—abused—unappreciated—in short, miserable.

Hark! like a clarion! yea, like a jolly bolt of thunder with bells to it—came the all-glorious and defiant crow! Ye gods, how it set me up again! Right on my pins! Yea, verily on stilts!

Oh, noble cock!

Plain as cock could speak, it said, "Let the world and all aboard of it go to pot. Do you be jolly, and never say die. What's the world compared to you? What is it, any how, but a lump of loam? Do you be jolly!"

Oh, noble cock!

"But my dear and glorious cock," mused I, upon second thought, "one can't so easily send this world to pot; one can't so easily be jolly with civil processes in his hat or hand."

Hark! the crow again. Plain as cock could speak, it said: "Hang the process, and hang the fellow that sent it! If you have not land or cash, go and thrash the fellow, and tell him you never mean to pay him. Be jolly!"

Now this was the way—through the imperative intimations of the cock—that I came to clap the added mortgage on my estate; paid all my debts by fusing them into this one added bond and mortgage. Thus made at ease again, I renewed my search for the noble cock. But in vain, though I heard him every day. I began to think there was some sort of deception in this mysterious thing: some wonderful ventriloquist prowled around my barns, or in my cellar, or on my roof, and was minded to be gayly mischievous. But no—what ventriloquist could so crow with such an heroic and celestial crow?

At last, one morning there came to me a certain singular man, who had sawed and split my wood in March—some five-and-thirty cords of it—and now he came for his pay. He was a singular man, I say. He was tall and spare, with a long saddish face, yet somehow a latently joyous eye, which offered the strangest contrast. His air seemed staid, but undepressed He wore a long, gray, shabby coat, and a big battered hat. This man had sawed my wood at so much a cord. He would stand and saw all day long in a driving snow-storm, and never wink at it. He never spoke unless spoken to He only sawed. Saw, saw, saw—snow, snow, snow. The saw and the snow went together like two natural things. The first day this man came, he brought his dinner with him, and volunteered to eat it sitting on his buck in the snow-storm. From my window, where I was reading Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, I saw him in the act. I burst out of doors bareheaded. "Good heavens!" cried I; "what are you doing? Come in. *This* your dinner!"

He had a hunk of stale bread and another hunk of salt beef, wrapped in a wet newspaper, and washed his morsels down by melting a handful of fresh snow in his mouth. I took this rash man indoors, planted him by the fire, gave him a dish of hot pork and beans, and a mug of cider.

"Now," said I, "don't you bring any of your damp dinners here. You work by the job, to be sure; but I'll dine you for all that."

He expressed his acknowledgments in a calm, proud, but not ungrateful way, and dispatched his meal with satisfaction to himself, and me also. It afforded me pleasure to perceive that he quaffed down his mug of cider like a man I honored him. When I addressed him in the way of business at his buck, I did so in a guardedly respectful and deferential manner Interested in his singular aspect, struck by his wondrous intensity of application at his saw—a most wearisome and disgustful occupation to most people—I often sought to gather from him who he was, what sort of a life he led, where he was born, and so on. But he was mum He came to saw my wood, and eat my dinners—if I chose to offer them—but not to gabble At first, I somewhat resented his sullen silence

under the circumstances. But better considering it, I honored him the more. I increased the respectfulness and deferentialness of my address toward him. I concluded within myself that this man had experienced hard times; that he had had many sore rubs in the world; that he was of a solemn disposition; that he was of the mind of Solomon; that he lived calmly, decorously, temperately; and though a very poor man, was, nevertheless, a highly respectable one. At times I imagined that he might even be an elder or deacon of some small country church. I thought it would not be a bad plan to run this excellent man for President of the United States. He would prove a great reformer of abuses.

His name was Merrymusk. I had often thought how jolly a name for so unjolly a wight. I inquired of people whether they knew Merrymusk. But it was some time before I learned much about him. He was by birth a Marylander, it appeared, who had long lived in the country round about; a wandering man; until within some ten years ago, a thriftless man, though perfectly innocent of crime; a man who would work hard a month with surprising soberness, and then spend all his wages in one riotous night. In youth he had been a sailor, and run away from his ship at Batavia, where he caught the fever, and came nigh dying. But he rallied, reshipped, landed home, found all his friends dead, and struck for the Northern interior, where he had since tarried. Nine years back he had married a wife, and now had four children. His wife was become a perfect invalid; one child had the white-swelling, and the rest were rickety. He and his family lived in a shanty on a lonely barren patch nigh the railroad-track, where it passed close to the base of a mountain. He had bought a fine cow to have plenty of wholesome milk for his children; but the cow died during an accouchement, and he could not afford to buy another. Still, his family never suffered for lack of food. He worked hard and brought it to them.

Now, as I said before, having long previously sawed my wood, this Merrymusk came for his pay.

"My friend," said I, "do you know of any gentleman hereabouts who owns an extraordinary cock?"

The twinkle glittered quite plain in the wood-sawyer's eye.

"I know of no *gentleman*," he replied, "who has what might well be called an extraordinary cock."

Oh, thought I, this Merrymusk is not the man to enlighten me. I am afraid I shall never discover this extraordinary cock.

Not having the full change to pay Merrymusk, I gave him his due, as nigh as I could make it, and told him that in a day or two I would take a walk and visit his place, and hand him the remainder. Accordingly one fine morning I sallied forth upon the errand. I had much ado finding the best road to the shanty. No one seemed to know where it was exactly. It lay in a very lonely part of the country, a densely-wooded mountain on one side (which I call October Mountain, on account of its bannered aspect in that month), and a thicketed swamp on the other, the railroad cutting the swamp. Straight as a die the railroad cut it; many times a day tantalizing the wretched shanty with the sight of all the beauty, rank, fashion, health, trunks, silver and gold, dry-goods and groceries, brides and grooms, happy wives and husbands, flying by the lonely door—no time to stop—flash! here they are—and there they go! —out of sight at both ends—as if that part of the world were only made to fly over, and not to settle upon. And this was about all the shanty saw of what people call "life."

Though puzzled somewhat, yet I knew the general direction where the shanty lay, and on I trudged. As I advanced, I was surprised to hear the mysterious cock crow with more and more distinctness. Is it possible, thought I, that any gentleman owning a Shanghai can dwell in such a lonesome, dreary region? Louder and louder, nigher and nigher, sounded the glorious and defiant clarion. Though somehow I may be out of the track to my wood-sawyer's, I said to myself, yet, thank heaven, I seem to be on the way toward that extraordinary cock. I was delighted with this auspicious accident. On I journeyed; while at intervals the crow sounded most invitingly, and jocundly, and superbly; and the last crow was ever nigher than the former one. At last, emerging from a thicket of elders, straight before me I saw the most resplendent creature that ever blessed the sight of man.

A cock, more like a golden eagle than a cock. A cock, more like a Field-Marshal than a cock. A cock, more like Lord Nelson with all his glittering arms on, standing on the Vanguard's quarter-deck going into battle, than a cock. A cock, more like the Emperor Charlemagne in his robes at Aix la Chapelle, than a cock.

Such a cock!

He was of a haughty size, stood haughtily on his haughty legs. His colors were red, gold, and white. The red was on his crest alone, which was a mighty and symmetric crest, like unto Hector's helmet, as delineated on antique shields. His plumage was snowy, traced with gold. He walked in front of the shanty, like a peer of the realm; his crest lifted, his chest heaved out, his embroidered trappings flashing in the light. His pace was wonderful. He looked like some noble foreigner. He looked like some Oriental king in some magnificent Italian Opera.

Merrymusk advanced from the door.

"Pray is not that the Signor Beneventano?"

"Sir!"

"That's the cock," said I, a little embarrassed. The truth was, my enthusiasm had betrayed me into a rather silly inadvertence. I had made a somewhat learned sort of allusion in the presence of an unlearned man. Consequently, upon

discovering it by his honest stare, I felt foolish; but carried it off by declaring that *this was the cock*.

Now, during the preceding autumn I had been to the city, and had chanced to be present at a performance of the Italian Opera. In that Opera figured in some royal character a certain Signor Beneventano—a man of a tall, imposing person, clad in rich raiment, like to plumage, and with a most remarkable, majestic, scornful stride. The Signor Beneventano seemed on the point of tumbling over backward with exceeding haughtiness. And, for all the world, the proud pace of the cock seemed the very stage-pace of the Signor Beneventano.

Hark! Suddenly the cock paused, lifted his head still higher, ruffled his plumes, seemed inspired, and sent forth a lusty crow. October Mountain echoed it; other mountains sent it back; still others rebounded it; it overran the country round. Now I plainly perceived how it was I had chanced to hear the gladdening sound on my distant hill.

"Good Heavens! do you own the cock? Is that cock yours?"

"Is it my cock!" said Merrymusk, looking slyly gleeful out of the corner of his long, solemn face.

"Where did you get it?"

"It chipped the shell here. I raised it."

"You?"

Hark! Another crow. It might have raised the ghosts of all the pines and hemlocks ever cut down in that country. Marvelous cock! Having crowed, he strode on again, surrounded by a bevy of admiring hens.

"What will you take for Signor Beneventano?"

"Sir?"

"That magic cock!—what will you take for him?"

"I won't sell him."

"I will give you fifty dollars."

"Pooh!"

"One hundred!"

"Pish!"

"Five hundred!"

"Bah!"

"And you a poor man?"

"No; don't I own that cock, and haven't I refused five hundred dollars for him?"

"True," said I, in profound thought; "that's a fact. You won't sell him, then?"

"No."

"Will you give him?"

"No."

"Will you *keep* him, then!" I shouted, in a rage.

"Yes."

I stood awhile admiring the cock, and wondering at the man. At last I felt a redoubled admiration of the one, and a redoubled deference for the other.

"Won't you step in?" said Merrymusk.

"But won't the cock be prevailed upon to join us?" said I.

"Yes. Trumpet! hither, boy! hither!"

The cock turned round, and strode up to Merrymusk.

"Come!"

The cock followed us into the shanty.

"Crow!"

The roof jarred.

Oh, noble cock!

I turned in silence upon my entertainer. There he sat on an old battered chest, in his old battered gray coat, with patches at his knees and elbows, and a deplorably bunged hat. I glanced round the room. Bare rafters overhead, but solid junks of jerked beef hanging from them. Earth floor, but a heap of potatoes in one corner, and a sack of Indian meal in another. A blanket was strung across the apartment at the further end, from which came a woman's ailing voice and the voices of ailing children. But somehow in the ailing of these voices there seemed no complaint.

"Mrs. Merrymusk and children?"

"Yes."

I looked at the cock. There he stood majestically in the middle of the room. He looked like a Spanish grandee caught in a shower, and standing under some peasant's shed. There was a strange supernatural look of contrast about him. He irradiated the shanty; he glorified its meanness. He glorified the battered chest, and tattered gray coat, and the bunged hat. He glorified the very voices which came in ailing tones from behind the screen.

"Oh, father," cried a little sickly voice, "let Trumpet sound again."

"Crow," cried Merrymusk.

The cock threw himself into a posture.

The roof jarred.

"Does not this disturb Mrs. Merrymusk and the sick children?"

"Crow again, Trumpet."

The roof jarred.

"It does not disturb them, then?"

"Didn't you hear 'em *ask* for it?"

"How is it, that your sick family like this crowing?" said I. "The cock is a glorious cock, with a glorious voice, but not exactly the sort of thing for a sick chamber, one would suppose. Do they really like it?"

"Don't *you* like it? Don't it do *you* good? Ain't it inspiring? don't it impart pluck? give stuff against despair?"

"All true," said I, removing my hat with profound humility before the brave spirit disguised in the base coat.

"But then," said I still, with some misgivings, "so loud, so wonderfully clamorous a crow, methinks might be amiss to invalids, and retard their convalescence."

"Crow your best now, Trumpet!"

I leaped from my chair. The cock frightened me, like some overpowering angel in the Apocalypse. He seemed crowing over the fall of wicked Babylon, or crowing over the triumph of righteous Joshua in the vale of Askalon. When I regained my composure somewhat, an

inquisitive thought occurred to me. I resolved to gratify it.

"Merrymusk, will you present me to your wife and children?"

"Yes. Wife, the gentleman wants to step in."

"He is very welcome," replied a weak voice.

Going behind the curtain, there lay a wasted, but strangely cheerful human face; and that was pretty much all; the body, hid by the counterpane and an old coat, seemed too shrunken to reveal itself through such impediments. At the bedside, sat a pale girl, ministering. In another bed lay three children, side by side: three more pale faces.

"Oh, father, we don't mislike the gentleman, but let us see Trumpet too."

At a word, the cock strode behind the screen, and perched himself on the children's bed. All their wasted eyes gazed at him with a wild and spiritual delight. They seemed to sun themselves in the radiant plumage of the cock.

"Better than a 'pothecary, eh?" said Merrymusk. "This is Dr. Cock himself."

We retired from the sick ones, and I reseated myself again, lost in thought, over this strange household.

"You seem a glorious independent fellow!" said I.

"And I don't think you a fool, and never did. Sir, you are a trump."

"Is there any hope of your wife's recovery?" said I, modestly seeking to turn the conversation.

"Not the least."

"The children?"

"Very little."

"It must be a doleful life, then, for all concerned. This lonely solitude—this shanty—hard work—hard times."

"Haven't I Trumpet? He's the cheerer. He crows through all; crows at the darkest; Glory to God in the highest! continually he crows it."

"Just the import I first ascribed to his crow, Merrymusk, when first I heard it from my hill. I thought some rich nabob owned some costly Shanghai; little weening any such poor man as you owned this lusty cock of a domestic breed."

"*Poor* man like *me?* Why call *me* poor? Don't the cock *I* own glorify this otherwise inglorious, lean, lantern-jawed land? Didn't *my* cock encourage *you?* And *I* give you all this glorification away gratis. I am a great philanthropist. I am a rich man—a very rich man, and a very happy one. Crow, Trumpet."

The roof jarred.

I returned home in a deep mood. I was not wholly at rest concerning the soundness of Merrymusk's views of things, though full of admiration for him. I was thinking on the matter before my door, when I heard the cock crow again. Enough. Merrymusk is right.

Oh, noble cock! oh, noble man!

I did not see Merrymusk for some weeks after this; but hearing the glorious and rejoicing crow, I supposed that all went as usual with him. My own frame of mind remained a rejoicing one. The cock still inspired me. I saw another mortgage piled on my plantation; but only bought another dozen of stout, and a dozen-dozen of Philadelphia porter. Some of my relatives died; I wore no mourning, but for three days drank stout in preference to porter, stout being of the darker color. I heard the cock crow the instant I received the unwelcome tidings.

"Your health in this stout, oh noble cock!"

I thought I would call on Merrymusk again, not having seen or heard of him for some time now. Approaching the place, there were no signs of motion about the shanty. I felt a strange misgiving. But the cock crew from within doors, and the boding vanished. I knocked at the door. A feeble voice bade me enter. The curtain was no longer drawn; the whole house was a hospital now. Merrymusk lay on a heap of old clothes; wife and children were all in their beds. The cock was perched on an old hogshead hoop, swung from the ridge-pole in the middle of the shanty.

"You are sick, Merrymusk," said I, mournfully.

"No, I am well," he feebly answered.—"Crow, Trumpet."

I shrunk. The strong soul in the feeble body appalled me.

But the cock crew.

The roof jarred.

"How is Mrs. Merrymusk?"

"Well."

"And the children?"

"Well. All well."

The last two words he shouted forth in a kind of wild ecstasy of triumph over ill. It was too much. His head fell back. A white napkin seemed dropped upon his face. Merrymusk was dead.

An awful fear seized me.

But the cock crew.

The cock shook his plumage as if each feather were a banner. The cock hung from the shanty roof as erewhile the trophied flags from the dome of St. Paul's. The cock terrified me with exceeding wonder.

I drew nigh the bedsides of the woman and children. They marked my look of strange affright; they knew what had happened.

"My good man is just dead," breathed the woman lowly. "Tell me true?"

"Dead," said I.

The cock crew.

She fell back, without a sigh, and through long-loving sympathy was dead.

The cock crew.

The cock shook sparkles from his golden plumage. The cock seemed in a rapture of benevolent delight. Leaping from the hoop, he strode up majestically to the pile of old clothes, where the wood-sawyer lay, and planted himself, like an armorial supporter, at his side. Then raised one long, musical, triumphant, and final sort of crow, with throat heaved far back, as if

he meant the blast to waft the wood-sawyer's soul sheer up to the seventh heavens. Then he strode, king-like, to the woman's bed. Another upturned and exultant crow, mated to the former.

The palor of the children was changed to radiance. Their faces shone celestially through grime and dirt. They seemed children of emperors and kings, disguised. The cock sprang upon their bed, shook himself, and crowed, and crowed again, and still and still again. He seemed bent upon crowing the souls of the children out of their wasted bodies. He seemed bent upon rejoining instanter this whole family in the upper air. The children seemed to second his endeavors. Far, deep, intense longings for release transfigured them into spirits before my eyes. I saw angels where they lay.

They were dead.

The cock shook his plumage over them. The cock crew. It was now like a Bravo! like a Hurrah! like a Three-times-three! hip! hip! He strode out of the shanty. I followed. He flew upon the apex of the dwelling, spread wide his wings, sounded one supernatural note, and dropped at my feet.

The cock was dead.

If now you visit that hilly region, you will see, nigh the railroad track, just beneath October Mountain, on the other side of the swamp—there you will see a grave-stone, not with skull and cross-bones, but with a lusty cock in act of crowing, chiseled on it, with the words beneath:

—"Oh! death, where is thy sting?
Oh! grave, where is thy victory?"

The wood-sawyer and his family, with the Signor Beneventano, lie in that spot; and I buried them, and planted the stone, which was a stone made to order; and never since then have I felt the doleful dumps, but under all circumstances crow late and early with a continual crow.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!—OO!—OO!—OO!—OO!

LETTERS TO SAPPHO.

"The Isles of Greece; the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung."

DOST thou recall that morning, Sappho, when rambling through the island where thou dwellest—the ancient Lesbos—I first saw thy glowing face?

All about thee—the heavens above—the earth beneath—the spreading boughs—the flashing waves of the Ægean Sea—all harmonized with that soul-lit face as it beamed upon me, when putting aside the thick foliage in whose embowering depths thou wert standing, I stood before thee, and our eyes met.

In thine auburn hair the golden grains of wheat were twisted, and the brow arched under thy parted locks shone with the lustre of a soul which wanted no words to express its ardor.

In that first meeting we were conscious of a new inspiration; a single glance revealed the depths of our souls; and we felt that for all the future we were blended into one existence.

Leaving Athens, I had committed myself to the sea, and landed upon the very shore where the transports of the Greeks had touched the sands, when the princes of Greece united to avenge the cause of Menelaus, and to recover Helen. I explored the ruins of ancient Troy—broken, but yet eloquent memorials of an age of glory. Standing upon the shore in a cloudless day, I looked upon the glorious scenery, and repeopled every spot about me with the forms of the brave and the beautiful who once thronged these now silent and deserted, but immortal places. Before me was Imbros, the abode of Ceres and Mercury, and just beyond it Samothrace lifted its resplendent snow-capped summit. Behind me I turned and saw Ida towering into the sky—its head covered with perpetual spring—long the abode of gods. Climbing to the summit of Ida, I looked down upon the Hellespont. Europe and Asia, there look upon each other; there the Persian built his bridge of boats, when he poured his Myrmidons into Greece; and there Leander loved and died. Of all this, O Sappho, I shall yet write—for whatever belongs to the history of Greece must possess an interest for thee. Descending once more to the sea, I embarked; and the winds drove my light sails over the Ægean waves to Lesbos.

Lesbos, seated in the bright sea, with its delightful climate, and fertile soil, is favored of Heaven and Earth. Delicious fruits abound in its deep green woods, and the voices of birds make its forests vocal.

Attracted by its verdure, and under the influence of a powerful interest in an island so renowned in the history of Greece, I resolved to explore it. Little did I dream, Sappho, of meeting so beautiful an impersonation of the glories of Lesbos, as I found in thee. Familiar with the classics, I could not, of course, be ignorant of the history of that glowing and bright being who first bore thy name: Sappho, the daughter of Scamandronymus, whose wild, sweet lyre told the story of her passion; whose odes were long the glory of Greece; and who lost her life in the waves of the sea, which yet sings her dirge, in mournful surges sounding along the base of Mount Leucas.

But I did not hope to find in modern Greece, another being inheriting the beauty, the fervor, and the genius of that child of song, who, after her death, long received divine honors from the Lesbians.

I had thought that Greece, though still beautiful, was dead; that its glories were all departed; that the traveler exploring its shores and its mountains would feel, as his eye rested on the scenery so crowded with associations, as the poet felt, whose lines have done more to awaken an interest in the fortunes of thy country than all else that has been written in our day:

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there."

Full of thoughts of the Past, I was climbing a bank, covered with crimson flowers, and

grasping the clusters of purple grapes which hung over it, when a voice, rich and thrilling beyond expression, pouring forth a wild song—fixed me motionless where I stood. I feared to move, lest the song should cease, and I should forever lose the tones which woke within me new and deep emotions. It was an ode of Sappho, breathing passion, and uttering mournful and wild strains of grief, which reached me and held me spell-bound.

Like Milton's Comus, I stood and wondered; and could scarcely realize the scene; it was music unearthly in its gushing sweetness and unrivaled glory; and I involuntarily like him exclaimed:

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould,
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air,
. . . Such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now."

The song ceased; its dying notes fell upon my ear, and left me standing with my hand resting upon the unplucked fruit, and my face turned toward the spot from which the music had come with a power so fascinating, that I could not tear my feet from the bank upon which I had mounted until it ceased. It seemed to me that Sappho had returned again to her ancient abode, and stood once more at her shrine. The ode was hers; the music was as wild and sweet as she could have uttered; its burning passion thrilled my frame, and took my soul captive: and when it ceased, I turned with hasty steps to explore the grove, where I hoped to find the being whose voice had so penetrated, and subdued, and captivated me.

Putting aside the foliage which hid from me a rock over which the luxuriant vines were falling, and from which a view could be caught of the sea, there I found thee—not the ancient child of song, raised to the circle of the divinities of Greece, but thee, my Sappho, in thy radiant earthly beauty. The soul flung its light upon thy face, and for a moment I could scarcely feel that thou wert other than immortal. The presence of a stranger gazing upon thee with irrepressible ardor woke thee from the transport into which thine own song had borne thee, and all the woman, startled and half-alarmed, was seen in thy young face.

I hastened to re-assure thee, by making myself known as a wanderer from his own country seeking to explore thine; full of enthusiasm for its ancient glory; acquainted with its literature, and deploring the degradation of modern Greece.

Thy true soul responded to me; we comprehended each other; and accompanying thee to thy home, there I was welcomed by thy kindred with a hospitality which was at once elegant and cordial.

O, Sappho, those were happy hours, when, rambling through the delightful island, we admired nature, and taught each other to love it more. When seated upon some bank, I spoke to thee of the ancient heroes of Greece; of her statesmen; of her orators; and of her poets; or when, standing upon some crag overlooking the sea, we saw the sun go down beneath its waves, pouring a flood of golden light upon the mountains in view, and leaving a glow upon the western heavens, amidst which the evening star rose with a tremulous lustre, and a calm, like that which spreads so deep tranquillity upon the sleeping sea, came over all nature.

Dost thou recall that hour when, on such an evening, I read thee what I had written of one of the ancient orators of Greece?

I know that thou canst not forget that other hour when, after a conversation which had in it a tone of sorrow; when we spoke of the future—of our separation—and of all the uncertainties which rested upon our fortunes—we both turned our eyes upon Mount Leucas, and saw the sun resting upon its base, but its summit was in deep shadow. I could see that it seemed to thee to be an unhappy omen, and the shadow was upon thy soul; but I cheered thee, and bade thee hope. Presently the shadow began to rise, and it slowly lifted itself, until, at length, the summit of the mountain was bathed in a flood of light, and the marble columns of an ancient temple which crowned it, seemed to stream with flame. Then we said to each other, with clasped hands: So shall it be with our future!

When the hour of separation came, and I said to thee that I must return to my own country, which was in the track of the setting sun, but that I would come to thee again—then thou didst urge me to write to thee—to write from my own western home—to write to thee of the past and the future.

In the presence of others we parted almost in silence; thy tears were repressed; but thy soul was in thy face, and I comprehended all that thy lips would have uttered. I shall write to thee, Sappho, again, and again. Need I say that I can not forget thee? Nor canst thou, Sappho, forget me. H.

A VISIT TO OVERBECK'S STUDIO IN THE CENCI PALACE.

IN Roman Catholic countries Sunday is a holiday. The shops are mostly closed; the streets are thronged with the people clad in every variety of picturesque costume; the churches are all open; high mass is celebrated in the morning; and the splendor of the church-appointments, and the gayety and multitude of the dresses that are clustered before the altar, make a striking and gorgeous picture that is never forgotten.

Sunday is a holiday in such countries; but we are not to suppose that the ordinary pursuits of business continue on that day as on others. Work is suspended, and the workman, dressed in his best, goes to church in the morning, and in the afternoon walks alone, with his family, if he is married, in some of the pleasant gardens that adorn the neighborhood of foreign

cities. In Paris, indeed, where there is no such fervor of religious sentiment as in Rome, the scores of little villages within an hour's distance from the city, are crowded all day long, with the citizens escaping into the free air and the tranquil landscape; while those who remain behind, promenade the Boulevards, and mark the day as a festival, by deserting their domestic tables, and going, with wife and family, to dine at some of the cheap restaurants with which Paris abounds.

But Sunday in Rome is one of the most picturesque days that a man enjoys in a life-time. It never wearies. It is a spectacle constantly renewed, and constantly interesting. Of course we are speaking of it as an artist, and not as a religious man. There is hardly another city in the world where a Protestant would be more deeply pained; because he sees on every hand the evidences of a material and spiritual stagnation and decay. Yet picturesqueness is especially the characteristic of ruins; and as the traveler would regard the Coliseum with very different emotions if he knew that he was likely to be seized and matched against a lion in the arena, so he looks differently upon the pageants and pomps of a church that no longer shakes empires with its nod; but which, like the Coliseum, has fallen into picturesque decay.

Hans Christian Andersen, in his novel of the *Improvisatore*, describes his residence in Rome near the Piazza, or Place, of the Four Fountains —*La Quattro Fontane*. And if you should reach Rome, not knowing where to find lodgings, and willing to live just beyond the English quarter, and in a high and healthy part of the city, you will do well to open the *Improvisatore*, and try to find the rooms described there. There you will be upon the slope between the Pincian and Quirinal hills—near to every thing but St. Peter's, which is far away from all the regions of Rome in which foreigners reside. A broad street—paved with the small, unpleasantly-shaped stone, which makes the Roman streets so notoriously inconvenient for walking, that dainty ladies grieve over the necessity of a short promenade even, declaring that it flattens the foot so sadly!—leads to the Spanish steps, which descend from the Pincian into the centre of the Rome of foreigners, the *Piazza di Spagna*. These steps are the haunts of the models—handsome men and women, boys and old men, Fornarinas, and Beatrice Cencis, and also Michel Angelo's Fates and heathen Furies, all collect here, lying, sitting, standing, and sleeping in the sun, upon the Spanish steps, and grouped in every variety of picturesque position. Hither the artists come to find them. It is an exchange of every century and all countries; but the characteristic types of Italian beauty are the most numerous.

These models look only half-alive as you pass them, coming down the steps. They are mostly ignorant peasants, who, having fortunately received from Nature handsome forms, or features, or a fine beard, or profile, find that beauty is use, and that their livelihood is secured to them without other labor than standing in a studio as Juno, or Minerva, or Venus—lending their arm as a grace to a picture which noble, and beautiful, and refined ladies of distant lands shall hang over, in admiration.

If she chances to be very beautiful and stately, the brown face of the girl that you see yonder, listless in the morning sun, will look out of some immortal canvas as the Madonna; and the coarse, dull crowd that passes the original unheeding, will bend, and kneel, and pray before its portrait. All the beautiful Madonnas in painting—those of Raphael, and Murillo, and Michel Angelo, were all living women. They walked these streets, except those of Murillo, which are evidently Spanish girls. Even the Dresden Madonna of Raphael, the *San Sisto*, was a Roman woman. You can see the characteristics of her beauty all around you, as you loiter through the city. Raphael's Madonna was his mistress, the Fornarina, forever immortal—the Fornarina, who, as Xavier de Maistre says, "Loved her love more than her lover" —and of whom Whittier sings:

> "The Fornarina's fair young face
> Once more upon her lover shone,
> Whose model of an angel's grace,
> He borrowed from her own."

So with all the saints, and friars, and religious brethren. You see St. Francis, St. Bruno, and St. Sebastian wherever you go. They have in the street the same garb and the same expression that they have in the pictures. So unchanged is the friar's frock and face since the great Italian painters lived, that, as you wander about Rome, going into the galleries and coming into the streets, it seems as if the painted figures were as much alive as yourself, and went into and out of the canvas at pleasure. Often, on a still, sunny afternoon, you will watch St. Bruno, in his white robe, sauntering over the Quirinal, and among the solitary roads of the vineyards beyond Santa Maria Maggiore, and see him enter the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. You can still follow him into the church, and there you will see him upon the wall, for he has stepped back again into his frame.

This semi-deception helps to weave around your mind more closely the web of romance, which is its pleasantest costume in Rome. You gradually feel the present melt into the past. It seems to you that Rome is a charmed city, over which time passes unchanging. It touches its buildings only to make them more poetic, but it will not suffer the life and improving genius of the contemporary world to pass its portals. Reform is contraband at Rome, and is stopped, like tobacco, at the gates. And yet, you gradually perceive that time can not preserve the spirit, but only the form, of the old state of things in the city. Life oozes away from the social and ecclesiastical fabric, although its appearance may remain unchanged. The games cease in the Coliseum; but the Coliseum still stands. The world does not await with terror

news from Rome; but the magnificent pageants of St. Peter's are still more imposing than old Roman festivals.

It is not hard to understand, therefore, why romantic young men, especially if they are artists with sensitive imaginations, so often yield to the subtle spell of the city, and, becoming the most ardent of Roman Catholics, devote themselves, their art, and their lives, to the pictorial illustration of the religion they profess. Upon a man of this temperament Rome never relaxes its hold. He will live there forever. His life will exhale in an ecstasy of piety. Rome will be to him the charmed lotus; and having once tasted it, he will willingly relinquish home and country, and suffer the memory of dearest friends to fade far away in the distance of a past, in which he knew not Rome. Surrounded by all the monuments of Christian art, and the associations of religion—breathing an atmosphere of languor, sadness, and repose—beneath the tender Italian sun, and amid the ruins of the most famous historical empire—the artist, newly converted, feels that his cup is overflowing, and that Providence is lavish in its graciousness which permits him to be so happy.

Thirty or forty years ago, Overbeck was this young artist of sensitive imagination and religious temperament, who came to Rome, with fellow-students, and has never gone away. It was in the dawn of modern German art, which naturally followed that of German literature, that Cornelius, Veit, Schadow, Overbeck, and others, came down to Rome from Germany, to study the remains of "the golden prime" of painting, and to breathe the enchanted air of Art. Of this famous band of artists, the most illustrious in themselves, and in what they have achieved, of all who have within a century studied at Rome—Overbeck alone remained behind. The most sensitive, dreamy, and poetic of them all, his imagination was profoundly touched by the splendors of art and the sublime mysteries of the church, which he encountered in Rome. He had reached at last the "land in which it seemèd always afternoon." He was at rest: he was happy:

"And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make."

From that time he has lived constantly in Rome. It is said that he has never, even for a visit, returned to his native country. But all the artists who come to the city, led by the same enthusiastic hope that drew him thither—full of hope, and heart, and youth—always visit Overbeck, as disciples a master. He is now probably the oldest artist in Rome; certainly the most distinguished. While he still lives, his fame has become historical. Among the sights of Rome the artists' studios are not the least attractive, but of those Overbeck's is incomparably the most interesting. He is entirely devoted to his art and to his religious offices. But with him, the pursuit of his art is also a religious office of the most elevated character. His life is an act of adoration. In personal appearance and impression, as well as in daily detail, he corresponds to the idea of a saint, or an old-time anchorite and ascetic—a man whose every thought is God—whose every wish is a prayer—whose every breath a sigh of praise.

It is not strange that such a man should appoint Sunday as the day on which to receive visitors; for, although he refrains from work—even his work—upon that day, yet he regards it as a festival, as a time to be holily glad and excited, and therefore as a proper occasion for allowing strangers to see the works in which he has attempted to indicate his idea of the inexpressible.

The Vatican and the picture-galleries of the palaces are closed upon that day. You come out of your rooms by the Fountain of the Triton, who, in the centre of the place of the Four Fountains, blows a trembling spire of water upward through a shell, and saunter to the Café Greco for your breakfast. Checo, the taciturn waiter, brings you coffee and milk in a tumbler, and two small rolls of bread. The café is a dark, dingy room, always clouded by tobacco-smoke, and frequented by all the artists in Rome. In that corner Thorwaldsen sat and smoked, and talked of art and the North. There Canova sat, and listened and conversed—honored and honoring, both of them; men for whose sake the old, smoky, dingy room should be suffered to remain. Here Cornelius, and Kaulbach, and Couture; the glowing, intense Germans, the ardent and eager Frenchmen, meet, and rattle, and puff; and the Englishmen un-Englished, with long beards, and slouched hats, and velvet coats, sit laughing, chatting, and drinking—whistling respectability down the wind; and here, too, the thin, sallow, sad-eyed Americans, with no antecedents in art, but a most just and noble respect for the great works and the great names of art, sit, bewildered and enchanted, in this Rome *redivivus*, seeking if they may understand the secret of the old mystery, and carry home the seeds of a national art.

Yet, as you glance around this congress of artists, and watch each new-comer to determine to what nation he belongs, you feel that one is wanting—that the one man known to all who surround you, whom all respect, and whom they would willingly acknowledge as their master, is not there. If you can summon German enough to ask your neighbor, "Where is Overbeck?" he will stare at you a moment, then remove his pipe from his mouth, and answer you gravely:

"Overbeck lives in the Cenci Palace."

You have no idea of the situation of that edifice, but you remember to have read Shelley's "Cenci."

Your German friend has disappeared again in a cloud of his own raising; and you address yourself to a French neighbor:

"Can one visit Overbeck's studio?"

"Certainly, sir, to-day. It is open for an hour at noon on Sundays."

It is already eleven o'clock, and the day is

pleasant. You issue from the café, and stroll along the Corso. It is crowded with people, idly gazing and sauntering. Men and girls stand at the corners of the streets, offering you bouquets—a mass of blue violets in which a superb camellia is embedded. The Roman women go by bare-headed, the hair plaited in massive folds, with red ribbons intertwined, and large plated hair-pins. They have the air of a proud and peculiar race. You see in their faces and mien marked resemblance to the picture in the Florentine Gallery, called the Fornarina; but which is probably a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, the daughter of one of the noblest medieval Roman families, and beloved by Michel Angelo. These women have the same form as that of the picture, but the expression is hard and coarse in their faces. It seems as if they too shared the mystery of the city. The form remains—but the soul, the beauty, the character, has oozed away. They carry babies in their arms; and, as one of them, young and beautiful, stops beneath a shrine at the corner of a street, you suddenly pause, almost breathless; for you dream that the Madonna and child have stepped from the shrine upon the pavement.

Cardinals roll along in their glittering red carriages, with laced footmen, and coachman. Cardinals are not allowed to walk within the walls of Rome. Even if they would go only a few rods, the carriage must be summoned. A very few years since, if you peered into the coach-window as it passed, you might have seen a shriveled, sad, attenuated man, very solitary in his grandeur; it was Cardinal Acton, the English Cardinal. Or a little old man, much bent over—but with a clear, vigorous eye; it was Cardinal Mezzofanti, the miraculous linguist. Or a large man, with a broad, Jesuitical face; it was Cardinal Lambruschini, the Secretary, or bad angel, as he was considered, of the last Pope, ignorant old Gregory XVI.; and who struggled desperately to be elected his successor. Or a younger man, with dark hair, and hard, restless, sharp eyes; it was Cardinal Altieri—of a famous Roman family, politically ambitious, and ex-nuncio to the Austrian Court. Or a bland, sweet-faced, noble and generous-looking man of fifty, with a winning kindness of mien, that shone out of the carriage-window like sunlight; it was Cardinal Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, the youngest of the Cardinals, and now Pope Pius IX.

These men roll slowly by; and you stop to gaze and admire, when the clattering of many hoofs arrests your attention. A company of cavalry, splendidly uniformed, with flashing gold-lace and floating plumes, come dashing along the narrow Corso. As they advance, the crowd ceases to move. Every man turns toward the middle of the street. Men, women, and children fall upon their knees, on the narrow sidewalks under the great palaces. The thunder of a heavy carriage approaches. You, too, albeit a Protestant, pause, and remove your hat respectfully, in Christian regard for the feelings of others. Four horses, splendidly harnessed, drag a red-bodied coach, mounted upon high springs. The horses are almost running, and are guided by mounted postillions.

"*Il Papa! Il Papa!*" cries the crowd.

It is the Pope.

He sits upon the back seat with a white skull-cap upon his head, and a white cape about his shoulders. Poor, old, snuffy, wrinkled, fat man! The two fore-fingers of his right hand are raised, and he feebly makes the sign of the cross upon one side and upon the other, as he is whirled by. He is eighty years old, or more—an ascetic monk, taken from the convent, near the Coliseum, and installed in all the gloomy magnificence of the Vatican. Poor old Gregory! Step into the Pantheon—which is a Christian Church now, and Raphael is buried in it—as you pass, and pray that the sins committed by his sanction may not be entered against him.

You are entering narrower, darker, and dirtier parts of the city. Perpetual gloom rests upon these streets. Old Roman ruins are built into the walls of new houses; quaint fountains spout silver rills of water in the more open spots; and boys and men are playing *mora*,* while the echo of their voices dies away, almost fiercely, along the high, dark passages. There are archways and gates, and beyond them the streets are as narrow as those of Oriental cities. There is a suppressed murmur creeping constantly through them. Dogged, and sharp, and restless glances rain upon you, if you pass that portal. Faces look out from windows above. The peddler, crying his handkerchiefs and ribbons in the street, stops, as he sees you. There is an excitement of curiosity as you pass on. Some spell, different from all the rest, evidently rests upon this part of the city. Do you not mark that hag, gray, and wrinkled, and ugly beyond account; and, close to her, that round little girl, with sumptuous black hair, which she is carelessly braiding while she watches you, with eyes so deep, and dark, and beautiful, that, as you gaze, you do not wonder Rowena should have been pricked with a half-fear of Ivanhoe's constancy? Do you see that hag and that nymph? Nay, as you gaze, fascinated, more closely, do you not see a kind of horrible resemblance, a similar character of outline and expression, fearfully suggesting that the one will finally become the other?

Do you not see it now? They are Jews. This is the Ghetto. The great gates are closed at sunset. This people is shut in upon itself. It is accursed by the Christian Government of the city. And formerly, during the Carnival, certain Jews were obliged to run races in the Corso. Now they furnish prizes for the horses that run.

We pass through the Ghetto, and out of an-

* A game which consists of two men simultaneously throwing forward their hands, and crying out how many fingers the other holds up.

other of its gates. Before us is a great palace. Silence and gloom rest upon it. You could believe it a haunted house, or accursed. You can believe that it has known terrible tragedies;—you instantly associate it, but vaguely and remotely, with all the dark traditions of unutterable crime with which Italy and Rome are so rife.

And if, as you gaze, by some happy chance a ray of sunlight should fall for a moment across the shadow of that palace, or the sound of a bird's song echo and die along its gloom, or a bit of blossom wave in the air, and then hang quietly, would it not be in all that gloom, as is the image of Beatrice Cenci in the terrible times and scenes upon which she fell? You have seen Guido's portrait of her in the Barberini Palace; you remember that half-glance over the shoulder—the wan, tearless, half-dulled, entreating, defying look, which says, as distinctly as the poet has said it for her:

"Sweet sleep! were death like to thee,
Or if thou couldst mortal be,
I would close these eyes of pain;
When to wake? Never again.
O world! farewell!
Listen to the passing bell;
It says thou and I must part,
With a light and a heavy heart."

For the great house before us is the Cenci Palace. It *was* the home of Beatrice. It *is* the home of Overbeck.

In his preface to the tragedy of the Cenci—in some respects his greatest work—Shelley says of the building before you:

"The Cenci Palace is of great extent; and though in part modernized, there yet remains a vast and gloomy pile of feudal architecture in the same state as during the dreadful scenes which are the subject of this tragedy. The palace is situated in an obscure corner of Rome, near the quarter of the Jews; and from the upper windows you see the immense ruins of Mount Palatine, half-hidden under their profuse overgrowth of trees. There is a court in one part of the palace (perhaps that in which Cenci built the chapel to St. Thomas), supported by granite columns, and adorned with antique friezes of fine workmanship, and built up, according to the ancient Italian fashion, with balcony over balcony. One of the gates of the palace, formed of immense stones, and leading through a passage dark and lofty, and opening into gloomy subterranean chambers, struck me particularly."

And to this home the ardent artist, leaving behind him friends and his native land—leaving behind Germany, and the dawning hope of its art, and turning his back upon the future, brought the energy of his youth, and the devotion of his manhood, his zeal for art, and his religious fervor. Passing down through the city, sacred to his imagination—through all its splendor and all its squalor—by its majestic monuments of art, and its showy shrines of religion, Overbeck came to the Cenci Palace. As the heavy door closed behind him, it seemed to shut out the freshness of his own time forever, and to imprison him in a lurid and melancholy past. There he has lived, contented—going back to the earliest ages of Christian Art for his models and consolations; thinking that Raphael in his prime departed from the primitive purity of religious art; and preferring his earlier pictures, and those of his masters, to the great works which the world admires. The sad solemnity of the dark quarter of the city in which he lives seems to have fallen upon the master and his works. It is a weird place, and the man and his pictures are weird also. He is three hundred years behind his time. In thought, in wish, in aim, in art, in religion, in experience, Overbeck is the contemporary of Fra Angelico. He is the Rip Van Winkle of Art, only happy in the dreams that restore him to the times from which he has escaped.

He is the chief of the Nazarene school of painting, or what is otherwise called, the school of *Purists;* of which the aim is to treat religious subjects in the directest and most simple manner, following the traditional forms of the earliest religious matters, and perpetuating a conventional style. It is a *Pre-Raphaelite* school, in fact; but it is precisely the opposite of what is technically called *Pre-Raphaelite.* It aims to indicate, not to imitate. It represents a conventional Nature, and not the reality of things. It considers that Art is materialized by too close a study of the gross facts of Nature, and is therefore exquisite in sentiment, but weak and wrong in treatment. Overbeck will not even study from the nude.

Oppressed by a sadness which you can not explain, you pass the great gate, and enter the palace. Before you is a broad flight of stone steps. Up that winding staircase as you go, a figure of floating golden hair will glide before you, with face scarce seen, but of sorrow and beauty unutterable—the face that Guido saw, as Beatrice Cenci passed beneath his window to execution (for so runs the tradition of that portrait), and painting, made a moment immortal. The great hall, like all Italian halls, is entirely bare. The plaster drops, half-mouldering, from the walls. It is the Palace of Desolation.

But you open a door, and enter a lofty and darkened room. It is silent as a chapel, and there is the hushed sound of reverent whispering. A few strangers are standing before various pictures hung upon the walls. You see no large paintings, and passing into the adjoining room, which also forms part of the studio, you find none there. The visitors move quietly about the room, as if expecting to see something more than the pictures. They look up at the lofty, carved ceiling—at the deep embayed windows. Their modern silks rustle strangely in that haunted old mansion; they stand in silence, admiration, and awe.

Suddenly a little door quietly opens, and Frederic Overbeck enters the studio. He is a man of sixty; his long straight hair is parted in the middle, and is half-carelessly pushed be-

hind his ears; but it is mostly covered with a loosely falling Raphael cap, from under which a few gray hairs escape, and straggle down upon his shoulders. His face is long and attenuated, like that of a monk with weary vigils; his gray eyes are full of an inexpressible sadness and intensity; he has no beard, and his mouth, finely sculptured, with thin lips, indicates stern will and fanaticism. The whole face wears an expression of care, anxiety, and resignation, which is very beautiful. It is not strictly a handsome face, but it is full of character, and the beauty of the soul. He is dressed in a long, loose, black robe, with a broad woolly collar, under which his shirt collar is negligently bent. He glides, rather than walks, about the studio.

His head is lowered, as if the long habit of prayer and the perpetual reverential mood of his mind would not allow him to stand erect. His hands are clasped and hanging before him, as he stands, conversing with some one who has been especially introduced, and the head slightly leaning to one side, as he contemplates the picture of which he is speaking. The guests may go, but the artist still lingers, looking at his pictures. Pygmalion was not more enamored of the voluptuous beauty he had carved, than is Overbeck of the celestial loveliness he has drawn. He stands musing, and a pathetic joy shines in his eyes that he, the unworthy, was elected to manifest the beauty of holiness, in the representation of the person and history of Christ.

But you do not see any paintings. The pictures are all shaded drawings in charcoal. It seems as if the artist did not wish, nor care, to trust to the material means of color, to express his visions of the celestial story. Only the passionless purity of lines would indicate the inexpressible. Hence there is observable a tremulous, tearful character of adoration in the treatment of subjects, pervading all his pictures. The figure of Christ is always the centre of the sentiment and the action. A spiritual atmosphere breathes from him, as fragrance from a lily, and all the other figures regard him with a pensive devotion, as if they were upon the verge of falling before him in worship.

The subjects that he prefers to treat are domestic scenes from the life of Christ, in which he can introduce Joseph and Mary. In one, the young Jesus in his father's workshop has taken up the saw, and is sawing a piece of wood into the shape of the cross, while his father and mother sit looking on, with folded hands and a yearning sorrow, beyond tears, in their eyes. The large painting of the Progress of Religion in the Arts, is in the church at Assisi, but is not reckoned among his finest, nor most characteristic, works. In fact, his genius is so delicate and subtle, that it best displays itself in simple sketches and the familiar domestic scenes he loves, in which the sentiment is at once obvious and exquisite.

His pictures are the delicately outlined visions of a dreamer and a mystic, who almost fears to trust their aerial charm to palpable expression. If he speaks, it is in a low musical voice—an audible whisper; and moving slowly from picture to picture, with the group of guests and friends, he passes noiselessly at length through the little door—noiselessly like an old Florentine painter and pietist receding into his time. You have lost sight of one of the most remarkable of living men. You have not profaned the Sabbath. Overbeck is the last great painter of the genuine Roman Catholic inspiration that the world will ever see.

As you return to the modern quarter of Rome, and leave the melancholy palace and its terrible associations, so strangely blended with the saintly figure of the artist, you do not leave its influence behind. It is a haunted day. The sun is sadder than it ever was before in Rome. The apathy, the death, the silence of the grim old city, palpably oppress you. Your heart aches to think of that life of ascetic devotion and anchorite seclusion, led in that haunted house by the dreary Ghetto. It seems as if Nature sought to balance incredible sin by immaculate purity; as if the house which Cenci had defiled could only be cleansed, in human imaginations, by Overbeck.

Pursued by a crowd of conflicting and melancholy thoughts, you will ponder the amazing contrast between the dreamy ecstasy of the man's life, and the tremendous reality of that of the girl of two hundred and fifty years ago. Be satisfied. That dark house, and the scenes, the struggles, the despairs it witnessed, have had their chronicler and poet. The modern inmate, by the saintliness of his life and the beauty of his works, has engraved his name upon history, and a great genius has rescued from doubt and contumely, that fair and fated daughter of the house, whose woes are sadder and a thousand times more terrible than the sorrows of the more famous heroines of misfortune.

As you walk out beyond the gates of the city to watch the sunset across the desolate Campagna, and before you return to the *Lepre*, where you will meet all your gay companions at dinner, renew your vow of loyalty to noble men and noble women, and hear the words to whose melancholy music the poet has set the farewell of Beatrice Cenci; for it will suit the sadness in which this visit to Overbeck's studio has left you.

"Farewell, my tender brother. Think
Of our sad tale with gentleness, as now:
And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee
Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,
But tears and patience. One thing more, my child;
For thine own sake be constant to the love
Thou bearest us; and to the faith that I,
Though wrapt in a strange cloud of crime and shame,
Lived ever holy and unstained. And though
Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name
Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow
For men to point at as they pass, do thou
Forbear, and never think a thought unkind
Of those who perhaps love thee in their graves,
So mayest thou die as I do; fear and pain
Being subdued. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!"

BRACKLEY HOUSE.

"SIR, I never saw as beautiful a woman, before nor since. She was radiant. I am an old man. I have lived longer in my seventy years than most men would live in twice that time. But I never saw another as beautiful woman."

The stage-coach was passing through a fine section of Western New York. I had been riding all day with the driver on the outside, but as the sun went westward I had come down, and entered the half-filled coach just in time to catch the sentence. The speaker was a venerable man, manifestly a clergyman, of genial feeling, and winning manners. He had been the life of the party in the coach all day, and we had gotten to loving the man for the universal love that he exhibited toward his fellow-men, as well as for the almost youthful freshness and elasticity of his thoughts. The enthusiasm of his voice and remark attracted my attention; and as I took my seat I turned to him with a smile, and spoke:

"The most beautiful woman you have ever seen, sir, must have been worth seeing, for you have lived long, and I am sure, have had an eye to the beautiful as long as you have lived."

"She was radiant, I said. When I was a younger man I would have used another word, and called her divine. Her face comes across my memory, at times, as the face of an angel might have returned to Adam when he had been away from Eden for a thousand years. Those days were the Eden of my life; and I have often felt as if I were wandering away from it farther and farther every year that I live; and the companions of its walks and groves have long ago left me to stray alone, up and down the rough paths of a comfortless world. This was my parish forty years ago. Yonder was my home. That grove was my favorite walk. This whole valley, my field of happy labor. I wish I could pause here now for a day, or a week, or a year. But, alas! for me to stay here now would not be to re-enter my Paradise. But always, in all seasons, and now as always, I thank God that the flaming sword which guards the gate of Eden is not so terrible, after all, and some day I may approach it boldly, and pass it safely, and be with them all again."

The old man fell back in his seat. The last rays of the sun fell on his white locks, and they gleamed with surprising lustre; and I saw a tear—whether of grief or joy, I could not tell—shining, as no diamond ever shone, on his pale and withered cheek; and it fell, and was lost here; but I doubt not, gathered with other treasures elsewhere. After a moment's silence, I ventured to ask the subject of the conversation which my return had interrupted.

"We were speaking of the former occupants of Brackley House, the old place in the pine grove yonder; and the lady I mentioned was Edith, the daughter of Major Brackley."

"It is a fine-looking place. Was it as picturesque in those days as now?"

"Fully. Perhaps more so. For her taste was exquisite."

"Pardon me, sir; but from your manner, I am convinced there is a story in your mind now that would interest us; and if you have no objection, I trust we shall have it."

"You have found me talkative, and you think I will need only the hint, to talk on. That is the idea, is it? Well, so be it. I like to tell the stories of those days over and over again, and if you will bear with my prosing occasionally, you shall have my old story.

"Edith Brackley was twenty then, and, as I have said, exceedingly beautiful. She was not tall, but she was graceful and of commanding appearance, inheriting from her father much of the pride of his ancient family. Her brother Robert was a different person. Harsh, cold, and even morose in disposition, he did not seem to love any human being, not even his father or Edith. And not loving any one he hated one person with an intense hatred. This was his cousin Philip Brackley, the son of his father's older brother, and the real representative of the family line. Brought up by Major Brackley, after his own father's death, Philip was esteemed by his uncle and Edith as one of their own family, and had never been thought of as a nephew or cousin. But Robert, of a jealous disposition, had from boyhood quarreled with Philip, and grew up with the idea in his brain that his cousin would eventually displace him in the county as the successor to his father's position and influence. This idea was materially strengthened by the growing contrast in the treatment which Major Brackley gave to the two boys. Robert was constantly in trouble, and his father's reproofs were never received kindly. Philip, on the other hand, was gentle, affectionate, and obedient, although a boy of fiery spirit and indomitable courage. He was noble-looking, graceful, quick, and strong—foremost in all boyish games, and the winner of all struggles. To be first seemed his right—which, at length, no one thought of disputing; and the best of this was, that every one seemed to enjoy his superiority, except Robert, whose sullen hatred grew more and more violent. Withal, there was a story that Philip's mother had been loved by Major Brackley, but had preferred his brother, and the Major loved her son for her sake, and for her soft eyes that looked out from under his eyelids—but of that I know nothing. The boys were educated together, and were sent to college at the same time. Afterward, they chose the same profession; and before the date of which I now speak, they had been admitted to the bar, and had opened separate offices. For Robert rejected his father's proposition to unite his fortunes in the profession with those of Philip. I think you understand the character of the family. Edith loved her brother, and strove to win his love. But it was wasted affection.

"But Edith loved Philip. There is a depth of meaning in those three words. Hers was no

small soul. Her emotions were all lofty and noble. It was no weak, childish affection—no doubting, exacting, jealous love. It was an ocean of purity and deep, strong faith. Knowing the worth of the object of her love, and trusting his love as fully as she loved, she made him all her world, and she sometimes said, she made him half her heaven.

"Well, she was right in that. I am not one of those who believe that all our love ends with our clay; that all this holy faith, this fond growth of affection, this clinging hope, is to end with the few days of this pilgrimage. If God made human hearts, and, above all, woman hearts, for the mere purpose of planting in them emotions to take deep root, and be torn out, leaving them lacerated, bleeding, and dying to all eternity, then I believe that love is of the earth, earthy. But immortality is— I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I am wandering. But I have said that those years were the Eden of my life; and that love of Philip and Edith Brackley seems to me now, after the lapse of forty years, like the song of angels—a ravishing song—too exquisite in its melody for mortal ears—a song that I heard in that calm home of my young and peaceful labors—a song that floated above me, and all around me, and blest and gladdened me, and then passed away till it was only heard in that other and holier Eden, where their songs are too pure for mortal ears to hear. I trust to hear that melody again, some day. Perhaps soon: who knows how soon?"

The old gentleman paused awhile, and the coach rolled on. There was something in his tone of voice and manner that led me to think it possible that he, too, had loved the Edith of his old memories; and, after a moment's silence, I said, interrogatively:

"You were married then, I take it, sir?"

He looked at me, and I saw a smile around the corners of his lips that showed me he had detected my meaning.

"I have never been married. Philip Brackley was my friend, and made me the confidant of his love. Indeed we were in college together. But to resume my story:

"Major Brackley died, as all men must. It was hard for him, harder than for some others. It is not every one that dies out of such a home as that, or such a valley as this. He had many unfinished plans. He was leaving a pleasant home, a world in which he was doing great good, and a family that clung to him with earnest affection. But aside from all this, it was hard to die and leave the future so dark and doubtful—not for himself, I did not mean that—for he was one of my most exemplary parishioners, and he had hope for that other country which was sure and strong. He looked into the gloom which he was entering with firm eye, and saw what few dying men see—would that more might see it!—the other shore of the dark river, and shining faces waiting for him. His wife and mother, and, mayhap, Philip's father and mother, were there.

"But he doubted for the future of his own son and daughter, and Philip. He distrusted Robert, and trembled for Edith. But doubt and fear vanished in that hour when all earthly anxieties end, when he lifted his hands to heaven, and went there, leaving his body in Edith's arms.

"For three months after that, all was quiet in the mansion-house. Robert was absent much of the time, and Philip and Edith were to be married; Major Brackley had expressed such a desire in his will, and the arrangements had been made accordingly.

"It was a pleasant sight, though sad, during those three months, to see Philip and Edith daily riding side-by-side down the long avenue and up the mountain-road, or across the valley. Both were habited in deep black, and both seemed to feel heavily the weight of their sorrow. They were constantly together, and a nobler couple never were seen here. They were the admiration and pride of the whole county.

"Three times during these months Philip and Robert had been in collision—and Robert had given evidence that his affection was not increased. Edith had succeeded in keeping the family arrangements unchanged, but every one prophesied a breach before many days. Robert's associations were growing worse daily, and many had heard him utter threats of revenge on Philip for imaginary wrongs.

"The day preceding that appointed for the marriage arrived. By an unfortunate coincidence, on that day the cousins were in court on opposite sides of the same case—and that one which had excited considerable interest in the county.

"I have never understood, nor indeed inquired into the circumstances that led to the collision which occurred in the crowded room after the adjournment of the court. Those who saw it said that Robert was a madman in appearance. He raved, cursing his cousin, and finally swearing by the most terrible oaths, that Philip should never be more than cousin to him; and he struck him with his clenched hand, in the presence of the crowd.

"Philip was originally of fiery temper, but it was disciplined to perfection. He raised his arm to return the blow; and then saying, 'I can not strike the brother of Edith Brackley,' left the court-room, mounted his horse, and rode swiftly across the country to Brackley House, where Edith was expecting him. He briefly related the occurrence to her, and expressed his belief that unless they should be married that evening Robert would find means to delay, or entirely prevent their union. Without hesitation, Edith assented to his plan, and a messenger was sent for me. It was but sending for me a few hours sooner, for there was to be no wedding; death had been in the mansion-house so recently, that noise and gayety might not now displace his influence.

"When I left home a dark cloud was rising in the West, which had overspread the entire

heavens before I reached the house. I found Edith anxious, but calm, surrounded by a small group of her intimate friends, who had been summoned to the ceremony. I can see her now as then. Forty years, in dimming my eyes, have not dimmed my memory of these things; and I can recall the speaking eye, the throbbing temple, the swelling throat, the firm and even stately mien, the steady, untrembling hand which lay in Philip's, as I pronounced them man and wife, and forbade aught human to sever what God thus joined.

"As I uttered the words, a peal of thunder shook the foundations of the house, and went rolling away down the mountain-passes. For the next two hours the rain fell in floods. Such a storm was never known in the country. The mountain-streams became torrents, and the creek swelled to a broad strong river. The wind was a hurricane, and the old trees over the house wailed and moaned, and tossed their arms, as if they felt that the old family was to fail out of the county that night; and at length a giant pine, that stood near the east corner of the mansion, under which the children of three generations had played the summers through, went down with a rending crash that foretold the fall of the old house, and the extinction of the old line.

"At this moment Jacob, the chief of the family servants, rushed in, exclaiming, 'Oh! Mr. Philip! Mr. Robert! Mr. Robert!'

"'What of him, Jacob?'

"'He was fording the creek, sir, at the little ford, and his horse was carried away, and he was hurt, and couldn't swim, and he is—'

"'Drowned!' said Edith, calm but pale as the white moonshine that was now streaming in at the west windows.

"'No, ma'am, not drowned. But he is badly hurt, and he is on the island, and the river is up, and—'

"'Jacob, my horse—quick!'

"'And mine, Jacob.'

"'No, Edith.'

"'Yes, Philip.'

"The horses were at the door on the instant, and they two were off, side by side, on this strange bridal journey. I followed slowly. The wind was still terrible, though the clouds were gone. When I reached the river bank the scene was wild and fearful. Masses of logs, and timber, and trees were flying down with awful velocity.

"Robert stood on the island making signs that his left arm was hurt, and that the river was rapidly rising over his foothold; and as we looked his footing gave way, and he fell, but regained his position, which he now maintained with great difficulty. A stout man might have saved himself, but for a wounded man to try the water was inevitable death. Philip and Edith were consulting as I approached, and separated at the moment. There was no public display of emotion. No one of the crowd present knew that they two were man and wife. Edith held his hand for an instant, and looked with unutterable love into his face, and then turned to me, while Philip advanced to the water's edge.

"A loud murmur was heard as his purpose became apparent, and many strove to dissuade him from the attempt to save his cousin. Had he wavered at all, his purpose would have been made more firm by the intimation which I overheard that Robert would have let him drown. 'Then he is unfit to die himself,' said he.

"It was a bold plunge, and he took it deliberately. Going up the river to take the current, and pushing bravely out, he was swept into the eddy of the island, and gained a foothold by Robert's side. What passed between those two is known in heaven, and will be revealed at the great day, but not before. We could see them preparing to leave the land, and Philip fastened his cravat to a plank, and arranged it so that Robert's left arm could pass through it while he swam with his right, or if his strength failed, he could rest with that across his cousin's shoulders. At length, they entered the water, and struck out for the shore. We went down stream to meet them. They advanced rapidly, the whirl of the current aiding them. They neared us. We kept along side by side with them. We could see, nay, hear, Philip encouraging Robert from time to time. They were within a rod, almost within reach of our arms, when suddenly Robert cried out, and his strength seemed to fail him. At the same instant he threw his arm across Philip's neck, and we heard a smothered, choking cry, 'Not so tight—for heaven's sake, not so tight, Robert,' and then there was a plunge, and a shriek, and we heard him say, 'Robert—Edith,' and the two went down together. Robert rose alone, near enough to the shore to grasp a bush, and dragged himself out on the land unaided. No one helped him. All were surrounding Edith, who lay on the ground, pale, cold, and senseless. She never knew any one after that. Returning sensation brought no reason with it. She never spoke again until two years had passed, when, one day, after she had been sitting as usual at the west window, looking toward the sunset, silent and motionless, without expression or emotion in her still gloriously beautiful face, it suddenly grew bright with the lustre of unearthly presences, and shone for an instant as if it caught the radiance of an archangel's passing wing, or the smile of God himself; and rising from her seat, and stretching up her gaze, up, up, toward the blue sky and the home of the star-eyed, she seemed to pierce the vail with those glad eyes of hers, and she said again, 'My Philip,' and she sprang into his outstretched arms!

"Oh, when I reach at length that mountain-top toward which for threescore years and ten I have been toiling, that spot where the steep pathway joins the blue, I think it will be happy—so happy—to meet the footsteps of those an-

gels, coming to welcome the old man to his new youth!"

I should have left the good clergyman to his silence. There was a gentleness and delicacy in his manner of describing the death of Philip Brackley which was manifestly designed to leave much to the imagination. But a young man on the forward seat demanded abruptly, what became of Robert Brackley.

"Detested, feared, and abhorred, by the entire community, he wasted his property, and, on the death of Edith, he left the county. He was never heard of again, and the old family was gone from among us forever."

Five years after this stage-coach incident, my friend W—— and myself were on our usual autumn hunting expedition in the forests of ——. It was a cold, clear October evening. Weary and jaded with a long and unsuccessful tramp of two days, we were returning to our cabin, as the shadows of the western hills were going up the eastern mountain side and up into the sky, chasing the departing light. Coming out of the forest on the bank of the river, we paused to look up at the giant hemlock which stood out grandly above all the forest on the ridge of the hills, solemnly pointing, as it had pointed every night for hundreds of years, into the deep blue heavens. It was a glorious spot. The broad river, rushing along with majestic flow before us, was deep and steadfast, the hills stood up in the light and praised their builder, and anon the stars came and blessed the valley with radiant purity.

As we turned toward the cabin under an old oak, Smith, our host, met us with a message which had been left on the afternoon previous. Thompson, our nearest neighbor, a woodman living five miles down the river, was sick, and had sent for us. The messenger did not state what was his disease, but we knew he must be very ill, for no one sent for his neighbors in that country unless the day were going hard with him.

Accordingly we took the small canoe, and pushing out into the river, lent all our strength to the paddles, and shot swiftly down stream.

The old man who had sent for us was a woodman of no inconsiderable reputation. He had occupied the same cabin for more years than Smith could remember. We had met him often in former seasons, but his manner had always been repelling; and though he had sometimes hinted at other and better days, I had paid no attention to his hints, for this was a common thing among foresters.

His cabin was in a lonesome spot, under the side of an abrupt hill, shaded by a dense mass of old forest. A stream of water flowed through the hollow with unceasing noise, but the wind never reached the cabin, though it roared loudly in the trees overhead.

We approached the door and entered without knocking. All was dark and gloomy and silent in the cabin; no sound or movement indicated the presence of any living being, and the conviction was immediate that we were too late, and that the old man had done his work, and been carried out by his comrades.

But a husky whisper, coming from the corner where the pile of skins lay which formed his bed, attracted my attention, and I turned toward it:

"Who is it?" was the whisper.

"Smith, W——, and P——."

He seemed delighted, and in a few moments Smith had struck a light, and kindled a fire on the hearth, and a ruddy blaze lit up the cabin. It appeared that the old man had been suffering for some months with a heavy cold and cough, and the end was close at hand. He had been attended by a neighbor, who was now away on his own affairs, leaving the woodman to meet the grim enemy alone in his hut. He was too feeble to leave his bed, and the fire had gone out. In his silent and feeble lonesomeness the night had come on. How many such lonesome nights had come down on him in that cabin! As the twilight deepened, he said, he had tried to sleep, but he could not. He believed he should never sleep again, though he was weary—so weary! He laid his arm outside the covering, and I shrank from it, it was so shockingly thin and wasted. He smiled at that, and covered it over, and then said he wished to see me especially.

"For what?"

"I want to make my will."

I smiled—even laughed. He was serious, however; and I grew as serious as he. I had no idea then of practicing my profession, though I was known among the hunters on the river as "The Counselor."

"I should not have sent for you were I strong enough to write myself, but I am too weak. Get ready soon, or I shall fail entirely. Have you not brought ink and paper? Then Jack, as usual, neglected half his message, and I shall die without it, after all."

There was something so mournful in the old man's voice that I felt for him, and hastily producing a half-dozen letters from my pocket, I tore off the blank half sheet of one, indorsed with my direction and the post-mark.

"It will do," said the old man; "it will not be long."

"I should think not," said I, glancing around at the wolf and bear skins, and other trophies of the chase, which seemed to be his only property. He caught my glance, and laughed a husky laugh, which pained me, as I proceeded to make a pen from an eagle's quill that I took from a wing nailed over the door, and then mixed some soot with molasses and water for ink, and so made ready for this curious professional work.

"I want first a promise from you. I am to sign the will. You all shall witness it. But you must not read my name till I am gone away from this."

We promised, and he proceeded to dictate while I wrote sundry bequests to benevolent objects, made, as the old man said, by way of

disposing of the last relics of the property of an unworthy sinner, who had now nothing left to live or die by but the mercy of God.

"Are you a lawyer?" said I, as I finished the writing.

"I was once," said he briefly.

The will was signed, and he turned down the corner on which he wrote his name, so that it was not visible to us as we signed our own to the attesting clause. I then folded it and handed it to him, and he placed it under his pillow.

All this passed slowly, for he was very feeble, and at times I feared lest he would not live to finish it. His breath was short and labored, interrupted by frequent coughing. Having taken his directions as to the disposition of the will after his death, we sat down to await the result of the struggle now going on between life and death. Toward morning the lamp of life flickered, and he grew delirious for a few moments at a time. There was something familiar to me in the subject of his ravings, but I could not recall the reason for it. As daylight came he grew exceedingly restless, and moaned often. His giant limbs were tossed about as if by the will of some fierce raging spirit that had taken possession of him. Now he lay quiet, staring fixedly with his black piercing eyes at the roof of the cabin, and now he waved his arms wildly, and seemed to be keeping off some unseen but terrible visitors and tormentors; and at length, as the sun streamed in at the little window by the door, and fell on the opposite side of the cabin, he caught sight of the bright rays, and lifting himself up on the pile of skins, he supported his thin gaunt form on one hand, and turned half over toward the door, and burst into a harsh discordant shout of laughter, that suddenly seemed to choke him, and he fell on his side dead.

So all was over. A long life was ended, whereof doubtless might have been written a hundred, nay a thousand startling histories. It would take volumes to recount the experiences of any one heart; and of that heart, now still, I could not doubt there were stirring tales forever lost. What stories of boyhood, what trials of manhood he had known; what affections he had lost, and what he had crushed under his feet; what arms had enfolded him in their soft embrace, what lips he had pressed in dewy girlhood, what contests he had known, what conquests, what defeats—all these things I longed to read in the lines of that motionless countenance. But the lines of a human face, unlike any other volume, are legible only when in motion, scarcely ever when at rest. This only we knew, that he was old, and weary, and wasted; this only we trusted, that he had found repose.

It was a place where one might find it, if any where under the sod. There was music forever sounding in the trees above him, like the voices of unseen but faithful attendants. There was stillness in the long day, when the sun fell on the mound through the openings among the great trees; and there was solemn and profound silence there in the night.

We buried him the day that he died, toward the evening, close by the side of his cabin, under the same great trees. And when Smith had thrown in the earth, and W—— had recited certain sublime passages of Holy Writ, and the grave was closed till the day of awakening, I went into the cabin and brought out the dead woodman's will, and opening it in the last rays of the October sun, I read the signature. It was Robert Brackley.

And that night, as we pushed our canoe up the rapids, toiling slowly away from the grave of the dead old man, I looked back at the lonesome cabin, and the gloomy shadow of the dark old trees, and wondered whether God would permit Edith Brackley and her husband to visit the forest resting-place of their sinful brother.

WHAT A "SIGHT-SEER" DID SEE IN ONE DAY.

IF I were called upon to name the individual of the human species that unites in his or her person the greatest powers of endurance with the utmost impatience, the most unflagging activity to a body always just ready to drop from fatigue—a mind skeptical from its shallowness, yet ready to engulf entire kingdoms in its capacious swallow, and to bolt miracles and relics by scores—in short, that individual who combines in him or herself the most opposite qualities, whether of body or mind, I should unhesitatingly pronounce that individual to be the modern "sight-seer." Reader mine, has it ever fallen to thy lot to travel with one? If so, now that thy fatigues have become reminiscences, it may please thee to renew, on paper, thy self-inflicted sufferings of yore—when impatient of home, thou rashly became a tourist. If not, read, ponder, and inwardly digest a day's experience of mine, lest thou, too, in the folly of thy heart, shalt say,

"John, pack my trunk—to-morrow I'm off for Italy."

"Sight-seeing," from its original purpose of information, has been perverted by these traveling pests into a frigid duty. Nothing must be allowed to escape their observation that has attained the dignity of being a "sight." They neither study, examine, nor look. "They have been there." That short sentence embraces with them equally the entire Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire, the Chinese Wall, Mohammed's Tomb, or the hair of the Virgin. It has been the fashion heretofore for lions to swallow travelers; but now travelers swallow lions by scores, in one day. Then so far is digestion from being impaired by this enormous meal, that it but serves as a whet to the appetite for the succeeding. There is but one soft spot in their conscience. Hint to them that there is something that they have missed—be it but the ass's jaw-bone with which Samson slew the Philistines, an antediluvian salt-cellar, or an Etruscan tomb—and their remorse is fearful to be-

hold. True, some will stoutly deny the possibility of there existing any thing that they have not seen; others will offset their loss by more marvelous sights in the neighborhood, and endeavor to overwhelm your discovery by the magnitude of their own; but it is easy to perceive in both that the wound rankles, and can only be cured by seeing for themselves also. The only object that such persons can possibly have in view must be a "catalogue," and the malicious pleasure of saying to the unsophisticated tourist who travels really "to see"—but to see and study only those objects which both gratify and instruct, believing that to see every thing is really to see nothing—"O! you surprise me; how could you miss it? I assure you it was worth all the rest." For my part, I should like to see every thing; but then I should desire to have both life and memory augmented to tenfold their present capacity.

The gender of these "sight-seers" is both male and female. What is the most singular, neither age, infirmity, nor other evils to which human flesh is heir, have the slightest effect in modifying this passion. Even delicacy is often discarded as inconvenient. As for health, that poor orphan must take charge of itself. "To see," is the entire creed—to know, remember, or understand, are indifferent points.

The necessities of this class have created a dozen other classes—parasites of the worst and most annoying character—who effectually contrive to destroy all the comfort and pleasure the modest seeker of knowledge, or lover of association, otherwise might have. I speak of the race generally, and class them as guides, ciceroni, coachmen, donkey-drivers, venders of prints and antiquities, couriers, inn-keepers, showmen, valets, door-keepers, and beggars of every quality. All these are purse-leeches, united in a common league to defraud and extort. But the depletion of coin is the least of their evils. Better, by far, is it to fall among the savages of the American deserts, or to be surrounded with wild animals, than to be in the midst of these human wolves. The more they are fed, the worse they snarl and bite. Unsusceptible of gratitude, they are proof against generosity. Like cormorants, every thing is food for their maws; and with the baseness peculiar only to human nature, they fawn upon those they fear, and mock at those they gull.

I shall select one only out of the many similar days' experiences, that, thanks to the system introduced by "sight-seers," have now become the common lot of travelers on classic soil. By the time my readers have followed me through that day's labor, they will have come to the conclusion that all play and no work is not the fate of tourists who have been so unfortunate as to link their fortunes to those of a universal sight-seer.

One of these terrible beings, of the female sex—the mania with them is even worse than with the male—had taken us in charge for the day. In addition to her all-seeing and omniscious qualities, she was tormented with an insatiable desire for system, and an incurable propensity to lecture; so that we were called upon to look and listen, at the same moment, after the most orthodox manner possible, of the most skillful of all the mighty lion-hunters, that yearly do the "grand tour." "Us" made a party as unfavorable as can well be conceived, for the appreciation of the talents of our anomalous Nimrod. It consisted of a young lady, who much preferred youthful beaus to old ruins; a fashionable matron, who would like to see what fashionable people went to see—but in as ladylike a manner as possible, and who much preferred the use of her own tongue to that of another; a young gentleman, to whom every thing but cards, and suppers, and talking, were unmitigated bores; and your humble servant, who went because it would have been so stupid to have staid behind. The locality was Naples; the hour of starting, as soon as the coffee was swallowed; and the conveyance, a comfortable carriage, with three horses, covered with innumerable bells, that jingled merrily as we rapidly sped over the level pavements.

Our first station was Virgil's Tomb, at the entrance of the Grotto of Posilipo. It is in a garden, midway up the hill which commands so magnificent a view of the Bay of Naples. This was, at all events, worth seeing—so was the tomb, for those whose faith has not been destroyed by antiquarians. It is a nondescript stone building, of a cylindrical shape, surmounted by a dome, with nothing to remind one of the poet except a modern inscription. We had four volunteers to show us the gate of the garden, directly before our eyes; another insisted upon being our guide, on a path which as plainly led to the tomb as Broadway does to Union Square; then an owner of the lot joined in the procession; lastly, not to mention the usual assault of beggars, appeared the guardian of the tomb, with his key, to show us how empty and dark it is within; each of whom clamored for *buksheesh* with an eagerness worthy of Bedouins.

I know nothing within the range of sights that more belies its name and puts to flight every poetic and romantic association, than the so-called Grotto of Posilipo. This grotto is a tunnel, half a mile long, twenty-two feet broad, and some eighty feet high, cut through the hill to form a subterranean road, by which the distance to Pozzuoli is materially shortened. It is an ancient affair, an antiquity in the days of Seneca, who thought it worth mentioning. But in comparison with modern railroad-tunnels this ancient bore is the work of pygmies, particularly as the rock is as easily cut as ice. There is a petty chapel at the entrance, excavated out of the hill-side, the station of a dirty, savage-looking hermit, who waylays every carriage with his frightful gestures and screams for alms. The grotto is the main-road to Baiæ, now, as formerly, a crowded thoroughfare for carriages, foot-passengers, and droves of ani-

mals. Every one who ventures through undergoes a fearful purgatory of unwholesome air, lamp-smoke, dust, and countless other annoyances, before emerging to daylight and a filthy suburb of Naples. The road is good, however, and soon takes one into the midst of vineyards and other vegetation.

Before reaching the Lake d'Agnano it becomes circuitous and sandy, being a by-road. This lake, like all others in the vicinity, is an old crater, which nature, with a love of change quite worthy of a woman, has emptied of fire only to fill it with water. But there is fire near by, and plenty of it, too, judging from the steam cracks in the earth, and the sulphurous fumes which impregnate the atmosphere. Before reaching the lake we were snatched up by a guide, who, pointing to the lake, gravely informed us that it was a lake—next, that the bath-house was a bath-house—consigning us at the door to another, who ushered us into various rudely-built chambers, from the sides and floors of which sulphurous vapors ascended with all the force of a young Tartarus. These baths have been in use for thousands of years for the destruction of rheumatism. They have an alternate action with Vesuvius, growing hotter and more copious in their discharges as Vesuvius becomes quiet. In their rear are the remains of one of the numerous villas belonging to Lucullus.

At a short distance to the right is the "Grotta del Cane," where unhappy dogs are doomed to daily-renewed deaths for the philosophic gratification of pitiless visitors. This grotto is merely a small cavity in the hill, scarcely large enough for a man to enter, and closed by a wooden door, to which, of course, was attached its keeper. A pretty little dog, of a mongrel-spaniel look, had followed us, without much reluctance, to this cave, though seemingly aware of the fate in store for it. The master of ceremonies asserted, as was natural, that the experiment was harmless to the dog. But if a human being can not breathe with impunity carbonic acid gas until it causes convulsions, neither can a dog. The experiment is a cruel one, and we were hard-hearted enough to consent to it. The keeper held the dog by his legs, with his face toward the ground, from which issued the mephitic gasses. He turned his eyes piteously toward us, and yet seemed to take a morbid pleasure in the fatal draught. In less than a minute his limbs were convulsed; in another minute life would have been extinct, but the keeper withdrew him, and laid him upon the grass in the fresh air. The recovery from this semi-death must be more painful than its previous endurance, for the poor animal gasped, and was evidently in torture. A few minutes brought him entirely to—languid, but not without some animation—for he made an attempt to frisk about. A moment after, he came to me, and licked my hand.

I inwardly vowed that no dog should again be immolated for my sake. A lighted torch, held close to the ground, was immediately extinguished. It was an hopeless effort to attempt to discharge a pistol within its influence. I breathed it for a second, and became so dizzy and faint, with such a painful sensation at the stomach, that I was but too glad to withdraw, without further experience of what the poor brute must have suffered.

A cold boiling spring, as it is termed, close by, completed, as we supposed, the sights of this lake; but another guide made his appearance, and insisted that he had charge of a curiosity worth them all. To miss nothing, we followed him. He led us to a newly-constructed grotto, opened the door, and ushered us in. This grotto covered a spring, or fountain, of ammoniacal gas, which is inhaled by consumptives. Following his example, we bent ourselves toward the floor, and lapped up with our hands mouthsful of this not unpleasant air. Its first effect was somewhat exhilarating, but it should be breathed only with great caution. A frog, placed on the floor, made at first desperate attempts to escape. Gradually his limbs became motionless, and in three minutes he was dead. In the half-hour that we passed at this lake we had encountered five guides, or guardians—disbursed among them nine francs—ran through the usual gauntlet of beggars—been steeped in hot sulphur, drugged with carbonic acid vapors, and made light-headed with ammoniacal gas—an experience, one would have supposed, quite sufficient for an entire day, though it proved but the initiative ceremonies of ours.

From the Lago d'Agnano we drove to Pozzuoli, along the new beach road, affording on one side fine sea-views of the bay of Naples, and on the other an occasionally almost overpowering stench. Indeed Pozzuoli, or Puteoli, as it once was called, derives its name from its fetid odors, which do not grow any sweeter from age.

At the entrance of this ancient town, the onslaught made upon us was terrible. Guides charged upon us in scores, catching hold of the carriage, and even seizing upon the wheels, to arrest our progress. Beggars, whose entire capital consisted of broken or maimed limbs, crutches, sores disgustingly exposed to public view, and every species of natural deformity, and acquired impudence and importunity, chanted their ceaseless whining chorus in our ears. "Charity, charity!—your Excellencies, charity! Beautiful ladies, for the love of the holy Madonna, give us something, and the saints will bless you!" "Do you want a guide?" "Do you want a donkey?" "Here's a bronze Mercury, a veritable antique, your Excellency, just dug up!" shouted a vender of antiquities, waving his clever imitation of the classic idol in the air, to attract observation. "Look at this beautiful relic, your Excellency!" cried another; "one dollar only," at the same moment endangering my face by a shapeless mass of metal, covered with verdigris, which he thrust almost into my eyes. Ragged and dirty urchins, but with fine faces and waggish tongues, swelled

our cortège, and made the "confusion still worse confounded," by their sharp cries for the smallest coins. Mothers, still more ragged and dirty, bronzed in the sun, and hardened by poverty to reckless lying and beggary, snatched up their own or their neighbor's infants, and rushed after us in furious haste to gather their share of the spoil. To give or buy off such a horde was to make each succeeding visitor's path more perilous. It would have been a bounty on vice and violence. Having been furnished at Naples with the name of a reliable guide, we shouted for Angelo, and, almost instantaneously, as if he had sprung from the earth, Angelo was upon the box, and we under his orders. Seeing us a prize to Angelo, the besieging crowd gradually returned to their lair, at the outskirts of the town, to await fresh arrivals.

"Now, Angelo," said our lady-patroness, "we wish to see all the sights of Pozzuoli, Baiæ, Cumæ, Misenum, Solfatara, and every thing else between this and—" "Hell!" our exasperated dandy added, as the prospect of the day's work began to dawn upon his already half used-up faculties. He meant "Avernus," but in his angry haste gave the plain English. "And, Angelo, return to Naples by a different route, and do not omit a single ruin or interesting object," continued she, not noticing the interruption. "Angelo," I added, "drive off all beggars and sellers of antiques; pay all ciceroni, hire all donkeys, settle for every thing yourself; and take care, as you value your own pay, that no side demands reach us." "Yes, your Excellency, you shall be well served," replied Angelo, delighted at the prospect of the haul before him. I would advise all travelers in such straits as we, to do the same. To be cheated by one to whom you have given a *carte-blanche*, is vastly more satisfactory than to be annoyed by countless impositions at every step of the way.

St. Paul rested seven days at Pozzuoli on his voyage to Rome, but I think it would be difficult for any modern saint to obtain even an hour's rest in this place, since it has become a show town—a sort of galvanic grave-yard of antiques. Our first stage was the curious old Temple of Jupiter Serapis, the tit-bit of geologists, on account of its columns, which furnish a sort of conchological chronology of the earth's movements ever since their erection. It was built more than two thousand years ago, and originally, judging from the numerous ancient baths around it, to which the water still has access—and indeed some are still in use—it must have been a sort of religious hydropathic establishment. When first discovered, in 1750, after its partial burial by an earthquake, it was quite perfect, and might have been made, at slight expense, the most complete and beautiful relic of antiquity. But the kings of Naples, wanting its graceful columns, colored marbles, and fine statuary for their modern buildings, have reduced this temple to the skeleton of its former state.

The next antiquity to which our attention was directed, were the immense piers of the old mole, constructed so far back that nobody can now decide when, though they were indebted to the Roman emperors for repairs. They remain under the charge of Neptune; and as nobody can fence them in, there was nothing to pay for looking at them. Caligula used them as a parting station for his temporary bridge of boats, with which he connected Baiæ with Pozzuoli.

Rejoining our carriage, we took the road to Cumæ, passing every inch of the way over classic, but very dusty and heavy soil. On our right were the remains of the villa of Cicero, about as interesting in present appearance as a dilapidated brick-kiln. Singularly enough, all that is left, that is not vague and shapeless, is a *wine-cellar*. Here the Emperor Hadrian died, and Cicero composed his Academic Questions—two facts which, in the way of reminiscence, make these ruins of more interest than most of the others that so thickly strew this coast.

The road to Cumæ took us past Lake Avernus, quite a picturesque and gentle sheet of water, with nothing at present about it to remind one of Virgil's Tartarus. However noxious it may once have been, birds not only fly across it now with impunity, but alight upon its surface, and fish find a safe home in its waters. But nature in this region performs strange freaks, often in a most unexpected manner; so that one should take heed how he indulges in skepticism as to what does not now exist as described by ancient ocular authorities. The entire coast vibrates under the influence of volcanic action. Looking down from the precipitous cliffs at Bauli, we could see the ruins of temples and villas beneath the clear waters. The temple of Jupiter Serapis had been submerged, and afterward restored to earth again by the same fiery agent. An earthquake in 1538, or more properly a volcanic eruption, created in thirty-six hours the present Monte Nuovo, a hill quite large enough, if inverted, to fill the Avernine Lake. To make room for this mountain, the earthquake swallowed up an entire village, and destroyed the greater part of the Lucrine Lake, with the descendants of those oysters so prized by Latin poets and epicures. A classical lake would make but a diminutive mill-pond in New England; but every sheet of water large enough to float a boat is dignified in Europe with the name of lake.

Angelo shortly after announced our arrival at the "Arco Felice," a colossal gateway of old Cumæ, a city so ancient as to make all others in this vicinity seem quite juvenile in contrast. It has retained its ancient appellation for three thousand years. This gateway is still in excellent preservation, and spans the old paved street which leads directly through the heart of what was once a populous and important city, but is now a shapeless mass of ruins, half hid in vegetation. Antiquarians sagely point out aqueducts, temples, baths, and various other edifices, which may be so or may not. They are now not worth the trouble of either dispute or investigation. All this side of the Bay of Naples

is a cemetery of nations, the ruined cities of which lie scattered about over the soil, like the disinterred bones of an old grave-yard. At Cumæ recent excavations have brought to light the tombs of *three* distinct races, built like the stories of a house one over the other, after the existence of each in its turn had been apparently forgotten by its successor. The topmost stratum consists of the narrow abodes of the old Romans; beneath this, we find the tombs of the Greek colonists; underneath these, in some instances sixty feet below the present surface of the soil, we come to the aboriginal sepulchres, when and by whom made the world may never know. That they were a civilized and refined people, their domestic utensils, pictures, jewelry, vases, and their mode of disposing of their dead plainly show. How singular, that all we now know of a lost race is only what the tomb discloses!

To reach the top of the Arco Felice we were obliged to walk through the cultivated patch of ground of a peasant. He came bawling after us for toll. Angelo threw him copper, but this was not enough. He did not cease his noise until silver crossed his hand. His cabbages were planted on the very walls of Cumæ. From their summit we enjoyed a view of the distant Liternum, the retreat and death-place of Scipio Africanus, the Circean Promontory so nearly fatal to Ulysses, the Acheron, and the islands of Ponza, Ischia, and Vandolena.

Descending from the walls, which time has almost wholly hidden in a hill, we rattled over the Via Domitiana, still, in parts, as good as new, toward the Lake of Fusaro, where the King of Naples has a sort of oyster-lodge. On the way we passed by and along the river Styx, the Elysian Fields, and other localities immortalized in the verse of Virgil. The Elysian Fields reminded me of one of our prairie swamps—a fitter abode for snakes and mosquitoes than for beatified shades. The Styx was black enough not to belie its fame. The ladies—excepting, of course, the patroness—voted Virgil an impostor; and the dandy declared the King of Naples's oysters to be worth a dozen Æneids. So to Fusaro we drove, and bribed the honest guardian into selling us a basket-load of the very best—not excepting those retained for the private tooth of his Majesty. Some we dispatched from the shell on the spot. If royal Ferdinand had ever been on Chesapeake Bay, he would set small store by his oyster-bed. I came to the conclusion that either the Roman poets were indifferent judges of oysters, or else they had greatly degenerated from the fatness and flavor of their illustrious ancestors.

Arriving at Baiæ, Angelo deposited us and the remainder of our oysters at the door of a hut, elevated on a stone platform, over the steps of which, in large capital letters, was written, "*Grand Royal Queen Victoria's Hotel.*" This name promised something, so we entered. We were classically located, at all events. On either side of us were the ruins of the temples of Venus Genetrix, and of Mercury and Diana, built of brick, and probably once cased with marble. Several chambers were quite perfect, and contained finely-executed stucco ornaments. But their entrances and interiors were choked with earth and brambles. These ruins were the only intelligible remains of the once luxurious Baiæ, which for a thousand years retained a sort of prescriptive right to corrupt the easy virtue of the several races that succeeded each other in the lordship of this seductive soil. Baiæ was notorious, even amid the most licentious cities of Italy during the Roman and middle ages, for its profligacy. At present it presents nothing more seductive than beggars, colliers, and fishing-boats. It could not even provide a dinner. We called for meat: there was none. We ran over an entire "carté" of supposed eatables. The result was that our host of the "Grand Royal Queen Victoria's Hotel" agreed to provide us a table to eat our oysters from, a loaf of bread, a dish of maccaroni, and a bottle of wine. This was not over-satisfactory to the appetites of a party who had been already six hours hard at work, and had as many more in prospect. There was nothing else; so we fell to. The maccaroni was too hard and black for heretical throats, so we had the satisfaction of seeing Angelo swallow that instead of ourselves. The wine I mistook for vinegar, but "mine host" indignantly asserted that it was "genuine Falernian," and quite as good as any Horace ever tippled with. We all owed it a debt of gratitude; for had it not been as potent as it proved, I believe the slimy oysters would have given us the cholera. While we were *dining*, several carriage-loads of visitors drove up. Some provident souls had brought their dinners from Naples; others came as we, with the spoils of the Fusaran Lake, and dined on them. Beggars clamored for alms, and the *remains* of our meals. They said that they were hungry. We sympathized and wondered on what the poor of Baiæ could possibly exist when its "Grand Hotel" could furnish but bad maccaroni and stale bread. One old woman, a regular Hecate in looks, brought grass, and devoured it by handsful, to show the quality of her appetite. The fare of this female Nebuchadnezzar was only one stage worse than ours; so all we could do was to give her money, by way of encouragement, to repeat her trick for the benefit of Angelo's next victims. A little girl and boy danced the tarantella, after a manner that won for them many coppers, and cries for more.

From Baiæ to Bauli is a short and romantic drive, and a series of views, such as the combined natural and artificial beauty of the bay of Naples can alone present. In contrast with the other towns in this neighborhood, which grow out of and upon the ruins of temples, palaces, and imperial villas, like fungi and other vegetable excrescences from the decayed trunks of once noble trees, Bauli was cleanly and industrious. Every man, woman, and child—

even the infant at the breast—begged; but they begged good-naturedly, and, as a matter of course, without interrupting their work—grateful, if they got any thing; and joking each other, if disappointed. Mothers pointed to their children, and asked for a penny, because they were so pretty. The traffic in distorted limbs and disgusting diseases had not taken root here. The population was too good-looking to be willing to sacrifice their beauty for the doubtful gains of spurious charity.

From the hill we looked down upon the foundations of the Villa of Hortensius, in the water, near which Nero caused his mother, Agrippina, to be killed. The graphic description of this event by Tacitus came up vividly before me, as I gazed upon the site of his demoniacal crime. For miles we wandered over the hills, every where meeting some interesting remains of antiquity, until they became tiresome from their very numbers. There were the Villa of Lucullus, where Tiberius died—the subterranean chambers, dark, narrow, and more than gloomy; ghastly, like the Roman catacombs, christened, "the prisons of Nero;" they are foul and terrible enough for the tender mercies of any tyrant, ancient or modern—though Nero may be guiltless of any thing in regard to them, except having given them a name; and the most wonderful object of all, the immense artificial reservoir, which contained the purified water for the use of the Roman fleet at Misenum. This reservoir is excavated in the hill, the top being arched and sustained by vast brick pillars. The whole interior is covered with cement, which is coated with incrustations of lime. It is ventilated from above, and stone steps lead down to the floor, now free from water, except what is deposited by rain. Cape Misenum commands an extensive *coup d'œil* of the bay of Naples, the old port and naval station—now a sort of lake—and the classical shore and sites which we had traversed.

We had still much work before us, according to the plan of the lady patroness, who was resolutely bent upon condensing into one day enough for the labors of six. Accordingly, allowing only a few minutes to one of the finest prospects in Europe, she turned our heads toward Pozzuoli, giving us a different view of many of the objects already examined, besides a closer one of the artificial fish-ponds, so dear to Roman gourmands. Pliny would have us believe that the fishes in these ponds knew the voices of their keepers, and came at their call; that each responded to its name by leaping out of the water, and that the pets wore necklaces and ear-rings: his statement must have been the father of "fish-stories."

At Nero's Villa, of which some brick-work alone remains, we entered his vapor-baths, which are underneath its site. The entrance is like that of an ordinary cave, but the heat soon becomes oppressive and stifling. Before we were aware of his object, a guide, stripped naked to the waist, seized a bucket and some eggs, and requested the ladies to follow him. They did for a rod or so, into a circuitous and narrow hole leading down into the bowels of the hill, and then rushed back, faint, and streaming with perspiration. Angelo said it would be imprudent for them to venture farther without they stripped also—a process to which they were not at all inclined, even to gratify their curiosity by discovering what there was so hot below. In two minutes the guide returned, reeking with steam, like a leaky boiler. He had been far enough to dip up the boiling water, and brought us back the eggs cooked to a charm. We were already half-boiled ourselves, and gladly hastened to the outer air to cool. Angelo had a warm battle with this salamander, who wanted twenty-five cents apiece for his eggs; but the threat of bringing no more strangers to his lair, brought down his demands one-half.

The Sibyl's cave, or, as it is more poetically called, the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, was too tempting a tit-bit for the ladies to forego. Dandy and myself were content with our present experience of classical grottoes, but we were outvoted, and forced by our gallantry to accompany the ladies to this, if we may credit Virgil, avenue to the infernal regions. It was none too good to be such, judging from first impressions, as its gloomy door opened, and we followed a tribe of half-naked, muscular guides into a descending passage cut deep into the hill. Its darkness was scarcely relieved by the flaring light of torches. How deep and far we trudged after our officious guides, who encouraged us at each step to proceed, I can not say. All at once they stopped and pointed to a narrow passage, descending rapidly into the mountain, and scarcely wide enough for a man to pass through. This, they said, was the entrance to the Sibyl's chambers. As she was out, there could be no impropriety in entering, though there would have been a touch of it in the way the ladies penetrated into her sanctuary, had we been exposed to daylight. This passage, the depths of which the eye vainly sought to penetrate, was two feet deep in water. The only mode of ingress was by mounting the back of our guides, "good horses" as they called themselves. A man with a torch preceded each. The ladies put their knees into the hands of their "horses," which were turned behind them, threw their arms with choking tightness around their necks, bowed their fair faces, destined soon to lose their fairness, close to their curly manes, and cried out, "go ahead." As we were all alike mounted, all were on an equality of appearance, though I "guessed," as well as the darkness would permit, that the ladies, in their anxiety to preserve appearances, cut the worse figure. Splash, splash went the water—of course the ladies screamed, and wondered where the next step would take them. The water became a little deeper, that was all—but the sides of the passage were coated with the soot of the thousands of torches that had for

centuries preceded curious ladies into or down this chimney of Pluto, for to nothing else could I liken it. The soot, of course, rubbed off into their dresses—the torches sent flame and smoke into our faces. We were half-choked with foul air, but still held on; indeed, to turn was impossible. At last a sort of chamber opened upon us. It was about the size of a state-carriage, half full of water, and as black as Erebus. The panting guides deposited us, nearly up to our ankles in water, on a narrow stone platform, which they called the Sibyl's bed. A little farther on there was another chamber, the counterpart of this. We knew there was water there, because we felt and heard it—there were walls, because we rested against them, but except as the torches flashed out their dubious light, we could no more see than if we had been put away mummied on a shelf in the centre of the grand pyramid. We had come thus far through smoke, soot, and water, to find ourselves buried in a small sized tomb, deep into the earth, with an equal chance of being suffocated or drowned. The lights might go out, or the guides might clear out. Either thought—and such thoughts will come, under such circumstances—was unpleasant. I suggested the policy of a speedy retreat, as there was not sufficient inducement for additional exploration. Into such an "infernal" (I speak classically) hole had the devouring curiosity of women plunged us; and, worse, than all, I afterward learned, on good authority, that no Sibyl ever dwelt there. A statement easily to be believed after a personal inspection of the apartment. In fact, the whole story is an "invention of the enemy," for the benefit of the biped horses. Daylight revealed to each other faces blacker than Othello's. I bathed mine in the much scandalized waters of Lake Avernus, and brought to light a portion of its original color. The ladies polished away with their handkerchiefs, and dropped their vails to soften the effect. We had a long walk to reach the carriage, which rapidly bore us to a new field of antiquities.

As we drove into Pozzuoli, a squad of donkeys awaited our arrival. We had in the course of the day tried almost every other mode of locomotion, and now Angelo said we must alight and mount these self-willed brutes. I refused, insisting that my two legs were quite as capable of carrying me as the donkey's four. But it was of no use. The others were mounted, and the urchin driver of the ass allotted as mine, drove him after me; now causing him suddenly to stop before me; brushing by at my side, every once in a while, making an offensive demonstration with his heels, until, to escape them, I was forced to stride his back. Thick and fast came the blows upon the poor creature's flanks, as we hurried through the narrow and uneven lanes. Up hill and down, over rocks and gullies, they trotted tumultuously; now tossing us against each other, then rubbing our legs against a stone wall, or threatening to leave our brains on some wayside tree; on, on, we jolted, clinging in desperation to our saddles, our spines twisting, bobbing, and dodging like saplings in a whirlwind, in our efforts to avoid overthrowing and being overthrown, while the impish drivers vigorously applied the lash, and frightened, by hideous yells, their Lilliputian animals into still more pell-mell haste. Even donkey nature has its limits of forbearance. Dandy was mounted upon the fleetest. It had gone ahead of all the others, quite indifferent as to whether it bore us from our saddles as it scrambled furiously by, or left its rider's limbs lodged in some rocky crevice. This was quite as much as could be expected from the most ambitious donkey; but its owner, proud of its spirit, concentrated all his energies of muscle and lung into a combined blow and shout, intended to develop all its latent powers of wind and speed. His success in astonishing us was both complete and satisfactory. The donkey stopped as short as if he had been simultaneously changed into stone. Dandy, who had been enjoying the race, the only thing besides the oysters that he had enjoyed, was pitched hat-foremost over his head. In falling, he threw his arms around the animal's neck. This manœuvre saved his beaver and its contents, but brought him underneath the ass, with his face in affectionate proximity to the brute's, as if he were bent on giving him a kiss, while donkey was shaking his ears with anticipated delight. The ludicrous attitude of the two was irresistible; the young ladies merrily complimented Dandy upon his conquest, and laughed until their own equilibriums were shaken. Even madam patroness said the sight was worth one grotto, or even a cracked column.

Without further accident we arrived at the semi-extinct crater of Solfatara, which had seen its best days before Vesuvius was born. It is about a mile in circumference, and at present serves as a vast laboratory of alum, vitriol, and sal-ammonic, which are here manufactured in large quantities. Scalding fumes of sulphur still arise in places. The floor of the crater is a vast dome. Upon dropping a large stone, the noise is like that of muffled thunder or the reverberation of the bottomlesa pit. How deep and extensive is the cavity beneath none but Providence can tell, but the sound gives one a nervous apprehension of the thinness of this natural roof; for it really seems as if the stone would break it through, and precipitate the visitors into its fathomless fires. It would be a curious experiment to pierce this volcanic arch, and peer into the secrets of nature beneath.

But our greatest danger was from the workmen, who clamored for money with more the air of robbers than beggars. They surrounded our animals, insisting upon performing numberless unwelcome services. To give to one, was to encourage all. Angelo counseled closed fingers and frigid apathy. We got away as speedily as possible, but not without paying tribute to a well-dressed and polite individual who represented himself as door-keeper to the volcano.

After visiting the ancient amphitheatre, the

subterranean story of which is an anomaly in this species of architecture, and, thanks to the earthquakes that buried it, is now well preserved, we voted, as it was dark, that we would go to see no more ruins this day. This amphitheatre was a mere bagatelle of an edifice. It held only forty-five thousand spectators. The price of admission, I judged, was about the same now as when the imperial butcher Nero honored the games with his presence. The royal bounty of King Ferdinand to his loving courtiers is shown more by the gift of an ancient ruin than by a modern palace. The latter would bring most of them to ruin, but the former pays the better in proportion that it lacks repairs. The ancients were a liberal race. They not only made their own fortunes but those of their remotest descendants.

The asses were to be paid, and Angelo also. The former had taken us to our carriage just outside the town, where awaited us a similar crowd to that which we had encountered in the morning. Angelo, who I mistrusted was chief of the asses himself, recommended a liberal sum. This given, the drivers wanted each about as much more for their efforts to break our necks. One had held the bridle while the beautiful "signorina" had mounted, another had picked up the fallen dandy, a third had yelled and pelted the donkeys with stones; each had some similar service to urge. As no Italian is satisfied with being once paid, we gave each a trifle more, and they showered down upon our Excellencies "many happy returns of the day," to which we devoutly responded, "God forbid!"

"How much do we owe you, Angelo, Prince of Ciceroni?"

"Oh! your Excellency, some gentlemen give me a dollar, and some a dollar and a half."

The smaller sum was just double his legitimate wages, and he had to my certain knowledge made nearly as much more out of the oyster speculation alone; but we were all in good humor at the prospect of the speedy termination of our labors, and I handed him the "dollar and a half." Angelo received it with a profusion of Neapolitan thanks, and hoped we would remember him the next time we came that way. The very next day I sent him another greenhorn, and I do not doubt that he remembers me in his prayers to this hour.

As for the horde of venders of antiquities, and beggars of all grades, we left them our good wishes and the hopes of our return. Fifteen dollars disbursed among the parasites of sight-seers in one day, in the cheapest country in Europe, was quite sufficient relief to our consciences. Besides, we yearned for our dinner. The coachman drove rapidly Naples-ward along the beach fronting the superb little island of Nisida, where Brutus was wont to pass his summer hours. We then ascended the road made by the French, leading to the city, and looking down upon the most magnificent sea and shore panorama in Europe. Beautiful is that prospect by day, and glorious by night, with Vesuvius looking like a thing of life, keeping treacherous watch over a coast it adorns but to destroy. Other bays are lovely—as Santa Catherina, Panama, and Rio de Janeiro bear witness—but in this wide and beautiful world there is but one Bay of Naples.

In thirteen hours from the time we had left the hotel we were back again. That the reader may really appreciate what we "did up," I shall catalogue our principal game: Two craters, five lakes, four ruined cities, five grottoes and vapor-baths, more or less poisonous, an amphitheatre, one ruined prison, two ditto reservoirs, one ditto gate, two ditto aqueducts and bridges, seven ditto villas, three fish-ponds, and six temples—including thirty miles carriage ride, three ditto donkey-back, distance man-back uncertain, and some five or six miles of walking, climbing, stumbling, and subterranean exploring; besides a small piece of boating, and the paying of upward of thirty distinct fees and gratuities.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR AND THE HERO RESUME THEIR ACQUAINTANCE.

IF we are to narrate the youthful history not only of the hero of this tale, but of the hero's father, we shall never have done with nursery biography. A gentleman's grandmother may delight in fond recapitulation of her darling's boyish frolics and early genius; but shall we weary our kind readers by this infantile prattle, and set down the revered British public for an old woman? Only to two or three persons in all the world are the reminiscences of a man's early youth interesting—to the parent who nursed him, to the fond wife or child mayhap afterward who loves him—to himself always and supremely, whatever may be his actual prosperity or ill fortune, his present age, illness, difficulties, renown, or disappointments, the dawn of his life still shines brightly for him; the early griefs and delights and attachments remain with him ever faithful and dear. I shall ask leave to say, regarding the juvenile biography of Mr. Clive Newcome, of whose history I am the chronicler, only so much as is sufficient to account for some peculiarities of his character, and for his subsequent career in the world.

Although we were schoolfellows, my acquaintance with young Newcome at the seat of learning, where we first met, was very brief and casual. He had the advantage of being six years the junior of his present biographer, and such a difference of age between lads at a public school puts intimacy out of the question—a junior ensign being no more familiar with the commander-in-chief at the Horse-Guards; or a barrister on his first circuit with my Lord Chief Justice on the bench, than the newly-breeched infant in the petties with a senior boy in a tailed coat. As we "knew each other at home," as our school

* Continued from the November Number.

phrase was, and our families being somewhat acquainted, Newcome's maternal uncle, the Rev. Charles Honeyman (the highly-gifted preacher, and incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's Chapel, Denmark Street, May Fair), when he brought the child after the Christmas vacation of 182– to the Grey Friars' school, recommended him in a neat complimentary speech to my superintendence and protection. My uncle, Major Pendennis, had for a while a seat in the chapel of this sweet and popular preacher, and professed, as a great number of persons of fashion did, a great admiration for him—an admiration which I shared in my early youth, but which has been modified by maturer judgment.

Mr. Honeyman told me, with an air of deep respect, that his young nephew's father, Colonel Thomas Newcome, C. B., was a most gallant and distinguished officer in the Bengal establishment of the Honorable East India Company; and that his uncles, the Colonel's half-brothers, were the eminent bankers, heads of the firm of Hobson Brothers, and Newcome, Hobson Newcome, Esquire, Bryanston Square, and Marble Head, Sussex, and Sir Brian Newcome, of Newcome, and Park Lane, "whom to name," says Mr. Honeyman, with the fluent eloquence with which he decorated the commonest circumstances of life, "is to designate two of the merchant princes of the wealthiest city the world has ever known; and one, if not two, of the leaders of that aristocracy which rallies round the throne of the most elegant and refined of European sovereigns." I promised Mr. Honeyman to do what I could for the boy; and he proceeded to take leave of his little nephew in my presence in terms equally eloquent, pulling out a long and very slender green purse, from which he extracted the sum of two and sixpence, which he presented to the child, who received the money with rather a queer twinkle in his blue eyes.

After that day's school, I met my little protégé in the neighborhood of the pastry-cook's, regaling himself with raspberry tarts. "You must not spend all that money, sir, which your uncle gave you," said I (having perhaps even at that early age a slightly satirical turn), "in tarts and ginger-beer!"

The urchin rubbed the raspberry jam off his mouth, and said, "It don't matter, sir, for I've got lots more."

"How much?" says the Grand Inquisitor: for the formula of interrogation used to be, when a new boy came to the school, "What's your name? Who's your father? and how much money have you got?"

The little fellow pulled such a handful of sovereigns out of his pocket as might have made the tallest scholar feel a pang of envy. "Uncle Hobson," says he, "gave me two; Aunt Hobson gave me one—no, Aunt Hobson gave me thirty shillings; Uncle Newcome gave me three pound; and Aunt Anne gave me one pound five; and Aunt Honeyman sent me ten shillings in a letter. And Ethel wanted to give me a pound, only I wouldn't have it, you know; because Ethel's younger than me, and I have plenty."

"And who is Ethel?" asks the senior boy, smiling at the artless youth's confessions.

"Ethel is my cousin," replies little Newcome; "Aunt Anne's daughter. There's Ethel and Alice, and Aunt Anne wanted the baby to be called Boadicea, only uncle wouldn't; and there's Barnes and Egbert and little Alfred, only he don't count, he's quite a baby, you know. Egbert and me was at school at Timpany's; he's going to Eton next half. He's older than me, but I can lick him."

"And how old is Egbert?" asks the smiling senior.

"Egbert's ten, and I'm nine, and Ethel's seven," replies the little chubby-faced hero, digging his hands deep into his trowsers pockets, and jingling all the sovereigns there. I advised him to let me be his banker; and, keeping one out of his many gold-pieces, he handed over the others, on which he drew with great liberality till his whole stock was expended. The school-hours of the upper and under boys were different at that time; the little fellows coming out of their hall half an hour before the Fifth and Sixth Forms; and many a time I used to find my little blue jacket in waiting, with his honest square face, and white hair, and bright blue eyes, and I knew that he was come to draw on his bank. Ere long one of the pretty blue eyes were shut up, and a fine black one substituted in its place. He had been engaged, it appeared, in a pugilistic encounter with a giant of his own Form, whom he had worsted in the combat. "Didn't I pitch into him, that's all?" says he, in the elation of victory; and when I asked whence the quarrel arose, he stoutly informed me that "Wolf Minor, his opponent, had been bullying a little boy, and that he (the gigantic Newcome) wouldn't stand it."

So, being called away from the school, I said farewell and God bless you, to the brave little man, who remained awhile at the Grey Friars, where his career and troubles had only just begun. Nor did we meet again until I was myself a young man occupying chambers in the Temple, where our rencontre took place in the manner already described.

Poor Costigan's outrageous behavior had caused my meeting with my schoolfellow of early days to terminate so abruptly and unpleasantly, that I scarce expected to see Clive again, or at any rate to renew my acquaintance with the indignant East Indian Warrior who had quitted our company in such a huff. Breakfast, however, was scarcely over in my chambers the next morning, when there came a knock at the outer door, and my clerk introduced, "Colonel Newcome and Mr. Newcome."

Perhaps the (joint) occupant of the chambers in Lamb Court, Temple, felt a little pang of shame at hearing the name of the visitors; for, if the truth must be told, I was engaged pretty much as I had been occupied on the

night previous, and was smoking a cigar over the "Times" newspaper. How many young men in the Temple smoke a cigar after breakfast as they read the "Times?" My friend and companion of those days, and all days, Mr. George Warrington, was employed with his short pipe, and was not in the least disconcerted at the appearance of the visitors, as he would not have been had the Archbishop of Canterbury stepped in.

Little Clive looked curiously about our queer premises, while the Colonel shook me cordially by the hand. No traces of yesterday's wrath were visible on his face, but a friendly smile lighted his honest bronzed countenance, as he too looked round the old room with its dingy curtains and prints and book-cases, its litter of proof-sheets, blotted manuscripts, and books for review, empty sodawater bottles, cigar boxes, and what not.

"I went off in a flame of fire last night," says the Colonel, "and being cooled this morning, thought it but my duty to call on Mr. Pendennis and apologize for my abrupt behavior. The conduct of that tipsy old Captain—What is his name?—was so abominable, that I could not bear that Clive should be any longer in the same room with him, and I went off without saying a word of thanks or good-night to my son's old friend. I owe you a shake of the hand for last night, Mr. Pendennis." And so saying, he was kind enough to give me his hand a second time.

"And this is the abode of the Muses, is it, sir?" our guest went on. "I know your writings very well. Clive here used to send me the 'Pall Mall Gazette' every month."

"We took it at Smiffle, regular," says Clive. "Always patronize Grey Friars men." "Smiffle," it must be explained, is a fond abbreviation for Smithfield, near to which great mart of mutton and oxen, our school is situated, and old Cistercians, often playfully designate their place of education by the name of the neighboring market.

"Clive sent me the 'Gazette' every month; and I read your romance of Walter Lorraine in my boat as I was coming down the river to Calcutta."

"Have Pen's immortal productions made their appearance on board Bengalee Budgerows; and are their leaves floating on the yellow banks of Jumna?" asks Warrington, that skeptic, who respects no work of modern genius.

"I gave your book to Mrs. Timmins, at Calcutta," says the Colonel, simply. "I dare say you have heard of *her*. She is one of the most dashing women in all India. She was delighted with your work; and I can tell you it is not with every man's writing that Mrs. Timmins is pleased," he added, with a knowing air.

"It's capital!" broke in Clive. "I say, that part you know where Walter runs away with Neæra, and the General can't pursue them, though he has got the post-chaise at the door, because Tim O'Toole has hidden his wooden-leg! By Jove, it's capital!—All the funny part.—I don't like the sentimental stuff, and suicide and that: and as for poetry, I hate poetry."

"Pen's is not first chop," says Warrington. "I am obliged to take the young man down from time to time, Colonel Newcome. Otherwise he would grow so conceited there would be no bearing him."

"I say!" says Clive.

"What were you about to remark?" asks Mr. Warrington, with an air of great interest.

"I say Pendennis," continued the artless youth, "I thought you were a great swell. When we used to read about the grand parties in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' the fellows used to say you were at every one of them, and you see, I thought you must have chambers in the Albany, and lots of horses to ride, and a valet and a groom, and a cab at the very least."

"Sir," says the Colonel, "I hope it is not your practice to measure and estimate gentlemen by such paltry standards as those. A man of letters follows the noblest calling which any man can pursue. I would rather be the author of a work of genius, than be Governor-General of India. I admire genius. I salute it wherever I meet it. I like my own profession better than any in the world, but then it is because I am suited to it. I couldn't write four lines in verse, no, not to save me from being shot. A man can not have all the advantages of life. Who would not be poor if he could be sure of possessing genius, and winning fame and immortality, sir. Think of Doctor Johnson, what a genius he had, and where did he live? In apartments that I dare say were no better than these, which I am sure, gentlemen, are most cheerful and pleasant," says the Colonel, thinking he had offended us. "One of the great pleasures and delights which I had proposed to myself on coming home was to be allowed to have the honor of meeting with men of learning and genius, with wits, poets, and historians, if I may be so fortunate; and of benefiting by their conversation. I left England too young to have that privilege. In my father's house money was thought of, I fear, rather than intellect: neither he nor I had the opportunities which I wish you to have; and I am surprised you should think of reflecting upon Mr. Pendennis's poverty, or of feeling any sentiment but respect and admiration when you enter the apartments of the poet and the literary man. I have never been in the rooms of a literary man before," the Colonel said, turning away from his son to us, "excuse me, is that—that paper really a proof-sheet?" We handed over to him that curiosity, smiling at the enthusiasm of the honest gentleman who could admire what to us was as unpalatable as a tart to a pastry-cook.

Being with men of letters he thought proper to make his conversation entirely literary, and in the course of my subsequent more intimate acquaintance with him, though I knew he had distinguished himself in twenty actions, he

never could be brought to talk of his military feats or experience, but passed them by, as if they were subjects utterly unworthy of notice.

I found he believed Dr. Johnson to be the greatest of men: the doctor's words were constantly in his mouth; and he never traveled without Boswell's Life. Besides these, he read Cæsar and Tacitus "with translations, sir, with translations—I'm thankful that I kept *some* of my Latin from Grey Friars"—and he quoted sentences from the Latin Grammar, apropos of a hundred events of common life, and with perfect simplicity and satisfaction to himself. Besides the above-named books, the "Spectator," "Don Quixote," and "Sir Charles Grandison," formed a part of his traveling library. "I read these, sir," he used to say, "because I like to be in the company of gentlemen; and Sir Roger de Coverley, and Sir Charles Grandison, and Don Quixote are the finest gentlemen in the world." And when we asked him his opinion of Fielding—

"'Tom Jones,' sir; 'Joseph Andrews!' sir;" he cried, twirling his mustaches. "I read them when I was a boy, when I kept other bad company, and did other low and disgraceful things, of which I'm ashamed now. Sir, in my father's library I happened to fall in with those books; and I read them in secret, just as I used to go in private, and drink beer, and fight cocks, and smoke pipes with Jack and Tom, the grooms in the stables. Mrs. Newcome found me, I recollect, with one of these books; and thinking it might be by Mrs. Hannah More, or some of that sort, for it was a grave-looking volume: and though I wouldn't lie about that or any thing else—never did, sir; never, before heaven; have I told more than three lies in my life—I kept my own counsel;—I say, she took it herself to read one evening; and read on gravely—for she had no more idea of a joke than I have of Hebrew—until she came to the part about Lady B—— and Joseph Andrews; and then she shut the book, sir; and you should have seen the look she gave me! I own I burst out a-laughing, for I was a wild young rebel, sir. But she was in the right, sir, and I was in the wrong. A book, sir, that tells the story of a parcel of servants, of a pack of footmen and ladies' maids fuddling in ale-houses! Do you suppose I want to know what my kitmutgars and cousomahs are doing? I am as little proud as any man in the world: but there must be distinction, sir; and as it is my lot, and Clive's lot, to be a gentleman, I won't sit in the kitchen and boose in the servant's hall. As for that Tom Jones—that fellow that sells himself, sir—by heavens, my blood boils when I think of him! I wouldn't sit down in the same room with such a fellow, sir. If he came in at that door, I would say, 'How dare you, you hireling ruffian, to sully with your presence an apartment where my young friend and I are conversing together? where two gentlemen, I say, are taking their wine after dinner? How dare you, you degraded villain!' I don't mean you, sir. I—I—I beg your pardon."

The Colonel was striding about the room in his white garments, puffing his cigar fiercely anon, and then waving his yellow bandanna; and it was by the arrival of Larkins, my clerk, that his apostrophe to Tom Jones was interrupted; he, Larkins, taking care not to show his amazement, having been schooled not to show or feel surprise at any thing he might see or hear in our chambers.

"What is it, Larkins?" said I. Larkins' other master had taken his leave some time before, having business which called him away, and leaving me with the honest Colonel, quite happy with his talk and cigar.

"It's Brett's man," says Larkins.

I confounded Brett's man, and told the boy to bid him call again. Young Larkins came grinning back in a moment, and said:

"Please. sir, he says, his orders is not to go away without the money."

"Confound him, again," I cried. "Tell him I have no money in the house. He must come to-morrow."

As I spoke, Clive was looking in wonder, and the Colonel's countenance assumed an appearance of the most dolorous sympathy. Nevertheless, as with a great effort, he fell to talking about Tom Jones again, and continued:

"No, sir, I have no words to express my indignation against such a fellow as Tom Jones. But I forgot that I need not speak. The great and good Dr. Johnson has settled that question. You remember what he said to Mr. Boswell about Fielding?"

"And yet Gibbon praises him, Colonel," said the Colonel's interlocutor, "and that is no small praise. He says that Mr. Fielding was of the family that drew its origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh; but—"

"Gibbon! Gibbon was an infidel; and I would not give the end of this cigar for such a man's opinion. If Mr. Fielding was a gentleman by birth, he ought to have known better; and so much the worse for him that he did not. But what am I talking of, wasting your valuable time? No more smoke, thank you. I must away into the city, but would not pass the Temple without calling on you, and thanking my boy's old protector. You will have the kindness to come and dine with us—to-morrow, the next day, your own day? Your friend is going out of town? I hope, on his return, to have the pleasure of making his farther acquaintance. Come, Clive."

Clive, who had been deep in a volume of Hogarth's engravings during the above discussion, or, rather, oration of his father's, started up and took leave, beseeching me, at the same time, to come soon and see his pony; and so, with renewed greetings, we parted.

I was scarcely returned to my newspaper again, when the knocker of our door was again agitated, and the Colonel ran back, looking very much agitated and confused.

"I beg pardon," says he; "I think I left my—my—" Larkins had quitted the room by

this time, and then he began more unreservedly. "My dear young friend," says he, "a thousand pardons for what I am going to say, but as Clive's friend, I know I may take that liberty. I have left the boy in the court. I know the fate of men of letters and genius: when we were here just now, there came a single knock —a demand—that, that you did not seem to be momentarily able to meet. Now do, do pardon the liberty, and let me be your banker. You said you were engaged in a new work: it will be a masterpiece, I am sure, if it's like the last. Put me down for twenty copies, and allow me to settle with you in advance. I may be off, you know. I'm a bird of passage—a restless old soldier.

"My dear Colonel," said I, quite touched and pleased by this extreme kindness, "my dun was but the washerwoman's boy, and Mrs. Brett is in my debt, if I am not mistaken. Besides, I already have a banker in your family."

"In my family, my dear sir?"

"Messrs. Newcomes, in Threadneedle Street, are good enough to keep my money for me when I have any, and I am happy to say they have some of mine in hand now. I am almost sorry that I am not in want in order that I might have the pleasure of receiving a kindness from you." And we shook hands for the fourth time that morning, and the kind gentleman left me to rejoin his son.

CHAPTER V.—Clive's Uncles.

The dinner so hospitably offered by the Colonel was gladly accepted, and followed by many more entertainments at the cost of that good-natured friend. He and an Indian chum of his lived at this time at Nerot's Hotel, in Clifford Street, where Mr. Clive, too, found the good cheer a great deal more to his taste than the homely, though plentiful, fare at Grey Friars, at which of course, when boys, we all turned up our noses, though many a poor fellow, in the struggles of after-life, has looked back with regret very likely, to that well-spread youthful table. Thus my intimacy with the father and the son grew to be considerable, and a great deal more to my liking than my relations with Clive's city uncles which have been mentioned in the last chapter, and which were, in truth, exceedingly distant and awful.

If all the private accounts, kept by those worthy bankers, were like mine, where would have been Newcome Hall and Park Lane, Marblehead and Bryanstone Square? I used, by strong efforts of self-denial, to maintain a balance of two or three guineas untouched at the bank, so that my account might still remain open; and fancied the clerks and cashiers grinned when I went to draw for money. Rather than face that awful counter, I would send Larkins, the clerk, or Mrs. Flanagan, the laundress. As for entering the private parlor at the back, wherein behind the glazed partition I could see the bald heads of Newcome Brothers engaged with other capitalists, or peering over the newspaper, I would as soon have thought of walking into the Doctor's own library at Grey Friars, or of volunteering to take an armchair in a dentist's studio, and have a tooth out, as of entering into that awful precinct. My good uncle, on the other hand, the late Major Pendennis, who kept naturally but a very small account with Hobson's, would walk into the parlor and salute the two magnates who governed there with the ease and gravity of a Rothschild. "My good fellow," the kind old gentleman would say to his nephew and pupil: "*Il faut se faire valoir.* I tell you sir, your bankers like to keep *every* gentleman's account. And it's a mistake to suppose they are only civil to their great moneyed clients. Look at me. I go in to them, and talk to them whenever I am in the City. I hear the news of 'Change, and carry it to our end of the town. It looks well, sir, to be well with your banker; and at *our* end of London, perhaps, I can do a good turn for the Newcomes."

It is certain that in his own kingdom of May Fair and St. James's my revered uncle was at least the banker's equal. On my coming to London, he was kind enough to procure me invitations to some of Lady Ann Newcome's evening parties in Park Lane, as likewise to Mrs. Newcome's entertainments in Bryanstone Square; though, I confess, of these latter, after a while, I was a lax and negligent attendant. "Between ourselves, my good fellow," the shrewd old Mentor of those days would say, "Mrs. Newcome's parties are not altogether select; nor is she a lady of the very highest breeding; but it gives a man a good air to be seen at his banker's house. I recommend you to go for a few minutes whenever you are asked." And go I accordingly did sometimes, though I always fancied, rightly or wrongly, from Mrs. Newcome's manner to me, that she knew I had but thirty shillings left at the bank. Once and again, in two or three years, Mr. Hobson Newcome would meet me, and ask me to fill a vacant place that day or the next evening at his table; which invitation I might accept or otherwise. But one does not eat a man's salt, as it were, at these dinners. There is nothing sacred in this kind of London hospitality. Your white waistcoat fills a gap in a man's table, and retires filled for its service of the evening. "Gad," the dear old Major used to say, "if we were not to talk freely of those we dine with, how mum London would be! Some of the pleasantest evenings I have ever spent have been when we have sate after a great dinner, *en petit comité*, and abused the people who are gone. You have your turn, *mon cher;* but why not? Do you suppose I fancy my friends haven't found out *my* little faults and peculiarities? And as I can't help it, I let myself be executed and offer up my oddities *de bonne grace*. *Entre nous*, Brother Hobson Newcome is a good fellow, but a vulgar fellow; and his wife—his wife exactly *suits* him."

Once a year Lady Ann Newcome (about

whom my Mentor was much more circumspect; for I somehow used to remark that as the rank of persons grew higher, Major Pendennis spoke of them with more caution and respect)—once or twice in a year Lady Ann Newcome opened her saloons for a concert and a ball, at both of which the whole street was crowded with carriages, and all the great world, and some of the small, were present. Mrs. Newcome had her ball too, and her concert of English music in opposition to the Italian singers of her sister-in-law. The music of her country, Mrs. N. said was good enough for *her*.

The truth must be told, that there was no love lost between the two ladies. Bryanstone Square could not forget the superiority of Park Lane's rank; and the catalogue of grandees at dear Ann's parties filled dear Maria's heart with envy. There are people upon whom rank and worldly goods make such an impression, that they naturally fall down on their knees and worship the owners; there are others to whom the sight of Prosperity is offensive, and who never see Dives' chariot but to growl and hoot at it. Mrs. Newcome, as far as my humble experience would lead me to suppose, is not only envious, but proud of her envy. She mistakes it for honesty and public spirit. *She* will not bow down to kiss the hand of a haughty aristocracy. She is a merchant's wife and an attorney's daughter. There is no pride about her. Her brother-in-law, poor dear Brian—considering every body knows every thing in London, was there ever such a delusion as his?—was welcome, after banking hours, to forsake his own friends for his wife's fine relations, and to dangle after lords and ladies in May Fair. She had no such absurd vanity; not she. She imparted these opinions pretty liberally to all her acquaintances in almost all her conversations. It was clear that the two ladies were best apart. There are some folks who will see insolence in persons of rank, as there are others who will insist that all clergymen are hypocrites, all reformers villains, all placemen plunderers, and so forth; and Mrs. Newcome never, I am sure, imagined that she had a prejudice, or that she was other than an honest, independent, high-spirited woman. Both of the ladies had command over their husbands, who were of soft natures easily led by woman, as, in truth, are all the males of this family. Accordingly, when Sir Brian Newcome voted for the Tory candidate in the City, Mr. Hobson Newcome plumped for the Reformer. While Brian, in the House of Commons, sat among the mild Conservatives, Hobson unmasked traitors and thundered at aristocratic corruption, so as to make the Marylebone Vestry thrill with enthusiasm. When Lady Ann, her husband, and her flock of children fasted in Lent, and declared for the High Church doctrines, Mrs. Hobson had paroxysms of alarm regarding the progress of Popery, and shuddered out of the chapel where she had a pew, because the clergyman there, for a very brief season, appeared to preach in a surplice.

Poor bewildered Honeyman! it was a sad day for you, when you appeared in your neat pulpit with your fragrant pocket-handkerchief (and your sermon likewise all millefleurs), in a trim, prim, freshly-mangled surplice, which you thought became you! How did you look aghast, and passed your jeweled hand through your curls, as you saw Mrs. Newcome, who had been as good as five-and-twenty pounds a year to you, look up from her pew, seize hold of Mr. Newcome, fling open the pew-door, drive out with her parasol, her little flock of children, bewildered, but not ill-pleased to get away from the sermon, and summon John from the back seats to bring away the bag of prayer-books! Many a good dinner did Charles Honeyman lose by assuming that unlucky ephod. Why did the high-priest of his diocese order him to put it on? It was delightful to view him afterward, and the airs of martyrdom which he assumed. Had they been going to tear him to pieces with wild beasts next day, he could scarcely have looked more meek, or resigned himself more pathetically to the persecutors. But I am advancing matters. At this early time of which I write, a period not twenty years since, surplices were not even thought of in conjunction with sermons: clerical gentlemen have appeared in them, and under the heavy hand of persecution have sunk down in their pulpits again, as Jack pops back into his box. Charles Honeyman's elegant discourses were at this time preached in a rich silk Master of Arts gown, presented to him, along with a teapot full of sovereigns, by his affectionate congregation at Leatherhead.

But that I may not be accused of prejudice in describing Mrs. Newcome and her family, and lest the reader should suppose that some slight offered to the writer by this wealthy and virtuous banker's lady, was the secret reason for this unfavorable sketch of her character, let me be allowed to report, as accurately as I can remember them, the words of a kinsman of her own, —— Giles, Esquire, whom I had the honor of meeting at her table, and who, as we walked away from Bryanstone Square, was kind enough to discourse very freely about the relatives whom he had just left.

"That was a good dinner, sir," said Mr. Giles, puffing the cigar which I offered to him, and disposed to be very social and communicative—"Hobson Newcome's table is about as good a one as any I ever put my legs under. You didn't have twice of turtle, sir, I remarked that—I always do, at that house especially, for I know where Newcome gets it. We belong to the same livery in the City, Hobson and I, the Oystermongers' Company, sir, and we like our turtle good, I can tell you—good and a great deal of it, you say—Hay, hay, not so bad.

"I suppose you're a young barrister, sucking lawyer, or that sort of thing. Because you was put at the end of the table and nobody took notice of you. That's my place too. I'm a relative: and Newcome asks me, if he has got a place to spare. He met me in the city to-day,

and says, 'Tom,' says he, 'there's some dinner in the square at half-past seven; I wish you would go and fetch Louisa, whom we haven't seen this ever so long.' Louisa is my wife, sir—Maria's sister—Newcome married that gal from my house. 'No, no, Hobson,' says I, 'Louisa's engaged nursing number eight'—that's our number, sir—the truth is between you and me, sir, my missis won't come any more at no price. She can't stand it; Mrs. Newcome's dam patronizing airs is enough to choke off any body. 'Well, Hobson, my boy,' says I, 'a good dinner's a good dinner: and I'll come though Louisa won't, that is, can't.'"

While Mr. Giles, who was considerably enlivened by claret, was discoursing thus candidly, his companion was thinking how he, Mr. Arthur Pendennis, had been met that very afternoon on the steps of the Megatherium Club by Mr. Newcome, and had accepted that dinner, which Mrs. Giles, with more spirit, had declined. Giles continued talking—"I'm an old stager, I am. I don't mind the rows between the women. I believe Mrs. Newcome and Lady Newcome's just as bad too; I know Maria is always driving at her one way or the other, and calling her proud and aristocratic, and that; and yet my wife says Maria, who pretends to be such a radical, never asks us to meet the Baronet and his lady. 'And why should she, Loo, my dear?' says I. 'I don't want to meet Lady Newcome, nor Lord Kew, nor any of 'em.' Lord Kew, ain't it an odd name? Tearing young swell, that Lord Kew: tremendous wild fellow.

"I was a clerk in that house, sir, as a young man; I was there in the old woman's time, and Mr. Newcome's—the father of these young men—as good a man as ever stood on 'Change." And then Mr. Giles, warming with his subject, enters at large into the history of the house. "You see, sir," says he, "the banking-house of Hobson Brothers, or Newcome Brothers, as the partners of the firm really are, is not one of the leading banking firms of the City of London, but a most respectable house of many years' standing, and doing a most respectable business, especially in the Dissenting connection." After the business came into the hands of the Newcome Brothers, Hobson Newcome, Esq., and Sir Bryan Newcome, Bart., M.P., Mr. Giles shows how a considerable West-end connection was likewise established, chiefly through the aristocratic friends and connections of the above-named Baronet.

But the best man of business, according to Mr. Giles, whom the firm of Hobson Brothers ever knew, better than her father and uncle, better than her husband Sir T. Newcome, better than her sons and successors above-mentioned, was the famous Sophia Alethea Hobson, afterward Newcome—of whom might be said what Frederick the Great said of his sister, that she was *sexu fœmina, vir ingenio*—in sex a woman, and in mind a man. Nor was she, my informant told me, without even manly personal characteristics: she had a very deep and gruff voice, and in her old age a beard which many a young man might envy; and as she came into the bank out of her carriage from Clapham, in her dark green pelisse with fur trimmings, in her gray beaver hat, beaver gloves, and great gold spectacles, not a clerk in that house that did not tremble before her, and it was said she only wanted a pipe in her mouth, considerably to resemble the late Field Marshal Prince Blucher.

Her funeral was one of the most imposing sights ever witnessed in Clapham. There was such a crowd you might have thought it was a Derby-day. The carriages of some of the greatest City firms, and the wealthiest Dissenting houses, several coaches full of ministers of all denominations, including the Established Church; the carriage of the Right Honorable the Earl of Kew, and that of his daughter, Lady Ann Newcome attended that revered lady's remains to their final resting-place. No less than nine sermons were preached at various places of public worship regarding her end. She fell up-stairs at a very advanced age, going from the library to the bedroom, after all the household was gone to rest, and was found by the maids in the morning, inarticulate, but still alive, her head being cut frightfully with the bedroom candlestick with which she was retiring to her apartment. "And," said Mr. Giles with great energy, "besides the empty carriages at that funeral, and the parson in black, and the mutes and feathers and that, there were hundreds and hundreds of people who wore no black, and who weren't present; and who wept for their benefactress, I can tell you. She had her faults, and many of 'em; but the amount of that woman's charities are unheard of, sir—unheard of—and they are put to the credit side of her account up yonder."

"The old lady had a will of her own," my companion continued. "She would try and know about every body's business out of business hours: got to know from the young clerks what chapels they went to, and from the clergyman whether they attended regular; kept her sons, years after they were grown men, as if they were boys at school—and what was the consequence? They had a quarrel with Sir Thomas Newcome's own son, a harum-scarum lad, who ran away, and then was sent to India! and between ourselves, Mr. Hobson and Mr. Bryan both, the present baronet, though at home they were as mum as Quakers at a meeting, used to go out on the sly, sir, and be off to the play, sir, and sowed their wild oats like any other young men, sir, like any other young men. Law bless me, once as I was going away from the Haymarket, if I didn't see Mr. Hobson coming out of the Opera, in tights and an Opera-hat, sir, like 'Froggy would a-wooing go,' of a Saturday night, too, when his ma thought him safe in bed in the City! I warrant he hadn't *his opera-hat* on when he went to chapel with her ladyship the next morning—that very morning, as sure as my name's John Giles.

"When the old lady was gone, Mr. Hobson had no need of any more humbuging, but took his pleasure freely. Fighting, tandems, four-in-hand, any thing. He and his brother—his elder brother by a quarter of an hour—were always very good friends; but after Mr. Bryan married, and there was only court cards at his table, Mr. Hobson couldn't stand it. They weren't of his suit, he said; and for some time he said he wasn't a marrying man—quite the contrary; but we all come to our fate, you know, and his time came as mine did. You know we married sisters? It was thought a fine match for Polly Smith, when she married the great Mr. Newcome; but I doubt whether my old woman at home hasn't had the best of it, after all; and if ever you come Bernard Street way on a Sunday, about six o'clock, and would like a slice of beef and a glass of port, I hope you'll come and see."

Do not let us be too angry with Colonel Newcome's two most respectable brothers, if for some years they neglected their Indian relative, or held him in slight esteem. Their mother never pardoned him, or at least by any actual words admitted his restoration to favor. For many years, as far as they knew, poor Tom was an unrepentant prodigal, wallowing in bad company, and cut off from all respectable sympathy. Their father had never had the courage to acquaint them with his more true, and kind, and charitable version of Tom's story. So he passed at home for no better than a black sheep; his marriage with a penniless young lady did not tend to raise him in the esteem of his relatives at Clapham; it was not until he was a widower, until he had been mentioned several times in the Gazette for distinguished military service, until they began to speak very well of him in Leadenhall Street, where the representatives of Hobson Brothers were of course East India Proprietors, and until he remitted considerable sums of money to England, that the bankers, his brethren, began to be reconciled to him.

I say, do not let us be hard upon them. No people are so ready to give a man a bad name as his own kinsfolk; and having made him that present, they are ever most unwilling to take it back again. If they give him nothing else in the days of his difficulty, he may be sure of their pity, and that he is held up as an example to his young cousins to avoid. If he loses his money they call him poor fellow, and point morals out of him. If he falls among thieves, the respectable Pharisees of his race turn their heads aside and leave him penniless and bleeding. They clap him on the back kindly enough when he returns, after shipwreck, with money in his pocket. How naturally Joseph's brothers made salaams to him, and admired him, and did him honor, when they found the poor outcast a prime minister, and worth ever so much money! Surely human nature is not much altered since the days of those primeval Jews. We would not thrust brother Joseph down a well and sell him bodily, but—but if he has scrambled out of a well of his own digging, and got out of his early bondage into renown and credit, at least we applaud him and respect him, and are proud of Joseph as a member of the family.

Little Clive was the innocent and lucky object upon whom the increasing affection of the Newcomes for their Indian brother was exhibited. When he was first brought home a sickly child, consigned to his maternal aunt, the kind old maiden lady at Brighton, Hobson Brothers scarce took any notice of the little man, but left him to the entire superintendence of his own family. Then there came a large remittance from his father, and the child was asked by Uncle Newcome at Christmas. Then his father's name was mentioned in general orders, and Uncle Hobson asked little Clive at midsummer. Then Lord H., a late governor-general, coming home, and meeting the brothers at a grand dinner at the Albion, given by the Court of Directors to his late Excellency, spoke to the bankers about that most distinguished officer their relative; and Mrs. Hobson drove over to see his aunt, where the boy was; gave him a sovereign out of her purse, and advised strongly that he should be sent to Timpany's along with her own boy. Then Clive went from one uncle's house to another; and was liked at both; and much preferred ponies to ride, going out after rabbits with the keeper, money in his pocket (charged to the debit of Lieut.-Col. J. Newcome), and clothes from the London tailor, to the homely quarters and conversation of poor kind old Aunt Honeyman at Brighton. Clive's uncles were not unkind, they liked each other—their wives, who hated each other, united in liking Clive, when they knew him, and petting the wayward, handsome boy; they were only pursuing the way of the world, which huzzas all prosperity, and turns away from misfortune as from some contagious disease. Indeed, how can we see a man's brilliant qualities if he is what we call in the shade?

The gentlemen, Clive's uncles, who had their affairs to mind during the day, society and the family to occupy them of evenings and holidays, treated their young kinsman, the Indian Colonel's son, as other wealthy British uncles treat other young kinsmen. They received him in his vacations kindly enough. They tipped him when he went to school; when he had the hooping cough, a confidential young clerk went round by way of Grey Friars Square to ask after him: the sea being recommended to him Mrs. Newcome gave him change of air in Sussex, and transferred him to his maternal aunt at Brighton. Then it was *bon jour*. As the lodge gates closed upon him, Mrs. Newcome's heart shut up too, and confined itself within the firs, laurels, and palings which bound the home precincts. Had not she her own children and affairs? her brood of fowls, her Sunday school, her melon-beds, her rose-garden, her quarrel with the parson, &c., to attend to? Mr. Newcome, arriving on a Saturday night, hears he

is gone; says "Oh!" and begins to ask about the new gravel-walk along the cliff, and whether it is completed, and if the China pig fattens kindly upon the new feed.

Clive, in the avuncular gig, is driven over the downs to Brighton to his maternal aunt there; and there he is a king. He has the best bedroom, Uncle Honeyman turning out for him; sweetbreads for dinner—no end of jam for breakfast; excuses from church on the plea of delicate health; his aunt's maid to see him to bed—his aunt to come smiling in when he rings his bell of a morning. He is made much of, and coaxed, and dandled and fondled, as if he were a young duke. So he is to Miss Honeyman. He is the son of Colonel Newcome, C.B., who sends her shawls, ivory chessmen, scented sandal-wood work-boxes and kincob scarfs; who, as she tells Martha the maid, has fifty servants in India; at which Martha constantly exclaims, "Lor, mum, what can he do with 'em, mum?" who, when in consequence of her misfortunes, she resolved on taking a house at Brighton, and letting part of the same furnished, sent her an order for a hundred pounds toward the expenses thereof; who gave Mr. Honeyman, her brother, a much larger sum of money at the period of his calamity. Is it gratitude for past favors? is it desire for more? is it vanity of relationship? is it love for the dead sister—or tender regard for her offspring which makes Mrs. Martha Honeyman so fond of her nephew? I never could count how many causes went to produce any given effect or action in a person's life, and have been for my own part many a time quite misled in my own case, fancying some grand, some magnanimous, some virtuous reason, for an act of which I was proud, when, lo, some pert little satirical monitor springs up inwardly, upsetting the fond humbug which I was cherishing—the peacock's tail wherein my absurd vanity had clad itself—and says, "Away with this boasting! *I* am the cause of your virtue, my lad. You are pleased that yesterday at dinner you refrained from the dry champagne; my name is Worldly Prudence, not Self-denial, and *I* caused you to refrain. You are pleased, because you gave a guinea to Diddler; I am Laziness, not Generosity, which inspired you. You hug yourself because you resisted other temptations? Coward! it was because you dared not run the risk of the wrong! Out with your peacock's plumage! walk off in the feathers which Nature gave you, and thank Heaven they are not altogether black." In a word, Aunt Honeyman was a kind soul, and such was the splendor of Clive's father, of his gifts, his generosity, his military services, and companionship of the battles that the lad did really appear a young duke to her. And Mrs. Newcome was not unkind: and if Clive had been really a young duke, I am sure he would have had the best bedroom at Marble Hill, and not one of the far-off little rooms in the boys' wing; I am sure he would have had jellies and Charlottes Russes, instead of mere broth, chicken, and batter pudding as fell to his lot; and when he was gone (in the carriage, mind you, not in the gig driven by a groom), I am sure Mrs. Newcome would have written a letter that night to Her Grace the Duchess Dowager, his mamma, full of praise of the dear child, his graciousness, his beauty, and his wit, and declaring that she must love him henceforth and forever after as *a son of her own*. You toss down the page with scorn, and say, "It is not true. Human nature is not so bad as this cynic would have it to be. *You* would make no difference between the rich and the poor." Be it so. *You* would not. But own that your next door neighbor would. Nor is this, dear madam, addressed to you; no, no, we are not so rude as to talk about you to your face; but, if we may not speak of the lady who has just left the room, what is to become of conversation and society?

We forbear to describe the meeting between the Colonel and his son—the pretty boy from whom he had parted more than seven years before with such pangs of heart; and of whom he had thought ever since with such a constant longing affection. Half an hour after the father left the boy, and in his grief and loneliness was rowing back to shore, Clive was at play with a dozen of other children on the sunny deck of the ship. When two bells rang for their dinner, they were all hurrying to the cuddy table, and busy over their meal. What a sad repast their parents had that day! How their hearts followed the careless young ones home across the great ocean! Mothers' prayers go with them. Strong men, alone on their knees, with streaming eyes and broken accents, implore Heaven for those little ones, who were prattling at their sides but a few hours since. Long after they are gone, careless and happy, recollections of the sweet past rise up and smite those who remain: the flowers they had planted in their little gardens, the toys they played with, the little vacant cribs they slept in as fathers' eyes looked blessings down on them. Most of us who have passed a couple of score of years in the world, have had such sights as these to move us. And those who have, will think none the worse of my worthy Colonel for his tender and faithful heart.

With that fidelity which was an instinct of his nature, this brave man thought ever of his absent child, and longed after him. He never forsook the native servants and nurses who had had charge of the child, but endowed them with money sufficient (and indeed little was wanted by people of that frugal race) to make all their future lives comfortable. No friends went to Europe, nor ship departed, but Newcome sent presents and remembrances to the boy, and costly tokens of his love and thanks to all who were kind to his son. What a strange pathos seems to me to accompany all our Indian story! Besides that official history which fills Gazettes, and embroiders banners with names of victory: which gives moralists and enemies cause to cry out at English rapine; and enables patriots to

boast of invincible British valor—besides the splendor and conquest, the wealth and glory, the crowned ambition, the conquered danger, the vast prize, and the blood freely shed in winning it—should not one remember the tears, too? Besides the lives of myriads of British men, conquering on a hundred fields, from Plassy to Meanee, and bathing them *cruore nostro:* think of the women, and the tribute which they perforce must pay to those victorious achievements. Scarce a soldier goes to yonder shores but leaves a home and grief in it behind him. The lords of the subject province find wives there: but their children can not live on the soil. The parents bring their children to the shore, and part from them. The family must be broken up—keep the flowers of your home beyond a certain time, and the sickening buds wither and die. In America it is from the breast of a poor slave that a child is taken: in India it is from the wife, and from under the palace of a splendid proconsul.

The experience of this grief made Newcome's naturally kind heart only the more tender, and hence he had a weakness for children which made him the laughing-stock of old maids, old bachelors, and sensible persons; but the darling of all nurseries, to whose little inhabitants he was uniformly kind; were they the collector's progeny in their palanquins, or the sergeant's children tumbling about the cantonment, or the dusky little heathens in the huts of his servants round his gate.

It is known that there is no part of the world where ladies are more fascinating than in British India. Perhaps the warmth of the sun kindles flames in the hearts of both sexes, which would probably beat quite coolly in their native air; else why should Miss Brown be engaged ten days after her landing at Calcutta? or why should Miss Smith have half a dozen proposals before she has been a week at the Station? And it is not only bachelors on whom the young ladies confer their affections; they will take widowers without any difficulty: and a man so generally liked as Major Newcome, with such a good character, with a private fortune of his own, so chivalrous, generous, good-looking—eligible, in a word—you may be sure would have found a wife easily enough, had he any mind for replacing the late Mrs. Casey.

The Colonel, as has been stated, had an Indian chum or companion, with whom he shared his lodgings; and from many jocular remarks of this latter gentleman (who loved good jokes and uttered not a few) I could gather that the honest widower Colonel Newcome had been often tempted to alter his condition, and that the Indian ladies had tried numberless attacks upon his bereaved heart, and devised endless schemes of carrying it by assault, treason, or other mode of capture. Mrs. Casey (his defunct wife) had overcome it by sheer pity and helplessness. He had found her so friendless, that he took her in to the vacant place, and installed her there as he would have received a traveler into his bungalow. He divided his meal with her, and made her welcome to his best. "I believe Tom Newcome married her," sly Mr. Binnie used to say, "in order that he might have permission to pay her milliner's bills;" and in this way he was amply gratified until the day of her death. A feeble miniature of the lady, with yellow ringlets and a guitar, hung over the mantle-piece of the Colonel's bedchamber, where I have often seen that work of art; and subsequently, when he and Mr. Binnie took a house, there was hung up in the spare bedroom a companion portrait to the miniature—that of the Colonel's predecessor, Jack Casey, who in life used to fling plates at his Emma's head, and who perished from a fatal attachment to the bottle. I am inclined to think that Colonel Newcome was not much cast down by the loss of his wife, and that they lived but indifferently together. Clive used to say, in his artless way, that his father scarcely ever mentioned his mother's name; and no doubt the union was not happy, although Newcome continued piously to acknowledge it, long after death had brought it to a termination, by constant benefactions and remembrances to the departed lady's kindred.

Those widows or virgins who endeavored to fill Emma's place, found the door of Newcome's heart fast and barred, and assailed it in vain. Miss Billing sat down before it with her piano, and, as the Colonel was a practitioner on the flute, hoped to make all life one harmonious duet with him; but she played her most brilliant sonatas and variations in vain; and, as every body knows, subsequently carried her grand piano to Lieutenant and Adjutant Hodgkin's house, whose name she now bears. The lovely widow Wilkins, with two darling little children, stopped at Newcome's hospitable house, on her way to Calcutta; and it was thought she might never leave it: but her kind host, as was his wont, crammed her children with presents and good things, consoled and entertained the fair widow; and one morning, after she had remained three months at the station, the Colonel's palanquins and bearers made their appearance, and Elvira Wilkins went away weeping, as a widow should. Why did she abuse Newcome ever after at Calcutta, Bath, Cheltenham, and wherever she went, calling him selfish, pompous, Quixotic, and a Bahawder? I could mention half-a-dozen other names of ladies of most respectable families connected with Leadenhall Street, who, according to Colonel Newcome's chum—that wicked Mr. Binnie—had all conspired more or less to give Clive Newcome a stepmother.

But he had had an unlucky experience in his own case; and thought within himself, "No, I won't give Clive a stepmother. As Heaven has taken his own mother from him; why, I must try to be father and mother too to the lad." He kept the child as long as ever the climate would allow of his remaining, and then sent him home. Then his aim was to save money

for the youngster. He was of a nature so uncontrollably generous, that to be sure he spent five rupees where another would save them, and make a fine show besides; but it is not a man's gifts or hospitalities that generally injure his fortune. It is on themselves that prodigals spend most. And as Newcome had no personal extravagances, and the smallest selfish wants; could live almost as frugally as a Hindoo; kept his horses not to race but to ride; wore his old clothes and uniforms until they were the laughter of his regiment; did not care for show, and had no longer an extravagant wife; he managed to lay by considerably out of his liberal allowances, and to find himself and Clive growing richer every year.

"When Clive has had five or six years at school"—that was his scheme—"he will be a fine scholar, and have at least as much classical learning as a gentleman in the world need possess. Then I will go to England, and we will pass three or four years together, in which he will learn to be intimate with me, and, I hope, to like me. I shall be his pupil for Latin and Greek, and try and make up for lost time. I know there is nothing like a knowledge of the classics to give a man good breeding—'Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes emollunt mores, nec sinuisse feros.' I shall be able to help him with my knowledge of the world, and to keep him out of the way of sharpers and a pack of rogues who commonly infest young men. I will make myself his companion, and pretend to no superiority; for, indeed, isn't he my superior? Of course he is, with his advantages. *He* hasn't been an idle young scamp as I was. And we will travel together, first through England, Scotland, and Ireland, for every man should know his own country, and then we will make the grand tour. Then, by the time he is eighteen, he will be able to choose his profession. He can go into the army, and emulate the glorious man after whom I named him; or if he prefers the church, or the law, they are open to him; and when he goes to the University, by which time I shall be in all probability a major-general, I can come back to India for a few years, and return by the time he has a wife and a home for his old father; or if I die, I shall have done the best for him, and my boy will be left with the best education, a tolerable small fortune, and the blessing of his old father."

Such were the plans of our kind schemer. How fondly he dwelt on them, how affectionately he wrote of them to his boy! How he read books of travels, and looked over the maps of Europe! and said, "Rome, sir, glorious Rome; it won't be very long, major, before my boy and I see the Colosseum, and kiss the Pope's toe. We shall go up the Rhine to Switzerland, and over the Simplon, the work of the great Napoleon. By Jove, sir, think of the Turks before Vienna, and Sobieski clearing eighty thousand of 'em off the face of the earth! How my boy will rejoice in the picture-galleries there, and in Prince Eugene's prints! You know, I suppose, that Prince Eugene, one of the greatest generals in the world, was also one of the greatest lovers of the fine arts. 'Ingenuas didicisse,' hey Doctor? you know the rest—'emollunt mores nec.'"

"'Emollunt mores!' Colonel," says Doctor McTaggart, who, perhaps, was too canny to correct the commanding officer's Latin. "Don't ye noo that Prence Eugene was about a savage a Turrk as ivir was? Have ye nivir rad the mimores of the Prants de Leen?"

"Well, he was a great cavalry officer," answers the Colonel, "and he left a great collection of prints—*that* you know. How Clive will delight in them! The boy's talent for drawing is wonderful, sir—wonderful. He sent me a picture of our old school—the very actual thing, sir; the cloisters, the school, the head gown-boy going in with the rods, and the doctor himself. It would make you die of laughing!"

He regaled the ladies of the regiment with Clive's letters, and those of Miss Honeyman, which contained an account of the boy. He even bored some of his hearers with this prattle; and sporting young men would give or take odds that the Colonel would mention Clive's name, once before five minutes, three times in ten minutes, twenty-five times in the course of dinner, and so on. But they who laughed at the Colonel laughed very kindly; and every body who knew him, loved him; every body, that is, who loved modesty, and generosity, and honor.

At last the happy time came for which the kind father had been longing more passionately than any prisoner for liberty, or school-boy for holiday. Colonel Newcome has taken leave of his regiment, leaving Major Tomkinson, nothing loth, in command. He has traveled to Calcutta; and the Commander-in-Chief, in general orders, has announced that in giving to Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Newcome, C.B., of the Bengal Cavalry, for the first time, after no less than thirty-four years absence from home, "he (Sir George Husler) can not refrain from expressing his sense of the great and meritorious services of this most distinguished officer, who has left his regiment in a state of the highest discipline and efficiency." And now the ship has sailed, the voyage is over, and once more, after so many long years, the honest soldier's foot is on his native shore.

CHAPTER VI.—Newcome Brothers.

Besides his own boy, whom he worshiped, this kind Colonel had a score, at least, of adopted children, to whom he chose to stand in the light of a father. He was for ever whirling away in post-chaises to this school and that, to see Jack Brown's boys, of the cavalry; or Mrs. Smith's girls, of the Civil Service; or poor Tom Hicks's orphan, who had nobody to look after him now that the cholera had carried off Tom, and his wife, too. On board the ship in which he returned from Calcutta were a dozen of little children, of both sexes, some of

whom he actually escorted to their friends before he visited his own; and though his heart was longing for his boy at Grey Friars. The children at the schools seen, and largely rewarded out of his bounty (his loose white trowsers had great pockets, always heavy with gold and silver, which he jingled when he was not pulling his mustache—to see the way in which he tipped children made one almost long to be a boy again); and when he had visited Miss Pinkerton's establishment, or Doctor Ramshorn's adjoining academy at Chiswick, and seen little Tom Davis or little Fanny Holmes, the honest fellow would come home and write off straightway a long letter to Tom's or Fanny's parents, far away in the Indian country; whose hearts he made happy by his accounts of their children, as he had delighted the children themselves by his affection and bounty. All the apple and orange-women (especially such as had babies as well as lollypops at their stalls), all the street-sweepers on the road between Nerot's and the Oriental, knew him, and were his pensioners. His brothers in Threadneedle Street cast up their eyes at the checks which he drew.

One of the little people of whom the kind Newcome had taken charge, luckily dwelt near Portsmouth; and when the faithful Colonel consigned Miss Fipps to her grandmother, Mrs. Admiral Fipps, at Southampton, Miss Fipps clung to her guardian, and with tears and howls was torn away from him. Not until her maiden aunts had consoled her with strawberries, which she never before had tasted, was the little Indian comforted for the departure of her dear Colonel. Master Cox, Tom Cox's boy, of the Native Infantry, had to be carried asleep from the George to the mail that night. Master Cox woke up at the dawn wondering, as the coach passed through the pleasant green roads of Bromley. The good gentleman consigned the little chap to his uncle, Dr. Cox, Bloomsbury Square, before he went to his own quarters, and then on the errand on which his fond heart was bent.

He had written to his brothers from Portsmouth, announcing his arrival, and three words to Clive, conveying the same intelligence. The letter was served to the boy along with one bowl of tea and one buttered roll, of eighty such which were distributed to fourscore other boys, boarders of the same house with our young friend. How the lad's face must have flushed, and his eyes brightened, when he read the news! When the master of the house, the Rev. Mr. Popkinson, came into the long-room, with a good-natured face, and said, "Newcome, you're wanted," he knows who is come. He does not heed that notorious bruiser, old Hodge, who roars out, "Confound you, Newcome; I'll give it you for upsetting your tea over my new trowsers." He runs to the room where the stranger is waiting for him. We will shut the door, if you please, upon that scene.

If Clive had not been as fine and handsome a young lad as any in that school or country, no doubt his fond father would have been just as well pleased, and endowed him with a hundred fanciful graces; but, in truth, in looks and manners he was every thing which his parent could desire; and I hope the artist who illustrates this work will take care to do justice to his portrait. Mr. Clive himself, let that painter be assured, will not be too well pleased if his countenance and figure do not receive proper attention. He is not yet endowed with those splendid mustaches and whiskers which he has himself subsequently depicted, but he is the picture of health, strength, activity, and good-humor. He has a good forehead, shaded with a quantity of waving light hair; a complexion which ladies might envy; a mouth which seems accustomed to laughing; and a pair of blue eyes, that sparkle with intelligence and frank kindness. No wonder the pleased father can not refrain from looking at him. He is, in a word, just such a youth as has a right to be the hero of a novel.

The bell rings for second school, and Mr. Popkinson, arrayed in cap and gown, comes in to shake Colonel Newcome by the hand, and to say he supposes it's to be a holiday for Newcome that day. He does not say a word about Clive's scrape of the day before, and that awful row in the bedrooms, where the lad and three others were discovered making a supper off a pork pie and two bottles of prime old port from the Red Cow public-house in Grey Friars Lane. When the bell has done ringing, and all these busy little bees have swarmed into their hive, there is a solitude in the place. The Colonel and his son walked the play-ground together, that gravelly flat, as destitute of herbage as the Arabian desert, but, nevertheless, in the language of the place called the green. They walk the green, and they pace the cloisters, and Clive shows his father his own name of Thomas Newcome carved upon one of the arches forty years ago. As they talk, the boy gives sidelong glances at his new friend, and wonders at the Colonel's loose trowsers, long mustache, and yellow face. He looks very odd, Clive thinks, very odd and very kind, and he looks like a gentleman, every inch of him: not like Martin's father, who came to see his son lately in highlows, and a shocking bad hat, and actually flung coppers among the boys for a scramble. He bursts out a-laughing at the exquisitely ludicrous idea of a gentleman of his fashion scrambling for coppers.

And now enjoining the boy to be ready against his return (and you may be sure Mr. Clive was on the look-out long before his sire appeared), the Colonel whirled away in his cab to the City to shake hands with his brothers, whom he had not seen since they were demure little men in blue jackets, under charge of a serious tutor.

He rushed through the clerks and the banking-house, he broke into the parlor where the lords of the establishment were seated. He astonished those trim quiet gentlemen by the warmth of his greeting, by the vigor of his

hand-shake, and the loud high tones of his voice, which penetrated the glass walls of the parlor, and might actually be heard by the busy clerks in the hall without. He knew Bryan from Hobson at once—that unlucky little accident in the go-cart having left its mark forever on the nose of Sir Bryan Newcome, the elder of the twins. Sir Bryan had a bald head and light hair, a short whisker cut to his cheek, a buff waistcoat, very neat boots and hands. He looked like the Portrait of a Gentleman at the Exhibition, as the worthy is represented: dignified in attitude, bland, smiling, and statesmanlike, sitting at a table unsealing letters, with a dispatch-box and a silver inkstand before him, a column and a scarlet curtain behind, and a park in the distance, with a great thunderstorm lowering in the sky. Such a portrait, in fact, hangs over the great side-board at Newcome to this day; and above the three great silver waiters, which the gratitude of as many Companies has presented to their respected director and chairman.

In face, Hobson Newcome, Esq., was like his elder brother, but was more portly in person. He allowed his red whiskers to grow wherever nature had planted them, on his cheeks and under his chin. He wore thick shoes with nails in them, or natty round-toed boots, with tight trowsers and a single strap. He affected the country gentleman in his appearance. His hat had a broad brim, and the ample pockets of his cut-away coat were never destitute of agricultural produce, samples of beans or corn, which he used to bite and chew even on 'Change, or a whip-lash, or balls for horses: in fine, he was a good old country-gentleman. If it was fine in Threadneedle Street, he would say it was good weather for the hay; if it rained, the country wanted rain; if it was frosty, "No hunting to-day, Tomkins, my boy," and so forth. As he rode from Bryanstone Square to the City you would take him—and he was pleased to be so taken—for a jolly country squire. He was a better man of business than his more solemn and stately brother, at whom he laughed in his jocular way; and he said rightly, that a gentleman must get up very early in the morning who wanted to take *him* in.

The Colonel breaks into the sanctum of these worthy gentlemen; and each receives him in a manner consonant with his peculiar nature. Sir Bryan regretted that Lady Anne was away from London, being at Brighton with the children, who were all ill of the measles. Hobson said, "Maria, can't treat you to such good company as my Lady could give you, but when will you take a day and come and dine with us? Let's see, to-day's Wednesday; to-morrow we've a party. No, we're engaged." He meant that his table was full, and that he did not care to crowd it; but there was no use in imparting this circumstance to the Colonel. "Friday, we dine at Judge Budge's—queer name, Judge Budge, ain't it? Saturday, I'm going down to Marble Head, to look after the hay. Come on Monday, Tom, and I'll introduce you to the misses and the young uns."

"I will bring Clive," says Colonel Newcome, rather disturbed at this reception. "After his illness my sister-in-law was very kind to him."

"No, hang it, don't bring boys; there's no good in boys; they stop the talk down-stairs, and the ladies don't want 'em in the drawing-room. Send him to dine with the children on Sunday, if you like, and come along down with me to Marble Head, and I'll show you such a crop of hay as will make your eyes open. Are you fond of farming?"

"I have not seen my boy for years," says the Colonel: "I had rather pass Saturday and Sunday with him, if you please, and some day we will go to Marble Head together."

"Well, an offer's an offer. I don't know any pleasanter thing than getting out of this confounded City, and smelling the hedges, and looking at the crops coming up, and passing the Sunday in quiet." And his own tastes being thus agricultural, the honest gentleman thought that every body else must delight in the same recreation.

"In the winter, I hope we shall see you at Newcome," says the elder brother, blandly smiling. "I can't give you any tiger shooting, but I'll promise you that you shall find plenty of pheasants in our jungle," and he laughed very gently at this mild sally.

The Colonel gave him a queer look. "I shall be at Newcome before the winter. I shall be there, please God, before many days are over."

"Indeed!" says the Baronet, with an air of great surprise. "You are going down to look at the cradle of our race. I believe the Newcomes were there before the Conqueror. It was but a village in our grandfather's time, and it is an immense flourishing town now, for which I hope to get—I expect to get—a charter."

"Do you?" says the Colonel. "I am going down there to see a relation."

"A relation: What relatives have we there?" cries the Baronet. "My children, with the exception of Barnes. Barnes, this is your uncle, Colonel Thomas Newcome. I have great pleasure, brother, in introducing you to my eldest son."

A fair-haired young gentleman, languid and pale, and arrayed in the very height of fashion, made his appearance at this juncture in the parlor, and returned Colonel Newcome's greeting with a smiling acknowledgment of his own. "Very happy to see you, I'm sure," said the young man. "You find London very much changed since you were here. Very good time to come—the very full of the season."

Poor Thomas Newcome was quite abashed by this strange reception. Here was a man, hungry for affection, and one relation asked him to dinner next Monday, and another invited him to shoot pheasants at Christmas. Here was a beardless young sprig who patronized him, and vouchsafed to ask him whether he found London was changed.

"I don't know whether it's changed," says the Colonel, biting his nails; "I know it's not what I expected to find it."

"To-day, it's really as hot as I should think it must be in India," says young Mr. Barnes Newcome.

"Hot!" says the Colonel, with a grin. "It seems to me you are all cool enough here."

"Just what Sir Thomas de Boots said, sir," says Barnes, turning round to his father. "Don't you remember when he came home from Bombay? I recollect his saying, at Lady Featherstone's, one dooced hot night, as it seemed to us; I recollect his saying that he felt quite cold. Did you know him in India, Colonel Newcome? He's liked at the Horse Guards, but he's hated in his regiment."

Colonel Newcome here growled a wish regarding the ultimate fate of Sir Thomas de Boots, which, we trust, may never be realized by that distinguished cavalry officer.

"My brother says he's going to Newcome, Barnes, next week," said the Baronet, wishing to make the conversation more interesting to the newly-arrived Colonel. "He was saying so just when you come in, and I was asking him what took him there?"

"Did you ever hear of Sarah Mason?" says the Colonel.

"Really, I never did," the Baronet answered.

"Sarah Mason? No, upon my word, I don't think I ever did," said the young man.

"Well, that's a pity, too," the Colonel said, with a sneer. "Mrs. Mason is a relation of yours—at least by marriage. She is my aunt or cousin—I used to call her aunt, and she and my father and mother all worked in the same mill at Newcome together."

"I remember—God bless my soul—I remember now!" cries the Baronet. "We pay her forty pound a year on your account—don't you know, brother? Look to Colonel Newcome's account—I recollect the name quite well. But I thought she had been your nurse, and—and an old servant of my father's."

"So she was my nurse, and an old servant of my father's," answered the Colonel. "But she was my mother's cousin, too: and very lucky was my mother to have such a servant, or to have a servant at all. There is not in the whole world a more faithful creature or a better woman."

Mr. Hobson rather enjoyed his brother's perplexity, and to see, when the Baronet rode the high horse, how he came down sometimes. "I am sure it does you very great credit," gasped the courtly head of the firm, "to remember a—a humble friend and connection of our father's so well."

"I think, brother, you might have recollected her, too," the Colonel growled out. His face was blushing: he was quite angry and hurt at what seemed to him Sir Bryan's hardness of heart.

"Pardon me if I don't see the necessity," said Sir Bryan. "*I* have no relationship with Mrs. Mason, and do not remember ever having seen her. Can I do any thing for you, brother? Can I be useful to you in any way? Pray command me and Barnes here, who after City hours will be delighted if he can be serviceable to you—*I* am nailed to this counter all the morning, and to the House of Commons all night;—I will be with you in one moment, Mr. Quilter. Good-by, my dear Colonel. How well India has agreed with you! how young you look! the hot winds are nothing to what we endure in Parliament. Hobson," in a low voice, "you saw about that hm, that power of attorney—and hm and hm will call here at 12, about that hm. I am sorry I must say good-by—it seems so hard after not meeting for so many years."

"Very," says the Colonel.

"Mind and send for me whenever you want me, now."

"O, of course," said the elder brother; and thought, When will that ever be!

"Lady Anne will be too delighted at hearing of your arrival. Give my love to Clive—a remarkably fine boy, Clive—good-morning;" and the Baronet was gone, and his bald head might presently be seen alongside of Mr. Quilter's confidential gray poll, both of their faces turned into an immense ledger.

Mr. Hobson accompanied the Colonel to the door, and shook him cordially by the hand as he got into his cab. The man asked whither he should drive? and poor Newcome hardly knew where he was, or whither he should go. "Drive! a—oh—ah—damme, drive me any where away from this place?" was all he could say; and very likely the cabman thought he was a disappointed debtor who had asked in vain to renew a bill. In fact, Thomas Newcome had overdrawn his little account. There was no such balance of affection in that bank of his brothers, as the simple creature had expected to find there.

When he was gone, Sir Bryan went back to his parlor, where sat young Barnes perusing the paper. "My revered uncle seems to have brought back a quantity of cayenne pepper from India, sir," he said to his father.

"He seems a very kind-hearted, simple man," the Baronet said; "eccentric, but he has been more than thirty years away from home. Of course you will call upon him to-morrow morning. Do every thing you can to make him comfortable. Whom would he like to meet at dinner? I will ask some of the Directors. Ask him, Barnes, for next Wednesday or Saturday—no; Saturday I dine with the Speaker. But see that every attention is paid him."

"Does he intend to have our relation up to town, sir? I should like to meet Mrs. Mason of all things. A venerable washerwoman, I dare say, or perhaps keeps a public-house," simpered out young Barnes.

"Silence, Barnes; you jest at every thing, you young men do—you do. Colonel Newcome's affection for his old nurse does him the greatest honor," said the Baronet, who really meant what he said.

"And I hope my mother will have her to stay a good deal at Newcome. I'm sure she must have been a washerwoman, and mangled my uncle in early life. His costume struck me with respectful astonishment. He disdains the use of straps to his trowsers, and is seemingly unacquainted with gloves. If he had died in India, would my late aunt have had to perish on a funeral pile?" Here Mr. Quilter, entering with a heap of bills, put an end to these sarcastic remarks, and young Newcome applying himself to his business (of which he was a perfect master), forgot about his uncle till after City hours, when he entertained some young gentlemen of Bays's Club with an account of his newly-arrived relative.

Toward the City, whither he wended his way, whatever had been the ball or the dissipation of the night before, young Barnes Newcome might be seen walking every morning, resolutely and swiftly, with his neat umbrella. As he passed Charing Cross on his way westward, his little boots trailed slowly over the pavement, his head hung languid (bending lower still, and smiling with faded sweetness as he doffed his hat and saluted a passing carriage), his umbrella trailed after him. Not a dandy on all the Pall Mall pavement seemed to have less to do than he.

Heavyside, a large young officer of the household troops—old Sir Thomas de Boots—and Horace Fogey, whom every one knows—are in the window of Bays's, yawning as widely as that window itself. Horses under the charge of men in red jackets are pacing up and down St. James's Street. Cabmen on the stand are regaling with beer. Gentlemen with grooms behind them pass toward the park. Great dowager barouches roll along emblazoned with coronets, and driven by coachmen in silvery wigs. Wistful provincials gaze in at the clubs. Foreigners chatter and show their teeth, and look at the ladies in the carriages, and smoke and spit refreshingly round about. Policeman X slouches along the pavement. It is five o'clock, the noon in Pall Mall.

"Here's little Newcome coming," says Mr. Horace Fogey. "He and the muffin-man generally make their appearance in public together."

"Dashed little prig," says Sir Thomas de Boots, "why the dash did they ever let him in here? If I hadn't been in India, by dash—he should have been black-balled twenty times over, by dash." Only Sir Thomas used words far more terrific than dash, for this distinguished cavalry officer swore very freely.

"He amuses me; he's such a mischievous little devil," says good-natured Charley Heavyside.

"It takes very little to amuse you," remarks Fogey.

"*You* don't, Fogey," answers Charley. "I know every one of your demd old stories, that are as old as my grandmother. How-dy-do, Barney. (Enter Barnes Newcome.) How are the Three per Cents., you little beggar? I wish you'd do me a bit of stiff: and just tell your father if I may overdraw my account, I'll vote with him—hanged if I don't."

Barnes orders absinthe-and-water, and drinks: Heavyside resuming his elegant raillery. "I say, Barney, your name's Barney, and you're a banker. You must be a little Jew, hey? Vell, how mosh vill you to my little pill for!"

"Do hee-haw in the House of Commons, Heavyside," says the young man with a languid air. "That's your place: you're returned for it." (Captain the Honorable Charles Heavyside is a member of the legislature, and eminent in the House for asinine imitations, which delight his own, and confuse the other party.) "Don't bray here. I hate the shop out of shop hours."

"Dash the little puppy," growls Sir de Boots, swelling in his waistband.

"What do they say about the Russians in the City?" says Horace Fogey, who has been in the diplomatic service. "Has the fleet left Cronstadt, or has it not?"

"How should I know?" asks Barney. "Ain't it all in the evening paper?"

"That is very uncomfortable news from India, General," resumes Fogey—"there's Lady Doddington's carriage; how well she looks—that movement of Runjeet-Singh on Peshawur: that fleet on the Irrawaddy. It looks dooced queer, let me tell you, and Penguin is not the man to be Governor General of India in a time of difficulty."

"And Hustler's not the man to be Commander-in-chief: dashder old fool never lived: a dashed old psalm-singing, blundering old woman," says Sir Thomas, who wanted the command himself.

"*You* ain't in the psalm-singing line, Sir Thomas?" says Mr. Barnes, "quite the contrary." In fact Sir de Boots in his youth used to sing with the Duke of York, and even against Captain Costigan, but was beaten by that superior Bacchanalian artist.

Sir Thomas looks as if to ask what the dash is that to you? but wanting still to go to India again, and knowing how strong the Newcomes are in Leadenhall Street, he thinks it necessary to be civil to the young cub, and swallows his wrath once more into his waistband.

"I've got an uncle come home from India—upon my word I have," says Barnes Newcome. "That is why I am so exhausted. I am going to buy him a pair of gloves, number fourteen—and I want a tailor for him—not a young man's tailor. Fogey's tailor rather. I'd take my father's; but he has all his things made in the country—all—in the borough, you know—he's a public man."

"Is Colonel Newcome, of the Bengal Cavalry, your uncle?" asks Sir Thomas de Boots.

"Yes; will you come and meet him at dinner next Wednesday week, Sir Thomas? and Fogey, you come; you know you like a good dinner. You don't know any thing against my uncle, do you, Sir Thomas? Have I any Brahminical cousins? Need we be ashamed of him?"

A BIT OF LIFE IN OREGON.

MY jaunt to Oregon was indirectly owing to the fertilizing powers of guano; although the action of that renovator of worn-out lands was not exerted in its usual manner. It happened thus: A fine clipper ship, which had agreed to carry us around the world, on arriving at San Francisco, consented to prostitute its noble powers to an ignoble office; and instead of visiting the Celestial Regions for teas, sailed to the Chincha Islands for guano, whither I declined going—not being tempted even by the bright eyes and sunny skies of Lima. In consequence I became that most unfortunate of beings, an idler in San Francisco; until one lucky day, when a friend requested me to transact some business for him in Oregon.

A bag, a pair of blankets, a red woolen hunting-shirt, and a revolver, completed my baggage; and we were soon sailing through the beautiful bay and along the Golden Horn, whose waters and shores require only associations and a pen to make them rank with many spots, less beautiful, but more praised. We entered the broad Pacific, then very boisterous, and coasting along past Punta de los Reyes, Cape Mendocino, Trinidad, Crescent City, &c., arrived on the fifth day at Port Orford, our destination. Spirits of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower! how little could you imagine, as you landed on that desolate rock, amid all that could depress the energies of man, that, in less than two centuries and a half, your descendants would be building towns upon the western borders of *their* country—a country broader than the Atlantic you had passed!

Camp-life was soon commenced in good earnest, as there was no hotel in Port Orford. Provisions were unpacked and ranged in the cupboard (an old box), sundry cooking utensils were neatly hung on the pantry-shelf (the projecting limb of an old tree); and the fireplace was constructed after the most approved Indian mode; that is to say, a few stones for the hearth, with two upright posts and a cross-stick for pot-hanger. As night came on we began to prepare supper; but were much chagrined to find that our frying-pan had been stolen—a sad accident, as the fresh sea-breezes and plenty of out-door exercise had given us keen appetites. We were beginning to discuss the propriety of eating our bacon raw, when necessity seized the shovel, and we broiled what we needed in a style that would have delighted the great Soyer himself. Never was supper of bacon, potatoes, and coffee eaten with better relish.

But to be candid, I will acknowledge that there were some deficiencies in our culinary department. For instance, our party decided upon a rotation of cooks; and, as we were all neophytes, nothing could have been more unfortunate for our digestive organs. We should have been sorry to have had our first loaf of bread pitched at our heads. But pressing on under the Baconian or inductive system, our productions passed successively through all the various degrees of density known to that article, until it finally arrived at spongy perfection.

One of our party, a lawyer, who, in his turn, officiated as cook, determined to distinguish himself by making a pot-pie. Circumstances favored the undertaking. We were all absent, shooting or walking, and there would be no critical cooks to spoil his operations. (Did any one ever poke a fire, or boil a potato, but some bystander could do it better?) The pot is boiling: in goes the rice; dough-balls follow; elk-meat, potatoes, &c., succeed in quick succession: but the remorseless pot still seems to cry, "More!" But what more is there? Pepper, salt, onions, are all swallowed up. Ah! the beans, Chili beans! capital idea! The beans follow the rice and the dough-balls. The party return hungry—famished. "Law-Papers," with flushed face and excited manner, serves up the pie, and awaits applause, with the air of a man who is determined not to be vain, although he has done a good thing; but imagine his feelings when, instead of a shower of thanks, there was a hail storm of *hard* beans, succeeded by a roar of laughter, at his expense, and in spite of our disappointment. "Green-Bag" has never been seen to eat beans from that day to this, and now goes by the name of "Bene," which is an abbreviation of "*bene, bene facere*," meaning, "When you make a pot-pie, boil your beans longer than you do your rice!"

While waiting here, let me sandwich a small amount of useful information respecting Oregon, more especially for the benefit of invalids. The climate is delightful, and although in the same latitude with New York, the summer is cooler and the winter warmer than those of the Empire State. Upon the coast above Cape Blanco, the prevalent winds are from the northwest, but even these are less unpleasant than the easterly winds at New York. At Port Orford, which is sheltered from these winds by a projecting bluff, the climate may challenge comparison with the most favored portions of Italy. The atmosphere is wonderfully clear and transparent. There were but two or three foggy days during the month, and these were far more pleasant than similar days in Florence, when the cold winds come down from the Apennines.

It was a common saying at Port Orford, among the sixty or seventy residents, that it was impossible to be sick there. The equability of the climate renders this perhaps the most healthful portion of the Union; and it can not be long before our Eastern physicians, instead of sending their consumptive patients to Italy or Cuba, will recommend them to take the Pacific Railway to Oregon, to recruit their health.

Just in front of Port Orford there is a small island, just large enough for a snug little house and garden. Eighteen months since it was the scene of a bloody fight. The Indians, seven hundred in number, drove Kirkpatrick, with the

whole population of the town (eight men only), upon this natural castle, where, after attempting to slaughter them and failing, they determined to starve them. Kirkpatrick had one large gun, besides rifles, and shot down over seventy of the savages as they attempted to climb the steep side of the island, or showed themselves upon the beach. After waiting a month, however, and finding the whites superior to both arrows and want, the patience of the Indians became exhausted, and they made a treaty, which they have kept to this day.

It was upon this hill that, having accomplished the business which I had undertaken, I spent the afternoons of two weeks awaiting the steamer. My companions were too lazy to climb it, and I was left alone to my book and meditations.

I said *alone*, but I was not quite so. Half the charm of that spot consisted in the company of a young Indian girl, who could not have seen more than sixteen summers, and who was almost the only handsome Indian woman I had seen. She had seen me mounting the hill frequently, and thought it no harm to follow, owing perhaps to my having paid her more deference than she was accustomed to receive, and perhaps also on account of some trifling presents I had given her.

It was a beautiful spot where we used to sit, this wild Indian girl and myself, and watch the sun setting every evening in the Pacific. The trees and shrubbery completely sheltered us from the wind, as well as from observation, behind; while in front of our grassy little nook, the view was open to the endless blue waves of the ocean. The atmosphere was of that pleasant nature which makes the mere sensation of existence happiness. I was reading "My Novel;" and here were sketches of the most polished style of life on earth placed beside the most uncivilized: "Violante" and sweet "Nora Avenel" beside this child of the forest; and was I blind or smitten, that I say the latter did not suffer by the contrast? Then you also would have been blind had you sat and seen those large Oriental eyes beaming on you. You would have been smitten too by those delicate features, and that fair form, just rounded to womanhood! I named her "Graziella," and appointed her my teacher of the Indian language. She laughed immoderately when I wrote down the names which she translated into her tongue, being as much puzzled by my hieroglyphics as I was by her barbarous speech; and I must confess that whatever of the savage was wanting in her appearance, was fully made up by the harsh sounds issuing from her mouth. Her language seemed to abound more in consonants than the Spanish does in vowels. For instance, she called boots *khrehr* (a word to test one's guttural powers); pantaloons were *tlsoos;* hand was *shlah*, and so on.

The dress of my young teacher was very unique, and would have attracted attention in Broadway or Regent-street. Her head-covering was nothing more than an inverted basket, of various colors, tightly woven, and fitting her head closely, like a jockey cap, having withal a very coquettish air; her dark locks flowed down from underneath, and hung loosely over her shoulders and neck; her waist was encircled by a skirt, which, in size and shape, appeared to have been cut after a pattern sent out by some of our theatrical *danseuses*, only it was of very different texture, being made of strings of bark, instead of lace, which hung down to her knees, displaying a limb of which the Venus de Medici might have been proud. A skin, thrown loosely over her shoulders, completed her attire, excepting the usual ornaments of beads in the nose and about the neck. And truly, however ridiculous nose-ornaments may appear to our civilized ladies of the East, I certainly thought they were an advantage in the present instance. Rings belong as naturally to the nose as to the ears, for this practice of boring the body for ornament is at best but a barbarism, whether the nose or the ears be the sufferer. Pardon me, ladies!

Apropos of Indian dress; at Crescent City I saw a most laughable specimen of taste in two young squaws. One of them had on a skirt similar to the one described, and above it a dragoon jacket, which completed her costume; the other marched up with great dignity, with nothing on but a black frock coat, tightly buttoned.

Graziella was beginning to make rapid improvement in English, while I was making a corresponding advancement in her language—not to say in another too, which is common to all nations. She was good-natured, playful, and of great natural intelligence, as could be easily discovered by the readiness with which she acquired the English. Why not educate and marry her? She was the daughter of a chief, and her father offered to sell her for a gun and a pair of blankets! To an Indian the word *gun* involves all the happiness attached by us to houses, lands, furniture, books, &c.; therefore the price was not depreciatory of the *article* offered for sale; and considering the scarcity of wives in California and Oregon, and the romance attaching to the act, my lady readers will not be in the least surprised that I should have been tempted to accept the offer. But, on the other hand, a salutary doubt as to the reception my uncivilized bride, although of noble blood, would meet with from the female portion of my family of ignoble blood, decided me to let the forest retain its own, and I declined alliance with the blood of the Tagonishas!

But the steamer comes in sight. Would you like to see my parting with Graziella? Of course it was touching in the extreme, and my last act was to present her with my red hunting shirt, in virtue of which she now undoubtedly reigns as the belle of Oregon.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

RECENT elections in several of the States furnish the leading topic of interest during the month. In Georgia the contest for Governor was between Johnson, a Democrat representing the State Rights sentiment, and Jenkins, a Whig, nominated mainly on the ground of his devotion to the Compromise measures of 1850. The former was elected by a small majority. In Maryland the result gave Ligon, Democratic candidate for Governor, a majority of 4000 over Bowie, Whig;—the Whigs have a majority of six in the State Senate and eight in the House of Delegates. In Ohio the Democratic candidate for Governor was elected by over 60,000 majority. In Pennsylvania the Democratic candidate for Judge succeeded by a majority of over 30,000, and the Democrats have a majority of four in the Senate and forty in the House. In New York, the Whigs elected all the State officers, and probably two-thirds of each branch of the Legislature—the Democratic party being nearly equally divided between those who favor a consolidation of the party without reference to past differences, and those who are unwilling to act with that section which opposed General Cass in 1848. The returns are too incomplete as yet to warrant any thing beyond the announcement of general results. A Democratic Governor and other State officers have been elected by the Legislature of Vermont. Hon. John Bell has been re-elected United States Senator from Tennessee.

Colonel Benton, in a letter to the people of Missouri, states the results of his labors at Washington on behalf of the Pacific Railroad. He claims that the explorations of Beale and Heap have completely demonstrated the superiority of the route through Nebraska; but expresses some apprehension that the strong influences at work in favor of a southern sectional route partly through Mexico, may prevent its being adopted. He says he shall endeavor to secure from Congress this winter the construction of a good wagon road from the frontier of Missouri to New Mexico, and the extinguishment of Indian titles on the way by purchase. He considers the settlement of Nebraska as necessary in a military point of view to connect and consolidate our settlements on both sides the Rocky Mountains, and to furnish volunteers to assist in the defense of our Pacific possessions. The Territory, he says, ought to be established as soon as Congress meets.

The French government, through its representative at Washington, has invited the American government to take part in the Universal Exhibition of the Fine Arts and of Industry which is to take place in Paris in 1855. It asks also the appointment of some person to represent the United States in the Department of the Fine Arts, and to participate in the preliminary labors of the committee. Mr. Secretary Marcy, in reply, states that there is no law of Congress authorizing such an appointment, but that some of the respective States may have the power and disposition to be represented on that occasion.

The agricultural and mechanical celebrations of the season have been attended with unusual interest, and have enlisted the oratorical services of some of the best minds in the country. Hon. William C. Rives delivered an address before the New York State Fair;—Hon. Edward Everett officiated as orator in New Hampshire;—Ex-President Tyler in Virginia, and Senator Seward for the American Institute in New York city. The Exhibition by the mechanics of Louisville, Kentucky, was not inferior in attractiveness and intrinsic excellence to any of the displays of the year, and was attended by a degree of interest which promises well for mechanical and industrial progress in that State. The display of articles, and the numbers in attendance, exceeded all precedent. An eloquent and admirable address, illustrating the progress of the race by a graphic contrast of the tournament in the time of Edward the Fourth with the Crystal Palace of Victoria's reign, was delivered by Dr. T. S. Bell, one of the many accomplished and laborious scholars among the professional men of that section.

From *California* our intelligence is to October 15th. The newly-appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Lieutenant Beale, had arrived, and had taken steps which promised the best results on the relations between the Indians and whites. The Indians were pleased with the plan of colonizing them on the government lands, which seemed to be the only mode of preserving permanent peace among them. They could then provide themselves with the necessaries of life, support their own schools and other institutions, and thus be no longer under the necessity of plundering the whites. The Rogue River Indians had signed a treaty of peace, receiving sixty thousand dollars for their land south of the river. There was a battle on the 12th of September between the Appeyate Indians and a company of rifle rangers, in which the latter lost one man and the former twelve or fourteen. A line of telegraph between Sacramento and Nevada was to be opened on the 1st of December, and another between San Francisco and San José was nearly finished. Several slight shocks of an earthquake were felt in the lower part of the San Joaquin valley on the 2d. Mining operations continued to be successful. The city of Sonora was destroyed by fire on the 3d of October —the loss being estimated at a million and a half of dollars. John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, has made his escape from Australia, and arrived at San Francisco. The Supreme Court has decided in favor of the validity of all grants of land made in accordance with Mexican law. This will have a very important effect upon the possession of real estate.

From *Utah* we have further intelligence of difficulties with the Indians. Several parties of whites had been attacked by them with fatal results. Governor Young has issued fresh proclamations, requiring all the forces to be in readiness for immediate service against them, and every person to be armed and prepared to aid others with supplies. All licenses to trade with Indians are revoked, and every person is forbidden to sell or give them any arms or ammunition, or to supply them with food except by permission from the agents. The Territory seems to be in the midst of an Indian war which may prove protracted and expensive. Salt Lake City is to be walled in.

From the *Sandwich Islands* we have intelligence of changes in the Cabinet, mainly personal in their

origin and relations. The Consuls of France and England have officially protested against the alleged conduct of certain American missionaries, intended to induce the king to alienate the sovereignty of the Sandwich Islands and cause their annexation to the United States. Such a step, they declare, could not be regarded with indifference by England and France, inasmuch as both those nations have treaties with the Sandwich Islands founded on the clear understanding that their independence is to be preserved. The missionaries referred to have denied being engaged in any such schemes, and Hon. Luther Severance, the United States Commissioner, has replied to the protest, disclaiming any purpose on the part of the American government to acquire possession of the Islands, but denying the right of foreign governments to interfere to prevent such a result if it should be deemed mutually desirable.

MEXICO.

A fresh insurrectionary movement has taken place in Yucatan, which was suppressed, however, by the government troops. The insurgents obtained possession of Merida, the capital, but, after a contest of eight days, the government troops succeeded in dislodging them with a very heavy loss—amounting according to report to three hundred killed, besides two hundred who died of cholera, which raged severely during the rebellion. A number of prisoners were taken, but the leaders succeeded in making their escape. That part of the city occupied by the insurgents was entirely destroyed. Quiet had been restored throughout the department. A difficulty had arisen between the Mexican government and the Spanish embassador, which had led to the suspension by the latter of his official functions: no particulars of the affair are given. The Indians in Durango and New Leon continued their ravages, though numerous expeditions had been fitted out against them. The cholera continued its ravages in Oajaca.

SOUTH AMERICA.

There is no news of special interest from any part of South America. From *Chili* we have intelligence of the arrival at Valparaiso of the screw steamer Isabel, sent out by Lady Franklin in search of Sir John Franklin, and of the abandonment of the expedition on account of a disagreement among the officers, the nature of which has not been distinctly stated. In Chili, Señor Demetrio Pena has been appointed Minister of Marine. The project of a law has been presented to Congress dividing the country into mining districts, and providing for a corps of mining engineers. The copper mines in the province of Coquimbo are said to offer very flattering prospects.——From *Buenos Ayres* we have news of fresh changes affecting the validity of treaties. The ministers of England, France, and the United States had succeeded in negotiating treaties with the Argentine Confederation for the free navigation of the rivers Uraguay and Paraguay. The negotiation was carried on with Urquiza, after his squadron under Commodore Coe had betrayed him and gone over to the authorities of Buenos Ayres; and immediately afterward the government of that province issued a protest against the treaty, alleging that Urquiza had no authority to act for the Confederation, and that the foreign ministers had acted with duplicity and bad faith. The negotiation is regarded as a stroke of policy on the part of Urquiza, inasmuch as it secures to him the influence and support of the three governments interested in maintaining it. The treaty is of decided importance to the commercial interests of South America, and will probably be maintained. The province of Buenos Ayres still resists the wish of the thirteen other provinces of the Confederation. ——In *Brazil* there has been a change of ministry; which is, however, one of persons rather than of policy. The retiring administration, of which Torres and Paulino were the ablest members, came into power in November, 1848, and has won a larger share of public favor, and carried into effect more important measures, than any preceding Cabinet. It has raised the public credit, checked the slave trade, given encouragement to private enterprise in its efforts to open the navigation of the Amazon, laid the foundations of an effective steam marine, and promoted internal improvements of all sorts. The new Cabinet has been chosen from the same party, and consists of men of ability and experience in public life. At its head is Señor Carneiro Leao; Señor Simpo de Abreu is Foreign Secretary, and Señor Narbucco de Araugo Minister of Justice. The country is tranquil, and generally prosperous.—— From *Peru* it is announced that the Chincha Island difficulty is in course of amicable adjustment. A law has recently been passed by Peru, granting to all nations with which she has treaties the same rights of navigating the Amazon which are secured by treaty to Brazil. Under this concession various companies have been organized for the navigation of that river. This has led the Brazilian Minister, in a note, dated Sept. 1, to complain to the Peruvian government of the act, as an infringement of the rights of Brazil. On the 30th of September the Peruvian government replied, vindicating the action already taken, and showing that no infraction of the rights of Brazil was intended, and the concession was in fact one which could not be denied.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The most interesting intelligence of the month from Great Britain is the receipt of dispatches from the Arctic Expedition, announcing the discovery of the Northwest Passage. The honor of the achievement belongs to Captain McClure, of the ship Investigator, which had been absent for three years, and concerning which very serious anxieties began to be entertained. The news was brought by Captain Inglefield, of the Phœnix, who was the bearer of dispatches from Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Kellett, as well as from Commander McClure himself. The transport Breadalbane, which accompanied the Phœnix, was crushed in the ice off Beechey Island, on the 21st of August; but no lives were lost. On the 18th, M. Bellot, a lieutenant of the French navy, who had accompanied Commander Inglefield, being sent with dispatches to Sir Edward Belcher, was driven off from the shore, with two men, on a floe of ice; and while reconnoitring from the top of a hummock, was blown by the gale into a deep crack in the ice, and perished by drowning. His two companions, after being driven about, without food, for thirty hours, were enabled to land and rejoin their company. Sir Edward Belcher had wintered in Wellington Channel: it was his intention to return to Beechey Island. Captain Kellett wintered at Dealy Island: and it was a party from his vessel that discovered the dispatch from Commander McClure which led to a knowledge of the position of his vessel, the Investigator, which was last seen on the 6th of August, 1850, and which, as now appears, was frozen in the ice on the 24th of September, 1851. The dispatches received from Captain McClure are very voluminous, and have not yet been published in full. Captain McClure, it will be remembered, went in command of the Investigator in the early part of 1850, under Captain Collinson, of the Enterprise, to Behring's Straits.

Captain Collinson having failed to penetrate the pack-ice, returned to Hong Kong, where he wintered: but Captain McClure took the responsibility of disobeying the order of Captain Kellett, the chief officer on that station, and pushed onward with the determination to force a passage to the northeast. On the 5th of August, 1850, he rounded Point Barrow, the northeastern extremity of Behring's Straits, and then bore east, keeping near the shore: and on the 24th, he reached Point Warren, near Cape Bathurst; and on the 6th of September arrived at Cape Parry. From this point high land was discovered, which was taken possession of, and named Baring Island; and two days later other land was discovered, and named Prince Albert's Land. The Investigator sailed up a narrow channel running between these two, and had nearly passed through, when, on the 8th of October she became fixed in the ice, and remained stationary during the winter. Parties were sent out to explore, and it was soon ascertained that the channel opened into Barrow Straits—thus establishing the existence of the Northwest Passage. During the spring the coasts were explored, and various tribes of Esquimaux were discovered. On the 14th of July, 1851, the ice opened, and the ship was again afloat, and the effort was made to pass through the strait. The progress, however, was arrested on the 16th of August by strong northeast winds driving large masses of ice to the southward. Thus baffled, Captain McClure boldly resolved on returning through the straits and passing north of Baring's Island, which he succeeded in doing, reaching the north side on the 24th of September. On the night of that day his vessel was again frozen up, and up to the date of Captain McClure's last dispatch, April 10, 1853, she had not been liberated. In April, 1852, a party crossed the ice to Melville Island, and deposited a document giving an account of the progress of the Expedition, and also of the position of the Investigator. This document was discovered by Captain Kellett's officers, only a few days before Captain McClure had made arrangements for deserting his ship. Lieutenant Pim was immediately directed to open a communication with the party, which he succeeded in doing; and on the 7th of April, Captain McClure crossed the ice, and had an interview with Captain Kellett. The latter had sent a surgeon to the Investigator, with instructions to have the crew desert the vessel, unless there should be twenty of them in good health and willing to remain for another season. It will thus be seen, that although the existence of a Northwest Passage has been established, it has not yet been made. No trace of Sir John Franklin has been discovered by any of these expeditions.——Speeches of considerable public interest have been made by several public men in England during the month. At the inauguration of a statue to the memory of Sir Robert Peel, at Manchester, on the 12th of October, Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a brief address, mainly in praise of the eminent abilities and public virtue of the deceased statesman. A still more important speech was made by the Chancellor in reply to three addresses presented to him from Manchester associations. He made a somewhat extended exposition of the financial policy of his administration, and spoke more explicitly than any Cabinet minister had previously done, of the policy of the Ministry with regard to the differences in the East. It was not at all surprising, he said, that the blood of Englishmen should be roused by such flagrant aggression as that of Russia upon Turkey—nor that there should have been some degree of impatience at the long continuance of negotiations without any clear result. But the truest measure of the greatness of a government, he said, was to be sought in its power of self-command and self-restraint. He felt sure that the general sentiment of the people would approve the solicitude of the Ministry to avoid so dreadful a calamity as a general war in Europe. He hoped they also had confidence in the determination of the government not to sacrifice the honor of the country. It had already been more than once announced in Parliament that the Ministry would maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire: but it ought to be remarked that these terms were not used in the same sense which they would convey if employed in regard to England. The English government did not intend to settle this important matter upon the questions that might arise out of the peculiar internal organization of the Ottoman Empire, for that presented the solecism of the Mohammedan faith exercising what might be called a despotism over twelve millions of Christians. Into questions growing out of that singular state of things, the English government did not mean to enter: but there was a necessity for regulating the distribution of power in Europe, where there was a certain absorption of power by one of the great potentates, which would follow the fall of the Ottoman Empire, which would be dangerous to the peace of the world: it was the duty of England, at whatever cost, to set herself against such a result. That principle had been recognized in all the discussions of the Eastern question; and having taken the position that there must be no such absorption of power by any one potentate, it was still to be hoped that there might be a maintenance of peace. There was much reason to hope for such a result, from the progress made of late years in Europe toward the substitution of arbitration for war.——A conference of the friends of peace commenced its sessions at Edinburgh on the 12th: its principal feature was a speech by Mr. Cobden, in which he first exulted over the falsification of the predictions in which too many had indulged, but which he had constantly ridiculed, that the Emperor of France was about to invade England; and then proceeded to a discussion of the Eastern question. He said nothing was more amazing than the general ignorance in England of the real object for which they were asked to go to war with Russia: it was simply for the maintenance of Mohammedanism in Europe. All the wealth, all the progress, and all the intelligence of Turkey belonged to the Christian portion of her population, some twelve millions in number, who were still held in a position of absolute slavery by the Mohammedan minority. The Emperor of Russia declares his intention to protect these Christians: upon which England and France step in to resist this, under the pretense that the Emperor has selfish and aggressive views of his own in the matter. This, Mr. Cobden said, was undoubtedly true: but it should not lead to the sacrifice of the rights and interests of the Christian population of Turkey. He thought there had been a great mistake in this matter, and that if England intended to interfere at all, she should have joined Russia, in insisting on the fullest religious liberty and perfect social equality for the great majority of the Christians in Turkey—as he believed she would do yet. He was opposed to any interference whatever; but, if there was to be any, it should be on this side. He thought that Turkey was in a declining condition, and that England was not bound by treaty, or other obligations to fight on her behalf.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

We have at last official intelligence as to the state of the difficulty between Russia and Turkey. The Sultan has demanded the evacuation of the Danubian provinces by the Russian troops within a given time, and says explicitly that if a negative answer is returned he shall commence hostilities. A negative answer has been returned, so that the two countries are at war. The Turkish government, in a calm and dignified state paper, recapitulated the points in controversy, for the purpose of showing that from the very beginning the Sultan's conduct has been moderate and conciliatory, and has furnished no motive or ground for quarrel. The question of the Holy Places had been settled to the satisfaction of all parties, and Russia was only seeking a pretext for aggression in insisting, as she did, upon the question of the privileges granted to the Greek Church by the Ottoman government, in regard to which that government could not admit the interference of any other. The occupation of the Danubian provinces could not be regarded otherwise than as an act of force, a violation of treaties, and a *casus belli*. The modifications of the Vienna note asked by the Sultan were merely intended to replace, by specific expressions, certain vague phrases, of which Russia might take advantage to the injury of Turkey; and the very fact that Russia refused her assent to these modifications, shows conclusively that she intends to make use of those expressions for the furtherance of her own objects, and affords an additional reason why the Sultan should adhere to them. The occupation of the provinces by Russia during the negotiations gave an entirely new aspect to the case, and rendered it impossible for the Sultan to accede to propositions which he had rejected while Prince Menschikoff was at Constantinople. Since, then, the Cabinet of St. Petersburg has not been content with the assurances and pledges that were offered, since the benevolent intentions of the other European powers have been fruitless, and since the Sublime Porte can not tolerate any longer the existing state of things, or the continued occupation of an integral portion of its empire, the Ottoman Cabinet, with the intention of defending the sacred rights of the sovereignty and independence of its government, would employ just reprisals against a violation of treaties which it regarded as a case of war.—The Turkish general in the provinces, Omer Pasha, on the 10th of October sent a note to the Russian general, Gortschakoff, in obedience to instructions, stating that after the injustice and aggression of Russia, nothing remained for Turkey but war. But as the invasion of the Principalities had been the cause of war, he was instructed by the Turkish government, as the last expression of its pacific sentiments, to propose their evacuation, and to grant fifteen days for his decision. If within that interval a negative answer should be returned, the commencement of hostilities would be the natural consequence. In reply, General Gortschakoff said that his master was not at war with Turkey, but he had orders not to leave the Principalities until the Porte should have given to the Czar the moral satisfaction he demanded. When that point should have been obtained, he promises to evacuate the provinces immediately. If attacked by the Turkish army, he says he shall defend himself. Up to the last advices no attack had been made, nor was it believed that there would be one until the 25th. Great enthusiasm continued to prevail throughout Turkey, and very large contributions of money were made for the support of the army. Volunteers flocked in from all quarters, and the whole Turkish force was said to amount to 300,000 men. The Russians, on the other hand, have been increasing their forces on the Danube, and building extensive fortifications on its banks, the expense of which they compel the Hospodars, or Turkish civic officers, to defray. On the 10th of October the Sultan requested the British embassador to send for the allied fleets, which was done, though they are not expected to enter the Black Sea except to repel any hostile movement of the Russians. The Sultan has granted permission to an English company to construct a ship canal which will avoid the obstructions to navigation at the mouth of the Danube.

JAPAN AND CHINA.

Interesting intelligence has been received concerning the progress of the American Expedition to Japan. Commodore Perry arrived in the harbor, about twenty-five miles from Jeddo, and cast anchor, on the 8th of July. Hundreds of boats immediately gathered around his vessels, to watch them, according to custom. A Japanese officer was admitted on board to an interview with one of the subordinate officers of the squadron, who told him that no Japanese boats would be allowed to come within a certain distance of the vessels; and demanded that an officer of high rank should be sent on board to receive the President's letter to the Emperor. Urgent objections were made to all these demands, but the American officer cut them short peremptorily, by saying that if the boats were not withdrawn they would be fired upon, and that if proper officers were not sent to receive the letters, the vessels would go to the capital, and the American Commodore would deliver them in person. The Japanese made many inquiries concerning the contents of the letters, the number of men on board the ships, &c., all which questions were repelled as impertinent. The next day all the boats were withdrawn. Active preparations, and musters of troops were observed on shore, and every thing indicated unusual trepidation. After a delay of about a week, permission from the Emperor to receive the letters was announced. On the 14th the steamers proceeded to Jeddo, and by appointment the Commodore and Staff, escorted by about five hundred men armed to the teeth went on shore, and had an interview with the Commissioners appointed by the Emperor to receive him. Not less than twenty thousand Japanese troops were drawn up in line, and an immense concourse of people was in attendance. The interview was in all respects friendly, and encouragement was held out that the requests of the President of the United States in regard to trade would be granted. An answer, however, was deferred until spring, when the squadron is to return to receive it. Letters from officers represent the people whom they saw as apparently intelligent, amiable, and brave. Very extensive preparations had evidently been made to repel any assault that the squadron might make. Small boats were sent out from the American vessels, under whose guns they found protection, to take soundings of the harbor, which was thoroughly and accurately surveyed. The Expedition has thus made a very promising beginning.

Our latest advices represent the Chinese rebellion as still making steady progress. The rebel army continued in possession of Nanking and Chin-Kiang-Foo, while a strong body of its forces, was rapidly making its way northward to the capital. The imperial proclamations bear witness to the constant advance of the rebels, to the emptiness of the imperial treasury, and to the apathy of the people. It seemed quite probable that Pekin would fall without serious resistance.

Editor's Table.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION—why has it become a jest and a byword among us—a settled phrase, denoting a fixed fact in our history—a fact now conceded by all parties, and which no intelligent man ever thinks of denying? We hear it from all sides. There *is* political corruption, and that too on the broadest scale—corruption in all parties—corruption in leading partisans—corruption in political measures—corruption in political services—corruption in the dispensation of offices—corruption in the management of the press—corruption among almost the entire class of those who may be called politicians by profession—a growing corruption, or, what is equally bad, a growing indifference to corruption among the masses of the people.

It is no longer the charge merely of one party against another; and we therefore adopt it as the theme of our editorial lucubrations without any fear of being accused of partisan tendencies or partialities. To speak now of political corruption, or to denounce political corruption, is no evidence that a man is a Whig or a Democrat, a Hunker or a Barnburner, a Conservative or a Radical. More or less an evil in all governments, it has grown to such a pitch among us as to arrest the attention even of the most superficial thinkers, and the most careless observers. The pure men of all parties—and there are such in all parties—confess and deplore it. The dishonest of all parties are beginning to avow and defend, as well as practice it. There was once a redeeming hypocrisy in this matter. The evil may have existed, to some degree, in our purest administrations; but it was not avowed; it was not gloried in. It is only of late that the leading dogma we condemn has been maintained to be an inseparable, and, therefore, a defensible attendant of all political—that is, as some would define it—all party action.

But what do we mean by this sweeping term, *political corruption?* What is its essential idea? Is it capable of a true definition, presenting at once its inherent nature, its inseparable moral turpitude? To pervert, in any sense, and in any way, the measures, the appointments, the powers of government, whether legislative, judicial, or executive, from common to private ends, from catholic or universal to individual or partisan aims—whether on a larger or smaller scale—whether secretly or openly—whether with a redeeming hypocrisy or with an unblushing avowal of rascality—that is political corruption. The logical instinct of mankind has rightly named it. It is a *corruptio*, a breaking up, a decomposition, a disease in the body politic, destructive to its healthful organization, and unfitting it for the performance of its true organic functions. It is an unnatural violation of the purpose for which government is created. It is worse than private dishonesty, insomuch as it is a breach of the highest earthly trusts. It is worse than private gambling; for it puts at stake, not the gambler's own property, but what has been committed to him as a sacred deposit in the names of millions now living, and many more millions yet unborn. It adds the meanness of theft to the lawlessness of robbery. It is lying; it is perfidy; it is the foulest, the rankest, the most Heaven-daring perjury. Its baseness and its wickedness are exactly in proportion to the supposed honor of the stewardship, and the high religious nature of the trust. It is a violation of the solemn oath taken and imposed for this very purpose—to guard against the intrusion of the private feeling, or the private partisan interest, in the management of a commission so sacredly intended for the common good.

In the earlier ages of the world, almost every thing was religious. The oath was commonly used, even in private transactions, as an end of all strife. The appeal to Heaven, and the confirmation of it by sacrifice, entered into the daily compacts between man and man. Most of the federative terms, even in modern languages, retain still the etymological traces of such religious origin. In later, and as we would call them, more enlightened times, the oath has been confined mainly to judicial proceedings, and the imparting of something of a religious character to political trusts. The President of the United States, the Governors of the respective States, and all officers under them, whether appointers or appointees, lay their hands upon the holy volume wherein God reveals his abhorrence of perjury, or lift them up to Heaven, and swear by the Ever Living One, that they will rightly, and faithfully, and according to its fair meaning, and true spirit, and well known ends, support a constitution of government, and laws made in pursuance thereof, whose every principle is in direct opposition to such a prostitution of public trusts to private or partisan aims. That such is its genuine spirit, and fair intent, we know from the essential nature and idea of all government; we know it from what is patent in the documents themselves; we know it from the express declarations and acts of those who representatively framed them.

Had the makers of our General and State Constitutions been asked the question, whether they ever intended that any such principle should have place in the selection and appointment of public officers as is now openly avowed, can there be a doubt as to their prompt and indignant answer? With one voice would they have repelled the insulting thought. We all know this; every one instinctively feels it; the very men who practice this corruption, and attempt to support it on the indefensible grounds of party usages, would never think of calling to its aid the original intent of the Constitution, or of those who framed it, or of the generation whom they represented. What is it, then, but perjury, and perjury of a blacker dye than any which ordinarily consigns poor wretches to our state prisons, inasmuch as it affects trusts so immensely higher both in rank and value? The neglect or contempt of the oath is truly regarded by the great Roman historian as the surest sign of national degeneracy. "There had not yet come in," says Livy, speaking of the purer days of the Republic, "that disregard of the oath which now marks the age, nor had men yet learned to force laws and institutions into an accommodation to their own selfish ends, instead of adapting their own manners and conduct to the higher aims of government." Such a contempt of religion, as well as of conscience, is involved in this abominable doctrine of "the spoils."

An abuse as impious, although of a different nature, is implied in the fanatical course of some, on the other hand, who would be ranked among the ultra-conscientious, and regard themselves as the very antipodes of the trafficking politician. Extremes here, as in other cases, seem to meet together. There are men who seek and obtain admission to Congress, and when admitted are prepared to take, without scruple, an oath to support the Constitution—an oath

of course reaching to every clause of the Constitution as much as though each had been verbatim repeated —and yet, with the deliberate intent of trampling under foot one of its most express provisions. They are too conscientious to perform what their very strange consciences will allow them most consciously to swear they will perform. This is deliberate, conscious, or conscientious perjury. Others, in vast numbers, take the oath as a farce or a form, without a thought of its real import, or the least intention of making its true spirit the religious guide of their political action. This is reckless, profane, contemptuous perjury—such perjury as quadrennially and annually ascends to heaven from every quarter of our land. Could the spiritual and invisible take visible form before us, we might see its black columns going steadily up and calling down the insulted vengeance of the Eternal Justice on those who could so trifle with the most sacred ideas of religion, as well as the most vital interests of humanity.

We have characterized the abominable practice as a *breach of trust*, and it may be well to insist a little farther on this most odious feature of its deformity. A *breach of trust* has ever been supposed to involve a higher crime than ordinary theft, or ordinary dishonesty, where no great confidence is reposed, and can not, therefore, be said to be violated. Private gambling is universally condemned as vile and abominable. But the private gambler, as we have said, gambles with his own property. The political gambler employs for this purpose the people's offices. The stakes are not his own, but deposits of the highest value committed to his care and keeping. Offices created especially for their most careful conservation, he regards in no higher light than as the rewards of private partisan services, and the punishment of partisan opponents. What can be more utterly base than this? Trusts so sacred might well beget, in any sober mind, a feeling of religious awe, even without the religious solemnities of the oath; and yet, in relation to them, his philosophy, his morality, and his religion may all be expressed in the pithy yet abominable maxim: "To the victor belong the spoils of the enemy."

So, too, we all condemn the practice of private bribery at our elections. The most corrupt politician will seek to gain credit by supporting the severest laws for its suppression. The very men who are guilty of the practice will join in its reprobation. But what is its petty moral enormity when compared with the wholesale bribery involved in the higher and more mischievous political corruption? Here, too, it may be said, the private briber bribes with his own money; whereas the politician who pays for partisan services, either prospectively or retrospectively (for either way it certainly makes no difference in the guilt) does so with what does not belong to him. He is not only guilty of bribery more mischievous and more corrupting, but adds to this the deeper and more damning guilt of a base breach of trust. He bribes men on the most extensive scale. He purchases votes; he bargains for political services; he hires political bullies, or pays with offices those who hire them; he has contracts with political editors; he keeps in pay political organs; and to meet all these engagements, or these "fair business transactions," draws upon deposits of which he has been appointed the guardian for far different and higher purposes, or of which he seeks to become the keeper through a prospective credit grounded on the expected future practice of the same unholy perfidy.

We see no fallacy in these statements, or these comparisons. It is true that they may not at first view thus strike the mind. All public crimes have a tendency to draw upon themselves a conventional disguise. Their commonness creates for them a law, or rule, which seems to separate them from acts of a similar nature on a lower scale, but really of less moral turpitude. It becomes necessary, therefore, to place them in new and varied lights, that their concealed deformity may be made to appear. We are familiar with these things. The conscience of the nation has become seared and stupefied. All parties have been guilty. Late events, however, have aroused the good men of every political section—and there are such, we have reason to believe, in them all—to a serious consideration of the mischief that is threatening the very life of our institutions. This, therefore, is a favorable time for the examination of the moral monstrosity, and for presenting it, with some prospect of public benefit, in the pages of a widely-read and popular review. It can be done without exciting any just suspicion that the writer leans to any one party more than to another.

The enormity of the evil may, in this way, be expected to suggest, if not actually to work out, the means for its own cure. The honorable and true men of all parties have a personal interest in such a reform, because the irresistible tendency of the present practice is to exclude all of this character from public trusts. Such tendency has already made itself quite manifest in our experience, and might have been foreseen and predicted *a priori*. We will not say that the doctrine openly avowed must bring into power the worst party; for that would be a partial reflection on the one now in the supremacy, which we have no design to make. But if it does not bring into power the worst party, it has a most certain tendency to make it such, unless a salutary defeat comes now and then for its purgation. This, however, may be affirmed with all confidence—if it does not give success to the worst party, it must certainly tend to the advantage of the worst faction of any predominant party; and not only that, but must also bring up to the political surface the worst men of that worst faction—thus ever producing a worse political pestilence, a more wide-spread and malignant moral *malaria*.

Nothing can arrest this tendency but the hearty repudiation, in all honorable and virtuous quarters, both of the practice and the idea. There need be, in saying this, no false modesty, or fear of offense. We well know the character of the men who may be called *politicians by trade*—who work the machinery of all parties. There is no need of describing them. These are the men to whom, if the doctrine be true at all, the offices of the country belong, and of right belong. They are the men who have worked for them, and they must be paid. Can there be a doubt about the inevitable effect of this? It is a road which is all the way and ever more down hill. Every year must witness a lower, and still lower degradation. Every successive election must bring up a lower, and still lower class of politicians; it must disclose a still deeper sinking into reckless political depravity, until, through disgust at the intolerable nuisance, the odious principle works at length its own abandonment. Have we arrived at the nethermost pitch? or is there still below

"This lowest deep—a deep yet lower still?"

There is consolation and hope in the thought that we may be near the returning point. We might even wish for a season the full carrying out of the spoils' doctrine, could we only hope that it would be followed by some such awakening of the national con-

science and the true national honor. If not thus checked, however, it must at every election draw forth from the mass of the people a greater amount of rotten material, only to carry back a still more corrupting and wide-spread pestilence.

Such must be the effect upon that well known and increasing class whom we have styled *politicians by trade.* It must tend every year to swell their numbers, and utterly vitiate their moral sense and moral characters. But beside all this, there is another consequence, less obvious, yet, perhaps, still more to be dreaded, because affecting more universally the masses of the nation, or the body politic in its corporate or organic action. It introduces here, in time, the same disease which has been so deadly in its operation on individual members. It affects not simply the outward national manners, or those who politically represent them, but the national heart. If our readers will allow us to go a little into causes and effects, the mode and working of this may be thus described: God has implanted in man an innate spiritual reverence for government, human as well as divine. It is not a blind instinct; it is not an unreasoning superstition, or ignorant prejudice, but one of the highest characteristics of our rationality. It is one of the things by which man is distinguished from the brute creation, and in which he is only feebly approached by a few of those higher animals who would seem to have some faint shadow of his reason. It is this political attribute, too, through which he claims affinity with the "Powers, Dominions, and Principalities in the Heavenly Places;"—in a word, the eternally-organized government, or governments of the great world above him. Thus man was made for government—and government he must have, not merely as a "necessary evil" in a fallen state, but in satisfaction of the most essential and interior want of his rational human nature. It is this which has made him "obey kings and all in authority," even when conscious of a physical power which might, at any time, have hurled them from their thrones. It is this which has made us ever, in the long run, prefer despotism to individualism. It has been the shield of authority, and the great defense against anarchy, in the early infant days of our humanity, before facilities of intercourse and a more general diffusion of knowledge had rendered practicable those constitutional forms of popular government which are the boast of modern times.

In other words, political authority has ever been regarded as something, which, in some way, partook of a divine sanction, or, at least, a superhuman idea, distinctly above any thing which might be traced to its highest origin in human wills. Law, human law, has ever been thought of, as connected, to say the least, with that unseen moral power that sways the universe, and as deriving its highest claim to obedience from such connection. We might modify its outward forms; we might choose its administrators; we might regulate the amount and mode of its penalties; but the admission of any or all of these outward popular elements did not affect the idea which was independent of all *forms*, and equally sacred in the most republican as in the most monarchical institutions. The magistrate, whether designated by a physical law of descent, or selected by lot, or obtaining his authority from custom or patriarchal reverence, or chosen directly by popular suffrage, was still, while administering law, the minister of God, the agent of a higher than human authority, and thus bearing the sword of a true moral retribution as "a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them who do well." The same thought sheds its "religious light" over the seat of the legislator, and should fill with a religious dread every man who hopes for or aspires to the office. It is this which gives to law its moral power. It might be shown, too, that some such conservative idea, and conservative feeling, is essential to the very existence of human government; and that without it no forms, no constitutions, no charters written or unwritten, no orders and estates, no checks and balances, no aristocratic guards, or democratic flexibilities could long maintain its authority, or protect it from a rapid or gradual dissolution. It matters not by what process this idea is marred, and, finally, effaced from the minds of men—whether through the working of despotism or anarchy, whether through the brutalizing force of the tyrant or the corrupting arts of the demagogue. It is the salt, whose savor wholly gone, political organizations of any kind can no longer be preserved. Thenceforth they are good for nothing. It is their fitness as well as their historical doom "to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

Now it is one of the most baleful effects of the practice we condemn, that it tends so directly to weaken, and at last destroy this conservative idea so essential to the true and healthful life of all government. We can not long obey what we do not reverence; we can not long reverence what we see so constantly prostituted to the lowest individual or selfish, or partisan ends. Government truly regarded is a religious thing, and is to be obeyed, if obeyed at all, with a religious conscientiousness. The right-thinking man will aim thus to support it with all its imperfections. He will strive thus to think of it amid all the corruptions which the earthly depravity may connect with the divine idea. He will still recognize this divine idea as long as he can see any gleams of its light, however faintly shining, beneath the mass of human rubbish, which any or every kind of misgovernment may have heaped upon it. But it must be confessed that there are circumstances in which it is very hard to do this. There are circumstances in which the reverence of the most stanch conservatism gives way. It is hard, very hard, to connect any divine idea, or any reverential feeling, with a power whose whole machinery we know to be controlled by such measures, and such motives, and such principles, to say nothing of such men, as are predominant in our political caucusses, our ward and county juntos, our Baltimore and Buffalo, our Syracuse and Utica Conventions. Between such proceedings and the divine idea of government there is a discord which every right-tuned soul must feel to be utterly and forever irreconcilable.

If it is thought that such remarks are too disparaging to our own men and our own institutions, let us justify by a reference to one single series of transactions out of many that might be cited. This may be done the more freely here, because they were acts in whose dishonor and utter degradation all parties were equally and alike involved. What, then, we would ask, was the important business which occupied the sworn legislators of the great State of New York during a very large part of the last session? Two factions of one great party engaged for months, and to the neglect of other legislation, in the noble employment of "*heading*" each other, in other words, of contriving all sorts of resolutions having no higher object than to render each other odious to the appointing power at Washington, while the other great party, with equally honest zeal, was devoting itself to the laudable scheme of making their efforts for mutual demolition as effectual as possible—aiding

now this side, now that, with no loftier aim, and with no more regard to the true public welfare, than would be felt by the spectators or parties to a horse-race, or a game of whist, or a fight between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan. Such was the spectacle presented in the legislature of one of the most enlightened nations of the globe—all these men, too, it must be remembered, acting under the sanction of an oath, and professedly doing whatever they may do as legislators with a sacred regard to its solemn requirements. It is hard, we say, to discover any divine idea in this, or even any decent humanity. Conservative as we may be, it is hard, very hard, to feel reverence, or even human respect for political action whose highest acknowledged aim is the attainment of power for the reward of partisan services, or the punishment of partisan opponents. We had better believe in no government at all, than in such an awful profanation of the idea. Men of this school often say very bitter things of fanaticism and fanatics. They resolve against them; they would defend the Union against them: they denounce them as the enemies of all law and order, and of all good government. And yet the fanatic with all his violence, his intolerance, his one-sidedness, is a much more respectable character than such a politician. Compared with the ordinary caucus spouter and getter-up of caucus resolutions, even the ultra-abolitionist, the no-government man, the rabid "come-outer" is an honor to our humanity. He is, at least, a man in earnest, with an earnest, unselfish purpose, and, therefore, a more high-souled, and in every way a higher being, than the most regular conformant to party usages who has no better notion of the nature and end of government than is usually exhibited in party proceedings.

In view of such a perversion, the most absolute monarchy—we hesitate not to say it—is more entitled to our rational homage; there is less degradation in submitting our bodies to its iron physical power, than in subjecting our souls to a *party-ocracy* whose highest maxim it is, that "to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy." A sense of this must inevitably lower all human regard for institutions controlled by such means, and on such principles. The judicial department, although, perhaps, the last to feel the deadly disease, must at length catch the infection. All law inevitably falls with the known and avowed principles of those who are outwardly agents in its enactment and construction. And then, of course, crime rises. All morals are relaxed when the sacred idea is gone, and the divinity of government is no longer acknowledged in the minds, or felt in the hearts of men. Lynch-law then becomes as good as any other law; it is equally high, equally holy; it represents, in the immediate popular will, a principle having every sanction which the demagogue claims for any political institutions, and the summary convenience of its proceedings gives it an advantage over the slower processes which were grounded on the older and more reverential idea.

In such a case, too, the greater the nation, the deeper and more intense, as well as more extensive, is the moral mischief. What shall be deemed a crime when it is thought no moral offense thus to trifle with an institution that God has ordained, and to do so grievous a wrong to those highest and most rational feelings of our nature which He has implanted for its conservation? What shall be deemed a crime, or what shall we call dishonesty, when trusts of such a magnitude are sported with as the familiar subject of caucus ribaldry, and there is openly and unblushingly claimed the right thus to gamble with the most valuable earthly interests of twenty-five millions of human beings?—or, which is the same thing, to regard the offices created solely for their benefit, as the legitimate stakes of the political and partisan dice-board? Both the principle and the practice are as much beyond defense, as they surpass the powers of language to describe their odious and abominable nature. No reasoning can gauge the depth of such corruption, no statements can adequately set forth its vileness; no epithets are too strong to express the loathing with which it should be regarded by every man who has a true love for his country and her institutions.

Editor's Easy Chair.

STROLLING up-town the other day, we met an old dandy. It was a well-known figure in the street a dozen or fifteen years ago: but latterly it had disappeared. During his prime every body knew Tom Eglantine, at least by sight. He was a part of Broadway, as much as Stewart's or the St. Nicholas are nowadays. In those days, also, when communication with Europe was not so easy as it now is: when it was not every body who had been to the Vatican by torch-light, and bought cravats in Paris; in the days, in fact, when there *were* cravats —good, solid, sensible bulwarks of silk and satin around the neck, and not a mere tie in front—a dandy was an uncommon spectacle.

For a dandy is a being whose business is to do nothing: who devotes the morning to his dressing-gown and breakfast, and the afternoon to dinner and driving, who spends money that he did not make, and laughs at labor that he could not perform. He is of the same use to society that an illuminated letter is to a book—usurping a great deal of attention, and confusing the observer.

This spectacle, of course, was rare in a country where every man was obliged to do something. Yet idleness, pure and ornamental idleness, was such a novelty, that the town was under great obligation to Tom, who dressed every morning and promenaded and drove every afternoon, in full view of the swarms who were going down street and returning. Tom was always alone. Nobody seemed to know him. Nobody nodded to him: nobody said, "How are you, Tom?" But whether this isolation was voluntary, whether he was not of a social disposition, or feared that attention would be diverted from himself if he should appear with another; or regarded himself as a kind of missionary of fashion—a bishop *in partibus*, among heathen and savages, with whom he could not condescend to intercourse, but could only show himself as the bright exemplar of his religion, it was impossible to say.

Tom was very solemn: dandies always are. He carried a stick—which was neither a cane nor a riding-switch—and moved by short, nervous steps. His inexpressibles seemed to have been constructed by that tailor of the Count d'Artois, who made the count a pair of wash-leather breeches, which he could only put on by being lifted by two valets and dropped into them. These, of course, were not his sitting-down breeches. It was much the same with Tom Eglantine. The trowsers in which he promenaded were not of the bending kind. It is reported that once, at the corner of Canal-street, a lady dropped her embroidered handkerchief just as Tom was approaching, and after a moment's mental debate as to the probable consequences, that gallant

gentleman suddenly bent down to lift the handkerchief, while a sharp report rang through Broadway, and the City-Editor of the *Post* announced in the evening, that at high noon on that day, "Thomas E—nt—e, Esq., split his t—ws—rs, fore and aft, while performing an act of gallantry!"

Tom's cravats were worthy of Brummell. They had a despairing perfection of tie; and although "Young America" was a term unknown in those days, it has developed no superior genius for tying cravats. You remember the old story of a friend of Beau Brummell meeting his valet, bringing out from the Beau's dressing-room an arm-full of rumpled cravats, and saying, "These are *our* failures." Well, one day, it is reported, that some one entered Tom's room just as he was elaborating the tie of his cravat, and looking around for a moment, asked:

"But, Tom, where are our failures?"

"Sir, I never fail," answered Tom, as he gave the last touch to the tie.

He was a hero, you see, in his way.

It is a singular situation for a man thus to be universally known, and yet to know that no man can give any account of him. Every body who was any body in New York (and who, we should like to know, is nobody there?) was perfectly familiar with Tom Eglantine. But nobody could tell his father's name, nor where the family came from. Some of us younger ones supposed him to be a scion of the European nobility smuggled over the sea, in a glove-box perhaps, or in a French boot. We used to look at him with great respect, and imagine how the young earls and dukes appeared, when they honored the sunshine by walking in it.

The truth is, for Time revenges itself at last upon all our credulity, that Tom's father was a cobbler in Chelsea, who loved his son dearly, and was happy and proud in his social success. For Tom told the old gentleman that he was courted by all the fashion of the town, and that, if he did not wish to ruin his prospects, he must never recognize him when they met upon Broadway. To this the father readily assented, so foolish was his fondness, and would walk in the great streets expressly to meet his splendid son, and see that nobody was so fine as his own Tom.

A cobbler's treasury would hardly suffice for a dandy's expenses, however; and, although old Abraham Eglantine gave all the superfluous shillings to Tom, he knew that the sum was totally insufficient to maintain his son's style of living, and asked him where the rest came from. But Tom always answered him so promptly, that it was well-earned money, that the father's eyes glistened with pride and pleasure, and he would have squeezed Tom in his arms, but that he was awed by the cravat-tie.

It is the truth—a little sad, perhaps, but it is all over now—that the money came from the gaming-table. When we youngsters grew a little older, and longed for a lark, there was always some senior who was willing to show us "life"—as he called it—which "life" consisted in doing things of which we were heartily ashamed, and of which we never breathed a word at home. One evening some of us were taken to a very brilliantly-lighted and gaudily-furnished house—which we afterward learned was called "a hell," and there, among several respectable and grave gentlemen, we observed Tom Eglantine. He was fortunate at the game, and pocketed a good deal of money. He did not drink so much wine as the other gentlemen, and was much more quiet. He went off early, and the next day he was walking, as splendid as ever, swinging his little stick, and looking as solemn as an embassador.

When mustaches came in, Tom was the first who dared to wear them in the street. He dressed them in the Hungarian style, making the ends protrude like long black needles, and, although the boys hooted, he persevered, as if he felt like Columbus or Galileo. Finally he conquered, and may be fairly called the Sir Walter Raleigh of the mustache: for he was the father of that luxury in America, as Sir Walter was of tobacco in Europe.

After a reign of a dozen years or more, Tom Eglantine disappeared. He had been universally known, but nobody missed him. He had been seen every day, but nobody noted that he was seen no more. He had not been an object of love, interest, or admiration, but simply of observation, so when he passed out of sight nobody thought of him. It was a bitter commentary upon reputation; or that kind of reputation which a man gets by keeping himself constantly before the public eye. A series of admirable lessons might have been drawn from the unnoticed disappearance of Tom Eglantine, and we should undoubtedly have drawn them; but we were then at Harvard—all of us—busily engaged in discussing the wars of Hannibal, the character of Julius Cæsar, and the origin of the Egyptian theology, so we had no time for considering Tom Eglantine.

Sometimes, as years passed, a friend would ask another, as they sauntered up Broadway:

"What's become of Tom Eglantine?"

"I'm sure I don't know," would be the response: and the friends would continue their chat of the last singer, and the anticipated ball.

Time passed, and mustaches multiplied. Young America, in a hundred forms, took the place formerly monopolized by Tom Eglantine in the attention of the town. No one was so marked, and renowned, and universally known as he; but then each little man thought that there had never been so fine a gentleman as himself—and that was quite enough, and very pleasant for all parties.

It was a striking incident, therefore, in our daily promenade, one day last week, to meet Tom Eglantine. And as we were no longer engaged in exploring Egyptian theology, and had left the consideration of Cæsar's character to the senior undergraduates of the term, we had a moment to devote to the reminiscence which we have here recorded. Tom was no longer fresh and gay, nor had his step its old spring. His father, we fear, had given up his last, and it was awl over with him. There was a kind of shabby desperation in Tom's appearance. Not that he was seedy, for he had still a respectable air. But it was antiquated, without being quaint. It was old-fashioned, without being picturesque. He had attempted to compromise the loftiness of his old cravat, but he had not succeeded in attaining the negligent elegance of the present single-tie. He tried to give himself the swagger of Young America, but it only resulted in a kind of paralyzed shamble. His style, his feelings, and his age, did not take kindly to the new order. Yet he was so essentially a dandy, that he was ashamed of the old.

Few persons recognized him as he passed on. He was the ghost of himself among the living creatures of another time. Nobody cared for him; but two or three boys laughed at his strange appearance. He looked wistfully at the youths who serve as dandies for us, not with sorrow, as if he wanted to warn them, but with a vague envy, as if he would fain be in their places. The tailor who had made Tom's clothes had grown rich long before, and retired,

and is now an alderman, and is to have a medal *en cuir* presented to him, for his efforts in reducing the allowance of lumps of sugar in the municipal tea from four to three. The tailor has made his mark, and will be remembered and honored, by those who don't care for sweet tea. But Tom, upon whom the tailor looked as a promenading advertisement—Tom, who was admired because of the tailor's clothes that he wore upon his person—he is nobody, and nothing. He is not even a tailor's block any longer.

We followed him for some time, lost in such melancholy reflections, until suddenly Tom Eglantine turned around the corner of an obscure street, and vanished. We walked slowly homeward. The incident had been as profitable to us (we hope) as a morning passed in an ecclesiastical convention. We carved our mutton gravely that day; and as we helped our youngest son, and observed a tendency to bright buttons upon his waistcoat, we thought of Tom Eglantine, and sighed.

It is pleasant to observe that beneath all the rage of politics, there is a strong and united national feeling in this country. It rallies to the applause and support of every thing which asserts the dignity and duty of the country. Thus when Secretary Marcy issued his Koszta manifesto, the universal heart and good sense of the country instantly responded. The question was put upon lofty international grounds. Principles were proclaimed that we were all glad to see were perceived so clearly and stated so strongly. It is not often that a state paper of so much importance receives so remarkable a welcome. In the whirl of partisanship, we are apt to suppose that there is nothing left but bickering—that politics have become a trade—and that no wholesome word is to be expected from political lips. But the very eagerness about trifles which convulses the caucus, shows that the grand principles are not assailed; and when they are—when it is necessary for the country, and not for a party, to speak—how full, and sweet, and eloquent, the voice comes that every American loves to hear. It will do us no harm to remember, when we begin to tremble at what we may fancy to be the dangerous eagerness and petty quarreling of parties, that upon the great question there is but one party; that when America is concerned, we are all Americans. And it may serve to allay the acerbity of partisan zeal to reflect that the furious contentions of the caucus are but the superficial signs of excitement; that the mass of the people, upon whose virtue the government reposes, is as little disturbed by such troubles as the heart of the ocean when the lashed surface dashes itself in rage upon the rocks, that scornfully hurl it back again scourged into foam.

There is naturally much talk about Miss Bremer's recent book on America. The great tea-table problem of rappings and movings has given place to discussions as to the propriety of this book. Five editions have been sold in a month. Every body reads, many admire, and not a few condemn it. We hear that in many places most determined resolutions have been made never to admit "writing people" and "poor devils of authors" into the sacred seclusion of the family circle. From the letters, not a few, which we have received, blaming the indiscriminate gossip of the book, we give place to the following somewhat sharp criticism:

"The question about *The Homes of the New World* is a very old one, namely, how much of purely private life authors may justly expose to the public. There is no doubt that books of gossiping details of the domestic manners of distinguished people and circles, are the most generally interesting of all books. Need we mention Pepys, Boswell, and Lockhart's Scott? It is Sir Walter Scott who says that Boswell's Johnson is "the best parlor-window book in the world;" and the Quarterly Review says of the same work, that were England to be sunk to-morrow, Boswell's Johnson is the book of all books that would be most earnestly regretted by the student of English life and society. Belonging to the same class of literature, are the lives and letters of eminent men—Cowper's, Gray's, Walpole's, Byron's—and, very recently, the Diary of Thomas Moore, and the much more entertaining and delightful, because dealing with really greater men, Autobiography of Haydon, the Painter. Macaulay, that skillful literary artist, owes the interest of the essays which made his reputation, as much to the personal portraitures and details they contained, as to their broad general views and principles; and in his history he has introduced the same strain as much as possible, and has thereby secured a popular interest remarkable in historical writing.

"Most of these books, as they treat of historical characters, may plead that fact in extenuation of their personality. And yet the greatness of Dr. Johnson is proved by nothing so much as by the fact that his fame could stand the microscopic study and exposure of Bozzy. If Homer sometimes nods, and no man is a hero to his valet, what audacity so great as that of presenting to the world's gaze a great man's mind and manners in undress?

"The case is very different with such books as Miss Bremer's gossiping volumes. They treat of people who are in no sense public property, or of public persons in their moments of privacy and repose. And therefore they are justly subject to the censure of petty tale-bearing, and produce all the bad effects of malignant scandal. For in such cases the plea of good intention can not be admitted. 'Sir,' thundered Dr. Johnson, in his most ursine manner, 'if a man should shoot another through the head, and then say that he intended to miss him, it would hardly be allowed in any Court of Law as a valid excuse.' Nor can it be urged for an author who exposes matters, which are in themselves of no moment, but whose exposure tends to set persons in a ridiculous light, that there was no bad intention. Every author who has not discretion, must be criticised as wanting an essential credential for his vocation. When Miss Bremer states a fact in which nobody is in the slightest degree interested, as, for instance, that she was half-frozen in bed; the only result is to cause the reader to discover in which of *The Homes of the New World* there is an insufficient supply of blankets upon the best bed; and it presents that family in an awkward and absurd light to the world.

"This is an illustration of a kind of thing which is unpardonable. It is unjust both to the individual and to authors. For it makes the individual ridiculous, and thereby begets in his mind a suspicion and dislike of authors, which gradually results in their exclusion from pleasant circles. How constantly the American tea-table condemns Mr. Dickens as a disappointed literary adventurer upon our shores; and with what acerbity it does it! Now the secret sting is, that we went too far in our ovations of welcome and honor to that famous author, and that we now see he was not blinded by them. Mr. Dickens did not betray private confidences, nor serve up domestic scenes and conversations; he did not even use, in his characteristic way, the rich material of his public receptions for the amuse-

ment of his readers; and yet the tea-table *taboos* Boz—and said when Mr. Thackeray came—"Yes! here's another man whom we shall all wine and dine, and who will then go home and blackguard us!"

"This is the legitimate effect of such literary indiscretion as appears in Miss Bremer's book. She is invited to tea—is admitted into the family-circle at once—hears the master speak frankly of little things and great things—observes the habits of the mistress—how much milk she puts to a cup of tea—how many ribbons there are on her cap; notices whether she is 'a beautiful soul' or not; and then, after tea, walks leisurely up to the house-top, takes a speaking-trumpet, and incontinently proclaims those facts to the world. The excuse which avails the baby who pulled over the tea-kettle and scalded papa's legs, will not pass for a woman who has had so much experience of life, and who should have long ago learned, if she did not instinctively recognize, the limits of authorial responsibility.

"It is in the name of authors—who are *not* a tattling, gossiping set, getting a living by ministering to the prurient curiosity of the public—that we protest against such works as Miss Bremer's. We would not be thought to misunderstand that work. We acknowledge, with her warmest friend, the singular sweetness and amiability of that lady. Surely there was never a more amiable book! But it is in literature precisely what a well-meaning, blundering, good-humored gossip is in society, who goes about saying, in a pleasant way, that Mr. Periwinkle, who is a deacon in the first church, does read Peregrine Pickle between meetings; that Mrs. P. has a lovely way of parting her P.'s hair in the middle, and kissing the tips of his ears; and that the Sphinx-like Mumm said at dinner, 'Ah! Miss Bremer, I'll thank you for the potatoes!'

"The reader extricates himself from this mass of ridiculous detail in the best way he can; and Mr. and Mrs. Periwinkle, and Mr. Mumm enjoy the pleasing consciousness that they are put in print for the public amusement.

"The truth is that all experience is proper material for literature; but it must first be divested of what is exclusively personal and accidental. The great novels of life and society are, of course, the result of observation. But the observation must be penetrant enough to seize the type in the individual; or if there be something so striking in the individual that it may not well be lost, then it must be so presented—as instinct and delicacy dictate—that the individual shall not suffer. The idle curiosity of the public is not to be gratified at the expense of private feelings. The conversation of the domestic circle is easy and careless; it is half-badinage; it is intentionally grotesque, or fantastical, or foolish; it has a color and tone which are indispensable to understanding it properly; and it is just this color and tone which the verbal or the literary gossips fail to communicate with their narration; and hence the monstrous evil of tale-bearing.

"The worst effect, after all, of this singular medley will be its re-action upon the reputation of Miss Bremer:—and who will not regret that the image of the author of 'The Neighbors,' as it stood in his mind, should ever have been so rudely shattered? People will hardly recognize her in the lamb-like lion who wanders on her lachrymose way so honeyedly. They will reconsider their admiration of her earlier works. They will believe that they must have been seized and overcome in some sentimental moments; and will confess, with a kind of regretful shame, that the magician who charmed them was magical only because she treated of what to us were novelties."

We can not deny that there is some foundation for our correspondent's critique, though he takes the matter up a little more warmly than the case seems to us to require. We do not apprehend that the brethren of the quill need fear any social *taboo* on account of Miss Bremer's book. In justice to the author it should also be borne in mind that there is nothing malicious in it. Her gossip is at worst only the garrulity of a credulous woman, evidently charmed with the lion's share of attention allowed her; a woman full of good impulses and amiable fancies, who had a little more greatness thrust upon her than she could bear. The *Homes of the New World* is the sincere homage to America of a woman who loves our country and its people, though perhaps with a somewhat too lachrymose and sentimental sort of an affection to be altogether in accordance with our own more vigorous way of feeling and expression.

THE problem of centuries is solved. Commodore McClure has discovered the Northwest Passage. The sources of the Nile still remain for the ambition of travelers. The mountains of the Moon are still a myth. The Happy Islands and El Dorado are not yet inscribed upon maps. But the great polar problem is settled; there is a Northwest Passage.

Of what use it will be, unless it should be found to conduct to Symmes's Hole, it would be hard to say. The fact, being ascertained, must be left unimproved. Science will be served by it; human knowledge of the actual state of the ball upon which we are plunging through space, will be increased. But no ship will ever thread its way through that dismal channel; and McClure, himself, the hero who has just secured a niche in history, has left final surmises as to his probable fate should he never return. No Chinese commerce will be drawn along that perilous way. No such short cut to the Pacific will ever be improved, lest it should prove a shorter cut to a deeper ocean. "The realms of the boreal pole" will still remain shrouded in glacial gloom. That soft summer sea, within the polar circle, of which the frenzy of theorizers dreams, as the thirst-stricken traveler fancies flowing waters, will still lie as fair, smoothly outspread in imagination. And they who list, and they to whom the intrepid navigator was dear, may still dream of Sir John Franklin's fleet riding at ease upon that tranquil sea; and still believe in that impossible future summer which shall melt the icy gate that guards that sea, and lead him into warmer latitudes, and to a country that would celebrate his return, as pagans the avatar of a Deity.

But, although no use may accrue from this great discovery, how justly is the fame of the long and terrible search for the Northwest Passage associated with much that is most admirable in human heroism. The history of the enterprise is one long pæan of the invincibility and majesty of the human will. Boreal armadas, Alps of ice, swaying, enclosing and crushing, could not intimidate the genius and resolve of man. He is upon the planet to subdue it, and each triumph, like that of this discovery, only fulfills his destiny. Nor is it possible to observe the conduct of McClure without a thrill of genuine admiration. He achieves the great result; he knows that the fame is his, that he has done what so many men have longed to do; yet, without turning back to enjoy the applause that awaits him, he plunges deeper and farther into the chance of destruction, and, himself, leaves the clew to his probable fate should he

never return. Were it only to develop such genuine heroism, were it only to inspire in man a higher reverence for human power; the time and expense of the search for the Northwest Passage have not been lost.

It is remarkable that we, who are the most practical, are also the most sentimental people in the world. There is a kind of literature and art grown up among us, which is weak and unhealthy, and yet the most popular of all. The *noms de plume* of many favorite writers, especially among women, indicate the same thing. They are favorites, however, only in a limited circle, and a circle of peculiar sympathies. They gratify the love of sentimental excitement that soon grows morbid; and they *exploit*, as the French say, some of the highest and noblest emotions of our nature. This tendency is nowhere more remarkable than in the character of the popular music. If you turn over the piles of new songs in the shops, or glance at the sheets upon the piano in the parlor, you will notice the same thing. The songs are all of a weak and desperate passion; and extremely elegiac. It is a favorite device of ordinary song-writers to harp much upon sickness and death; and the composer follows in the same strain by the most common-place minor chords. The negro melodies are a ludicrous example of this peculiarity, to which the negro dialect only contributes. But we do not mean to deny the genuine pathos of the original negro-songs. They have a languid, tropical, wailing measure, which is very significant and characteristic. We condemn only the extravagant pursuit of the same effects through all gradations, until taste, offended by the base imitation, is almost willing to reject the original. Every lover of music will be a little jealous of his ear. He will feel alarmed if he finds himself pleased with inferior things. He will call himself to account if he prefers to hear König play *Old Folks at Home* upon his cornet, to hearing the entire orchestra perform a symphony. For he knows that the symphony is really best, and that he ought to like it. A man of indolent and careless habit will find it much easier to let his mind down in the twaddle of gossip than to elevate it in conversation. Hence he may seek the society of his inferiors. But he can not escape the conviction that he ought not to be satisfied with it. He can not avoid feeling that a noble and beautiful society is that to which he was born, and which he can most truly enjoy.

It is the same in literature and art. We must accustom ourselves to the best society in both, or we shall find that we are gradually losing the power of enjoying the best society. Men keep themselves in tune only by some effort. If you suffer yourself to be so much pleased by vapid, *smart*, and sentimental books, you will find that you have lost your taste for the great works of literature. Why should you spend time upon the yellow-covered novels, and the tales of newspapers, when Scott, Fielding, Dickens, and Thackerary are as easy to obtain, and are of an incomparable superiority? Why should a moment be devoted to the romantic moralizing and pert sentimentalism of Tabithy Toadstool, and the other alliterative ladies, when the great, genial volumes of the English Essayists—so graceful and gay, so wise and witty, so thoughtful and humane—lie open to every reader.

We do not mean to suggest that the only good books are the old books; nor that an author is to be disregarded because he is contemporary. Far from that. But it is not necessary to insist upon that side of the argument; few will make that mistake. But it is necessary in a day when the reading time of the majority can be more than occupied by the newspapers and cheap books, to suggest caution in the selection of reading, and to clean the portraits of the old prophets, which time has somewhat dimmed. There is something tenderer than sentimentality. The tears which are drawn from an easy sensibility, do not wash away much unhappiness from the world. It is easy to sit and weep at twilight when soft songs are sung, or a pathetic story told; but the listener will wipe his eyes and go out into the street, hard, and censorious, and inhuman as ever. Marat was fond of kittens.

Good friends, our Chair is not so easy when we have to observe such things, as we sit in it. And it is for that reason that we have dropped this word in your ear, that you may not mistake sentimentality for sensibility, nor suppose that you are virtuous because you weep over stories of "Hot Corn."

Sitting in our Chair, we look abroad as well as at home, as you have—to your profit, we hope, O, gentle reader—already discovered. But looking abroad, during the last twelvemonth, we have remarked one figure that may yet fill a quiet, side-niche in the great gallery of contemporary history. It is the figure of a woman, and a lovely one; a Spanish heroine, of whom we first heard prancing gayly through the forest of Fontainebleau, at an Imperial hunt, and whom we have since seen kneeling, before all the world, in the white-washed interior, but exteriorly grand old cathedral of Nôtre Dame, vowing love and faith to a man who, before the same world, has broken the one and forfeited the other.

You, looking over our shoulder, may have noted these things—also you may have heard generally, that the Emperor and Empress of France have spent a gay season, voyaging hither and thither, attended by shouts, and such *vivats* as a French populace love to give to the air of their *belle* France; yet you may not have known, what we now learn by private advices, added to occasional journal comment, that the Empress is really a very pretty, engaging, amiable modest woman, and that the greetings which have attended her progress have been such as the chivalrous and the woman-admiring Frenchmen have given, warmly and feelingly, to great grace of manner and great attractiveness of person.

Unlike most Spanish beauties, the Empress is not dark-eyed, impassioned, Andalusian; but, on the contrary, has rather a Saxon coloring, with infinitely more delicacy of complexion than belongs ordinarily to English beauties: hair rather light than dark, nicely chiseled features, with by no such means of nose as appears in her pictures—and altogether a most acceptable and most marriageable-looking lady.

The absurd notion of an Emperor loving an Empress, has it seems grown obsolete; and the new Napoleon has given an instance (very extraordinary among sovereigns) of devotedness, not only to his ambitious projects, but to his wife. The old rumors which went gadding through the papers, months ago, of the attempt at assassination on the part of a body of conspirators, near the Opera Comique, had certainly their foundation in truth, and the investigations are going on with that quietude and severity of scrutiny which has always distinguished the police inquiries of Paris. Indeed, under no *regime*, from the time of Louis the Great or the great Napoleon, has the police of Paris been more strict, more vigilant, or more efficient, than at the present time; and at no time, within the periods alluded to, has the stranger

had secured to him greater safety of person, or greater immunity against the cheatery of cabmen, shopmen, or the second-hand ticket sellers.

At no time could a safer or a clearer channel be cleaved for any knightly *cortége* through the streets of Paris, than can now be made for the Emperor at a half hour's notice, over the track of the Boulevards or through the narrowest of Paris streets. It must indeed strike a reflecting man as something very strange, that the same individual who, less than five years ago, only by permission and tremblingly went through those same streets of Paris, on his way to the Constitutional Assembly, should now thunder along them fearlessly, with a picquet of lancers before and a picquet of mounted guards behind, with scores of municipal officers to clear his road, and with the highest generals of France to attend his progress.

But reflection is not a quality which can be brought to bear upon French action, or indeed upon the French nation at all. Frenchmen live by impulse, politically; and yet, in all that regards their every-day life, their purses, their dinners, their breakfasts, and their rooms, they are the most unalterable people in the world. The father of a family, under this present empire, makes the same nice calculations about his boys' schooling and his daughters' dresses and dowry, and his Sunday dinners out, his half-monthly indulgence in a *loge* at the Opera, as he made under Louis Philippe, or under the Government Provisional. He employs the same tailor, at the same discount for ready payment; he fees the same *garçon*, at the same café; he drinks the same little glass of absinthe when he dines, in the same black coat, at the cost of the same old neighborly *proprietaire*.

His wife employs the same mantua-maker, at the bottom of the same dingy court; and is outraged by the same terrible array of broken promises, and multiplied items in the bill. The girls are at the same *Pension*, with high garden walls, and quarrel with the same luckless fare, of small meats and black bread, which provoked and nourished their overgrown older sisters.

Hence it is that in that strange country of France, what with us is most susceptible of change is there steadfast, and what with us is firm as the Union and the Constitution, is there as shifting as the winds they herald on the tablet at the Bourse. The visitor of old will find a new man in the palace, and new palace trappings; he will find new costume for the guard, and new names for every national building, every half-dozen years; but as for the cafés and conciergeries, and shops of the modistes, they hold the same signs, the same *comptoirs*, and the same proprietors as ever.

The *Palais Royale* is now *Palais Imperial;* the Library is no longer kingly or republican, but—of the Emperor; the Luxembourg, once of the peers, and then of the parliament of labor, is now turned into the Halls of the Council of State; the great Tuileries orangery is turned into Imperial barracks; the Garde Mobile, and Garde Republicain, and Garde National, have been successively annihilated, and now they have the Garde Imperial. But, amid this, the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, and the *Café de Paris*, and the *Hôtel Meurice* are unchanged. They give the same splendid dinners in the Rue Richelieu, they ride in the same Bois de Boulogne, and buy the same silks and embroidery at the same sign of—"The Poor Devil."

It is very odd, all this, to be sure; but when we begin to reckon the oddities of such a madcap people, we have begun a reckoning that may be overset by the next-coming steamer.

It is even hinted—more in gossip than in any columns of newspapers—that Louis Napoleon has been by no means so honest as he seems in his co-operation with England, in presence of the difficulties of Constantinople. It is even regarded as problematical, in the highest degree, if France (and in this connection the Emperor is France) would be willing to spend a very large amount of treasure and men, in the resistance of that sort of Russian aggression which it would be hard to curb, and which, if successful, would work very much toward the diminution of English power on the Continent, without materially affecting that of France. And, in this view, it is even questioned if France (meaning the ambitious Napoleon) would not enjoy the sight of such interruption of the British highway to India as would bring the island neighbor to a nearer level with herself. We venture upon these hints, not because they have taken form as yet in the foreign journals, but because we have good reason to know that they do give a tone, in some degree, to Parisian talk; and because they do illuminate British fears about the consequences of an Eastern war.

The French journals show a strange contrariety of opinion in all reports upon the subject; and now that every article of political tendency must be authenticated by the name of its author, the reading of French political journals is like listening to private talk. It is hinted that Guizot, since his return to Paris, has taken up his old occupation of journalizing covering himself under the name of his secretary. Indeed, some of the later articles would seem to confirm the rumor.

The Government journal is very much indisposed to direct expression of opinion upon the contested points of the Russian troubles; and though, of course, defending adroitly all action thus far of the French embassador at Constantinople, there is yet a degree of reserve, which will allow the Emperor to choose his ground by-and-by with more definitiveness, without shocking France by any want of consistency. A new levy, within a short time, of forty thousand fresh troops, is spoken of carelessly in the Government journals, as a usual thing—going only to supply the deficiency created by retiring regiments; but there are those who, looking under this gauze of pretext, see in the present urgency for enrollment more meaning than do the journals.

Observers say that the French army was never in better trim, and as for readiness for war, we believe no time is known when that kind of readiness is not abundant. Naturally enough, accounts of diplomatic moves, and camp changes, and preparations of new munitions, almost crowd other matters from the French journals. Even the melodramas of the court-rooms are scarce looked for in this time, when Europe is full of warlike rumors.

Among the startling things of later French chit-chat, is the announcement that Mademoiselle Rachel, the head and front of French tragedy, has bargained herself away for the entertainment of the people of St. Petersburg. Report sets down the bargain to the trading humor of the Emperor himself. Her salary is set down at £16,000 per annum, with an additional £4000 for the subsidiary members of her troupe. This certainly is an agreeable salary, and will go very far to repair a fortune, very much impaired (as the world says) by a late fever of gambling—not only *à la carte*, but on 'Change.

Indeed, in these times of fluctuations, the Ex-

changes of both Paris and London are thronged more than ever by adventurers; and the old rule of passenger pigeons and express couriers is again coming in vogue.

Editor's Drawer.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE correspondent is reminded by an anecdote in a recent "Drawer," of the speech made by a militia-officer upon the presentation and reception of a silver cup, of a somewhat similar "address" given by an officer in command of a company who had been welcomed, with his "troops," in the most enthusiastic manner, "with drums, fifes, trumpets, and shoutings," by the citizens and a like military company, in a neighboring State. The military guest having been welcomed to the hearts and hospitalities of the place, he stepped forth upon the balcony, and while all eyes rested upon him, he advanced to the railing, waved his plumed chapeau, and bowing first to the speaker who had welcomed him, and then to the crowd who surrounded him in breathless silence, said:

"*We'll come ag'in!*"

And here he "stuck;" nor did he find words to extend his address, which has often been quoted, and long remembered, as a model of condensed "military" eloquence.

THAT "the excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable at sight," is well exemplified in this humorous description of that species of the "cereal grains," known as "*wild oats:*"

"A crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five; the harvest generally sets in about ten years after, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a bad cough, and a trunk—filled with small vials and medical preparations."

IF the readers of the "Drawer" laugh half as heartily as we did at the following anecdote, they will not be sorry to find it "carried forward" in our pages. There is a good lesson in it, moreover, which will strike many benefactors of churches:

"Mr. Dickson, a colored barber, in a large New England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place:

"'I believe you are connected with the church in Elm-street, are you not, Mr. Dickson?' said the customer.

"'No, sah, not at all.'

"'What! are you not a member of the African church?"

"'Not dis year, sah.'

"'Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?'

"'Well, I'll tell you, sah,' said Mr. Dickson, strapping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, 'it war just like dis. I jined the church in good fait'; I give ten dollars toward de stated gospill de fus' year, and de church-people call me '*Brudder* Dickson;' the second year my business not so good, and I gib only *five* dollars. Dat year de people call me '*Mr.* Dickson.' Dis razor hurt you, sah?'

"'No, the razor goes tolerably well."

"'Well, sah, the third year I feel berry poor; had sickness in my family; and I didn't gib *noffin'* for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me, '*dat old nigger Dickson*"—and I left 'em.'"

THERE is a great deal of "the woman," as a lover, in these lines, which come we know not whence, and from the pen of we know not whom:

"Yes, my lips to-night have spoken
Words I said they should not speak:
And I would I could recall them—
Would I had not been so weak.
Oh! that one unguarded moment!
Were it mine to live again,
All the strength of its temptation
Would appeal to me in vain.

"True, my lips have only uttered
What is ever in my heart;
I am happy when beside him,
Wretched when we are apart.
Though I listen to his praises
Always longer than I should;
Yet my heart can never hear them
Half so often as it would.

"And I would not, could not, pain him,
Would not for the word offend;
I would have him know I like him
As a brother, as a friend;
But I meant to keep one secret
In my bosom always hid,
For I never meant to tell him
That I loved him—but I did."

A SEA-CAPTAIN "down-East," a regular "old salt," relates the subjoined as one of his fishing experiences:

"Once with a friend he went out to catch halibut. His comrade prided himself on his skill in the business, and a rivalry arose between the two friends as to which should capture the first fish. Having dropped anchor and lines, they waited with fishermen's patience for a bite; but for a long time, none came.

"At length the countenance of the captain's companion began to lighten up; and presently he called out:

"'I've got one!'

"He commenced hauling in, with great vigor.

"'It must be a large one,' said he, 'a hundred-pound fellow, at least. He pulls stoutly, I tell you!'

"It was indeed evident that a big fellow was at the other end of the line, and it was soon discovered that it was to be no easy matter to capture him.

"'I must let him run,' said he, 'and tire him out!'

"Accordingly, he gave him line, which was carried off rapidly. Soon the excited fisherman began to haul in again, making sure of his victim this time.

"'Stand by, captain!' said he, 'with the boat-hook, and hook him in the gills when he comes up. Get well braced, for he's a rouser!'

"The captain accordingly braced himself for a tug, boat-hook in hand, and waited impatiently for the moment of capture. His excited comrade was yet pulling carefully and slowly at the line, lest it should be broken, and eagerly watching for the first appearance of the prize, when, suddenly, a 'sea-change' came over his features, and dropping the line, he exclaimed:

"'*Je-rew-salem! Captain, it is the anchor!*'

"The captain went down in a shower of laughter, and it was a long day before the fisherman heard the last of catching an anchor, 'playing it out,' and 'letting it run till it got tired.'"

"A MAN should never put a fence of words around his ideas, because many who would otherwise give

him a fair hearing, lack resolution to climb over such a rugged inclosure."

This is good sense, well expressed, with only this exception—the "postulate" is not "well taken," as the lawyers say. A man *with* any ideas, would never inclose them in a "Virginia fence" of mere words.

On a recent occasion, at the trial of a cause before a Justice of the Peace in Louisiana, some rather novel authorities were cited by one of the "learned counsel." For example:

"The Court will observe," he said, "that in the case of Shylock *vs.* Antonio, although judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiff, yet circumstances prevented the execution which had issued from being carried into effect."

"What cause," asked the Justice, "did the Court understand the gentleman to refer to?"

"Shylock *vs.* Antonio, 2d Shaks., p. 235, Johnson's edition. The Court will there find the case reported in full."

The "learned counsel" went on to apply the case to that of his client; but whether the "Court" considered the authority sufficient has not yet transpired!

It seems natural enough that a Frenchman should consider the English language rather "tough."

"Dere is 'Look out'" said one, "w'ich ees to *put out your head*, and see; but dere ees ano'ter 'Look out!' which is to *haul in* your head *not* for to see. Voila! it ees just contraire! Vat langueege!—vat peoples!"

A correspondent in Saint Louis, who "has not missed reading a single number of Harper's Magazine since its commencement," and who, farther, is "an especial admirer of the Editor's Drawer," sends us the following "Clear Proof of Personal Identity:"

"A countryman, calling himself Alfred Jones, arrived in this city a few days ago, bringing with him a draft, for some five hundred and odd dollars, upon one of the principal banking houses in this city. Upon presenting his draft for payment, the following conversation took place between him and the teller of the bank:

"Teller.—'Sir, we can not pay you this money unless you can bring us some proof that you are the person in whose favor this draft is drawn.'

"Countryman.—'Wall, stranger, *how kin* I prove it now?'

"Teller.—'Very easily, sir; you need only bring some person, who is known here, to certify that you are the proper person.'

"Countryman.—'But, stranger, I *can't* do that. I don't know *nobody* in this here city. But I tell you I'm the right man. Ain't my word enough?'

"Teller.—'Well, sir, I am very sorry for you. I have no doubt but that you are the proper person; but this is one of our rules, and I can not break the rules of the house.'

"The stranger took up his draft, and walked out of the bank with a very disconsolate air. In less than a minute, however, he came running back, and with great glee cried out to the teller:

"'I say! I *kin* do it! I *kin* do it now! Look a-here, mister, ain't this proof enough for you?' And pulling open his vest and shirt-bosom, he displayed to the eyes of the astonished official, the name 'A. Jones!' in large capitals, pricked in with India-ink on his breast. 'Look at that, mister, I guess that will suit you to a T. There's no mistake about *that*. It's genu-*ine*—*that* is!' exclaimed the countryman.

"Of course the teller could not dispute such proof positive, and Mr. Jones left the bank with 'a pocket full of rocks,' declaring that 'that Injun-ink was the best friend ever he had!'"

From a recent narrative of Life in Australia, we transferred the annexed passage to our *omnium-gatherum*. The writer has lost his way in the dense "bush," or wilderness, and has been subsisting for some time upon the kangaroos which he had been enabled to kill. The weather is cloudy, and he has lost all the "cardinal points" of the compass:

". . . . . Casting my eyes about me, I saw, not far off, a sort of natural basin, hollowed out in a rock, about a foot deep, and as clear as crystal. Feverish with thirst, I took a good drink, but the water was very cold. I then sat down beside it to consider what I should do.

"In my tumble down the hill I had torn off the strap of one of my leather gaiters, and its looseness was an annoyance to me in walking. As I always carried a 'house-wife' with me in my bush expeditions, I thought I would spend a few minutes in sewing it on again; so I undid the case, and placed it by the side the rocky basin. I took out a needle, and with my arms resting on the side of the basin, proceeded to thread it, when it slipped through my fingers and fell into the water beneath; but instead of sinking it floated on the top.

"I was struck with this circumstance, and admired how the needle floated at the top of the water, when I observed it slowly turn half way round, and then remain stationary. It instantly occurred to me that the needle had become magnetized, and I remembered, some weeks ago, my youngest daughter had been amusing herself with a magnet and the needle in this case. I tried it again; taking the needle from the water, I rubbed it dry and clean, and then held it parallel to the surface of the water, I let it drop; it floated, and turned itself slowly to the same point as before.

"I was full of joy at this discovery, as I now had the means of ascertaining the points of the compass, and my confidence in myself returned. Without loosing any time, I prepared for another start. I breakfasted gayly on some of the kangaroo steak that remained, and taking my dogs, proceeded on the way. I had not gone far, however, when I perceived by the dogs' significant signs that there was something in the wind. It was not a kangaroo, *that* was certain; but I flattered myself we were approaching some human habitation, and that the sagacity of the hound had detected its vicinity."

The dog was right; the habitation was gained; and our traveler found his way out of "the bush." The incident is one that might have happened to Robinson Crusoe, and is, in fact, in capital keeping with some of the incidents recorded in that illustrious exile's narrative.

The following is a verbatim copy of a document furnished to a young lady, at a Female Seminary not a hundred miles from the flourishing city of Portland, Maine:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PART FIRST.

1. Exordium: "Morning dawns."
2. "Grand Martyrdom," à la coarse towel.
3. "The Devotee in Bath," from the Opera of "The Deluge" (*generally received with breathless expectation*).
4. Variations from the "Grand Martyrdom."

5. Grand medley of Exercises on the Gymnasticum (*duration thirty minutes*).
6. "Attack of Hungary:" Medley, à la fourchette.
7. "*Exercices Pedestres:* Air, "Rosy Morn."

PART SECOND.

1. "Knowledge is Power."—A Study (three to four hours in length).
2. Variations on the Gymnasticum (*duration as in Part First*).
3. "Hungary Appeased:" Fantasia.
4. "La Fille à pied" (*moderate—short*)

PART THIRD.

1. "The Harmony of all Things."—A Study: continuation three hours.
2. "Pulchritudines Gymnastici" (*duration as above*).
3. "Tee-ching-tee:" Air Chinois.
4. Air:

"Return ere dews begin to fall,
Nor spurn thick shoes nor woolen shawl."

5. Variations.
6. Finale: "Rosy Health."

A young lady pupil, following this programme, would find it a valuable regulator of her "exercises."

Amidst the many flattering and high-sounding epitaphs which are to be found in almost all thickly-populated grave-yards, the following reads strangely:

"My name, my country, what are they to thee?
What, whether high or low, my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men—
Perhaps I fell behind them all—what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou see'st a tomb:
Thou know'st its use; it hides—no matter whom!"

We gave, not long since, in a column of the "Drawer," a specimen of some rather laughable blunders made in the revelations of a "medium" of the spirit-rappers; but the following is even more ridiculous:

"A lady at Columbus, in Ohio, recently inquired of the spirit-rappers how many children she had?

"'Four,' rapped the spirit.

"The husband, startled at the accuracy of the reply, stepped up and inquired:

"'How many children have *I*?'

"'*Two!*' answered the rapping medium.

"The husband and wife looked at each other, with an odd smile on their faces, for a moment, and then retired non-believers. There had been a mistake made *somewhere*."

The ensuing dialogue will remind our readers of the colloquy which once found a place in this part of our Magazine, embracing an inquiry as to who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and a familiar illustration of a "Mr. Smith" and his three sons, John, James, and Joseph:

"Last Sunday, I was endeavoring to explain to one of my Sabbath-school scholars, a boy of six or seven years of age, the manner in which the sinner, being clothed with the righteousness of Christ, became accepted by God. 'Now, Tim,' said I, 'what color is that wall?'

"'White, sir,' he replied.

"'But look through these green spectacles, and what color does it appear?'

"'Green, sir.'

"'But is the wall really green, or does it only seem so because you are looking through a green glass?'

"'It is white, and only looks green from the spectacles.'

"'Very well, now. Just so with God and man. Are not all men sinners?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And doesn't God hate sin?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, now, if God looks at us through the perfections of Christ, how will we appear?'

"'*Green*, sir.'"

We have already mentioned in the "Drawer" that we do not rank *Parodies* as a very exalted kind of literature; but now and then one comes across a good one, different in subject, but close in imitation. Of such we think is the following original attempt, sent us by "E. J. L.", of Cambridge, Mass.:

"'Tis the last cake of supper,
Left steaming alone,
All its light-brown companions
Are buttered and gone:
No cake of its kindred,
No cookie is nigh,
To steam on the platter,
Or near its mate lie.

"I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To meet a cold fate;
Since thy mates are all eaten,
Come lie on my plate.
Thus kindly I'll butter
Thy steaming sides o'er,
And think on thy sweetness
When thou art no more!

"Thus all cakes must follow,
Three times every day;
When the meal-times approach
They must vanish away.
When hunger is mighty,
And sickness has flown,
What cake can inhabit
The table alone?"

"It needs all we know," says Dryden, "to make things *plain*." Instructors of children—and it is a good thing that there are *schools* for such—should remember this, in the exercise of their duties. "I once saw a clergyman," writes one who has made the thoughts and feelings of children his study, "try to teach the children of a Sabbath-school that the soul would live after they were all dead. The boys and girls listened, but they evidently did not understand. He was too abstract at first. At length, however, taking his watch from his pocket, which arrested their attention in a moment, he said:

"James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"A little clock," said another.

"Do you see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know that it is a watch?"

"Because we see it, and hear it tick."

"Very good."

He then took off the case, and held it in one hand and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are *two* which look like watches. Very well. Now I will lay the case down—put it there, in my hat. Now let us see if we can hear the watch ticking."

"Yes, sir, we can hear it," exclaimed several voices at once.

"Well, children, the watch can tick, go, and keep time, as you see, when the case is taken off, and put in my hat, just as well as before. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case. The body may be taken off, and buried in the ground, and

the soul will live, just as well as this watch will go when the case is taken off."

A WESTERN editor of a country newspaper thus announces the acquisition, in his domestic circle, of two "fair, fat, and flourishing" babies:

"Bring out the brass band, and place its noisiest members on the highest pinnacle of the hen-coop! Sound the loud horse-fiddle, and let the nation rejoice; for one of the humblest citizens of the Commonwealth hath been justly exalted over his compeers, and *We* have the honor to be that fortunate and meritorious individual. Still, we are not proud: we yet speak to our neighbors, occasionally: but at the same time it must be admitted that we feel several inches taller than we did a week ago!"

THE following reply has been cited as a specimen of the sly humor of the Southern negro, when thinking of catching a "brudder nigga" on the hip:

"Sambo, w'at am your 'pinion ob rats?"

"Wall, I t'ink de one dat has de shortest tail will get in de hole de quickest! E'yah! e'yah! e'yah!"

THERE is a good story told—"and the best of it is, that it is *true*"—of a celebrated and somewhat eccentric clergyman in New England, who was very absent-minded, although one of the most learned and evangelical divines in "all the region round about." On one occasion, on a cold morning in winter, he started to walk to his church, about a mile distant from his residence, wearing a large, old-fashioned cloak. Just before arriving at the church, a sudden gust of snow-laden wind blew his cloak open, and he turned round to adjust it; he forgot, however, to turn back again, but walked rapidly forward until he reached his own house, and inquired of a servant if the Rev. Mr. Y—— (*himself*) was at home!

Now that "chill November's surly blasts" have "made fields and forests bare," these lines of poor departed Tom Hood will not be considered out of place:

"Summer's gone and over,
Fogs are falling down,
And with russet tinges,
Autumn's doing brown.

"Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

"Round the tops of houses,
Swallows, as they flit,
Give, like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.

"Skies of fickle temper,
Weep by turns, and laugh:
Night and day together
Taking 'half-and-half.'

"So November endeth,
Cold and most perverse,
But the months that follow
Sure will pinch us worse."

IN these days of "Women's Conventions," and "Women's Rights," it is well to hear one of the 'gentler sex" thus describe, in language as plain as it is forcible, what kind of women it is that sensible men require for wives:

"Men who are worth having want *women* for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with Cologne—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on veritable bread and meat. The piano and lace-frame are good in their places, and so are ribbons, and frills, and tinsels; but you can not make a dinner of the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter. And, awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed-blanket are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as fancies; but you make it all a matter of decoration, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and of course good propects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have *you* to be chosen? You may 'trap' him, or 'catch' him, but how much better would it be to make it an object for him to *catch you?* Render yourselves *worth* catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or scheming brothers to help you find a market."

So much for the benefit of the lady-readers of "The Drawer."

THE subjoined incident is sent to us by a Southern correspondent, as related by a Virginia negro. If it is true, the parrot was certainly a remarkable bird:

"You see," said he, "dis parrot belonged to a baker in Richmond. Now, each baker is 'lowed to make a certain number of loaves ebery day, and no more, 'cordin' to how many customers he got; 'cause if dey bake too much, dey will be servin' out stale bread to de customers. Well, dis baker had baked more'n his share one day, and hid de rest ob 'um under de counter. De parrot was hangin' in his cage, and see it all. Bime-by, in comes de inspector, and finds de bread all right, and is goin' out agin satisfied, when de parrot cocks his eye at him, and sings out, '*Dere's more bread under de counter!*' So de inspector grabs it, 'cordin' to law, and carries it off. Well, den de baker goes to de parrot, werry mad, and takes him by de head and fotches him a twitch or two, and flings him into de gutter for dead, 'longside of a pig just dead of de measles. Bime-by, de parrot begins to crawl about, his feathers a stickin' out, and his head lopped on one side, and den he stops and looks at de pig, wery pitiful, and says he, '*did you say any ting about de bread?*'"

"PSI UPSILON" writes, that happening to be traveling in Connecticut last summer, he stopped at the city of Bridgeport; and while there, fell upon the following Epitaph on a Dog, in an adjoining field, where he was "fetching a walk:"

"IN MEMORY OF LEO,

A FAITHFUL DOG;

WHO WAS SHOT AUGUST 30, 1836.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

"Every dog must have his day,
He had his, and passed away.
Poor fellow! little had he thought
His dog-days were to be so short;
He did not drain life's bitter cup—
Death took him when he was a pup,
And laid him here beneath this sod,
As good a dog as ever trod.
He sought for happiness in vain,
But found all pleasure mixed with pain;
And when his joy gave way to sadness,
He groaned—and people deemed it madness;
He had the stomach-ache so bad
He howled, and then they said—'He's mad,'
And *shot* poor LEO by mistake,
Because he had the belly-ache;
He died without a fault—he left no foes,
And one fierce struggle closed his earthly woes."

Literary Notices.

The History of the Captivity of Napoleon, by WILLIAM FORSYTH (published by Harper and Brothers), is a complete narrative of the Emperor's life at St. Helena, founded on the letters and other posthumous documents of the late Sir Hudson Lowe. Written in a strongly partisan spirit, it defends the conduct of Sir Hudson in the treatment of his illustrious captive, and calls in question the statements of O'Meara, Las Cases, and other writers, who have presented the opposite side of the history. An interesting biography of Sir Hudson Lowe is given, describing his military and public services, with a view of showing his qualifications for the responsible office which was intrusted to him by the British government. The work is important as a contribution to the history of one of the most remarkable political measures of modern times. Without claiming for it a successful refutation of the charges which have blackened the memory of Sir Hudson Lowe, as a petty tyrant, a malignant persecutor of fallen greatness, and an habitual violator of the noblest sentiments of humanity, we may concede to it the merit of very considerable ability in its presentation of facts, and of ingenuity in its reasonings thence derived in favor of the notorious governor of St. Helena. No one who pretends to the exercise of impartiality in his judgments of Napoleon will fail to examine the evidence presented in this volume with eager interest.

The Memoir of Dr. Judson, by President WAYLAND (published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) is a discriminating and vigorous tribute to the rare excellences of that distinguished missionary. The subject was singularly congenial to the feelings of the writer—calling forth his warmest sympathies—inspiring him with a tender and pathetic eloquence—stimulating his most profound religious sensibilities—and he has treated it with a heartfelt unction, as well as signal ability. We think the manner in which he has executed his delicate and responsible task will give satisfaction to the most enthusiastic admirers of Dr. Judson. Nor has he been betrayed by his interest in the subject, into the language of extravagant eulogium. His statements are not set off with any excess of coloring; he takes no pains to enhance the sublimity of his theme. Indeed the numerous elements of romance and heroism which abound in the experience of the Burman missionary are not brought prominently forward. He depicts as great a life as any which is recorded in the annals of the modern religious world in the plain and truthful words that are appropriate to the simple, genuine dignity of the subject. For it can not be denied that in many respects Dr. Judson was one of the most extraordinary men of the age. He was endowed with intellectual powers which could not have failed to render him conspicuous, had he devoted himself to the usual objects of secular ambition. With a highly poetical temperament, and a taste refined even to fastidiousness, he combined a singular force of logic, a gift of close and energetic reasoning, and an acute insight into character and motives, which marked him from the commencement of his public career as a person not only of brilliant promise, but of that rarely endowed nature which at once creates for itself a high and commanding sphere of influence. He was born to act with effect on the convictions of men. He exhibited, in a wonderful degree, the talents which qualify their possessor for important posts of administration and statesmanship. As a proof of this, we need only refer to the consummate skill and energy which distinguished his conduct during various trying emergencies in the Burman mission. But he selected a less conspicuous, though in reality a more noble career, for the exercise of his high powers. With his tenderness of conscience, his sense of the worth of the soul, and his intensely glowing conviction of the saving power of Christian truth, he might have passed through life content with the modest duties of a faithful pastor. Circumstances, however, brought him into a more distinguished field, and made him a religious hero. As such, he compares favorably with the men whose names are regarded as the chiefest glories of the Church. He united the enterprise of Xavier, and the enthusiasm of Loyola, with the humility of David Brainerd, and the self-sacrificing devotedness of Henry Martyn. Limited to a comparatively narrow path of endeavor, he constantly exercised qualities for which no trust would have been too arduous, no career too lofty or responsible. The biography of such a man presented a task worthy of the eminent person by whom it has been so successfully accomplished. The volumes in which it is recorded form a permanent addition to our intellectual treasures.

Autobiography of Benjamin Robert Haydon, edited by TOM TAYLOR. This is one of the most exciting personal narratives that have lately issued from the English press. In point of tragic interest, original manifestations of character, and the romance of actual life, it is hardly surpassed by any of the productions of popular fiction. Haydon was no doubt a man of remarkable endowments—his strongly-marked individuality, if not amounting to genius, bore a striking resemblance to it; while his passionate devotion to Art, in the midst of the materialism of the age, was not without a certain vein of sublimity. Yet his enormous, incredible self-conceit—his defiance of the arts of conciliation—his persistent wrong-headedness, and contempt of wholesome social customs—embittered his whole existence, prevented the just appreciation which he might have attained, deprived his friends of the power of serving him, and finally brought the protracted agony of his life to a close, by the most deliberate act of suicide on record. In this volume all the weakness and strength of his nature are fully revealed, presenting an instructive moral lesson of appalling impressiveness. Connected as he was, in relations of intimacy, with many of the leading spirits of the age, his incidental notices of his contemporaries are singularly interesting, and present a grateful relief to the prevailingly sombre character of his own experience. Although much of the narrative is occupied with local details, we are confident that it will produce little less sensation in this country than it has awakened in England. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Conflict of Ages, by EDWARD BEECHER, D.D. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) This is a strikingly ingenious attempt to reconcile the apparently warring aspects in the moral relations between God and man, and thus to solve one of the most perplexing problems of theology. The conflict of which Dr. Beecher treats, is the apparent discrepancy between the natural depravity of man and the character which our natural intuitions of the right and the honorable conspire in ascribing to the Deity. In the theory which Dr. B. proposes for their reconciliation, he admits the reality of each of the opposing elements. It accordingly maintains the thorough views of innate human depravity and subjection to

the powers of evil, which are recognized as true and Scriptural by men of a profound Christian experience; and also the highest principles of honor and right, which a well-ordered mind intuitively perceives to be true and obligatory upon God as well as upon men. The whole conflict, in the opinion of Dr. B., arises from the unfounded assumption that men, as they come into this world, are new-created beings; whereas, in fact, they lived in a previous state of existence, in which, by a revolt from God, they incurred a forfeiture of their original rights as new-created minds, and are born into this world under that forfeiture. No positive proof is brought forward by the author in support of this hypothesis, but he argues that we must assume it to be correct, because it explains all the difficulties of the question; just as we assume the heliocentric system of astronomy, because it accounts for the movements of the heavenly bodies. The volume shows extensive research in the history of opinions, great acuteness in analyzing the subtle theoretical differences that have prevailed among theologians, a spirit of genuine catholicism in his judgment of individuals, and a profound and tender sentiment of personal religion. Coming before the public with a brilliant prestige from the name and position of the author, it is adapted to produce a deep impression in the sphere of theological controversy. Whether it will be received by any considerable number of thinkers as a "finality," in the settlement of the momentous questions to which it relates—an issue which Dr. Beecher evidently contemplates—or whether it will be set aside as an extraordinary effort of audacious speculation, and be numbered among the curiosities of theological literature, is a problem which we are not competent to solve. Whatever opinion may be formed respecting the soundness and conclusive efficacy of the theory which it propounds, the candor, good faith, and ardent piety which pervade its reasonings are patent to every reader.

Memoirs of John Abernethy, M.D., by JOHN MACILWAIN. The biography of this celebrated medical practitioner possesses an interest for a numerous class of readers outside the pale of the profession. His quaint originality, his racy humor, and his honest bluntness of expression, are familiar matters of tradition. Many of his piquant sayings are embalmed in current anecdotes, which will long associate his name with the sturdy independence and rough jocularity of the English character. His eminence as a scientific physician is well known in both hemispheres. Numerous are the invalids from the American side of the Atlantic who have been indebted to his sagacious counsels for the recovery of their health, and who have brought away ineffaceable reminiscences, both of the eccentric vigor of his character and his extraordinary professional skill. In the present volume, the career of Dr. Abernethy as a medical man is fully described—his services to the science of his profession are minutely analyzed—and a variety of details are given illustrative of his personal qualities. As an instructive and entertaining piece of biography, it will richly reward the attention of intelligent readers. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

A new work, which will attract general attention in the present Eastern imbroglio, is entitled *The Czar and the Sultan*, by ADRIAN GILSON, giving an account of the private lives and public actions of Nicholas and Abdul Medjid. A comprehensive essay on the rise and decadence of the Turks in Europe, is added by another hand. Whoever wishes to obtain an intelligent view of the question which now agitates the cabinets of Europe, should carefully peruse this little volume. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

God with Men; or, Foot-Prints of Providential Leaders, by SAMUEL OSGOOD. (Published by Crosby, Nichols, and Co.) In this volume, by a leading divine of the Unitarian denomination, an attempt is made to set forth the religious instruction suggested by the lives of the most celebrated characters in Scripture history. The examples are well chosen; discussed, less in the spirit of dogmatism than of devotion; and applied, by a natural process of association, to the practical interests of the religious life. The purity of feeling, richness of illustration, and frequent beauty of language, that characterize this work, will recommend it to many readers, irrespective of its doctrinal peculiarities, which indeed are not made in any way conspicuous.

The Bow in the Cloud (published by E. H. Butler, and Co.), is the title of a collection of religious essays, by various choice writers, both English and American, intended for consolation to the afflicted. It is brought out with great typographical elegance, and superbly illustrated.

The American Aboriginal Port-Folio, by Mrs. MARY H. EASTMAN, illustrated by Captain S. EASTMAN, of the U. S. Army, is an elegant and instructive volume, which will take a high rank among the popular gift-books of the season. Devoted exclusively to the delineation of Indian life in the Western forests, it presents a series of animated sketches, which, without rhetorical exaggeration, afford a vivid and picturesque view of the aboriginal inhabitants of the North American Continent. Several of the native legends are interwoven with the narrative portions of the work, and heighten the effect of the descriptions by their striking examples of Indian fancy and sentiment. The engravings with which the volume is embellished are from drawings made on the spot, and form a beautiful port-folio for the illustration of the manners and habits which prevail among the sons of the forest. (Published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.)

Scotia's Bards, is the title of a neat volume issued by R. Carter and Brothers, containing a variety of specimens of favorite Scottish poetry. It includes selections from the most celebrated poets, extending over the period from Thomson to Alexander Smith, together with concise biographical sketches of the several writers. The work is judiciously edited, and is brought out in a style worthy of its contents.

Charles Scribner has published the first volume of a series of *Juvenile Tales*, translated from the German of NIERITZ, by Mrs. H. E. CONANT. It is entitled *The Little Drummer*, and is remarkable for its simple pathos and excellent moral tone.—*Sparing to Spend*, by T. S. ARTHUR, is a tale designed for practical utility, issued by the same publisher.

Lady Lee's Widowhood. This intensely interesting story, from Blackwood's Magazine, is published in their "Library of Select Novels," by Harper and Brothers.

Goupil and Co. have published a spirited engraving of LEUTZE'S *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, executed by GIRARDET with admirable success. We are glad to see this great national picture thus brought within the reach of every American citizen.

The new novel by THACKERAY, of which we published the first three chapters in our last Number, has been received with an enthusiastic welcome by the London press. It promises in every respect to equal the best productions of its distinguished au-

thor, and to merit the cordial greeting which has been given to its opening chapters. *The Spectator* says:

"Thackeray's new book—a phrase and an anticipation pleasantly familiar for the last few weeks—is here before us. The first number brings us acquainted with several characters; re-introducing Pendennis, who, in mature age, is writing in the first person of the days of his youth, and the immortal Costigan. It clearly belies the prophecies of the croakers, who would have it that the 'most respectable family' must be but a new form of the Baker-street 'snob.' Clive Newcome, the future hero, as yet a stripling, and the high-hearted unsophisticated gentleman, his father, Colonel Newcome, just returned from India, stand in the first rank. Then come retrospective sketches of Thomas Newcome, the founder of the family, a worthy Englishman and prudent man of business; his wealthy wife, the Nonconformist 'Bishopess of Clapham'—an admirable portrait, in which the charitable and dutiful heart is seen through the rind of narrow formalism; her two sons, the Colonel's 'most respectable' half-brothers; a French countess, his old flame, ardent and honorable; his sister-in-law, seemingly a 'good kind of woman,' with a spice of shrewdness; and her brother, a rhetorical divine, always in pecuniary difficulties, and always on the eve of fortune, with one's assistance—who promises gloriously. To all this a quaint medley of old fables, telling of pretense, flattery, and falsehood, serves as 'overture,' and interprets the symbol on the cover; but the author's kindly and reconciling philosophy is indicated too. The style is the true Thackeræan of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis'—which is praise enough—with some distincter points of that artistic polish and easy elaboration which added a charm to 'Esmond.'"

In a still warmer vein is the commendation of the *Leader*, weekly newspaper, one of the best critical authorities in literary matters of which the English press can boast. That journal remarks of *The Newcomes:*

"It has all Thackeray's excellences, and gives better promise than either *Vanity Fair* or *Pendennis* gave at starting. There is such easy strength, such power without effort, in the writing and in the painting of character. The satire is so delicate, so true, and yet so without bitterness. Any one else would assuredly have made the Bishopess of Clapham a personification of bigotry: he has made her bigoted, domineering (as all bigotry is), stern, ridiculous, and yet kind, conscientious, and womanly. Her tending her step-son is as true as her distribution of tracts, especially indicated by that detail of her never hinting a reproach when her own sons took the fever. Clapham has overshadowed, it has not killed, the woman. Charmingly suggested is the sanguine and improvident curate, who only wants 'this chapel to make his fortune;' and although it is calling for too much credulity to ask us to believe in such extreme innocence as that exhibited by the Indian officer, the indignant protest of that officer at the obscenity (that 'blaspheming against the divine beauty of life,' as Shelley says,) which offends him in the Cave of Harmony, is a manly and well-timed reproof. The Frenchwoman's letter is French to the dots over the i's, and the crossings of the t's. Indeed there is an abiding verisimilitude, which is an abiding charm in Thackeray's writing; and we look for twenty months of very peculiar gratification."

The reprints of American books appear to be constantly gaining in popularity with English readers. For perusal by the masses, we are told that publications from this side the ocean are decidedly carrying the day. The *London Examiner*, which usually shows a severe and discriminating taste in its criticisms, has kindly notices of one or two recent works by American authors. We subjoin the following:

"Mr. Eliot's *History of the Early Christians* occupies two well-filled volumes, which are likely to be very serviceable in conveying general ideas to a large section of the public that hears much about the Early Fathers and the Primitive Christians, and would be glad to have a brief and readable connected history of the beginnings of the Church. Though written with pains, and the result of study, Mr. Eliot's is not a learned work, nor does it attempt to usurp the place of learning with a show of pedantry. His view of the condition and progress of Christianity in the early ages is no doubt superficial; there is no close analysis of evidence, and, though there is here and there a shrewd as well as philosophical discrimination of the meaning of events, his plan does not call for its exercise on any extended scale. Mr. Eliot's, in short, is not a book for the student, but it is a book which the general reader may accept with pleasure as a very useful contribution to the stores daily provided to his hand.

"The *Old House by the River* is a one-volumed novel, in the form of pleasant thoughtful sketches, full of gentle feeling, and much delicate and graceful writing. Some little affectation there is in the manner of the book, but it is very pleasant of its kind.

"The children's tales written for the imaginary audience at *Tanglewood*, by Mr. Hawthorne, as his second wonder-book, are very clever, and admirably suited to delight the young as well as to amuse the old. They are old classical stories, of the Minotaur, the Pygmies, the Golden Fleece, &c., told in a fresh romantic way, as they might be told by a man of genius in playful humor, taking as much satisfaction as he gives over his pleasant undertaking. There are very good pictures added to the little book, which is a child's book and a man's book, and a book over which wives and daughters may also discreetly entertain themselves."

A new volume of RUSKIN'S *Stones of Venice* has been issued in London, completing that original and vigorous work. The *Spectator* speaks of it in the highest terms of encomium. It says:

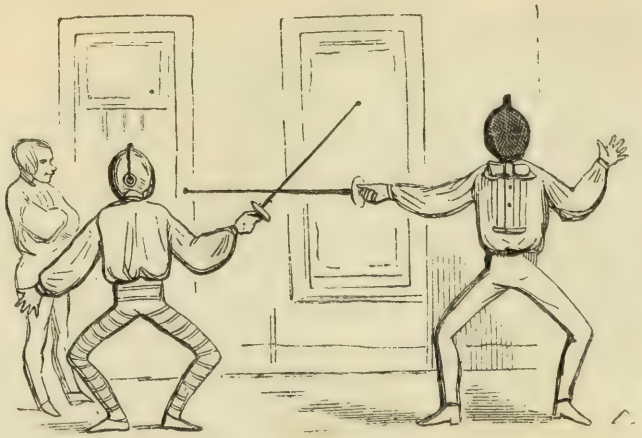
"*The Stones of Venice*, of which we here take leave, is a solemn book; the production of an earnest, religious, progressive, and informed mind. The author of this essay on architecture has condensed into it a poetic apprehension, the fruit of awe of God and delight in nature; a knowledge, love, and just estimate of art; a holding fast to fact, and repudiation of hearsay; an historic breadth, and a fearless challenge of existing social problems, whose union we know not where to find paralleled. Most of these qualities may be discovered co-existing as fully elsewhere; their equal application to art, nowhere within our knowledge. The work may furnish examples of dogmatism and partiality; but the dogmatism is laborious observation expressed by conviction, and the partiality is often the impatient assertion of truth."

The Queen has granted a literary pension of £100 a year to Sir FRANCIS HEAD, the lively sketcher of incidents of travel.

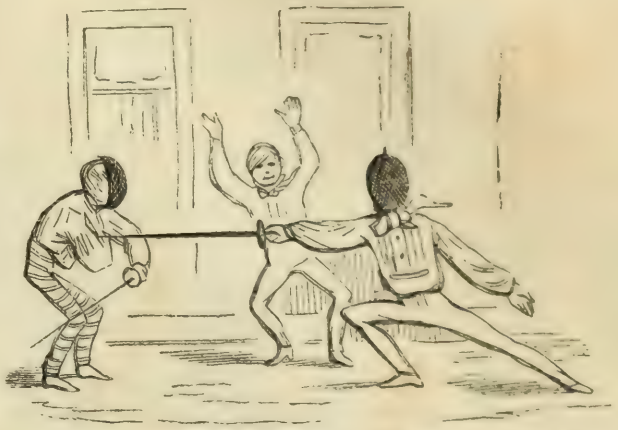
SCENES IN BACHELOR LIFE.



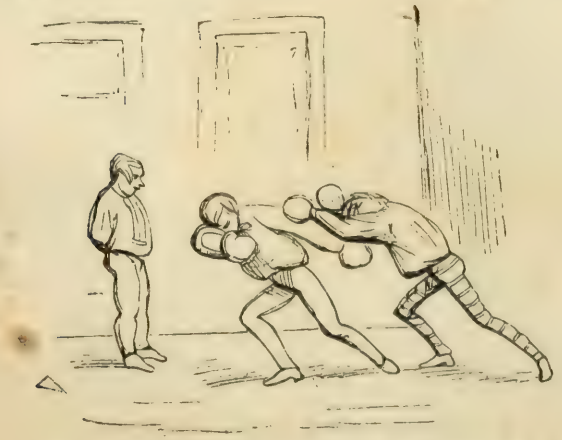
Messrs. Briggs, Brown and Bangs admire their apartments and anticipate "Great Times."



Mr. Brown proposes a turn with the Foils to get up an Appetite. Mr. Bangs agrees to it.



Mr. Bangs fences remarkably well; but is no match for Mr. Brown.



Mr. Bangs proposes a bout with the Gloves, and "polishes off" Mr Brown in fine style.



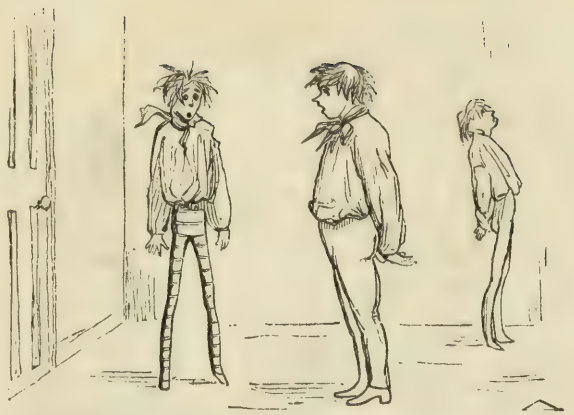
Mr. Briggs explains the Cross-Buttock;" but Mr. Bangs thinks he won't try it.



Mr. Brown "Don't mind trying, though he knows he shall get a fall;" but gets a Lift first.



Mr. BRIGGS's foot slips; and the parties assume the above position.



The Landlady knocks at the door, requesting the "Gentlemen to make less noise."



They think they'll "take a little," after their exertions; after which they proceed to "imbibe."



Mr. BROWN, who has "taken a little too much," shows them an "Experiment" with a Camphene Lamp.



The "Experiment" is not quite successful. Startling Effect.



Exit Messrs. BRIGGS, BANGS, and BROWN. The "Good Time" is postponed.

Fashions for December.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt, *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Dinner Dress and Promenade Costume.

WINTER is now upon us, and Fashion, ever observant of the varying demands of climate and season, produces forms and materials specially adapted for the period of the year. Silks of various fabrics form the favorite material for dresses. Although not a few plain materials are worn, plaids form no inconsiderable portion of the patterns to be met with. These, in many cases, display very large figures, and every combination of color. Dresses for the promenade have generally three, four, or even five flounces. These are placed usually *à disposition*. In the form of the corsage great latitude is allowed; the waists being made high, *à la Eugenie*, or low, *à la Raphael*, according to the fancy or taste of the wearer. Basquine and jacket bodies are both worn. Revers, forming a collar at the back, and narrowing to the waist in front, are much in favor. Sleeves are made very wide below the elbow, and are rather short. Many are rounded to the bend of the arm in front, while others are left open at the back. Among those which have met with the most favorable reception for the promenade, we may particularly mention the large bouillon undersleeve (termed *Siciliennes*) with deep ruffs falling quite over the hand.

The DINNER COSTUME, which forms the first figure in our illustration for the present month, is specially designed to be worn at home. It consists of a high jacket body, of a rich claret color, fitting closely to the figure. It is fastened up in front with fancy silk buttons and loops. The fronts are trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon, which are also continued upon the jacket. The sleeves are wide, of the pagoda form, turned back at the cuffs, and laced at the front with cords. The skirt is of Irish poplin, in very large plaids. It is made long and exceedingly full. The cap and collar are both of lace, with white silk cord and tassels.

Another favorite variety of jacket body, which the limited space at our disposal in this department forbids our illustrating, is extremely elegant. It is made high at the back, and open at the waist, with revers, forming a pointed collar at the back. This revers is of *moire antique*, edged with narrow velvet. The corners of the jacket are square in front, and at the back are laid two double plaits, each of which is finished by a small bow at the wrist. A broad band of *moire antique* is laid round the jacket. The sleeves are of three-quarter length, having a deep cuff *à mousquetaire* of *moire antique*. The under-sleeves and collar are of Maltese lace.

In no one department of costume has there been during the present season so great a variety of charming styles produced, as in that of CLOAKS and Mantillas. They are of every possible diversity of form, color, material, and ornament. Among so great a multiplicity the chief embarrassment to the purchaser has been to select from the assortment, all equally charming, presented by the caterers to the taste of the fashionable world. We have already, in our monthly illustrations presented some which have been received with great approbation. Not less worthy of attention is the one which forms the second figure of our present illustration. It is of light brown cloth, with a very full cape, which falls upon the shoulders, but does not extend beyond their tips. This cape is continued all the way down the front to the bottom of the skirt. It is graduated in width, being narrower at the waist and growing gradually broader as it descends toward the bottom of the skirt. The back is made full, with a decided droop. The arm-holes are merely slits in the cloth behind the tabs of the cape. The ornaments of this cloak, as will be seen from the illustration, are very unique. They are composed of fringe disposed in tassels, headed by a fleur-de-lis wrought in chain-stitch.



FIGURE 3.—BONNET.

BONNETS present every variety of material, and every possible shade of color. Velvets, satins, and silks, especially those which are spotted, are decided favorites. For ornaments, flowers, feathers, and lace are profusely employed. The inside of the hat, in particular, is most lavishly decorated. One beautiful mode is to let the lighter and more delicate twigs, sprays, and vines form a wreath over the head, while the full-blown flowers are disposed at the ears. As to the choice of color, it is left wholly to the wearer, furnishing full opportunity for her to adapt the color to her own complexion. Tulle and blond are not unfrequently mixed together in the fabrication of bonnets. The one which we delineate above, is one of the most elegant that has made its appearance during the season. It is composed of green terry velvet, and satin of royal purple. The body of the hat is of velvet, while the crown and the trimming of the front are of satin, as is also the cape. It is trimmed with black lace, and ostrich feathers, gracefully arranged. The ornaments inside are of blonde and fuschia flowers. The lining is of the same satin of which a portion of the exterior is composed. It is worn, as is shown in the illustration, very far back upon the head.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XLIV.—JANUARY, 1854.—Vol. VIII.

A WORD OF APOLOGY.

FOR the first time since the establishment of Harper's New Monthly Magazine, the Publishers find it necessary to apologize for delay in its delivery, and for deficiencies in its mechanical execution. The last sheet of the present number, illustrated with its usual pictorial embellishments, had just been sent to the press on Saturday, the 10th of December, when a fire broke out which not only consumed the printed sheets, stereotype plates, wood-cuts, and copy of the Magazine, but, in a few hours, laid their entire establishment in ruins. The fire originated, strangely enough, in the excessive carefulness of a plumber, who had occasion to make some repairs of water-pipes in the press-room. Having lighted his lamp from a gas-burner, and not wishing to throw the paper which he had used upon the floor for fear of fire, he looked about for the means of extinguishing it; and seeing what he supposed to be a pan of water in a small room adjoining, devoted to cleaning the press rollers, he thrust the lighted paper into it. The pan, however, contained *Camphene*, used in the cleansing process, which at once took fire, and the flames spread with a rapidity, and blazed with a fury, which rendered it impossible to check them. The proprietors feel that they have abundant cause for gratitude to God that, among the many hundreds of persons, male and female, employed at the moment in various parts of their establishment, not a single life was lost, and only one person sustained any serious injury. All the buildings occupied in the various departments of their business, the machinery, and their entire stock of books, valued in the aggregate at over a million of dollars, were entirely consumed. Their stereotype plates, stored in vaults under the street, were saved. But the destruction of their presses, and all the other mechanical facilities which have enabled them hitherto to issue the Magazine in all parts of the United States on the first day of every month, and with satisfactory elegance of style, has compelled them to the unwelcome task of apologizing for defects, unavoidable under these circumstances, in the present number.

It would be affectation in the Publishers to pretend any degree of insensibility to this misfortune. The pecuniary loss is very heavy; but this can be repaired by the same means which rendered it possible. Some six hundred persons, having parents, brothers and sisters, or wives and children, dependent on their labor, have been for a time thrown out of employment, though this suspension of their resources will be but temporary. The large circle of booksellers and book-agents scattered throughout the United States, who, to a greater or less extent, have looked to this establishment for their books, will find that supply cut off; but the lapse of a few weeks will, it is hoped, remove this check on their business pursuits. All these losses, serious as they are, can be repaired, and may, therefore, be contemplated with a courage made cheerful even by the sense of energy and vigor which the effort to repair them calls forth. But the establishment itself, with its large collection of machinery, its complete arrangements for applying the perfected methods of art in all its branches to the production of books, and its vast accumulation of printed volumes, which they had come insensibly to regard as at once the result and the monument of their united labors in this wide field of public usefulness and of private enterprise, has been swept by the blaze of an hour from the face of the earth. This loss is one which time can not repair, for it is a loss of time itself. The labor and energy which would have contributed to its enlargement, must now be devoted to replacing it. The task is one not wholly pleasant; but as the proprietors of the establishment have not learned from the lessons of life to indulge largely in the luxury of unavailing complaint, they are inclined to regard it with any feeling but one of dismay.

The Establishment of Harper and Brothers, it is believed, was the largest of its kind in the world—that of Brockhaus, in Leipsic, ranking next. It differed from that and from all others in the fact that it combined all the departments of labor necessary for the production of books in their perfected form. Upon the Continent of Europe books are mainly sold in sheets, furnished simply with paper covers; and in England the binding of books is carried on as a distinct business, having no connection with their printing. The Establishment embraced

a Bindery as well as Printing Offices, arranged upon a scale commensurate with their general business. They occupied nine five-story buildings, five upon Cliff, and four upon Pearl Street, and covering the entire space between those avenues. These buildings were devoted to the various branches of their business—to type-setting, stereotyping, and electrotyping; to press-work, drying, folding, stitching, and binding; to storing the vast quantities of books which constantly accumulated, and to the various transactions involved in their sale and delivery.

This is scarcely the place for any very minute account of the processes and results of their business; and yet the readers of the Magazine may be interested in a brief statement of the leading facts connected with it.

The house was established by the two senior partners, JAMES and JOHN HARPER, who opened a small book and job printing-office in Dover Street, in 1817. Their first employer in book printing was Mr. Evert Duyckinck, a leading publisher of that day, to whose order, on the 5th of August, they delivered two thousand copies of Seneca's Morals; on the 3d of December, twenty-five hundred copies of Mair's Introduction to Latin; and on the 7th of April, 1818, five hundred copies of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding. These were the first books they printed. In 1823, the third brother, JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER, became a partner in the Establishment, and in 1826, the fourth, FLETCHER HARPER, entered as a member of the firm. At that time their printing-office had become the largest in the city, though it employed but fifty persons, and did all its work on ten hand presses. In 1825 the house removed to Cliff Street, where they purchased two buildings, numbers 81 and 82, and entered more largely upon the publication of books on their own account. In 1830 they began to stereotype their works, and from that time forward they have printed mostly from stereotype plates, which were stored away in fire-proof vaults for subsequent use, and which, in the course of their business, had accumulated to the value of half a million of dollars. The public demand for books has increased faster even than the facilities for supplying it. The improvements in machinery, of which they have endeavored to avail themselves to the utmost, enabled them to multiply copies of their books to an almost incredible extent; and yet they were constantly under the necessity of enlarging their limits, and adding to their facilities for the supply of the reading public. At the time of the destruction of their Establishment they kept in constant operation *thirty-three* Adams power-presses, of the largest and best description, *twelve* of which were employed, sometimes by night as well as by day, upon the Magazine—and *four* new ones had just been put up for the new monthly series of Harper's *Story Books*, of which *twenty thousand* copies had already been printed. Each of these presses averaged about six thousand impressions, or 190,000 16mo pages, a day. Sixteen of the presses had been built expressly for working wood-cuts; giving employment to ten persons considered the best workmen in the country, and occupied exclusively in making ready and elaborating the illustrated forms of the Magazine and other pictorial publications. The progress made during the last thirty years in this department of the business may be inferred from the fact, that when the senior partner of the house was learning the trade, and working at press, it took two men to do *one tenth* part of the work which a single power-press, fed by a boy or girl, now performs; and in 1837 the Harpers had but twenty-four hand-presses, employing thirty persons, each press doing one seventh of the work performed by each of their thirty-three Adams presses, managed by seventy persons. At the time of the destruction of their Establishment, the second and third stories of three buildings on Pearl Street were used as press-rooms.

The composing-rooms bore no proportion to the rest of the establishment, since a portion of the type-setting for their publications was done by stereotypers in various parts of the city, and a large number of their presses were occupied, moreover, in reprinting fresh editions of old works from stereotype plates. Thus, while the number of new volumes issued yearly did not average more than one hundred and twenty, there were over a thousand old ones reprinted for new editions constantly required by the public. The number of compositors employed was about forty, in two departments, and under two foremen, one of whom (who has been in their employ, man and boy, for over thirty-two years) superintended the most difficult work, such as dictionaries, encyclopedias, books of science, &c., and the other the reprints and plainer matter.

Their stereotyping-rooms employed about twenty men, who made from twenty-five to thirty casts a day, averaging about one hundred and twenty pages. A new department had recently been organized for applying the newly-discovered process of electrotyping, and the production of casts of all the engravings and most of their valuable books. The object of this process is to procure a stereotype plate of *copper*, instead of the composition usually employed for that purpose, as it is much more durable, and secures a much more perfect and delicate impression. It is effected by first taking a wax mould from the face of the page, and immersing it in a solution of copper subjected to

the action of an electric battery. In the course of about twelve hours a thin coating of the copper is deposited in the mould, and this being fixed upon a metallic plate, is used upon the press like an ordinary stereotype plate. This department had been organized but about six months.

The bindery was very extensive, employing over two hundred and fifty persons, one hundred and fifty of whom were females, occupied in folding and stitching the sheets. Exclusive of the Magazine, of which not far from 130,000 copies were folded, stitched, and bound each month, they had daily on hand and in process of binding over twelve thousand volumes of books. The bindery occupied four buildings on Cliff Street and the central parts of four on Pearl. One branch of it was devoted to the manufacture of the marbled and stained paper required—a process very simple in itself, and depending for its success mainly upon an accurate knowledge of the chemical action of various gums employed with various water colors, and on the taste and dexterity of the workmen. Among the articles destroyed were the brass stamps for lettering and the side plates for stamping, prepared for more than a thousand different books. Perhaps some idea of the extent of the operations in the bindery may be inferred from the fact that more than a hundred tons of pasteboard, a thousand pieces of yard-wide muslin, and forty thousand sheep-skins were used every year: the latter principally in binding school-books and dictionaries.

It would be impossible to form any thing like an accurate estimate of the number of volumes issued by Harper and Brothers since the foundation of their Establishment. Their extensive arrangements for the manufacture and publication of books have enabled them to sell them at prices which have given them access to the largest possible market, and no inconsiderable proportion of the book trade of the United States has thus been supplied by their house. Among the books destroyed was a new and complete catalogue of their current publications—from a few sheets of which, aided by previous catalogues, the following summary statement has been made up:

	Works.	Vols.	Orig.	Rep.
History and Biography . .	329	585	158	171
Travel and Adventure . . .	130	187	73	57
Theology and Religion . .	120	167	68	52
Educational	156	165	124	32
Art, Science, Medicine . .	96	110	46	50
Dictionaries and Gazetteers .	28	34	23	5
General Literature	690	780	230	460
Total	1549	2028	722	827

Although some of the above works are necessarily repeated in classification, the aggregate statement gives not far from the actual number of works on hand. They embrace volumes of all sizes, and were issued in editions varying from five hundred to fifty thousand copies each.

But enough of these details. They have been given rather as a memorandum of what has been lost, than as a boasting record of what had been achieved. The Establishment now in ruins had been built up by the steady labors of thirty years: its extensive machinery and its large accumulations of books were reduced to ashes in half a day. The smallest part of the fruit of its activity, however, was that which was stored within its walls. Millions of volumes of the best books of all ages have gone forth from its doors into every corner of our extended country, and have become part of the intellectual life and activity of our people. They have followed the pioneer into the remotest regions which his hardy enterprise has invaded, and have cheered his darkest and his loneliest hours. They are to be found upon the student's desk, on the farmer's and the mechanic's table, in the private, the social, and the school library, from one end of the Union to the other. They have imparted useful knowledge to millions of our countrymen, and have done something to render them more intelligent, more energetic, and more virtuous than those of lands less favored with free access to books, and with the means of intellectual and of moral culture. While such fruits of their labor remain—indestructible in their nature, and immeasurable in the good they carry with them—the proprietors feel that it would be unmanly to complain of the comparatively slight calamity by which their exertions have for a time been checked.

The Publishers would do injustice to their own feelings if they were to close this unwonted notice of their personal affairs, without acknowledging the cordial expressions of kindness and sympathy which have reached them, through public and private channels, from every section of the country. They prize them, not merely or mainly for the aid they proffer in the re-establishment of their business—though for this purpose, if they were needed, they would be invaluable—but as gratifying indications of the extent to which their labors have won favor from the community, by contributing to the public instruction and entertainment. To the Press especially they beg leave to return their acknowledgments for its hearty and unanimous declarations of sympathy in their misfortune. Feeling that, so far as the public is concerned, its effects will be but temporary, and that its weight upon themselves is substantially lightened by the evidences of kindly feeling which it has thus called forth, they will address themselves, with confident courage and increased assiduity, to the augmented labors which it has devolved upon them.

THE ITALIAN SISTERS.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

ON the twenty-fourth of April, 1820, I received a visit in my chambers from my cousin William, whom I had not seen or heard of for eight years. He wished me to arrange his affairs for him, and I went to spend a few days for that purpose at his house in —— shire, where the necessity of some explanations induced him to relate his own history.

I was traveling in Italy in the year ——, and had letters of introduction to several good families in different parts of the country. Among the rest was one to the Marquis of Spezzia, who had at one time lived about three years in England, as minister from the Court of Florence. On his return he had gone to Milan, where I had expected to find him; but on inquiring for him in that city, I found that he had since inherited some property in Tuscany, and was living in the Via Ghibbelina, in Florence. On my arrival in the capital of Tuscany, I went to an hotel on the Lung-Arno, and in the evening proceeded to deliver my letters. The Palazzo Spezzia was a very handsome building, surrounding a quadrangle. In fact, all that side of the street is built in the same manner, with houses fit for princes, and very often beggars living in them. The marquis, indeed, was not reputed so poor as many of the Italian nobility; but yet not rich enough to occupy the whole of so large a building. He consequently reserved to himself the first floor (the second as they call it there), and let the rest of his house to an English family, more noble by name than by nature.

To make my tale clear, I may as well say, that this family consisted of a younger brother of Lord Conway, as I shall call him (though that was not his real name), his wife, and two or three young children. The whole of the Conway family had made themselves somewhat notorious for looseness of morals; but I never heard this gentleman particularly ill spoken of, and his wife, though apparently caring very little about her husband's conduct, was without reproach in regard to her own. He was a man of thirty-three or thirty-four at this time, tolerably well looking, though not remarkably so, but with a sleepy blue eye, and quiet, insinuating manner, which I have often remarked in men more successful than scrupulous in the pursuit of pleasure. I had met him once or twice in London, and always looked upon him as the best of his family.

But let me return to my tale. On mounting the stairs from the great entrance, under what they would call the *porte cochère* in France, I found a pair of enormous doors, with a bell-handle hanging from a long thick wire, and, on my ringing, one valve of these doors was opened by a black-looking Italian servant, who admitted me into a great hall, round the top of which ran a gallery, ornamented with twelve very well executed marble statues, and serving as a communication from one side of the house to the other, without passing the entrance staircase, which might be considered as almost a part of the street. In this large hall, almost big enough to contain a modern house, I was left by the servant, while he went past to ask if his master would receive me; and the blinds being all shut, with but a faint light without, there was something ghastly and sinister in the aspect of the place, with the white statues gleaming like ghosts above, that marked my first steps into the Palazzo Spezzia with a feeling akin to awe. I stood still, with my arms folded on my breast, gazing round me; but I had hardly been there a minute, when I heard steps apparently approaching, and I fancied it was the servant returning, but no door opened.

Soon a sound of murmuring voices succeeded —voices apparently in low and earnest conversation—and the eye, guided by the ear, turned toward the gallery, where, in the spectre-like gloom, I saw two figures slowly pass along from the one side of the house to the other. They were those of a man and a woman; but no feature could I distinguish, and even the outline of the form of each was faint and indistinct. They were in very lover-like proximity, however, and I could see that the lady, whoever she was, must be tall and commanding in person, while the man, who seemed to have his arm around her waist, was hardly, if at all, above the middle height. The murmured words only reached my ear as vague and indefinite sounds; but still, the two speakers did not apparently know that any one was there below; for they paused for a few moments in the middle of the gallery, and were only scared away, I believe, by the sudden appearance of a light.

This time it was the servant who appeared; but he came lighting in the marquis himself, who welcomed me with great hospitality, and a warmth of manner not usual in the Italian nobility. He had been under great obligations, he said, to the friend who introduced me, and he was delighted to have an opportunity, if not to return his kindness, to show his sense of it in some degree. He led me into his own little library, or study, where I found he had surrounded himself with objects of *vertù*—which are equal to Paradise in the eyes of an Italian —and after sitting and chatting for some time over old scenes and remembrances, he begged the pleasure of introducing me to his daughters. In the saloon to which he led me, we found but one young lady present, a dark-eyed, beautiful girl, of perhaps nineteen, very delicately formed, and small in all her proportions. The marquis asked where her sister was, and she replied, somewhat languidly, she did not know; but being introduced, and seated by her on the sofa, I soon contrived to rouse her from her sort of apathetic mood. She spoke English almost as her native language, and my Italian being villainously bad, the conversation was speedily carried on in no other tongue than my own. I

never met with any other Italian but herself who had a real heartfelt fondness for England. Its often weeping skies themselves she loved, and described how delighted she would be sometimes to drive out in a spring shower, when the drops were mingled with sunshine, and the whole earth put on a joyful freshness of aspect, which it rarely, if ever, knows in Italy. She had, in short, become completely imbued with the spirit of English rural life, which requires early initiation and long habit, I believe, for its full appreciation. Sympathies were speedily awakened, and, while I did full justice to her own beautiful country, I was very much charmed with the rarity of finding a foreigner do justice to mine.

Her father mingled in the conversation, but, I thought, with some constraint. Something seemed to embarrass and preoccupy him; but at length the door opened, and a tall, marvelously handsome girl entered, perhaps two or three years older than the other. Her whole countenance was queenlike and majestic, notwithstanding a somewhat flushed and agitated look, and her figure was remarkably fine. But I could not help thinking that there was a remarkable resemblance between that figure and one of the two phantoms which had passed along the gallery of the hall.

This was the eldest daughter of the marquis, and she received me with a distant stateliness which soon made me fall back upon the conversation of her sister. The elder did not seem to be at all displeased at being left to her own thoughts, and I remained more than an hour in very agreeable conversation with Seignora Beatrice and her father, while the other labored through a small portion of some lady's ornamental work, seeming to exert herself very diligently, and yet make small progress. I then took my leave; but the marquis came to call upon me on the following day, bearing with him an invitation to dinner, and did all he could to show kind and hospitable attention to a stranger. In short, I almost became domesticated in the family. Every day some expedition was proposed, something to be done, something to be seen, and the time glided away very pleasantly and very swiftly. My new friend had an excellent knowledge and appreciation of art, and took care that I should see all the marvels of the pencil or the chisel which the city of Florence contains, nor were any objects of interest in the neighborhood omitted, nor any historical monuments. But as I am not writing a guide-book, I must omit all details, dwelling merely upon that which affected me as a man, rather than as a man of taste. Often, when we went forth for a stroll through the city, or passed the morning at the Petti, or in the great gallery, we were accompanied by Beatrice, though her stately sister generally thought fit to remain at home on these occasions. When we made any more distant expeditions, however, sometimes spending one or two more days out of Florence, Seignora Narcissa always accompanied us, evidently greatly against her will, and she was not a personage at all to conceal her distaste for any thing that did not please her. She contrived to diminish our enjoyment very greatly; sometimes by petulant sallies, which I wondered that her father bore with patience; sometimes by a cold, sauntering sort of indifference, still more provoking.

I had hardly been in Florence a fortnight, however, before I began to gain some insight into the cause of her conduct. At first, it came as a mere suspicion, very painful; but not definite. Mr. Conway was frequently of our parties: Mistress Conway rarely; and I remarked two things which soon led me right to distressing conclusions. Our English acquaintance never in the presence of her father paid any very marked attention to the beautiful Narcissa; but when the Marquis himself was absent, even for a moment, he was sure to be at her side, with his soft, and somewhat sleepy manner, and low-toned musical voice. At other times, an occasional low-spoken word, a glance of quick intelligence, or a look of tender meaning were the only signs of concealed intimacy between them. This was what first roused doubts in my mind. The second thing, was, that whenever Conway was of the party, the young lady was perfectly gay and cheerful. Combining these facts with the glimpse I had obtained of them in the gallery on my first visit, I could not help believing that there was a better understanding between them than was consistent with her safety, and his position. I was still, as it were, a stranger, although intimacy had rapidly grown up between myself and the Marquis of Spezzia. It was the friendship of feeling, but not of years; and such affections of the mind are like things formed in clay, or cast in iron, and they require time to cool and harden them. I liked him much. Thin, and pale, and anxious looking as he was, there was something exceedingly prepossessing in his countenance. His conduct through life had been irreproachable, and he had too many enthusiasms to be a very accomplished hypocrite. Sentiments spoken, or written, often deceive us; for where there is deliberation there is art; but where sentiments are accidentally discovered, or instincts suddenly betrayed, there is less chance of a keen observer being deceived. Still, the date of our friendship was very late, and I did not feel myself justified in calling the father's notice to the danger of his daughter, feeling the difficulty increased perhaps by a belief that he might have averted the peril. The standard of morality is not very high in Italy, it is true, and we find few in that land who can even conceive its being placed so high as in England; but yet, many a chance word, and casual observation showed that my Italian friend deeply regretted the very general depravity of morals which prevailed in his own country. Still, I hesitated—still, I thought I might be mistaken

—still, I considered delicacy and prudence, perhaps more than justice and right. Let me confess the whole truth, however, while I am telling this dark tale. The beauty and the grace, the gentleness and the frankness of Beatrice di Spezzia had produced upon me an impression not easily to be shaken off; and, not knowing what might be the result if I ventured to call her father's attention to her sister's conduct toward Mr. Conway, my hesitation was increased by consideration for her. I must not say that I was actually in love with her. She was a great deal younger than I was—some ten or twelve years at least—and I was still in that stage of passion wherein the dreams of Plato become tangible realities, and we fancy that something deeper, though colder than love, can exist between two persons of different sexes, even in the early spring of life.

A little incident may have had some share in determining my conduct. The Marquis had a villa on the slope of the Apennines, a little below the small hotel of Three Masks, and not very far distant from the village of Gherini. The summer was coming on. The family were soon about to remove thither from Florence, and we all went out for a few days in the fine spring time, to see arrangements made, and order some repairs. The house was not in the best order; but the weather was summer-like and serene, and the greater part of our time was passed out of doors. Our party consisted of the Marquis, his two daughters and myself, and Mr. Conway and his wife had not been invited. Monsieur di Spezzia had a notion of laying out a garden near the villa in the English style; but I easily showed a man of his real taste that, when done, it would not harmonize at all with the character of the building and the scene, and he applied himself to finish and restore a handsome but formal Italian garden, laid out by some former proprietor. He was thus occupied a great part of each day. Narcissa was in one of her dull, and solitary moods, and remained all the morning in her own chamber. Beatrice went out with me—not to any distance from the house, but to a little spot just below the plain of the garden, where we were within some eighty or a hundred yards of the spot where her father sat, superintending the labors of his workmen. I had taken a book of English poems, to beguile any dull moments pleasantly, and it was very pleasant and sweet to hear that beautiful girl syllable the lines of English verse, with a strong Italian accent, but a full appreciation of the words. It was a very difficult thing in such a scene, and such a moment to avoid what is called falling in love, and, indeed, I did not try it very much; for I was my own master, and there was no law against my picking up a gem wherever I might find one. I had done reading a passage, and dropped the book upon my knee, to dwell upon the thoughts which the poet suggested. Beatrice was sitting a little farther down, with her head leaning back against the bank, and her beautiful small feet crossed over each other, when, suddenly, I saw something move slowly through the low myrtles which carpeted that part of the ground, and a moment after, a snake of that species called the black viper—the most venomous in Italy—raised its head, close by her feet, as if surprised and irritated by the obstacle in its way, and about to bite her. I rose instantly, took one step forward, and at the second, set the heel of my boot upon the reptile's head.

"What is the matter?" she cried, seeing me press my foot hard into the sand.

"Only a viper," I answered; and then, without meaning any particular allusion I added, "I really know not whether it was most rash or reasonable to try to kill him thus at your very feet, where, if I had missed my tread, he might have stung you."

"Oh, right, right," she exclaimed, eagerly; but then she rose, and clasped her hands together, saying, after a pause, "It is always right to set your foot upon a serpent's head—doubtless, you have saved my life."

She spoke very slowly, and earnestly; but the next moment, she resumed an easier, if not a lighter tone, explained to me that the creature she saw lying there was exceedingly poisonous, and that she had often known domestic animals, and even young children die from the bite; but all her commonplaces could not obliterate from my mind the earnestness with which she had said "It is always right to set your foot upon a serpent's head." I fancied I could hardly doubt that those words had some latent meaning, and the suddenness with which she changed her tone, only served to confirm the impression.

I resolved to watch more closely than ever, and I thought to have an opportunity that very day; for Mr. Conway rode out, just to see how his friend the marquis was going on, he said. But a great change had suddenly taken place. To my surprise, and not greatly to my satisfaction, his attentions were now turned toward Beatrice. There were the same quiet low-toned words, the same languid, sleepy sort of smile, the same seeking for an opportunity to say something to her in an under tone. All that was wanting of the conduct I remarked toward her sister, was a certain glance of intelligence and meaning, which he did not assume on the present occasion. Two persons present were greatly annoyed; myself, and Narcissa. Her eyes flashed, her lip curled and quivered, and fiery, Italian wrath seemed ready to burst forth at every moment. I concealed my feelings better; but nevertheless, I watched with painful eagerness, determined to call him to a serious account if he gave me any occasion. I had nothing to complain of in the conduct of Beatrice. I could see her shrink from him, and sometimes, a quick, and fiery flush passed over her cheek, sometimes a look of sickening loathing came into her face, which told plainly that he had no hold upon her regard.

When I retired to my room that night, I tried to examine, calmly and deliberately, my own feelings; but calmness and deliberation were not to be had. Beatrice had wound herself into my heart too deeply to be cast out, whatever reason might say. There were objections certainly. She was much younger than myself, an Italian, a Roman Catholic. But she was so beautiful, so graceful; there was such a tenderness, mingled with a sort of sparkling vivacity in her conversation, so many nameless graces, that not the lover seemed impossible. Her education had been English, too. She had none of the thoughts, none of the feelings, I felt sure, to which we so strongly object in many Italian women, and the only conclusion I could come to, was, to discover, as soon as possible, what progress I had made in her regard. The opportunity presented itself the very next morning. From my window, as I was dressing, I saw her go and seat herself beneath one of the fountains in the farther part of the garden, and I hurried down to obtain a few minutes conversation with her before the rest of the family had risen. She looked up and smiled as I approached, and I seated myself by her side. The beautiful myrtle covered Apennines were sweeping down below us, toward Florence, and rising up toward the sky above, shrouding themselves higher up in their thick chestnut trees. The sky was bright and clear; but the heat of the day had not yet made itself felt, and there was a cool, refreshing morning breeze which took away the languor of an Italian spring day. Her eyes looked brighter than I had ever seen them, and there was a faint, rosy color in her cheek, which added greatly to her beauty. Our conversation was very strange, at least the first part of it. On her part, it consisted altogether of one monosyllable, two or three times repeated. "This is exceedingly beautiful," I said, gazing from her to the landscape. "Could you ever make up your mind to quit these lovely scenes, and dwell in a colder, and less genial land?"

"Yes," she answered.

"And could you there be content and happy, among a people less warm in character, less imbued with taste?"

"Yes," she said, with a sigh, and the color fading away in her cheek.

"And could you go thither with me?" I asked, "and make the whole happiness of one heart that loves you, and brighten one home, where you would reign like one adored?"

"Yes," she answered again; and bent her head till her forehead almost touched her knees.

Then suddenly she started, and, looking up in my face, she added. "But you think not what you do, and I must not let you speak such words, and go on in the same course till you consider well, and determine reasonably." I answered as might be expected, that I had considered, that I had thought what I was doing, and that my happiness depended upon her.

"Then," she answered, "I will never make you unhappy, if it be in woman's power to make you otherwise. But there are many things to be thought of, even before you speak to my father on this subject, and let us think of them, and speak of them calmly. Give me but a moment or two to collect my ideas." She bent down her head upon her hands as she spoke, and there ensued between us a conversation which lasted more than half an hour, which was very grave, and in some degree sad upon her part. Nothing was very clear, nothing was very distinct in it. Twice she mentioned her sister's name, and more than twice we came near the subject which I know was in both our thoughts. But there were feelings of delicacy on both sides which, young as our love was, prevented our speaking our suspicions at that time. That day, however, Mr. Conway rode out again, and as the marquis himself had walked down to a neighboring villa, he lingered about in the gardens with Narcissa by his side. He seemed to have made his peace with her, and Beatrice kept close to me during the whole time of his stay. They gave us plenty of opportunity to converse at our ease, and then it was that I ventured to make some direct remark to my fair companion, in regard to his strange attentions toward her sister. Beatrice looked timidly round, and then clasping her hands together, she murmured, "He is a villain!" Her face was very pale as she spoke; but the subject being once broached, I went on, saying, "Dear Beatrice; if you know him to be such, why not at once call your father's attention to his conduct?" She remained silent for a moment or two; and then looking sadly up in my face, she answered, "I fear my father owes him money. It is right that you should know it; for although I do not believe that you seek wealth with me, yet perhaps you do not know that I shall have nothing. I am not well informed as to the facts; but of that fact, at least, I am sure. These estates pass away at my father's death to a male relation, and I have heard Mr. Conway speak to him of a bond, and of interest due, and I am sure that instead of having any thing to give or to leave, he is in debt to that odious man."

This intelligence did not take me by surprise; for I had heard from my banker that the Marquis di Spezzia was in any thing but easy circumstances. I was therefore prepared to say, at once, that I never expected any thing with Beatrice but her heart, and that if she could give me that I was satisfied. The thoughts of both, however, reverted speedily to the subject of her sister's conduct, and I asked what she thought was to be done, endeavoring to point out, as delicately as I could, the dangerous position in which she was placed.

"If your father is precluded from interfering," I asked, "what can be done?" Suddenly she raised her head, with her eye bright, and her color heightened, and answered in a firm, resolute tone, "I will interfere. I wish to yield to

my sister in every thing. I have never contested any thing with her; but if I see that she is likely to fall down the precipice on the brink of which she stands, I repeat, I will interfere; and I believe there is a power in the honesty of my purpose that will support me, notwithstanding her pride and fiery temper.

Our conversation proceeded for nearly an hour longer without interruption, and it is hardly possible to tell how greatly Beatrice rose in my esteem during that short time. I had loved her with the fondness of a man for a child; but when reverence mingled with fondness, I felt that it was love indeed. About the end of that time, I chanced to look round, and saw Conway and Narcissa standing under the portico of the villa. Her eyes were bent upon the ground; but his were fixed upon myself and Beatrice, with a look not easily forgotten. However, the marquis returned, and seemed evidently annoyed to find Mr. Conway there; and yet he was exceedingly courteous to him.

On the following day we were to return to Florence, and I resolved to take the first opportunity, after our arrival in the city, to inform him of my love for Beatrice, and to ask her hand; but several days elapsed before that opportunity presented itself, and then, to my great surprise and grief, he decidedly rejected my suit. He was highly honored, he said, and so was his daughter; but it could not be. He had the highest esteem and respect for me, but a multitude of considerations prevented his accepting my proposal. I was mortified, and somewhat angry, but still for Beatrice's sake I was about to press for explanations, and endeavor to obviate difficulties, when suddenly, Mr. Conway broke in upon us, with a gay, laughing, jovial air, which he seldom assumed, and which I could evidently see was affected. I could not bear it, and I quitted the house at once, resolving to write what I had to say. I changed my mind, however, before the next morning. Turning all that had occurred in my brain, a suspicion suggested itself that Conway might have something to do with the conduct of the Marquis di Spezzia. I hardly paused to consider his object; to ask myself what could be his designs; but a strong impression took possession of me that he had exercised his power over Beatrice's father, to make him reject one who had remarked his criminal passion for Narcissa, and whom he consequently feared. Love generally becomes more pertinacious from opposition, at least, such was the case with myself, and I determined to make any effort or sacrifice to free Beatrice from the painful situation in which she was placed, and to make her mine. I determined therefore to see the marquis on the following morning, boldly to tell him all I had perceived, and all I suspected, and to offer him any pecuniary assistance which might free him from the trammels into which he had fallen. I went at an hour when I believed I should find him alone; but to my great surprise, I was informed, at the house, that he had gone suddenly with the family to his villa in the country, and I returned mortified and disappointed to the Lung-Arno. I can not describe the state of my mind during that day. My whole thoughts were confused, my purposes varying, and indefinite. That Beatrice should be mine, that I would frustrate the designs of the man I considered my enemy, that I would overcome every difficulty, and tread obstacles under foot, I determined; but how all this was to be accomplished I could not divine. I laid out a hundred plans, many of which were very wild, and perhaps the wildest of them was, to insult Conway, and to force him either to fight me or to drive him from Florence. I suspected, I know not why, that he was a coward, and I thought that if so, I should speedily succeed in one part of my object, at least. Strange, wrong, and imprudent as this course was, I took some steps in its pursuit. I went back to the Via Ghibbelina about three o'clock, and asked for Mr. Conway; but here again I was met by the same reply. He and his family had gone out of town that morning, to the villa on the Apennines. My resolution was immediately taken. I would go thither on the following morning myself, I thought, and force an explanation.

"A letter, sir, in great haste," said my servant, when I reached my hotel. "The messenger would not wait, but he seemed in great anxiety."

I tore the letter open hastily, and found a few words, signed Beatrice di Spezzia. "Come to us immediately," she said; "if you would save us all. I have spoken boldly to my father, and he has confided in me. He is in the power of a villain, as I thought, and is nearly frantic with the agony of his situation. I have spoken for you, my friend, and have told him there is one who will counsel us well, even if he can not assist us. He talks of going to you, but it would be better that you should come without a moment's delay. Oh, come, if you love me, as I believe you do."

I ordered horses to the carriage directly, and set out. It was a glorious evening, with the sun setting in purple majesty in the west, and the moon rising over San Miniato in the east, and mingling their light above; but twilight soon succeeded, and darkness came over the earth as I wound up the long hill on the Bolognese road. I had put my pistols into the carriage, and took my servant on the box, thinking that perhaps before I had done, I might need the assistance of both; but alas! neither pistol nor servant could be of any avail.

It was a little before nine o'clock, when at a spot about half a mile below the Tre Maschere, the carriage turned off down the by-road which led to the villa. The distance was not a quarter of a mile; but about three hundred yards from the entrance to that road, my coachman drew a little to the side, and a carriage with post horses passed us at full speed. At the first in-

dication, I put my head to the window, but the travelers went so rapidly that I could not see who they were. It seemed to be an English carriage, however, and I thought, with some satisfaction, that probably the villain had been already driven from the house. I told the man to drive on quick, and in two or three minutes I was at the back entrance of the villa. It was a villa in Palladian style, graceful, and highly decorated without, but rambling, and somewhat inconvenient within. I found no servants in the hall, though there was a light burning, and I went in to the inner vestibule, whence rose a flight of stairs, leading to the chambers above. I heard voices speaking on the first floor, as I passed the foot of the stairs, and the tones, I know not why, excited some feeling of anxiety. But I went on into the great saloon, and found no one there. There was no one in the little saloon, nor in the dining-room. Turning on my steps, I went back to the stairs, and met an Italian woman servant coming down whom I knew. Her face was covered with tears, and the moment she saw me, she clasped her hands together, with a mute gesture of profound grief, and rushed past me, as if to weep in private. I hesitated no longer, but ran up the stairs, and directed by several voices, entered a room which I believed to be that of Beatrice. There were two or three people in the room—servants, and a man who seemed to be *il medico*—gathered together round a spot on the floor, and I darted forward and pushed them aside. There she lay, beautiful, lovely, even in the deep stillness that had fallen over her. Her face was as pale as ashes, her eyes closed, and all her garments dabbled with blood.

For a moment or two I gazed in horror and despair, and then grasping the arm of the physician, exclaimed, "I charge you, in the presence of all these witnesses, not to let any one quit this house, 'till I bring competent persons to examine into this dreadful transaction."

The man murmured something as to his want of authority; but I shook my finger at him, saying, "Remember, I charge you;" and running back to the carriage, I ordered the coachman to drive to Florence with all speed. How shall I describe my sensations during the journey back? I am afraid almost all my first feelings were those of rage—grief undoubtedly mingling with them; but still with rage predominant. Gradually, however, anger subsided, and gave way to sorrow—deep, profound, intense. So young, so beautiful, so good, so graceful, to be lost at the very moment she was mine! Oh, it was too terrible, and I wept like a very child. For more than one long hour I gave way to feelings very near akin to despair. I felt then how deeply, how truly I had loved her. I felt that I could willingly have sacrificed my life for hers. But grief was vain. Anger only could be satisfied. Vengeance, I thought I would have vengeance, on whosesoever head it might fall. The desire was so strong, the thirst so intense, that it seemed as if my head were turning with it. During the whole of that day, and the one that preceded it, I had been agitated by violent emotions, and now the climax seemed to have come, and my mind was unable to support the weight. As we drove along, all sorts of strange images presented themselves to my eyes: some dark and terrible, some light and ludicrous; all accompanied with a consciousness that they were not real, that the sight which saw them was not sane. This continued all the way down the lower part of the hill, through the gates, to the police-office. But there I could get no one to attend to me. Though I told the inferior officials all that had occurred—though I urged them to immediate action—they still referred me to to-morrow, and I was obliged to return to my hotel, telling me that their chief would call upon me early.

I passed the night in walking up and down my room. Sleep was of course impossible, with a thousand busy fiends tearing my heart, and setting my brain on fire; but about seven o'clock on the following day, the chief of police made his appearance, and my tale was soon told. I am afraid it was somewhat incoherent; and seeing that he thought me mad, I said, "You think my brain troubled, signor, and so perhaps it is; for the scene I witnessed last night, the anguish of my mind, and the utter want of sleep and rest during two days, have made me ill; but I am nevertheless quite well enough to accompany you to the villa Spezzia, and there you will find that all I have said is true."

He told me firmly and decidedly, however, that I should not be permitted to accompany him; that he would go immediately, but go alone, and that in the mean time he insisted I should see a physician. Doctor P—— was sent for, even without my consent, and it was evident that he thought me very ill, for he not only wrote a prescription, but waited with me till the draught had been brought from the apothecary's, and saw me take it. It must have contained some strong narcotic, for in a few minutes I fell into a profound sleep, from which I did not wake till evening. I was refreshed and calmed, and though my grief was as deep as ever, I could let my mind rest upon it tranquilly, though painfully. About an hour after I awoke the chief of police returned, and told me the result of his investigations. He told me he had examined all the servants, and every body in the villa, and that there could be no earthly doubt of the young lady having deliberately destroyed herself. At first I replied furiously that it was false; but remembering the impression my incoherence had produced in the morning, and fearing personal restraint, I soon contrived to conceal my feelings, begged his pardon, and saw him depart with pleasure. It was too late to go out to the villa that night, but with cold, bitter determination I resolved to see the marquis and his eldest daughter on

the following day, and to tell them they had murdered the child and the sister. That she had died by her own hand I would not believe, and I knew well how often the crimes in noble Italian families are vailed by the cautious reports of the police. There was another, too, on whom I resolved to have vengeance: the man who I felt sure had been the cause of all the evil. I would haunt him like an avenging spirit, I thought. I would either bring him to the field, and have life for life, or I would follow him throughout the world, and drive him from society wherever he set his foot. But my first business was with the marquis and his daughter; and I hardened my heart to devise words that might be daggers. My feelings were very strange—such as I had never felt in England. It seemed as if the fierce, unrelenting spirit of old Italy had entered into me, and changed my whole nature.

Sleep I had none that night; and by daylight on the following morning I was ready to depart; but just as I was about to set out, the physician appeared—a mild, tranquil old man, with a good deal of sympathy in his tone—whether the natural breathing of a kindly spirit, or mere professional affectation, I do not know. He would have persuaded me to remain at home, but finding that I was resolved to go, he told me that he had heard the story of the Spezzia family from the chief of police; that he was much interested in it, and that if I could give him a place in my carriage, he would accompany me. I was glad of a companion and a witness, and I let him go. He tried to talk with me by the way. I could see that his object was to soothe and calm me; but I was in no mood for conversation, and I remained silent.

The morning was still cool and fresh when we turned off to the right from the Bologna road, with the summit of that fatal villa rising over the olive and fig trees before us. There was a little village church, with its beautiful campanile, some forty yards to the left of the road, about half way down, and I saw some young peasant girls standing round the open porch, and looking in. It instantly struck me that the body lay there, and I resolved to alight, and look upon her beautiful face once more. How the ban of the Roman Catholic church against suicide had been got over I know not, and stop not to inquire. In that land money and intrigue do every thing, and therefore there was no marvel. I made the coachman stop, and got out, while the old physician followed me uninvited. We walked up the path; the young girls gathered round the door, screening the interior from our sight till we had mounted the steps. Then the sound of our footfalls made them move away to the right and left, and what was it I beheld? Two hand-biers, covered with mortuary cloths, lay just in the entrance from the great door, with the bodies of the dead upon them, and flowers strewed upon the corpses. Gracious Heaven! I shall never forget it! I darted forward. I stood by the side of the biers, and gazed down; but not on the countenance of Beatrice. There were the fine features, the tall, fair brow, the raven locks of her sister Narcissa. There was the thin, worn, anxious countenance of the Marquis di Spezzia. But no Beatrice was there.

"Good God; what is all this?" I exclaimed, looking at the priest who stood by Narcissa. He shook his head sadly, and answered not. But the old physician laid his hand upon my arm, saying, "Come away, come away;" and I returned to the carriage, and drove straight to the villa, resolved to wring some information from the servants. I thought I saw it all. I fancied that they had given the honors of the church to the cruel, the hard-hearted, and the vicious, and refused them to the innocent. The door of the villa stood open, as usual, and there were two servants in the hall, but both ran away at once the moment they saw me. I entered, however, and could hear voices speaking; and the next instant there was a step in the vestibule, coming round the foot of the stairs. I thought I knew the sound of the footfall, but for an instant I could not see; and I wonder I did not fall down dead with the beating of my heart. The next moment Beatrice herself ran forward, with her hair falling over her shoulders, her eyes stained with weeping, but with her arms stretched out toward me. I caught her in my embrace: I pressed her warmly to my bosom: I murmured my surprise and joy, while she sobbed forth, "Thank God! Thank God! I thought even you had deserted me."

Holding her still in my arms, I carried her toward the saloon, where I had seen her lying two days before; but she whispered, "Not there! not there!" and I bore her into the lesser room. But it was long, very long, before I could obtain from her any distinct account of what had happened.

It was all in detached fragments, even when I did hear it; but I found, at length, that the same sight which had deceived me, had, probably, deceived others. It would seem that Narcissa had discovered the fact of Beatrice having sent a messenger to me, and either guessed, or found out the contents of her note. She sought her out in the saloon, and assailed her with fierce and angry language. From her sister's answers she learned that her own criminal intercourse with Conway was discovered, and her father coming in at the moment, a scene ensued which must have been terrible, but the particulars of which I never learned. She boldly avowed her guilt, however, and the frightful position in which she had placed herself.

Excited almost to phrensy, the marquis sought out Conway, and drove him from the house, daring him to do his worst, and receiving back bitter taunts and threats in return. He did not return to the saloon, and for some quarter of an hour, her sister having left her also, Beatrice

remained alone, exhausted and almost overpowered by the scene that had just passed. At length, however, her sister came back, with a knife in her hand, and the poor girl knew not whether her purpose was murder or suicide. Few words passed; for Beatrice sprang up, shrieking for help, and attempted to wrest the knife from her sister's grasp. Her efforts were in vain, however. Narcissa was taller, stronger, endued with the strength of phrensy, and holding her sister back with her left hand, she plunged the knife into her own bosom, exclaiming bitterly, "There! see what you have done! now you are satisfied!" The struggle, the horror, and the anguish were more than the delicate frame of Beatrice could bear, and she fell upon the floor in a death-like fainting-fit, after which she remembered nothing for nearly an hour. Perhaps some remains of sisterly affection—perhaps mere habitual impulse—induced Narcissa to try to catch her sister as she fell, or to raise her when she had fallen; but, certain it is, that she was found by the servants lying across the inanimate form of poor Beatrice, with the fatal knife still in her hand. She was yet living when they discovered her, and bore her to her chamber; but she only survived a few minutes.

When or how the marquis had died no one knew. He was found in his own chamber, seated in his arm-chair, and quite dead. There was no wound or mark of violence upon his body. An empty vial was found in the room, but without any proof that it had ever contained poison, though I had very little doubt that such had been the case. Such was the dark and terrible tragedy at the Villa Spezzia, of which you may hear the neighboring peasantry tell the tale, terribly magnified and distorted. There were many painful things to be done, and various difficulties to be overcome; but the good old medico who had accompanied me from Florence was of infinite service both to me and Beatrice. He soothed and calmed her even better than I could do; for he had more experience of the heart of man and woman, and he brought his medical skill, too, to bear, drawing forth a large pocket-case full of vials, and administering what he knew would tranquillize the dear, unhappy girl. He went, too, to the chief magistrate of the place, to make many arrangements that were necessary, and when he returned, he offered kindly to take the poor girl to his own house, and place her under the care of his wife. No better plan could be devised, and, in the evening, we quitted that dark and melancholy place, and made our way back to Florence. Early on the following day I flew to Beatrice again; but the fatal experience of the last few days had shaken her confidence in all mankind, and she seemed to doubt even my intentions toward her. Those doubts were soon removed, however; for my very first task was to represent to her that, left alone in the world, as she now was, she must endeavor to overcome her grief so far as to become my wife immediately. Her only answer was, as she clung round my neck, "Oh, take me away from this dreadful land as soon as may be."

For a few days, several distant relations visited her frequently, and seemed inclined to interfere; but when they found that all the property left by the marquis, except that which went to a male relation, would not suffice to pay his debts, their visits fell away, and Beatrice was left entirely to her own discretion. At that time great difficulties existed in Italy in regard to the marriage of a Roman Catholic to a Protestant, and the only means of solving them rapidly was to induce the old physician and his wife to cross the Alps with me into France, bringing Beatrice along with them. This was easily accomplished by means that are generally all-powerful with Italians, and, two months after her father's and her sister's death, Beatrice became mine. She remained with me for three happy years, and left me the dear boy you have seen. But her health had received a shock at the Villa Spezzia from which it never recovered, and she died calmly in the end of last May. Her fate was a sad one; but she showed no immoderate grief at the approach of an early death, no eager clinging to life, no anxious terror at the view of the world to come. Instead of perishing by a sister's hand, as I once thought, or by her own, as Narcissa had perished, she died with her babe by her side, with her husband's arms around her, and with the full faith and hope of a Protestant Christian.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE RUSSIAN WAR.

THE "*History of the Peninsular War,*" by Colonel Napier, has become one of the British classics. It is a magnificent tribute to the genius and the grandeur of the Duke of Wellington. Colonel Napier, aiding with his sword in the overthrow of Napoleon, surely will not be accused of being the blind eulogist of his illustrious foe. He thus testifies respecting the character of the French Emperor and the cause he so nobly advocated.

"Deep unmitigated hatred of democracy was indeed the moving spring of the English Tories' policy. *Napoleon was warred against, not, as they pretended, because he was a tyrant and an usurper, for he was neither; not because his invasion of Spain was unjust, but because he was the powerful and successful enemy of aristocratic privilege.* The happiness and independence of the Peninsula, were words without meaning in their state papers and speeches, and their anger and mortification was extreme, when they found success against the Emperor had fostered that democracy it was their object to destroy." *

"Such was Napoleon's situation, and as he

* Napier, vol. iv. p. 260

read the signs of the times truly, he knew that in his military skill, and the rage of the peasants at the ravages of the enemy, he must find the means to extricate himself from his difficulties; *or rather to extricate his country, for self had no place in his policy, save as his personal glory was identified with France and her prosperity. Never before did the world see a man soaring so high and devoid of all selfish ambition.* Let those who, honestly seeking truth, doubt this, study Napoleon carefully. Let them read the record of his second abdication, published by his brother Lucien, that stern republican who refused kingdoms as the price of his principles, *and they will doubt no longer.*"*

"Napoleon's power was supported in France by that *deep sense of his goodness as a sovereign, and that admiration for his genius, which pervaded the poorer and middle classes of the people; by the love which they bore toward him, and still bear for his memory; because he cherished the principles of a just equality. They loved him also for his incessant activity in the public service, his freedom from all private vices, and because his public works, wondrous for their number, their utility and grandeur, never stood still.* Under him the poor man never wanted work. To France he gave noble institutions, a comparatively just code of laws, and glory unmatched since the days of the Romans."†

"*The troops idolized Napoleon. Well they might. And to assert that their attachment commenced only when they became soldiers, is to acknowledge that his excellent qualities, and greatness of mind, turned hatred into devotion the moment he was approached. But Napoleon never was hated by the people of France; he was their own creation, and they loved him so as monarch was never loved before.* His march from Cannes to Paris, surrounded by hundreds of thousands of poor men, who were not soldiers, can never be effaced nor disfigured. For six weeks, at any moment, any assassin might, by a single shot, have acquired the reputation of a tyrannicide, and obtained vast rewards besides, from the trembling monarchs and aristocrats of the earth, who scrupled not to instigate men to the shameful deed. Many there were base enough to undertake, but none so hardy as to execute the crime, and Napoleon, guided by the people of France, passed unharmed to a throne, from whence it required a million of foreign bayonets to drive him. From the throne they drove him, but not from the thoughts and hearts of men."‡

"But as I have before said, and it is true, *Napoleon's ambition was for the greatness and prosperity of France, for the regeneration of Europe, for the stability of the system which he had formed with that end, never for himself personally; and hence it is that the multitudes of many nations instinctively revere his memory.* And neither the monarch nor the aristocrat, dominant though they be by his fall, feel themselves so easy in their high places, as to rejoice much in their victory."*

In 1814, the white colors (the Bourbon flag) were supported by foreign armies, and misfortune *had bowed the great democratic chief to the earth;* but when rising again in his wondrous might he came back alone from Elba, the poorer people, with whom only patriotism is ever to be found, and that because they are too poor, and therefore unsophisticated, crowded to meet him and hail him as a father. Not because they held him blameless. Who born of woman is? They demanded redress of grievances, even while they clung instinctively to him as their stay and protection against the locust tyranny of aristocracy.†

The principal charges which have been brought against Napoleon are the massacre of the prisoners at Jaffa, and the poisoning of the sick in the hospital there, the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, the invasion of Spain, the divorce of Josephine, and the war with Russia. He has also generally been accused of deluging Europe in blood, impelled by his love of war, and to gratify his *insatiable ambition.* We have thus far recorded in reference to these cases, the facts, together with Napoleon's explanations, and also the searching comment of his foes. Before entering upon a narrative of the events of the Russian campaign, it is necessary with some degree of minuteness, to explain the complicated causes of the war.

William Hazlitt, in the following terms, records his view of the influence of England in promoting the Russian war. "Let a country," says he, "be so situated as to annoy others at pleasure, but to be itself inaccessible to attack; let it be subject to a head who is governed entirely by his will and passions, and either deprived of or deaf to reason; let it go to war with a neighboring state wrongfully, or for the worst of all possible causes, to overturn the independence of a nation and the liberties of mankind; let it be defeated, at first by the spirit and resentment kindled by a wanton and unprovoked attack, and by the sense of shame and irresolution occasioned by the weakness of its pretended motives and the baseness of its real ones; let it, however, persevere, and make a

* Napier, vol. iv. p. 331. † Ibid. p. 228. ‡ Ibid. p. 229.

* Napier, vol. iv. p. 358.

At an Educational Convention, held not long since in Pittsburg, Mass., Bishop Alonzo Potter, of Pennsylvania, is reported to have made the following remarks:

"A series of articles are now being published in one of the popular periodicals of the day, said to be written by a clergyman. I hope for the honor of the profession, this is not so. These articles throw the halo of glory around the character of a selfish, ambitious, and bloody man. They make him out kind, benevolent, and almost every thing that is good—making his crimes virtues, because developed upon such an enormous scale. Now if a man *lies*, it is our duty if we speak of him historically, to *say* he *lies*. Away with literature that would make a paragon of excellence out of a monster."

The writer of these articles would respectfully submit the question to his highly esteemed Christian brother, Bishop Potter, if the man who can win, even from his enemies, such testimony as we have given above, merits the epithet of a *monster*. † Napier, vol. iv. p. 355.

vow of lasting hatred and of war to extermination, listening only to disappointed pride and revenge, and relying on its own security; let it join with others influenced by similar counsels, but not exempted, by their situation, from suffering the consequences, or paying the just and natural forfeit of disgrace, disaster, and mortification for the wrong they had meant to inflict on truth and liberty; let it still hold out, watching or making opportunities to bully, to wheedle, to stir up the passions, or tempt the avarice of countries, smarting under old wounds, to engage in new wars for which they are not prepared, and of which they undergo all the punishment; let it laugh at the flames that consume the vitals of other kingdoms, exult in the blood that is shed, and boast that it is the richer for all the money that it squanders; let it, after having exhausted itself in invectives against anarchy and licentiousness, and made a military chieftain necessary to suppress the very evils it had engendered, cry out against despotism and arbitrary sway; let it, unsatisfied with calling to its aid all the fury of political prejudice and national hatred, proceed to blacken the character of the only person who can baffle its favorite projects, so that his name shall seem to taint the air and his existence to oppress the earth, and all this without the least foundation, by the means of a free press, and from the peculiar and almost exclusive pretension of a whole people to morality and virtue; let the deliberate and total disregard of truth and decency produce irritation and ill blood; let the repeated breach of treaties impose new and harder terms on kings who have no respect to their word, and nations who have no will of their own; let the profligate contempt of the ordinary rules of warfare cause reprisals, and give a handle to complain against injustice and foul play; let the uselessness of all that had been done, or that is possible, to bring about a peace, and disarm an unrelenting and unprincipled hostility, lead to desperate and impracticable attempts, and the necessary consequence will be that the extreme wrong will assume the appearance of the extreme right; nations groaning under the iron yoke of the victor, and forgetting that they were the aggressors, will only feel that they are the aggrieved party, and will endeavor to shake off their humiliation at whatever cost; subjects will make common cause with their rulers to remove the evils which the latter have brought upon them. In the indiscriminate confusion, nations will be attacked that have given no sufficient or immediate provocation, and their resistance will be the signal for a general rising. In the determination not to yield till all is lost, the war will be carried on to a distance, and on a scale, when success becomes doubtful at every step, and reverses, from the prodigious extent of the means employed, more disastrous and irretrievable; and thus, without any other change in the object or principles of the war than a perseverance in iniquity, and an utter defiance of consequences, the original wrong, aggravated a thousand-fold, shall turn to seeming right—impending ruin to assured triumph; and marches to Paris and exterminating manifestoes not only gain impunity and forgiveness, but be converted into religious processions, *Te Deums*, and solemn-breathing strains for the deliverance of mankind. So much can be done by the willful infatuation of one country and one man."*

Russia was now continuing daily to exhibit a more hostile aspect. Disappointed in the cooperation expected from Napoleon, Alexander returned to the policy of the nobles. The inhabitants of Sweden, disgusted with the conduct of their mad king, Gustavus IV., ejected him from the throne. Hoping to secure popular rights, and to obtain the favor of France against the encroachments of Russia, they elected, after various political vicissitudes, Bernadotte to the vacant throne. The Prince of Ponte-Corvo was a marshal of France. He was one of the ablest of Napoleon's generals. He had married Mademoiselle Clary, a sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. The Swedish electors supposed that this choice would be peculiarly gratifying to Napoleon; but it was not so. Though Napoleon had ever treated Bernadotte with great kindness and forbearance, there was but little sympathy between them. When informed of the election, Napoleon replied, "It would not become me, the elected monarch of the people, to set myself against the elective franchise of other nations. I, however," he afterward said, "felt a secret instinct that Bernadotte was a serpent, whom I was nourishing in my bosom."

* "Previously to entering into a narrative of this war," says the Duke of Rovigo, "I must relate how it was actually forced upon us; for, as to our desiring or courting it, I might afford ample proof of the assertion that nothing could be more opposed to the Emperor's views, if the plainest common sense were not sufficient to remove all suspicion of his having brought it upon himself, in the midst of the numberless difficulties he had then to contend with The powers of Europe were waging nothing short of a war of extermination against France, who no longer fought but in her own defense. The Emperor was anxious for the maintenance of peace in Europe. He could not, unaided, effect this object without keeping the nation continually under arms, and overburdening its finances. It had, moreover, been proved by experience that this was not the means of avoiding war, but was, on the contrary, a ground for alarm for foreign states, and afforded them a pretense for recurring to arms whenever a favorable opportunity might present itself. The alliance of Tilsit had no other object in view than the humiliation of England, or, in other words, a general pacification, as England was the only existing obstacle to it. Peace was the constant aim of the Emperor Napoleon, who was too enlightened not to discover that the stability of his power and his own safety depended only upon peace. England had, in full Parliament, proclaimed a perpetual war, and she kept up to this principle. Napoleon made every sacrifice, and exhausted every means of conciliation in his power to bring the Russians back to the real interests of Europe. He failed in this struggle against the artifices of the British cabinet—against the irresistible efforts of a power which was fighting for its very existence, with the inexhaustible resources which the treasures and commerce of the world and her aptitude for business could not fail to place at her disposal." —*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iii. p 137, 138.

The newly-elected prince immediately paid his respects to the Emperor, who received him frankly: "As you are offered the crown of Sweden," said Napoleon, "I permit you to accept it. I had another wish, as you know. But, in short, it is your sword which has made you a king, and you are sensible that it is not for me to stand in the way of your good fortune." He then entered very fully with him into the whole plan of his policy, in which Bernadotte appeared entirely to concur. Every day he attended the Emperor's levée with his son, mixing with the other courtiers. By such means he completely gained the heart of Napoleon.

He was about to depart poor. Unwilling that his general should present himself to the Swedish throne in that necessitous state like a mere adventurer, the Emperor generously presented him with four hundred thousand dollars out of his own treasury. He even granted to his family the endowments, which, as a foreign prince, Bernadotte could no longer himself retain; and they finally parted on apparently terms of mutual satisfaction.*

Alexander had for a long time been importunate in his demands that Napoleon should pledge himself that the kingdom of Poland should never be re-established, and that the duchy of Warsaw, which had been the Prussian share of Poland, should receive no accession of strength. On the absolute refusal of Napoleon to consent to these conditions, Alexander replied, in language of irritation and menace,

"What means Russia," said Napoleon, to the envoy of Alexander, "by holding such language? Does she desire war? If I had wished to re-establish Poland, I need but have said so, and should not have, in that case, withdrawn my troops from Germany. But I will not dishonor myself by declaring that the Polish kingdom shall never be re-established, nor render myself ridiculous by using the language of the Divinity. It would sully my memory to put my seal to an act which recognized the partition of Poland. Much more would it dishonor me to declare that the realm should never be restored. No! I can enter into no engagement that would operate against the brave people who have served me so well, and with such constant goodwill and devotion."

Alexander next demanded that Napoleon should guarantee to him the possession of the right bank and the mouths of the Danube, and also of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia. But Napoleon, in deference to Turkey and Austria, refused to lend his assistance to these acts of encroachment. He would simply consent to leave those nations to settle those difficulties among themselves, without any interference on his part.

The English cabinet immediately took advantage of these new perplexities into which Napoleon was plunged. Agents were sent to St. Petersburgh to form a new coalition against Napoleon. Constitutional England and despotic Russia joined hands to crush the "Emperor of the Republic." The Cabinet of St. James opened its treasures of gold to the Czar, and offered the most efficient co-operation with its resistless navy and its strong armies. The Russians were encouraged to hostilities by the assurance that Napoleon was so entangled in the Spanish war, that he could withdraw no efficient forces to resist the armies of Russia.

"During the last months of my sojourn in St. Petersburgh," says Caulaincourt, "how frequently did Alexander make me the confidant of his anxious feelings. England, the implacable enemy of France, maintained secret agents at the court of Russia, for the purpose of stirring up disaffection and discontent around the throne. The English cabinet was well aware that a propaganda war was impossible as long as Russia should continue allied to France. On this point all the powers were agreed, and the consequence was that all the sovereigns were perjured, one only excepted. He was to be seduced from his allegiance or doomed to destruction. Alexander, at the period to which I am now referring, was no longer a gay, thoughtless young man. The circumstances by which he found himself surrounded had forced a train of serious reflection on his mind, and he seemed perfectly to understand the peculiarity of his personal position. In his private conversations with me, he often said many things which he would not have said to his own brothers, and which possibly he could not have said with safety to his ministers. Beneath an exterior air of confidence, he concealed the most gloomy apprehensions. In the irritated feeling which then pervaded the public mind in Russia, Alexander's intimacy with the French embassador was severely reprehended, and he knew it. We sometimes enjoyed a hearty laugh at finding ourselves compelled to make assignations with as much secrecy as two young lovers. "My dear Caulaincourt," said Alexander to me one evening, when we were conversing on the balcony of the Empress's apartments, "Napoleon ought to be made acquainted with the plots which are here hatching against him. I have concealed nothing from you, my dear duke. In my confidence, I have perhaps overstepped the limits of strict propriety. Tell your Emperor all that I have revealed to you; tell him all that you have seen and read; tell him that here the earth trembles beneath my feet—that here, in my own empire, he has rendered my position intolerable by his violation of treaties. Transmit to him from me this candid and final declaration. If once the war be fairly entered upon, either he, Alexander, or I, Napoleon, must lose our crown."* The violation of treaties here referred to was Napoleon's seizure of the territories of Oldenburg to prevent smuggling.

Napoleon, weary of fields of blood, was ex-

* Segur's Expedition to Russia, vol. i. p. 4.

* Recollections of Caulaincourt, vol. i. p. 76.

tremely reluctant again to draw the sword. The consolidation of his empire demanded peace. France, after a struggle of twenty years against combined Europe, was anxious for repose. Under these circumstances, Napoleon again made the most strenuous endeavors to promote peace. He sent an envoy to the Czar, with assurances of his most kind, fraternal feelings. He pledged himself that he would do nothing, directly or indirectly, to instigate the re-establishment of the Kingdom of Poland; promised any reasonable indemnification for past grievances; and even consented to allow Russia to *relax* the rigors of the Continental system, by opening her ports, under licenses, to English goods. But Russia was now under the influence of the cabinet of St. James. The English could not long retain their positions in the Peninsula, unless they could cause Napoleon again to be assailed from the North. The war party was in the ascendant. In these concessions of Napoleon, the Czar thought he saw but indications of weakness. He therefore, influenced by the hostile nobles, replied that he would accept the terms, provided, first, that Napoleon would pledge himself *to resist any attempt of the Poles to regain their independence; secondly, that he would allow Russia to take possession of a portion of the Duchy of Warsaw; and thirdly, that he would withdraw all his troops from Germany, and retire beyond the Rhine.*

Kourakin, the Russian embassador, in submitting this insulting ultimatum to the cabinet of the Tuileries, signified his intention to quit Paris in eight days if they were not accepted. The indignation of Napoleon was strongly aroused. "It was long," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "since I had been accustomed to such a tone, and I was not in the habit of allowing myself to be anticipated. I could have marched to Russia at the head of the rest of Europe. The enterprise was popular. The cause was European. It was the last effort that remained to be made by France. Her fate, and that of the new European system, depended upon the struggle. Russia was the last resource of England. Yet Alexander and I were in the condition of two boasters, who, without wishing to fight, were endeavoring to frighten each other. I would most willingly have maintained peace, being surrounded and overwhelmed by unfavorable circumstances. And all I have since learned convinces me that Alexander was even less desirous of war than myself." *

In reference to these difficulties Napier says: "The unmatched power of Napoleon's genius was now being displayed in a wonderful manner. His interest, his inclination, and his expectation were alike opposed to a war with Russia. But Alexander and himself, each hoping that a menacing display of strength would reduce the other to negotiation, advanced step by step, till blows could no longer be avoided. Napoleon, a man capable of sincere friendship, had relied too much and too long on the existence of a like feeling in the Russian Emperor. And, misled perhaps by the sentiment of his own energy, did not sufficiently allow for the daring intrigues of a court where secret combinations of the nobles formed the real governing power.

"With a court so situated, angry negotiations, once commenced, rendered war inevitable, and the more especially that the Russian cabinet, which had long determined on hostilities, though undecided as to the time of drawing the sword, was well aware of the secret designs and proceedings of Austria in Italy, and of the discontent of Murat. The Hollanders were known to desire independence, and the deep hatred which the people of Prussia bore to the French was matter of notoriety. Bernadotte, who very early had resolved to cast down the ladder by which he rose, was the secret adviser of these practices against Napoleon's power in Italy, and he was also in communication with the Spaniards. Thus Napoleon, having a war

* "However Napoleon, who always strove to cast upon his adversaries the responsibility of the wars, and who seemed to march but with regret to those fields of battle, which constantly served to increase the glory of his name, would not commence hostilities with his friend of Erfurth without seeking to bring about a reconciliation between them, on which depended the repose of Europe. He wrote to him several times with this aim in view. In one of his letters he said:

"'This is the repetition of that which beheld in Prussia in 1806, and at Vienna in 1809. For myself, I shall remain the personal friend of your Majesty, even if that fatality, which misleads all Europe, should one day place arms in the hands of our two nations. I shall regulate myself solely by your Majesty. I shall never commence the attack. My troops will not advance until your Majesty shall have broken the treaty of Tilsit. I shall be the first to disarm if your Majesty will re-establish the confidence that existed between us. Have you ever had cause to repent thereof?'

"This moderate language made the Emperor Alexander believe that Napoleon feared an open rupture, and that he was not ready for war. He was confirmed in this opinion by the reports which M. de Romanzoff received from Paris, which represented the Emperor as disposed to make any sacrifices to avoid a fresh collision on the Continent."—*Life of Napoleon*, by M. LAURENT DE L'ARDECHE, vol. xi. p. 68.

"The difference between France and Russia, it is generally stated, was caused by Napoleon's annexing the territories of several members of the Confederation of the Rhine to France. Among these was the Duke of Oldenburg, who refused to take Erfurth, with the territory appertaining to it, in exchange for his duchy, and preferred to retire to the court of the Emperor of Russia, his near relation. But in fact the chief cause of the war between France and Russia was, that Alexander would not adhere so closely to the Continental system as he had promised at Erfurth. Napoleon thought that peace could be obtained but by carrying this system through. He had made too many sacrifices already in maintaining it to be willing to give it up. Moreover, he saw that the two empires would necessarily come to war as soon as Russia should attempt to execute her plans upon Constantinople, which Western Europe would not permit. Napoleon was then at the head of such a force as he might never again be able to command, and thought it a great object to prevent the execution of the projects of the Russian Colossus. The formidableness of this gigantic power to the rest of Europe, and the necessity of clipping the wings of its ambition are now sufficiently apparent."—*Encyclopædia Americana*, Article "NAPOLEON."

in Spain which required three hundred thousand men to keep in a balanced state, was forced, by resistless circumstances, into another and more formidable contest in the distant North, when the whole of Europe was prepared to rise upon his lines of communication, and when his extensive sea frontier was exposed to the all-powerful navy of Great Britain."*

Military preparations of enormous magnitude were now made on both sides, to prepare for a conflict which seemed inevitable. The war with England was the cause of all these troubles. Peace with England would immediately bring repose to the world. Napoleon was so situated that he was exposed to blows, on every side, from the terrible fleet of England. He could strike no blows in return. Britannia needed "no bulwarks to frown along the steep." No French battery could throw a shot across the Channel. But the fleet of England could bombard the cities of France and of her allies, ravage their colonies, and consume their commerce. Under these circumstances, Napoleon condescended to make still another effort to disarm the hostility of his implacable foe. "According to his usual custom," says Alison, "when about to commence the most serious hostilities, Napoleon made proposals of peace to England. The terms now offered were, 'That the integrity of Spain should be guaranteed; that France should renounce all extension of her empire on the side of the Pyrenees; that the reigning dynasty of Spain should be declared independent, and the country governed by the national institution of the Cortes; that the independence and security of Portugal should be guaranteed, and the house of Braganza reign in that kingdom; that the kingdom of Naples should remain in the hands of its present ruler, and that of Sicily with its present king; and that Spain, Portugal, and Italy should be evacuated by the French and British troops, both by land and sea.'

"To these proposals Lord Castlereagh replied, that if by the term 'reigning dynasty' the French government meant the royal authority of Spain and its government as now vested in Joseph Bonaparte and the Cortes assembled under his authority, and not the government of Ferdinand VII., no negotiations could be admitted on such a basis."

The desire for peace must have been inconceivably strong in the bosom of Napoleon, to have rendered it possible for him thus perseveringly to plead with his arrogant foes. He was repulsed, insulted, treated with unblushing perfidy, renewedly assailed without warning; and yet, for the sake of suffering humanity, he never ceased to implore peace. He was finally crushed by the onset of a million of bayonets. His great heart yielded to the agony of St. Helena, and then his triumphant foes piled upon the tomb of their victim the guilt of their own deeds of aggression and blood. In consequence the noble name of Napoleon is now, in the mouths of thousands, but a by-word and a mockery—but the synonym for *blood-thirstiness and insatiable ambition.* An act more ungenerous than this earth has never witnessed. But God is just. He will yet lay "judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet."

Sir Walter Scott, unable to deny this new pacific overture, disingenuously seeks to attribute it to some unworthy motive. "It might be," says he, "Lord Wellington's successes, or the lingering anxiety to avoid a war involving so many contingencies as that of Russia, or it might be a desire to impress the French public that he was always disposed toward peace, that induced Napoleon to direct the Duke of Bassano to write a letter to Lord Castlereagh. This feeble effort toward a general peace having altogether miscarried, it became a subject of consideration whether the approaching breach between the two great empires could not yet be prevented."*

In reference to these conciliatory efforts of Napoleon, Lockhart says, "He, thus called on to review with new seriousness the whole condition and prospects of his empire, appears to have felt very distinctly that neither could be secure unless an end were by some means put to the war with England. He, in effect, opened a communication with the English government, when the fall of Badajos was announced to him, but, ere the negotiation had proceeded many steps, his pride returned upon him with its original obstinacy, and the renewed demand that Joseph should be recognized King of Spain abruptly closed the intercourse of the diplomatists. Such being the state of the Peninsula, and all hope of an accommodation with England at an end, it might have been expected that Napoleon would have spared no efforts to accommodate his differences with Russia."

Napier says, "The proposal for peace which he made to England before his departure for the Niemen, is another circumstance where his object appears to have been misrepresented. In this proposal for peace he offered to acknowledge the house of Braganza in Portugal, the house of Bourbon in Sicily, and to withdraw his army from the Peninsula, if England would join him in guaranteeing the crown of Spain to Joseph, together with a constitution, to be arranged by a national Cortes. This was a virtual renunciation of the Continental System for the sake of a peace with England, and a proposal which obviated the charge of aiming at universal dominion, seeing that Austria, Spain, Portugal, and England would have retained their full strength, and the limits of his empire would have been fixed. The offer was also made at a time when the emperor was certainly more powerful than he had ever yet been—when Portugal was, by the avowal of Wellington himself, far from secure, and Spain quite exhausted. At peace with England, Napoleon

* Napier, vol. iii. p. 273.

* Scott's Napoleon, vol. ii. p 112.

could easily have restored the Polish nation, and Russia would have been suppressed. Now Poland has fallen, and Russia stalks in the plenitude of her barbarous tyranny."*

Napoleon was now compelled to gather up his strength to contend against England upon the sea, the gigantic empire of Russia in the North, and the insurgents of Spain and Portugal in the South, roused, strengthened, and guided by the armies of Great Britain. It was an Herculean enterprise. With Herculean energy Napoleon went forth to meet it. His allies rallied around him with enthusiasm. It was the struggle of liberty against despotism. It was a struggle of the friends of reformed governments and of popular rights, throughout Europe, against the partisans of the old feudal aristocracy.

In every country of Europe there were at this time two parties—the aristocratic and the popular. On the whole they were not very unequally divided. Napoleon was the gigantic heart of the popular party, and the mighty pulsations of his energies throbbed through Europe. The aristocratic party was dominant in England. The popular party was trampled in the dust.† Aristocratic England and despotic Russia now grasped hands in congenial alliance.

Some persons connected with the ancient nobility, intimated that it would be hazardous for Napoleon to leave France upon so distant an expedition, as conspiracies might be formed against his government. "Why," exclaimed Napoleon, "do you menace my absence with the different parties still alleged to exist in the interior of the empire? Where are they? I see but a single one against me, that of a few royalists, the principal part of whom are of the ancient *noblesse*, old and inexperienced. But they dread my downfall more than they desire it. That which I have accomplished of the most beneficial description, is the stemming of the revolutionary torrent. It would have swallowed up every thing, Europe and yourselves. I have united the most opposite parties, amalgamated rival classes, and yet there exist among you some obstinate nobles who resist, who refuse my places. Very well! What is that to me? It is for your advantage, for your security that I offer them to you. What would you do singly by yourselves and without me? You are a mere handful opposed to masses. Do you not see that it is necessary to put an end to this struggle between the *commons* and the *nobility*, by a complete fusion of all that is worthy of preservation in the two classes? I offer you the hand of amity, and you reject it. But what need have I of you? While I support you, I do myself injury in the eyes of the people. *For what am I but the king of the commons?* Is not that sufficient?"

Napoleon immediately called upon his allies for assistance. Prussia, Austria, Italy, Bavaria, Saxony, Westphalia, and the various states of the Rhenish Confederation, responded generously to the call. All of these states, except Prussia and Austria, had thoroughly imbibed the principles of revolutionized France. Austria was now allied to Napoleon by marriage. Prussia, wavering between despotism and liberty, hesitatingly arrayed herself under the banners of France. Napoleon soon found nearly five hundred thousand men, all ready with enthusiasm to follow his guidance.*

* Napier, vol. iii. p. 275.

† Colonel Napier thus candidly describes the political state of England at this time: "The new administration, despised by the country, were not the less powerful in Parliament. Its domestic proceedings were therefore characterized by all the corruption and tyranny of Mr. Pitt's system, without his redeeming genius. The press was persecuted with malignant ferocity, and the government sought to corrupt all that it could not trample upon. Meanwhile, all thinking men, who were not biassed by factions, or dazzled by military splendor, perceived in the enormous expenses incurred to *express the democratic principle*, and in the consequent transfer of property, the sure foundation of future reaction and revolution. The distress of the working classes had already produced partial insurrections, and the nation at large was beginning to perceive that the governing powers, whether representative or executive, were capacious usurpers of the people's rights."

"Napoleon's Continental System, although of the nature of a sumptuary law, which the desires of men will never suffer to exist long in vigor, was yet so efficient, that the British government was forced to encourage and protect illicit trading, to the great detriment of mercantile morality. The island of Heligoland was the chief point of deposit for this commerce, and either by trading energy, or by the connivance of continental governments, the Emperor's system was continually baffled. Nevertheless, its effects will not quickly pass away. It pressed sorely upon the manufactures at the time, and, by giving rise to rival establishments on the Continent, has awakened in Germany a commercial spirit by no means favorable to England's manufacturing superiority. The foreign policy of the government was very simple; namely, to bribe all powers to war with France. Hence to Russia every thing save specie was granted. Hence, also, amicable relations with Sweden were immediately re-established, and the more readily, that this power had lent herself to the violation of the Continental System, by permitting the entry of British goods at Stralsund."—NAPIER'S *Peninsular War*, vol. iii. p. 276.

* Colonel Napier testifies to the treachery which at that time influenced the courts of Austria and Prussia.

"It has already been shown that, while negotiating with France an offensive and defensive treaty in 1812, the Austrian cabinet was cognizant of, and secretly aiding the plan of a vast insurrection, extending from the Tyrol to Calabria, and other Illyrian provinces. The management of this scheme was intrusted by the British cabinet to General Nugent and Mr. King, who were at Vienna. Their agents went from thence to Italy and the Illyrian coast. Many Austrian officers were engaged in the project; and Italians of great families entered into commercial houses, to enable them with more facility to carry out this plan. Moreover, Austria, while actually signing the treaty with Napoleon, was, with unceasing importunity, urging Prussia to join the Russians in opposition to him. The feeble operations of Prince Schwartzenberg, the manner in which he uncovered the Emperor's right flank, and permitted Tchitchagoff to move to the Berresina, in the Russian campaign, were but continuations of this deceitful policy. And it was openly advanced as a merit by the Austrian cabinet, that her offer of mediation, after the battle of Bautzen, was made solely with the view of gaining time to organize the army which was to join the Russians and Prussians. Finally, the armistice itself was violated, hostilities being commenced before its termination, to enable the Russian troops safely to join the Austrians in Bohemia."—NAPIER, vol. iv. p. 325.

Poland was almost in a phrensy of joy. She felt that the hour of her redemption had come. The nation was ready, as one man, to rally beneath the banners of Napoleon, if he would but shield them from their resistless oppressors. But sixteen millions of people, surrounded by hostile Russia, Prussia, and Austria, could do nothing alone. Napoleon was exposed to the most cruel perplexity. All his sympathies were with the Poles. But Francis of Austria had become his ally and his father-in-law. With Francis, political considerations were far stronger than parental ties. Austria would immediately have joined the Russian alliance, had Napoleon wrested from her her Polish provinces. Napoleon was also still hoping to effect a speedy peace with Russia, and wished to do nothing to increase the animosity of the Czar.

Alexander had now assembled an immense army near the banks of the Niemen, and about the middle of April placed himself at the head of his troops. Napoleon having made the necessary arrangements for the government of France during his absence, departed on the 9th of May for Dresden, on his way to join the grand army. Maria Louisa accompanied him. The progress of the imperial pair was a continual triumph. Banners of welcome, triumphal arches, processions of maidens, ringing of bells, music and acclamations greeted them wherever they appeared. The enthusiasm was as great in Germany as in France. Crowds thronged the road sides to catch a glimpse of the illustrious man whose renown filled the world.

Dresden, the capital of Saxony, had been named by Napoleon as the general rendezvous for the kings and princes in alliance with him. Among those who were there awaiting the arrival of the French Emperor and his consort, were the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the King of Prussia, who came however uninvited, the Kings of Saxony, Naples, Bavaria, Wirtemburg, and Westphalia, and a crowd of minor princes. The Emperor occupied the grand apartments of the palace. The regards of all men were turned to him. The gates of the palace were ever thronged with multitudes eager to see that controlling spirit at whose word nearly all Europe was ready to march into the unknown regions of the north. Napoleon was under the necessity of exerting a private influence to secure some attention being paid to the Emperor Francis, who was in danger of being entirely overlooked. Napoleon on all occasions granted the precedence to his father-in-law. Frederic William wandered through these brilliant scenes, abject and melancholy.*

It is worthy of remark, that Napoleon had not at Dresden a single armed Frenchman in attendance upon his person. He was entirely under the protection of his German allies. When subsequently at St. Helena, reminded of this fact, he remarked, "I was in so good a family, with such worthy people, that I ran no risk. I was beloved by all, and at this moment, I am sure that the King of Saxony daily prays for me."

Napoleon remained at Dresden about a fortnight. During this time he was incessantly occupied dictating dispatches relative to the campaign about to be opened, and to the conduct of the war in Spain. Immense quantities of men, horses, provisions, and baggage of every description, were moving from all parts of the European continent, toward the banks of the Niemen. Such an array was congregated as had never before been seen in modern Europe. Napoleon, being thus prepared for war, and with such forces as to render success apparently certain, made a new attempt at negotiation with the Czar. He dispatched the Count Narbonne to Wilna, the head quarters of Alexander, to propose terms of accommodation. But neither Alexander nor his ministers would condescend even to grant the envoy an audience. When Napoleon was informed of this contemptuous repulse, he calmly said, "The vanquished have assumed the tone of victors. They are drawn by fate which has decreed their destiny." Orders were immediately given for the army to advance and to cross the Niemen. He then issued the following proclamation:*

"Soldiers! the second war of Poland has commenced. The first war terminated at Friedland and Tilsit. At Tilsit, Russia swore eternal alliance with France, and war with England. She has openly violated her oath, and refuses to offer any explanation of her strange conduct till the French Eagle shall have passed the Rhine, and consequently shall have left her allies at her discretion. Russia is impelled onward by fatality. Her destiny is about to be accomplished. Does she believe that we have degenerated? that we are no longer the soldiers of Austerlitz? She has placed us between dishonor and war. The choice can not for an instant be doubtful. Let us march forward then.

* "The principal object of the Emperor Napoleon, was to exhibit to the eyes of Russia in this assembly of kings and princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, the evidence of his alliance with them, to bind his allies to him more closely, and through the influence of that paternity, combined with a grand display of forces, to induce Russia to return to a friendly spirit; for I can not repeat too often, that Napoleon entered upon this war with extreme reluctance, and to the very last moment he cherished the hope of avoiding it. But the cold and inflexible attitude of the Czar, his reserve, his persistence in requirements which could not be admitted, because they were humiliating, convinced Napoleon that Alexander had chosen his part, and that he was two deeply involved in engagements with England to draw back."—*Napoleon et Marie Louise, Souvenirs Historique*, DE M. LE BARON MENEVAL, tome ii. p. 18.

* "A conqueror's march to Moscow amid such dangers was a design more vast, more hardy, more astounding, than ever before entered the imagination of man; yet it was achieved and solely by the force of his genius. Napoleon was undoubtedly anxious to avoid it (the war with Russia) while the Spanish contest continued; yet with a far reaching European policy, in which his English adversaries were deficient, he foresaw and desired to check the growing strength of that fearful and wicked power, which now menaces the civilized world."—NAPIER, vol. iii. p. 275

and crossing the Niemen, carry the war into her territories. The second war of Poland will be to the French arms as glorious as the first. But our next peace must carry with it its own guarantee, and put an end to that arrogant influence which for the last fifty years, Russia has exercised over the affairs of Europe."

Napoleon seems to have entertained no apprehension respecting the result of the war. "Never," said he, "was the success of an expedition more certain. I see on all sides nothing but probabilities in my favor. Not only do I advance at the head of the immense forces of France, Italy, Germany, the Confederation of the Rhine and Poland, but the two monarchies which have hitherto been the most powerful auxiliaries of Russia against me, have now ranged themselves on my side. They espouse my cause with the zeal of my oldest friends. Why should I not number in a similar class, Turkey and Sweden? The former is at this moment in all probability, resuming its arms against the Russians. Bernadotte hesitates, it is true, but he is a Frenchman. He will regain his old associations on the first cannon shot. He will not refuse to Sweden so favorable an opportunity to avenge the disasters of Charles XII. Never again can such a favorable combination of circumstances be anticipated. I feel that it draws me on, and if Alexander persists in refusing my propositions, I shall pass the Niemen."*

In the following words Napoleon gave utterance to his peculiar ideas of destiny. "Do you dread the war as endangering my life? It was thus that in the times of conspiracy, attempts were made to frighten me about Georges. He was said to be every where upon my track: that the wretched being was to fire at me. Well! suppose he had. He would at the utmost have killed my aid-de-camp. But to kill me was impossible. Had I at that time accomplished the decrees of Fate? I feel myself impelled toward a goal, of which I am ignorant. The moment I have reached it, as soon as I am no longer of service, an atom then will suffice to put me down. But till then all human efforts will avail nothing against me. Whether I am in Paris, or with the army, is therefore quite indifferent. When my hour comes, a fever, or a fall from my horse in hunting, will kill me as effectually as a bullet. Our days are numbered."

M. Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, was at this time the minister of police. He says, "Previously to quitting France, Napoleon disposed of every public business which required his presence. This was his practice whenever he undertook a journey. He generally had a private conversation with each minister for the purpose of giving his special instructions when he was desirous of having any business carried on, without further correspondence with him. He never overlooked the smallest details. They all appeared deserving of his attention. When he came to the last week of his stay, he replied to all outstanding cases referred to him by his ministers. This is what he called 'clearing his closet.' On the occasion of his departure, he conversed with me relating to every subject, to which he was desirous I should attend during his absence. This was a general instruction on his part, and by no means so severe as it was supposed to be by men whose whole life has been engaged in representing him as a tyrant, devoid of every sense of justice and of all kindly feelings. And yet these are the qualities for which he was most conspicuous. He felt particularly beholden to any one, who would afford him an opportunity of doing an act of justice, and as he was never weary of granting favors, so there could be no hesitation in soliciting them.

"In the instructions given me by the Emperor before his departure, I was particularly enjoined to be mild and considerate toward every one. He observed to me that there never came any good out of creating a feeling of hostility, and that in the ministry of police more than any other, it was necessary to act with gentleness. He repeatedly cautioned me to avoid every arbitrary arrest, and always to have justice on my side in every measure I might adopt.

"He spoke to me in this conversation respecting the war he was compelled to undertake, complained of not having been faithfully served, and of being driven to engage in a contest with Russia alone, in the present year, in order not to have to fight the next with Austria and Prussia. He said that he had now a numerous army, fully adequate to the enterprise, while he might have to contend with inferior numbers on his side, if fresh enemies should rise next year against him. He deeply deplored the confidence he had placed in those sentiments which had induced him to make peace at Tilsit, and often repeated these words, 'Whoever could have saved me from this war, would have rendered me an essential service. Now we have it, we must extricate ourselves the best way in our power.'

* "The attack upon Russia," says Louis Bonaparte, "was so hazardous, that I can not conceive how the Emperor Napoleon could have undertaken it. I am far from approving of the expedition to Russia. But he must be blinded by hostility who will not admit that resistance to the prodigious encroachments of that empire, and to a gigantic influence which menaced all Europe, is an idea the most grand, the most politic, and the most generous. The young Russian officers whom I had occasion to meet at the baths of Marienbad in Bohemia, said in their language, boastful and imprudent, perhaps, but chivalrous and true, '*It is we who are now the Romans.*' Let one imagine the Russians masters of Constantinople and let one dare to affirm that they will not be masters of all Europe, not at some remote period, but almost immediately, since they will leave a supremacy incontestable both upon the land and the sea. As soon as Constantinople shall be in the power of the great empire of the north, which naturally exercises a great influence over Greece, the English dominion of the sea must soon yield to that of the Czar. The expedition to Russia, though audacious, gigantic, imprudent, perhaps, without the re-establishment of Poland and her aid, was nevertheless an idea grand, heroic, and profoundly politic."—*Réponse à Sir Walter Scott par Louis Bonaparte, frère de l'Empereur.*

"If Alexander," said Napoleon to General Belliard, "persists in his refusals to execute the Conventions which we have mutually entered into, if he will not accede to the last proposals I made him, I will pass the Niemen, defeat his army, and possess myself of Russian Poland. This last territory I will unite to the Grand Duchy,* I will convert it into a kingdom, where I will have 50,000 men, whom the country must support. The inhabitants wish to form themselves again into a national corps. They are a warlike people, and will soon possess a numerous and disciplined force. Poland wants arms, I will supply them. She will be a check upon the Russians, a barrier against the irruption of the Cossacks. But I am embarrassed on one point. I know not what course to pursue with regard to Gallicia.† The Emperor of Austria, or rather his council, is reluctant to part with it. I have offered ample remuneration but it has been refused. I must await the course of events, which alone can show us what ought to be done."

On the 29th of May, Napoleon left Dresden and was accompanied as far as Prague by the Empress. Then parting with Maria Louisa, he hastened to Dantzic, where he had collected vast quantities of military stores. General Rapp, a blunt soldier, and who had always been a favorite of the Emperor, was governor of that city. On the evening after his arrival, the Emperor supped at the hotel of the government with General Rapp, Murat, the King of Naples, and Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel. Passing through the hall, he observed a bust of the Queen of Prussia. Turning to the governor, he said with a smile,

"Master Rapp, I give you notice that I shall inform Maria Louisa of your infidelity."

"You recently informed me," replied the accused, "that the King of Prussia had become one of your allies, and surely I may keep in my apartment the bust of a pretty woman, who is the wife of your friend."

Not a little embarrassment prevailed at the supper table. Napoleon's generals, enriched, loaded with honors, and surrounded with pomp and luxury, were but little disposed again to encounter the perils and the hardships of the field of battle. After a period of silence, the Emperor inquired the distance from Cadiz to Dantzic.

"It is too far, Sire," General Rapp replied.

"I understand you," said the Emperor. "But in a few months we shall be still farther distant."

"So much the worse, Sire," continued General Rapp.

There was another interval of silence. Neither Murat nor Berthier ventured to speak. For a few moments Napoleon rigidly scrutinized the countenances of the three. At length, in a low and serious tone, but with much emphasis, he said:

"Gentlemen, I see clearly that you have no relish for this war. The King of Naples has reluctantly quitted the fine climate of his own kingdom. Berthier desires nothing better than to hunt on his estate at Grosbois. And Rapp is impatient to inhabit his mansion at Paris." The King and the Prince both remained silent. But Rapp frankly avowed that his Majesty had spoken the truth.

It was Napoleon's hope that Russia would be compelled to yield to those terms which appeared to him indispensable, for the repose of Europe, and for the salvation of all those popular governments, which were leaning upon him for protection. He believed that Alexander would be forced to submit to the recognition of Poland. This kingdom of twenty millions of inhabitants, thus restored to independence, and imbued with the principles of revolutionized France, would be a formidable barrier to protect the rest of Europe from the colossal despotism of the North. Being in alliance with popular governments, its position would enable it to present serious obstacles to any coalitions between Russia, Austria, and Prussia. By compelling Russia also, faithfully to enforce the Continental System, which by treaty she had solemnly promised to do, but which treaty she had perfidiously violated, England starved into peace, would be compelled to sheathe the sword. The objects at which Napoleon aimed were grand and glorious. Apparently, it is deeply to be deplored, that he did not accomplish his ends. Where is the intelligent man now, in England or America, who does not wish that Poland were free, and that the despotism of Russia could be checked?

"That war," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "should have been the most popular of any in modern times. It was a war of good sense and true interests; a war for the repose and security of all. It was purely pacific and preservative, entirely European and Continental. Its success would have established a balance of power, and would have introduced new combinations, by which the dangers of the time present would have been succeeded by future tranquillity. In this case ambition had no share in my views. In raising Poland, which was the keystone of the whole arch, I would have permitted a king of Prussia, an archduke of Austria, or any other to occupy the throne. I had no wish to obtain any new acquisition, and I reserved to myself only the glory of doing good, and the blessing of posterity. Yet this undertaking failed, and proved my ruin, though I never acted more disinterestedly, or better merited success.

"As if popular opinion had been seized with contagion in a moment, a general outcry, a general sentiment arose against me. I was proclaimed to be the destroyer of kings; I, who

* The Grand Duchy of Warsaw, was that portion of dismembered Poland, which Napoleon had rescued from Prussia, and to which he had given independence.

† Gallicia was that fragment of the kingdom of Poland which Austria had grasped.

had created them. I was denounced as the subverter of the rights of nations, I, who was about to risk all to secure them. And people and kings, those irreconcilable enemies, leagued together and conspired against me. All the acts of my past life were now forgotten. I said truly that popular favor would return to me with victory, but victory escaped me, and I was ruined. Such is mankind, and such my history. But both people and kings will have cause to regret me, and my memory will be sufficiently avenged for the injustice committed upon me. That is certain."

That Napoleon was sincere in these sentiments, is proved beyond all possibility of doubt by the instructions which he gave his embassador, the Abbé de Pradt, whom he sent to Warsaw. This all-important document was dated April 18, 1812, two months before his armies entered Russia.

"Sir—The Emperor has sufficient confidence in your ability and devotion to his service, to intrust to you a mission of the greatest political importance; a mission requiring activity, prudence and discretion.

"You must go to Dresden, the apparent object of your journey being to present to his Majesty, the King of Saxony, a letter which the Emperor will send you to-morrow after his levée. His Imperial and Royal Majesty has already given you his instructions; he will communicate to you verbally his wishes, with regard to the overtures you must make to the King of Saxony.

"The intention of the Emperor is, that the King of Saxony should be treated with that consideration to which he has a claim, from the particular esteem which his Imperial Majesty feels for him personally. You will explain yourself frankly both to the King and his ministers. You may feel confidence in the opinion of the Count of Senft-Pilsac.

"Saxony will not be required to sacrifice *any thing without compensation.*

"Saxony attaches little value to the sovereignty of Warsaw. Such as it is at present, it is a precarious and burdensome charge. The possession of this fragment of Poland places her in a false position with regard to Prussia, Austria, and Russia. You will develop these ideas, and you will treat this question in the same manner as in the discussion which took place on the 17th, in his Majesty's cabinet, when you were present. You will find the Cabinet of Dresden little inclined to oppose you; its diplomacy has several times suggested to us the same observation. The question is not about the dismemberment of the King of Saxony's dominions.

"After a short stay at Dresden you will announce your departure for Warsaw, where you must wait fresh orders from the Emperor.

"His Imperial Majesty requests the King of Saxony to accredit you to his Polish ministers.

"You will concert your measures at Warsaw with the Emperor's High Chamberlain, and with General Z——. These two persons are descended from the most illustrious families of Poland: they have promised to make use of their influence with their fellow citizens, to induce them to exert themselves for the happiness and independence of their country.

"You must instigate the government of the Grand Duchy, to prepare for the great changes which the Emperor proposes to bring about in favor of the Polish nation.

"The Poles must second the designs of the Emperor, and co-operate themselves in their regeneration, *they must only look upon the French as powerful auxiliaries.* The Emperor does not conceal from himself the difficulties which he must experience in the re-establishment of Poland. The work of policy must be opposed to *the apparent and actual interests of his allies.*

"The re-establishment of Poland by the arms of the French Empire, is a hazardous and even a perilous enterprise, in which France will be obliged to struggle equally against her friends and her enemies. Let us enter into particulars.

"*The object which the Emperor has in view is the organization of Poland, with the whole or a part of its ancient territory; and this he wishes to accomplish without a war if it be possible.* To this end his Majesty has given very extensive powers to his embassador at St. Petersburg; and he has sent to Vienna a negotiator who is authorized to treat with the principal powers, and to offer to make great sacrifices of territory on the part of the French Empire, as indemnity for the relinquishment of what is required for the establishment of the Kingdom of Poland.

"Europe is divided into three great parts: the French Empire at the West; the German states in the centre; and the Empire of Russia in the East. England can have, in continental affairs, only so much influence, as the powers are willing to concede to her.

"An important object is, to strengthen the central division sufficiently, to prevent Russia and France from acquiring the sovereignty of too much of Europe, by extending their dominions. The French Empire is in the actual enjoyment of its greatest energy: if it does not now settle the political constitution of Europe, it may before long, lose the advantage of its position, and have to give up its enterprises.

"The establishment of a military government in Prussia, the reign and conquests of the great Frederic, the ideas of the age, and those of the French revolution put in circulation, have annihilated the ancient German Confederation. The Confederation of the Rhine is only a provisional system. The princes who gained, wished, perhaps, for the consolidation of that system; but the princes who lost, the people who suffered the miseries of war, and the states which dreaded the too great power of France, would oppose the maintaining the Confederation of the Rhine, whenever an occasion presented itself. Even the princes who were aggrandized by this new

system, would feel disposed to withdraw from it, in proportion as time confirmed them in the possession of what they had acquired. France might see herself, in the end deprived of that protectorship, which she would assuredly have purchased by too many sacrifices.

"The Emperor thinks, that at a final epoch, which can not long be delayed, it will be proper to restore the confederation of the powers of Europe to all their independence.

"The House of Austria, which possesses three vast kingdoms, ought to be the soul of this independence, on account of the topographical position of its territories; but she ought not to be the ruler in a case of rupture between the two empires of France and Russia: for, if the confederation of the intermediate powers were moved by the same impulse, it would necessarily involve the ruin of one of the contending parties. The French empire would be more exposed than the Russian empire.

"The centre of Europe ought to consist of nations unequal in their power, each of which would have a system of policy peculiar to itself; and which, from their situation and their political relation, would look for support in the protectorship of a preponderating power. These nations would be interested in maintaining peace, because they would always be the victims of war. With these views, after having created new kingdoms, and added to the territories of the old, in order to strengthen for the future our system of alliance, it was most important for the Emperor, and at the same time for Europe, to re-establish Poland. Without the restoration of that kingdom, Europe would be without a frontier on that side; Austria and Germany would find themselves face to face with the most vast empire in the universe.

"The Emperor can foresee that Poland like Prussia, will be at last in alliance with Russia; but if Poland owes to him her restoration, the epoch of the union of those two powers, may be sufficiently distant, to allow of the established order of things being consolidated, Europe being thus organized, there would be no longer any reason for rivalry between France and Russia: these two empires would have the same commercial interests, and would act upon the same principles.

"Before the coolness with Prussia, an idea of the Emperor's had been, to make a solid alliance with the King of Prussia, and to place on his head the crown of Poland. There were fewer obstacles to overcome, because Prussia already possessed a third part of that kingdom. We should have left to Russia, what she meant absolutely to keep; and would have given an indemnity to Austria. The march of events, however, necessitated a change in the Emperor's projects.

"At the time of the negotiations at Tilsit, it was necessary to create more kingdoms precisely in the countries which most dreaded the power of France. The moment was propitious for the re-establishment of Poland, although it would have been a work of violence and force. The war must have been continued: the French army was suffering from cold and from want of provisions: Russia had an army on foot. The Emperor was touched with the generous sentiments which the Emperor Alexander professed for him. He had obstacles to encounter on the part of Austria. He allowed his policy to be overcome by a desire to sign a peace, which he hoped to render durable, if by the influence of Russia and Austria, England would consent to a general pacification.

"After her reverses of fortune, Prussia felt so much hatred toward us as to make it prudent for us to moderate her power; it was with this view that the Grand Duchy of Warsaw was organized. The King of Saxony was selected as its sovereign, a prince whose life had been spent in promoting the happiness of his subjects; and an attempt was made to satisfy the feelings of the Poles by institutions which should be agreeable to them, and conformable to their character and manners. But this was a great mistake in every point of view.

"Saxony separated from her near possessions by Prussia, could not become sufficiently incorporated with Poland, to constitute a strong and powerful state. The overture of having a military route through the Prussian territory, in order to enable Saxony to communicate with Poland, greatly offended the Prussian nation, and her people complained of being deceived in their hopes.

"The Emperor stipulated for the occupation of the Prussian fortresses, in order to make sure that this power would not seek to rekindle the war. The campaign of 1809, showed the prudent foresight of his policy, and had confirmed him in the resolution of laboring without relaxation in such an organization of Europe, as should put an end to disastrous wars.

"The Emperor thought that he ought to make formidable demonstration, by pushing forward a number of troops on the Vistula, and by occupying the fortresses of Prussia, in order to secure the fidelity of his allies, and to obtain by negotiation that which he ought, perhaps, to have expected from war alone.

"In these circumstances there were imminent dangers. Troops can not be sent five hundred leagues from their own territory, without peril; and Poland should depend as much upon her own resources, as on the support of the Emperor. If war breaks out, I repeat, that if war should ensue, the Poles should look upon France only as an auxiliary operating in aid of their own resources. Let them call to mind the time when, by their patriotism and bravery, they resisted the numerous armies who assailed their independence.

"The people of the Grand Duchy wish for the re-establishment of Poland; it is for them, therefore, to prepare the way by which the usurped provinces can have an opportunity of

declaring their wishes also. The government of the Grand Duchy should, as soon as events permit, unite under the banner of independence the dismembered provinces of their unfortunate country. If there be Poles under the dominion of Russia, or of Austria, who decline returning to the mother country, no attempt should be made to compel them to do so. The strength of Poland should consist of her public spirit, and in her patriotism, as much as in the institutions which will constitute her new social state.

"The object of your mission then is, to enlighten, to encourage, and to direct in their operations the Polish patriots. You will give an account of your negotiations to the minister for Foreign Affairs; he will inform the Emperor of your success, and you must also send me extracts from your reports.

"The misfortunes and the weakness of the Polish republic, have been caused by an aristocracy without law or restraint. Then, as now, the nobility were powerful, the middle class submissive, the people *nothing*. But in the midst of these disorders, there remained in this nation a love of liberty and independence which long supported its feeble existence. These sentiments must have become strengthened by time and oppression. Patriotism is natural for the Poles, even to the members of distinguished families. The Emperor intends strictly to abide by the promise he made in Art. 29, of the treaty of the 9th of July, 1807. *To regulate the Grand Duchy, by institutions which should secure its liberty and the privileges of the people consistently with the tranquillity of the neighboring states. Poland shall have independence and liberty.* As to the choice of a sovereign, that will be regulated by the treaty which his Majesty will sign with the other powers. His Majesty lays no claim to the throne of Poland, either for himself or for any of his family. In the great work of the restoration of Poland, he has no other object than the happiness of the Poles, and the tranquillity of Europe. His Majesty authorizes you to make this declaration, and to make it formally whenever you consider it useful for the interests of France and of Poland."

Las Casas records the following conversation upon this subject which occurred at St. Helena. "Sire," said Las Casas, "may I presume to ask, if Moscow had not been burned, did not your Majesty intend to establish your quarters there?"

"Certainly," replied the Emperor, "and I should then have exhibited the singular spectacle of an army wintering in the midst of a hostile nation which was pressing upon it from all points. It would have been the ship caught in the ice. You would have been in France without any intelligence from me for several months. But you would have remained quiet, you would have acted wisely, Cambaceres would as usual, have conducted affairs in my name, and all would have been as orderly as if I had been present. The winter in Russia would have weighed heavy upon every one. The torpor would have been general. The spring also would have revived for all the world. All would have been at once on their legs, and it is known that the French are as nimble as others.

"On the first appearance of fine weather I should have marched against the enemy, I should have beaten them. I should have been master of their empire. Alexander, be assured, would not have suffered me to proceed so far. He would have agreed to all the conditions which I might have dictated, and France would then have begun to enjoy all her advantages. And truly my success depended upon a mere trifle. For I had undertaken the expedition to fight against armed men, not against nature in the violence of her wrath. I defeated armies, but I could not conquer the flames, the frost, stupefaction, and death. I was forced to yield to Fate. And after all how unfortunate for France, indeed, for all Europe.

"Peace concluded at Moscow would have fulfilled and wound up my hostile expeditions. It would have been, with respect to the grand cause, the end of casualities and the commencement of security. A new horizon, new undertakings would have unfolded themselves, adapted in every respect to the well-being and prosperity of all. The foundation of the European system would have been laid, and my only remaining task would have been its organization. Satisfied on these grand points and every where at peace, I should also have had my Congress and my Holy Alliance. These were plans which were stolen from me. In that assembly of all the sovereigns, we should have discussed our interests in a family way, and settled our accounts with the people as a clerk does with his master.*

"The cause of the age was victorious; the revolution accomplished. The only point in question was to reconcile it with what it had not destroyed; but that task belonged to me. I had, for a long time, been making preparations for it, at the expense, perhaps, of my popularity. No matter. I became the arch of the old and new alliance, the natural mediator between the ancient and modern order of things. I maintained the principles and possessed the confidence of the one—I had identified myself

* "Napoleon early judged, and the event has proved that he judged truly, that the democratic spirit of France, however violent, was unable to overbear the aristocratic and monarchic tendencies of Europe; wisely, therefore, while he preserved the essence of the first by fostering equality, he endeavored to blend it with the other two, thus satisfying, as far as the nature of human institutions would permit, the conditions of the great problem he had undertaken to solve. *His object was the reconstruction of the social fabric which had been shattered by the French Revolution, mixing with the new materials all that remained of the old sufficiently unbroken to build with again. If he failed to render his structure stable, it was because his design was misunderstood, and the terrible passions, let loose by the previous stupendous explosion, were too mighty even for him to compress.*"—NAPIER, vol. iv. p. 358.

with the other. I belonged to them both. I should have acted conscientiously in favor of each. *My glory would have consisted in my equity.*"

After having enumerated what he would have proposed between sovereign and sovereign, and between sovereigns and their people, he continued,

"Powerful as we were, all that we might have conceded would have appeared grand. It would have gained us the gratitude of the people. At present what they may extort will never seem enough to them, and they will be uniformly distrustful and discontented."

He next took a review of what he could have proposed for the prosperity, the interests, the enjoyments, and the well-being of the European confederacy. He wished to establish the same principles, the same system every where. A European code, a court of European appeal, with full powers to redress all wrong decisions, as ours redresses at home those of our tribunals; money of the same value, but with different coins; the same weights, the same measures, the same laws, &c.

"Europe would in that manner," he said, "have really been but the same people, and every one who traveled would have every where found himself in one common country."

He would have required that all the rivers should be navigable in common; that the seas should be thrown open; that the great standing armies should, in future, be reduced to the single establishment of a guard for the sovereign. In fine, a crowd of ideas fell from him, some of the simplest nature, others altogether sublime, relative to the different political, civil, and legislative branches, to religion, to the arts and commerce. They embraced every subject. He concluded,

"On my return to France, in the bosom of my country, at once great, powerful, magnificent, at peace, and glorious, I would have proclaimed the immutability of boundaries, all future wars purely defensive, all new aggrandizements anti-national. I would have associated my son with the empire, my dictatorship would have terminated, and his constitutional reign commenced. Paris would have been the capital of the world, and the French the envy of nations. My leisure and my old age would have been consecrated, in company with the empress and during the royal apprenticeship of my son, in visiting, with my own horses, like a plain country couple, every corner of the empire—in receiving complaints, in redressing wrongs, in founding monuments, and in doing good every where and by every means. These also, my dear Las Casas, were among my dreams."

Extravagant as is this ambition, it certainly does not indicate an ungenerous or an ignoble spirit. Wild as was the dream, by the extraordinary genius of Napoleon it came near to its fulfillment.

On another occasion he said to O'Meara, "In the course of a few years Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattering which Alexander practiced toward me was to gain my consent to effect this object. I would not consent, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things, in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who, you may say, are Russians. The powers it would injure, and who could oppose it, are England, France, Prussia, and Austria. Now, as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian dominion, reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France and England will ever be allied with sincerity, will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance would not avail. France, England, and Prussia united can not prevent it. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen. She quarrels with you, marches off to India an army of seventy thousand good soldiers, which to Russia is nothing, and a hundred thousand *canaille*, Cossacks and others, and England loses India. Above all other powers Russia is most to be feared, especially by you. Her soldiers are braver than the Austrians, and she has the means of raising as many as she pleases. In bravery, the French and English soldiers are the only ones to be compared to them. All this I foresaw. I see into futurity further than others, and I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians, by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as king. But your imbeciles of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence I shall be applauded (*encensé*), and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. When they see the finest countries in Europe overcome, and a prey to those northern barbarians, they will say, '*Napoleon was right.*'"

TWO COUSINS.

"HE didn't care much about it," he said: "they might marry him, if they liked, and to whom they liked, provided he was not expected to make love. Give him his hookah, and a volume of Shelley, and really, wife or no wife, it was almost the same thing to him. By-the-by, one thing he must stipulate for—that she should not hunt nor talk slang."

This Launcelot Chumley said, yawning—although it was only twelve o'clock, yet it was ten before he came down to breakfast—and, sauntering from the drawing-room through the open window on to the lawn, he stretched himself under the shadow of the chestnut-trees to

dream vague poems all the day after; a mode of existence that seemed to him to fulfill the sacred destiny of his being.

Launcelot Chumley was a spoilt child. A spoilt child full of noble thoughts and generous impulses tarnished by prosperity, and choked for want of stimulants to exertion: he was also vain for want of wholesome opposition. Provided people left him alone, they might do as they liked, he used to say. Let them not disturb his books, nor cut down the chestnut-trees on the lawn, nor break his pipes, nor talk loud, nor make a noise; and he was perfectly satisfied. His indifference and indolence drove his mother to despair. She tried to tempt him to exertion by dazzling visions of distinction. But Launcelot prided himself on his want of ambition, and vowed he would not accept a dukedom if offered to him: it would be such a bore! His mother had indeed done her best to ruin him by unmitigated indulgence; and now she wrung her hands at her own work. But, as something must be done, she bethought herself of a marriage, which, woman-like, she fancied would cure every thing—indolence, vanity, selfishness.

Mrs. Chumley bethought her of a marriage—but with whom?

There were in London two Chumley cousins, Ella Limple and little Violet Tudor. These two young ladies were great friends after the fashion of young ladies generally. They had mysterious confidences together, and wrote wonderful letters. Ella Limple, being of pathetic and sentimental temperament, talked of sorrow and sadness, and said there was no more happiness for her on earth, there being something she could never forget; though nobody knew what. Violet Tudor, her bosom friend, laughed at all sentiment, and expressed a shy contempt for lovers. She vowed also that she would never marry a less man than a lion king or a general who had seen severe service and been wounded badly; and then she did not know—perhaps she might. For Violet rode blood horses, and once pronounced an Indian officer a "muff," because he had never seen a tiger hunt. An expression that caused that gentleman to blush and to feel that kind of anger which is, among his own sex, usually assuaged in a duel.

It may be imagined, therefore, that Mrs. Chumley did not place Miss Violet Tudor very high in her scale of feminine graces; although she certainly did not know one half of that curly-headed gipsy's escapades. Consequently she was passed over at once. Ella was, on the contrary, all that Mrs. Chumley wished; young, pretty, mild, manageable; with gold, a stainless pedigree, and unexceptionable manners. What more could any mother demand for her son? Mrs. Chumley sent by that day's post an affectionate invitation asking Ella to pass a week with her, much to Ella's surprise and pleasure. For cousin Launcelot had long been a kind of heroic myth in that young lady's imagination; and she was glad to be asked to meet him. "Though dearest Vi knows that nothing could make me forget poor dear Henry, all alone in those terrible East Indies!" she mentioned in the letter which communicated the circumstance to her bosom friend. Out of curiosity then she accepted the invitation; and, in less than a week's time, she found herself at High Ashgrove, with all her prettiest dresses and her last new bonnet.

Ella's correspondence with Violet Tudor increased overwhelmingly during the visit. The early letters were gay, for her; but soon they deepened into a nameless melancholy; and were rife with mysterious hints. Occasionally there burst forth in them the most terrific self-accusings that English words could frame. If she had become the head of a society of coiners, or the high priestess of a heresy, she could not have used stronger expressions of guilt. Violet was frightened at first; but she remembered that in was Ella's habit to indulge in all sorts of exaggerated self-accusations. At last came a letter, which unvailed the mystery; reducing the terrible sphynx which devoured men's bones to a tame dog that stole his neighbor's cream—the usual ending of most young ladies' mysteries. "I do not know what my dearest Violet will think of her Ella—but if it is to be the death-blow of that long and tender love which has supported my sad heart through so many bitter trials, I must tell her the truth. Violet, I have broken my vows, and am deserving of the fate of Imogen in that dreadful ballad. Poor dear Henry!

"Violet, love, I am engaged to my cousin Launcelot.

"My aunt made me the offer so supplicatingly, and Launcelot said so sweetly: 'I think you will make me a very nice wife, Miss Limple,' that I could not resist. Besides, cousin Launcelot is very handsome; and that goes a great way. You know I always found fault with poor dear Henry's figure; he was inclined to be too stout. Launcelot's figure is perfect. He is tall—six feet I should think—and with the most graceful manners possible. He is like a picture—has very bright brown hair, all in thick curls, not short and close like poor dear Henry's. He wears them very long, like the portraits of Raphael. Henry's hair, poor darling, was inclined to be red. His eyes are large and dark gray, with *such* a beautiful expression of melancholy in them. They are poems in themselves, Violet. Now, Henry's, you know, were hazel; and hazel eyes are unpleasant—they are so quick and fiery. I like such eyes as Launcelot's—melancholy, poetic eyes, that seem to feel and think as well as to see. Hazel eyes only see. Don't you know the difference? He is very quiet, lies all day under the trees smoking out of the most exquisite hookah, and reading Shelley. I dote on Shelley, and hate Shakspeare. How fond Henry was of Shakspeare!—that wearisome Hamlet! And now

her own Ella is going to beg and pray of her dearest Violet to come here as soon as possible. I inclose a note from Aunt Chumley, asking you; and, darling Vi, I will never forgive you if you don't come directly. For no lover in the world could ever separate me from my own Violet. If you don't come I shall think you are angry with me for my bad conduct to poor Henry; and indeed I feel how guilty I am. I had such a terrible dream of him last night. I thought he looked so pale and reproachful, just like his favorite Hamlet. Good-by. I can't write another word; for aunt wants me to go with her to the village. Do come, dearest Violet, and come immediately."

This letter delighted Ella's friend. She had never liked the flirtation with Cornet Henry Dampier; which she had thought very silly and sentimental; while this seemed to offer a real future. She wrote to her aunt—of whom she was considerably afraid; and, in a few days, arrived at High Ashgrove. She was received by Ella with a burst of enthusiasm; which, coming from one so calm, quite electrified Launcelot; by Aunt Chumley with no superfluity of kindness; and by Launcelot himself, with a cold bow. Yet she was pretty enough. The thick raven hair, which it was her will and pleasure to wear crowding over her face in wide curly bands; her great black eyes that never rested for a moment; her tiny hand; her fabulous waist; her light fairy figure; her wide red lips, and her untamable vivacity, made her appear like a wild bird alighting on the steps of that still, lazy, gentlemanlike house.

For the first two days Violet behaved herself with perfect propriety. She embroidered more than two square inches of Berlin work, and did not make a single allusion to the stables. She fell asleep only twice when Launcelot condescended to read aloud the mistiest parts of Queen Mab, and she tried hard to look as if she understood what Epipsychidion was all about. Poor little woman! She knew as much about either as if cousin Launce, as she called him, had informed her in the native dialect of the glories of the Anax Andrôn, or as if he had told her how arms and the man were sung at Mantua long ago. But this state of things could not last long. Old habits and old instincts entered their protest, and Violet Tudor felt that she must be natural or she should die. Launcelot said that she was noisy and made his head ache; and he changed his resting-place for one farther off from the house, complaining of Miss Tudor's voice; which he declared was like a bird's whistle, that penetrated into his brain. This he said to his mother languidly, at the same time asking when she was going away again.

"You don't keep horses, Cousin Launce?" Violet said on the third morning at breakfast, raising her eyelids and fixing her eyes for an instant on him.

"Not for ladies, Miss Tudor," said Launcelot.

"Why do you call me Miss Tudor?" she asked again, "I am your own cousin. It is very rude of you?"

"I should think myself very impertinent if I called you by any other name," returned Launcelot still more coldly.

"How odd! Aunt, why is Cousin Launce so strange?"

"I don't know what you mean, Violet," said Mrs. Chumley, a little sternly; "I think *you* are strange—not my son!"

An answer that steadied the eyes for some time; for Violet looked down, feeling rebuked, and wondering how she had deserved rebuke. A moment after, Ella asked Launcelot for something in her gentle, quiet, unintoned voice, as if they had been strangers, and had met for the first time that day. It was a striking contrast; not unnoticed by Chumley, who was inwardly thankful that such a quiet wife had been chosen him; adding a grace of thanks for having escaped Violet Tudor. After breakfast he strolled, as usual, into the garden, Mrs. Chumley going about her household concerns; Violet went to the door, turning round for Ella.

"Come with me, Elly, darling," she said; "let us go and tease Launce. It is really too stupid here! I can't endure it much longer. I want to see what that lazy fellow is really made of. *I* am not engaged to him, so I am not afraid of him. Come!" And with one spring down the whole flight, she dashed upon the lawn like a flash of light. Ella descended like a well bred lady; but Violet skipped, and ran, and jumped, and once she hopped—until she found herself by Launcelot's side, as he lay on the grass, darting in between him and the sun like a humming-bird.

"Cousin Launce, how lazy you are!" were her first words. "Why don't you do something to amuse us? You take no more notice of Ella than if she were a stranger, and you are not even ordinarily polite to me. It is really dreadful! What will you be when you are a man, if you are so idle and selfish now! There will be no living with you in a few years; for I am sure you are almost insupportable as you are!"

Launcelot had not been accustomed to this style of address; and, for the first few moments, was completely at fault. Ella looked frightened. She touched Violet, and whispered, "Don't hurt his feelings!" as if he had been a baby, and Violet an assassin.

"And what am I to do to please Miss Tudor?" Launcelot asked with an impertinent voice; "what Herculean exertion must I go through to win favor in the eyes of my strong, brave, manly cousin?"

"Be a man yourself, Cousin Launce," answered Violet; "don't spend all your time dawdling over stupid poetry, which I am sure you don't understand. Take exercise—good strong exercise. Ride, hunt, shoot, take interest in

something and in some one, and don't think yourself too good for every body's society but your own. You give up your happiness for pride, I am sure you do; yet, you are perfectly unconscious of how ridiculous you make yourself."

"You are severe, Miss Tudor," said Launcelot, with his face crimson. Violet was so small and so frank, he could not be angry with her.

"I tell you the truth," she persisted, "and you don't often hear the truth. Better for you if you did. You must not let it be a quarrel between us; for I speak only for your own good; and, if you will only condescend to be a little more like other men, I will never say a word to you again. Let us go to the stables. I want to see your horses. You have horses?"

"Yes," said Launcelot; "but, as I remarked at breakfast, not ladies' horses."

"I don't care for ladies' horses: men's horses will suit me better!" said Violet, with a toss of her little head that was charming in its assertion of equality. "I would undertake to ride horses, Cousin Launce, you dare not mount; for I am sure you can not be good at riding, lying on the grass all your life!"

Launcelot was excessively piqued. His blood made his face tingle, his brows contracted, and he felt humbled and annoyed, but roused. Tears came into Ella's eyes. She went up to her friend and said, "Oh, Violet, how cruel you are!"

Launcelot saw this little by-scene. He was a man and a spoiled child in one; and hated pity on the one side as much as interference on the other. So poor Ella did not advance herself much in his eyes by her championship. On the contrary, he felt more humiliated by her tears than by Violet's rebukes; and, drawing himself up proudly, he said to Violet, as if he were giving away a kingdom, "If you please we will ride to-day."

"Bravo! bravo, Cousin Launce!" Violet left the lovers together, hoping they would improve the opportunity; but Ella was too well bred, and Launcelot was too cold; and they only called each other Miss Limple and Mr. Chumley, and observed it was very fine weather; which was the general extent of their love making.

They arrived at the stable in time to hear some of Violet's candid criticisms. "That cob's off-fetlock wants looking to. The stupid groom! who ever saw a beast's head tied up like that? Why he wasn't a crib-biter, was he?" and with a "Wo-ho, poor fellow! steady there, steady!" Violet went dauntlessly up to the big carriage horse's head, and loosened the strain of his halter before Launcelot knew what she was about. She was in her element. She wandered in and out of the stalls, and did not mind how much the horses fidgeted; nor even if they turned themselves sideways as if they meant to crush her against the manger. Launcelot thought all this vulgar beyond words; and he thought Ella Limple, who stood just at the door and looked frightened, infinitely the superior of the two ladies; and thanked his good star again that had risen on Ella and not on Violet. Violet chose the biggest and the most spirited horse of all, Ella selecting an old gray that was as steady as a camel, and both went into the house to dress for their ride. When they came back, even Launcelot—very much disapproving of Amazons in general—could not but confess that they made a beautiful pair. Ella so fair and graceful, and Violet so full of life and beauty. He was obliged to allow that she was beautiful; but of course not so beautiful as Ella. With this thought he threw himself cleverly into the saddle, and off the three started; Ella holding her pummel very tightly.

They ambled down the avenue together; but, when they got a short distance on the road, Violet raised herself in the saddle; and, waving her small hand lost in its white gauntlets, darted off; tearing along the road, till she became a mere speck in the distance. Launcelot's blood came up into his face. Something stirred his heart, strung his nerves up to their natural tone, and made him envy and long and hate and admire all in a breath.

He turned to Ella, and said hurriedly, "Shall we ride faster, Miss Limple?"

"If you please," answered Ella, timidly; "but I can't ride *very* fast, you know."

Launcelot bit his lip. "Oh, I remember; yet I hate to see women riding like jockeys; you are quite right;" but he fretted his horse, and frowned. Then he observed very loudly, "Violet Tudor is a very vulgar little girl."

After a time Violet came back; her black horse foaming, his head well up, his neck arched, his large eyes wild and bright: she flushed, animated, bright; full of life and health. Launcelot sat negligently on his bay—one hand on the crupper as lazy men do sit on horseback—walking slowly. Ella's dozing gray hanging down his head and sleeping, with the flies settling on his twinkling pink eyelids.

"Dearest Violet, I thought you would have been killed," said Ella; "what made you rush away in that manner?"

"And what makes you both ride as if you were in a procession, and were afraid of trampling on the crowd?" retorted Violet, "Cousin Launcelot, you are something wonderful. A strong man like you to ride in that manner. Are you made of jelly that would break if shaken? For shame. Have a canter. Your bay won't beat my black; although my black is blown and your mare is fresh." Violet gave the bay a smart cut with her whip, which sent it off at a hand gallop. Away they both flew, clattering along the hard road, like dragoons. But Violet beat by a full length; or, as she phrased it, "she won cleverly;" telling Launcelot that he had a great deal to do yet before he could ride against her, which made him hate her as much as if she had been a Frenchman or a Cossack; and love Ella more than ever.

And so he told her, as he lifted her tenderly from her gray, leaving Violet to spring from her black mammoth unassisted.

All that evening he was sulky to Violet, and peculiarly affectionate to Ella; making the poor child's heart flutter like a caged bird.

"Cousin," whispered Violet, the next morning, laying her little hand on his shoulder, "have you a rifle in the house—or a pair of pistols?" Launcelot was so taken by surprise that he hurriedly confessed to having guns and pistols and rifles, and all other murderous weapons necessary for the fit equipment of a gentleman.

"We will have some fun, then," she said, looking happy and full of mischief. Violet and Ella—Ella dragged sorely against her will, for the very sight of a pistol nearly threw her into hysterics—went into the shrubbery; and there Violet challenged Launcelot to shoot with her at a mark at twenty paces; then, as she grew vain, at thirty. Launcelot was too proud to refuse this challenge; believing, of course, that a little black-eyed girl, whose waist he could span between his thumb and little finger, and with hands that could hardly find gloves small enough for them, could not shoot so well as he.

Launcelot was nervous—that must be confessed; and Violet was excited. Launcelot's nervousness helped his failure; but Violet's excitement helped her success. Her bullet hit the mark every time straight in the centre, and Launcelot never hit once; which was not very pleasant in their respective conditions of lord and subject; for so Launcelot classed men and women—especially little women with small waists—in his own magnificent mind.

"He had not shot for a long time," he said, "and he was out of practice. He drank coffee for breakfast, and that had made his hand unsteady—"

"And confess too, Cousin Launce," said Violet, "that you were never very good at shooting any time of your life, without coffee or with it. Why, you don't even load properly; how can you shoot if you don't know how to load? We can't read without an alphabet!" In the prettiest manner possible she took the pistol from her cousin's hand and loaded it for him—first drawing his charge. "Now try again!" she said, speaking as if to a child; "nothing like perseverance."

Launcelot was provoked, but subdued, and he did as his little instructress bade him; to fail, once more. His bullet went wide of the target, and Violet's lodged in the bull's eye. So Launcelot flung the pistols on the grass and said, "It is a very unladylike amusement, Miss Tudor; and I was much to blame to encourage you in such nonsense." Offering his arm to Ella, he walked sulkily away.

Violet looked after them both for some time, watching them through the trees. There was a peculiar expression in her face—a mixture of whimsical humor, of pain, of triumph, and of a wistful kind of longing, that perhaps she was, in her own heart, unconscious of. She then turned away; and with a half sigh, said softly to herself: "It is a pity Cousin Launcelot has such a bad temper!"

After this, Launcelot became more and more reserved to Violet, and more and more affectionate to Ella. Although he often wondered at himself for thinking so much of the one—though only in anger and dislike—and so little of the other. Why should he disturb himself about Violet?

On the other hand Violet was distressed at Launcelot's evident dislike for her. What had she said? What had she done? She was always good-tempered to him, and ready to oblige. To be sure she had told him several rough truths; but was not the truth always to be told? And just see the good she had done him! Look how much more active and less spoiled he was now than he used to be. It was all owing to her. She wished, for Ella's sake, that he liked her better; for it would be very disagreeable for Ella when she married, if Ella's husband did not like to see her in his house. It was really very distressing. And Violet cried on her pillow that night, thinking over the dark future when she could not stay with Ella, because Ella's husband hated her.

This was after Violet had beaten Cousin Launcelot three games of chess consecutively. Launcelot had been furiously humiliated; for he was accounted the best chess-player of the neighborhood. But Violet was really a good player, and had won the prize at a chess club, where she had been admitted by extraordinary courtesy; it not being the custom of that reputable institution to suffer womanhood within its sacred walls. But she was very unhappy about Cousin Launce for all that; and the next day looked quite pale and cast down. Even Launcelot noticed his obnoxious cousin's changed looks and asked her, rather graciously, "If she were ill?" To which question Violet replied by a blush, a glad smile bursting out like a song, and a pretty pout, "No, I am not ill, thank you." Which ended their interchange of civilities for the day.

Launcelot became restless, feverish, melancholy, cross; at times boisterously gay, at times the very echo of despair. He was kind to Ella, and confessed to himself how fortunate he was in having chosen her; but he could not understand—knowing how much he loved her—the extraordinary effect she had upon his nerves. Her passiveness irritated him. Her soft and musical voice made him wretched; for he was incessantly watching for a change of intonation or an emphasis which never came. Her manners were certainly the perfection of manners—he desired none other in his wife—but, if she would sometimes move a little quicker, or look interested and pleased when he tried to amuse her, she would make him infinitely happier. And oh!

if she would only do something more than work those eternal slippers, how glad he would be. "There they are," he exclaimed aloud, as the two cousins passed before his window. "By Jove, what a foot that Violet has; and her hair, what a lustrous black; and what eyes. Pshaw? what is it to me what hair or eyes she has?" And he closed his window and turned away. But, in a minute after, he was watching the two girls again, seeing only Violet. "The strange strength of hate," he said, as he stepped out on the lawn, to follow them.

Launcelot's life was very different now to what it had been. He wondered at himself. He had become passionately fond of riding, and was looking forward to the hunting season with delight. He rode every day with his two cousins; and he and Violet had races together, which made them sometimes leave Ella and her grey for half an hour in the lanes. He used to shoot too—practicing secretly—until one day he astonished Violet by hitting the bull's eye as often as herself. He talked a great deal, and had not opened Shelley for a fortnight. He was more natural and less vain; and sometimes even condescended to laugh so as to be heard, and to appreciate a jest. But this was very rare, and always had the appearance of a condescension, as when men talk to children. He still hated Violet; and they quarreled every day regularly, but were seldom apart. They hated each other so much that they could not be happy without bickering. Although to do Violet justice, it was all on Launcelot's side. Left to herself, she would never have said a cross word to him. But what could she do when he was so impertinent? Thus they rode, and shot, and played at chess, and quarreled, and sulked, and became reconciled, and quarreled again; and Ella, still and calm, looked on with her soft blue eyes, and often "wondered they were such children together."

One day, the three found themselves together on a bench under a fine old purple beech, which bent down its great branches like bowers about them. Ella gathered a few of the most beautiful leaves, and placed them in her hair. They did not look very well; her hair was too light; and Launcelot said so.

"Perhaps they will look better on you, Miss Tudor," he added, picking a broad and ruddy leaf, and laying it Bacchante fashion on her curly, thick black bands. His hand touched her cheek. He started, and dropped it suddenly, as if that round fresh face had been burning iron. Violet blushed deeply, and felt distressed, and ashamed, and angry. Trembling, and with a strange difficulty of breathing, she got up and ran away; saying, that she was going for her parasol—although she had it in her hand—and would be back immediately. But she stayed away a long time, wondering at cousin Launcelot's impertinence. When she came back no one was to be seen. Ella and Launcelot had gone into the shrubbery to look after a hare that had run across the path; and Violet sat down on the bench waiting for them, and very pleased they had gone. She heard a footstep. It was Launcelot without his cousin. "Ella had gone into the house," he said, "not quite understanding that Miss Tudor was coming back to the seat."

Violet instantly rose; a kind of terror was in her face, and she trembled more than ever. "I must go and look for her," she said, taking up her parasol.

"I am sorry, Miss Tudor, that my presence is so excessively disagreeable to you!" Launcelot said, moving aside to let her pass.

Violet looked full into his face, in utter astonishment. "Disagreeable! Your presence disagreeable to me? Why, Cousin Launce, it is *you* who hate *me!*"

"You know the contrary," said Launcelot hurriedly. "You detest and despise me: and take no pains to hide your feelings—not ordinary cousinly pains! I know that I am full of faults," speaking as if a dam had been removed, and the waters were rushing over in a torrent—"but still I am not so bad as you think me! I have done all I could to please you since you have been here. I have altered my former habits. I have adopted your advice, and followed your example. If I knew how to make you esteem me, I would try even more than I have already tried to succeed. I can endure any thing rather than the humiliating contempt you feel for me!" Launcelot became suddenly afflicted with a choking sensation; there was a sense of fullness in his head, and his limbs shook. Suddenly tears came into his eyes. Yes, man as he was, he wept. Violet flung her arms round his neck; and took his head between her little hands. She bent her face till her breath came warm on his forehead, and spoke a few innocent words which might have been said to a brother. But they conjured up a strange world in both. Violet tried to disengage herself; for it was Launcelot now who held her. She hid her face; but he forced her to look up.

For a long time she besought only to be released; when suddenly, as if conquered by something stronger than herself, she flung herself from him, and darted into the house, in a state of excitement and tumult.

An agony of reflection succeeded to this agony of feeling; and Launcelot and Violet both felt as if they had committed, or were about to commit some fearful sin. Could Violet betray her friend? Could she who had always upheld truth and honor, accept Ella's confidence, only to deprive her of her lover? It was worse than guilt! Poor Violet wept the bitterest tears her bright eyes had ever shed; for she labored under a sense of sin that was insupportable. She dared not look at Ella, but feigned a headache, and went into her own room to weep. Launcelot was shocked too; but Launcelot was a man; and the sense of a half-developed tri-

umph somewhat deadened his sense of remorse. A certain dim unraveling of the mystery of the past was also pleasant. Without being dishonorable, he was less overcome.

On that dreadful day Launcelot and Violet spoke no more to each other. They did not even look at each other. Ella thought that some new quarrel had burst forth in her absence, and tried to make it up between them, in her amiable way. But ineffectually. Violet rushed away when Launcelot came near her, and she besought of Ella to leave her alone so pathetically, that the poor girl, bewildered, only sighed at the dread of being unable to connect together the two greatest loves of her life.

The day after, Violet chanced to receive a letter from her mother, in which that poor woman, having had an attack of spasms in her chest, and being otherwise quite out of sorts, expressed her firm belief that she should never see her sweet child again. The dear old lady consequently bade her adieu resignedly. On ordinary days Violet would have known what all this pathos meant; to-day she was glad to turn it to account, and to appear to believe it. She spoke to her aunt and to Ella, and told them that she must absolutely leave by the afternoon train—poor mamma was ill, and she could not let her be nursed by servants. There was nothing to oppose to this argument. Mrs. Chumley ordered the brougham to take her to the station precisely at two o'clock. Launcelot was not in the room when these arrangements were made; nor did he know any thing that was taking place, until he came down to luncheon, pale and haggard, to find Violet in her traveling dress, standing by her boxes.

"What is all this, Violet?" he cried, taken off his guard, and seizing her hands as he spoke.

"I am going away," said Violet as quietly as she could, but without looking at him.

He started as if an electric shock had passed through him. "Violet going!" he cried in a suffocated voice. He was pale; and his hands, clasped on the back of the chair, were white with the strain. "Going! Why?"

"Mamma is ill," said Violet. It was all she could say.

"I am sorry we are to lose you," he then said very slowly—each word as if ground from him, as words are ground out, when they are the masks of intense passion.

His mother looked at him with surprise. Ella turned to Violet. Every one felt there was a mystery they did not know of. Ella went to her cousin.

"Dear Violet, what does all this mean?" she asked, her arm round the little one's neck, caressingly.

"Nothing," answered Violet with great difficulty. "There is nothing."

Big drops stood on Launcelot's forehead. "Ought you not to write first to your mother—to give her notice before you go?" he said.

"No," she answered, her flushed face quivering from brow to lip; "I must go at once."

At that moment a servant entered hurriedly to say the latest moment had arrived to enable them to catch the train. Adieus were given in all haste. Violet's tears beginning to gather—but only to gather as yet, not to flow—kept bravely back for love and for pride. "Good-by," to Ella, warmly, tenderly, with her heart filled with self-reproach. "Good-by," to aunt: aunt herself very sad; and then "Good-by," to Launcelot. "Good-by, Mr. Chumley," she said, holding out her hand, but not looking into his face. He could not speak. He tried to bid her adieu; but his lips were dry, and his voice would not come. All he did was to express in his features such exquisite suffering that Violet for a moment was overcome herself, and could scarcely draw away her hand. The hour struck; and duty with brave Violet before all. Launcelot stood where she left him. She ran down the lawn; she was almost out of sight, when "Violet! Violet!" rang from the house like the cry of death.

Violet — a moment irresolute — returned; then almost unconsciously she found herself kneeling beside Launcelot, who lay senseless in a chair; and saying, "Launcelot, I will not leave you!"

The burden of pain was shifted now. From Launcelot and her to Ella. But Ella—sentimental and conventional as she might be—was a girl who, like many, can perform great sacrifices with an unruffled brow; who can ice over their hearts, and feel without expression; who can consume their sorrows inwardly, the world the while believing them happy.

Many years after—by the time her graceful girlhood had waned into a faded womanhood, and when Launcelot had become an active country gentleman and Violet a staid wife—Ella lost her sorrows, and came to her peace in the love of a disabled Indian officer, whom she had known many years ago—and whose sunset days she made days of warmth and joy; persuading herself and him too, that the Cornet Dampier she had flirted with when a girl, she had always loved.

FLOWER-BELLS.

SOFT Midsummer air, cheery with sunshine and perfumed with all the scents that it had robbed out of his nursery garden, crept in through the monthly roses at the porch and the half-open cottage door, to make itself at home in George Swayne's room. It busied itself there, sweeping and rustling about as if it had as much right to the place and was as much the tenant of it, as the gardener himself. It had also a sort of feminine and wifely claim on George; who, having been spending half an hour over a short letter written upon a large sheet, was invited by the Midsummer air to look after his garden. The best efforts were being made by his gentle friend to tear the

paper from his hand. A bee had come into the room—George kept bees—and had been hovering about the letter; so drunk, possibly, with honey that he had mistaken it for a great lily. Certainly he did at last settle upon it. The lily was a legal document to this effect:

"Sir—We are instructed hereby to give you notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Queeks of Edmonton, the last of the three lives for which your lease was granted, and to inform you, that you may obtain a renewal of the same on payment of one hundred guineas to the undersigned. We are, Sir,
"Your (here the bee sat on the obedient servants),
"Flint and Grinston."

Mr. Swayne granted himself a rule to consider in his own mind what the lawyers meant by their uncertain phraseology. It did not mean, he concluded, that Messrs. F. and G. were willing, for one hundred pounds, to renew the life of Mr. Queeks, of Edmonton; but it did mean that he must turn out of the house and grounds (which had been Swayne's Nursery Garden for three generations past) unless he would pay a large fine for the renewal of his lease. He was but a young fellow of five-and-twenty; who, until recently, had been at work for the support of an old father and mother. His mother had been dead a twelvemonth last Midsummer-day; and his father, who had been well while his dame was with him, sickened after she was gone, and died before the apple-gathering was over. The cottage and the garden were more precious to George as a home than as a place of business. There were thoughts of parting—like thoughts of another loss by death, or of all past losses again to be suffered freshly and together—which so clouded the eyes of Mr. Swayne, that at last he could scarcely tell when he looked at the letter, whether the bee was or was not a portion of the writing.

An old woman came in, with a Midsummer cough, sounding as hollow as an empty coffin. She was a poor old crone who came to do for George small services as a domestic for an hour or two every day; for he lighted his own fires, and served up to himself, in the first style of cottage cookery, his own fat bacon and potatoes.

"I shall be out for three hours, Milly," said George, and he put on his best clothes and went into the sunshine. "I can do nothing better," he thought, "than go and see the lawyers."

They lived in the city; George lived at the east end of London, in a part now covered with very dirty streets; but then covered with copse and field, and by Swayne's old-fashioned nursery ground; then crowded with stocks and wallflowers, lupins, sweet peas, pinks, lavender, heart's-ease, boy's love, old man, and other old-fashioned plants; for it contained nothing so tremendous as Schizanthuses, Escholzias, or Clarkia pulchellas, which are weedy little atomies, though they sound big enough to rival any tree on Lebanon. George was an old-fashioned gardener in an old-fashioned time; for we have here to do with events which occurred in the middle of the reign of George the Third. George, then—I mean George Swayne, not Georgius Rex—marched off to see the lawyers, who lived in a dark court in the city. He found their clerk in the front office, with a marigold in one of his button-holes; but there was nothing else that looked like summer in the place. It smelt like a mouldy shut-up tool-house; and there was parchment enough in it to make scare-crows for all the gardens in Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey.

George saw the junior partner, Mr. Grinston, who told him, when he heard his business, that it was in Mr. Flint's department. When he was shown into Mr. Flint's room, Mr. Flint could only repeat, he said, the instructions of the landlord.

"You see, my lad," he said, "these holdings, that have been let hitherto for thirty pounds per annum, are now worth fifty. Yet my client, Mr. Crote, is ready to renew the lease for three more lives at the very slight fine we have named to you. What would you have more reasonable?"

"Sir, I make no complaint," George answered; "only I want to abide by the ground, and I have not so much money as you require. I owe nobody a penny; and, to pay my way and lay by enough money for next year's seeds and roots, has been the most that I can manage. I have saved fifteen pounds. Here it is, sir: take it, if it will help me in this business."

"Well," Mr. Flint suggested, "what do you say to this? I make no promise, but I think I can persuade Mr. Crote to let you retain possession of your land, for—shall we say?—two years, at the rent of fifty pounds; and, at the expiration of that term, you may perhaps be able to pay the fine and to renew your lease."

"I will accept that offer, sir." A homespun man clings to the walls of home. Swayne's nursery would not support so high a rental; but let the future take thought for itself—to postpone for two years the doom to quit the roof-tree under which his mother suckled him was gain enough for George.

So he turned homeward and went cheerfully upon his way, by a short cut through narrow streets and lanes that bordered on the Thames. His gardener's eye discovered all the lonely little pots of mignonnette in the upper windows of the tottering old houses; and, in the trimmer streets, where there were rows of little houses in all shades of whitewash, some quite fresh looking, inhabited by people who had kept their windows clean, he sometimes saw as many as four flowerpots upon a window sill. Then, there were the squares of turf, put, in weekly instalments of six inches, to the credit of caged larks, for the slow liquidation of the debt of green fields due to them. There were also parrots; for a large number of the houses in those river streets were tenanted by sailors

who brought birds from abroad. There were also all sorts of grotesque shells; and one house that receded from its neighbors, had a small garden in front, which was sown over with shells instead of flowers. The walks were bordered with shell instead of box, and there were conchs upon the wall instead of wall-flowers. The summer-house was a grotto; but the great centre ornament was a large figure-head, at the foot of which there was a bench erected, so that the owner sat under its shadow. It represented a man with a great beard, holding over his shoulder a large three-pronged fork; which George believed to be meant for Neptune. That was a poor garden, thought George; for it never waved nor rustled, and did not, by one change of feature—except that it grew daily dirtier—show itself conscious of the passage of the hours, and days, and months, and seasons.

It interested George a great deal more to notice here and there the dirty leaf of new kinds of plants; which, brought home by some among the sailors, struggled to grow from seed or root. Through the window of one house that was very poor, but very neat and clean, he saw put upon a table to catch the rays of a summer sun, a strange plant in blossom. It had a reddish stalk, small-pointed leaves; and, from every cluster of leaves hung elegant red flower-bells with purple tongues. That plant excited him greatly; and, when he stopped to look in at it, he felt some such emotion as might stir an artist who should see a work by Rubens hung up in a pawnbroker's shop-window. He knocked at the green door, and a pale girl opened it, holding in one hand a piece of unfinished needlework. Her paleness left her for a minute when she saw that it was a stranger who had knocked. Her blue eyes made George glance away from them before he had finished his respectful inquiry. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I ask the name of the flower in the window, and where it came from?"

"Will you walk in if you please, sir," said the girl, "mother will tell you all she knows about it."

With two steps, the young gardener strode into the small front room where a sick and feeble woman sat in an arm-chair. The room was clean and little furnished. There was only sand upon the floor; and, on the table with some more of the girl's work, was part of a stale loaf, flanked with two mugs that contained some exceedingly blue and limpid milk. George apologized for his intrusion; but said what his calling was, and pleaded in excuse the great beauty and novelty of the plant that had attracted him.

"Ay, ay, but I prize it for more than that," said Mrs. Ellis, "it was brought to me by my son. He took it as a cutting, and he brought it a long way, the dear fellow, all the way from the West Indies, nursing it for me. Often he let his own lips parch, sir, on the voyage that he might give water enough to the flower that he took home for his mother. He is a tender-hearted boy, my Harry."

"He is young then?"

"Well, he is not exactly a boy, sir; but they are all boys on board ship, you understand. He could carry off the house upon his back, Harry could; he is so wonderful broad-chested. He's just gone a long voyage, sir, and I'm feared I shall be gone a longer before he comes back; and he said when he went, 'Take care of the plant, mother, it'll have hundreds of bells to ring when I come back to you next year.' He is always full of his fun, sir, is my Harry."

"Then, ma'am," George stammered, "it's a plant you wouldn't like to part with."

The poor woman looked angry for a moment; and then, after a pause, answered gently, "No, sir, not until my time comes."

The young gardener—who ought to have gone away—still bent over the flower. The plant was very beautiful, and evidently stood the climate well, and it was of a kind to propagate by slips. George did not well know what to say or do. The girl who had been nimbly stitching, ceased from work and looked up wonderingly at the stranger, who had nothing more to say, and yet remained with them. At last, the young man, with the color of the flower on his cheeks, said, "I'm a poor man, ma'am, and not much taught. If I'm going to say any thing unbecoming, I hope you'll forgive it: but, if you could—if you could bring your heart to part with this plant, I would give you ten guineas for it, and the first good cutting I raise shall be yours."

The girl looked up in the greatest astonishment. "Ten guineas!" she cried, "why, mother, ten guineas would make you comfortable for the whole winter. How glad Harry will be!"

The poor old woman trembled nervously: "Harry told me to keep it for his sake," she whispered to her daughter, who bent fondly over her.

"Does Harry love a flower better than your health and comfort?" pleaded Harry's sister.

A long debate was carried on in low tones, while George Swayne endeavored to look as though he were a hundred miles off, listening to nothing. But the loving accents of the girl debating with her mother tenderly, caused Mr. Swayne—a stout and true-hearted young fellow of twenty-five—to feel that there were certainly some new thoughts and sensations working in him. He considered it important to discover from her mother's manner of addressing her that the name of the young woman was Susan. When the old lady at last consented with a sigh to George's offer, he placed ten guineas on the table beside the needlework, and only stole one glance at Susan as he bade good-by and took the flower-pot away, promising again earnestly that he would bring back to them the first good cutting that took root.

George Swayne then, having the lawyers almost put out of his head, carried the plant home and duly busied himself in his greenhouse over the multiplication of his treasure. Months went by, during which the young gardener worked hard and ate sparely. He had left to himself but five pounds for the general maintenance of his garden; more was needed, and that he had to pinch, as far as he dared, out of his humble food and other necessaries of existence. He had, however, nothing to regret. The cuttings of the flower-bells throve, and the thought of Susan was better to him than roast beef. He did not again visit the widow's house. He had no right to go there, until he went to redeem his promise.

A year went by; and, when the next July came, George Swayne's garden and greenhouses were in the best condition. The new plant had multiplied by slips and had thriven more readily than he could have ventured to expect. The best plant was set by until it should have reached the utmost perfection of blossom, to be carried in redemption of the promise made to widow Ellis. In some vague way, too, Mr. Swayne now and then pondered whether the bells it was to set ringing after Harry had returned might not be after all the bells of Stepney parish church. And Susan Swayne did sound well, that was certain. Not that he thought of marrying the pale girl, whose blue eyes he had only seen, and whose soft voice he had only heard once; but he was a young fellow, and he thought about her, and young fellows have their fancies which do now and then shoot out in unaccountable directions.

A desired event happened one morning. The best customer of Swayne's nursery ground, the wife of a city knight, Lady Salter, who had a fine seat in the neighborhood, alighted from her carriage at the garden gate. She had come to buy flowers for the decorations of her annual grand summer party; and George with much perturbation ushered her into his greenhouse, which was glowing with the crimson and purple blossoms of his new plant. When Lady Salter had her admiration duly heightened by the information that there were no other plants in all the country like them—that, in fact, Mr. Swayne's new flowers were unique, she instantly bought two slips at a guinea each and took them home in triumph. Of course the flower-bells attracted the attention of her guests; and of course she was very proud to draw attention to them. The result was that the carriages of the great people of the neighborhood so clogged up the road at Swayne's nursery day after day that there was no getting by for them. George sold, for a guinea each, all the slips that he had potted; keeping only enough for the continuance of his trade, and carefully reserving his finest specimen. That in due time he took to Harry's mother.

The ten guineas added to the produce of Susan's labor—she had not slackened it a jot—had maintained the sickly woman through the winter; and when there came to her a letter one morning in July in Harry's dear scrawl posted from Portsmouth, she was half restored to health. He would be with them in a day or two, he said. The two women listened in a feverish state for every knock at the green door. Next day a knock came; but it was not Harry. Susan again opened to George Swayne. He had brought their flower-bells back; and, apparently, handsomer than ever. He was very much abashed and stammered something; and, when he came in, he could find nothing to say. The handsome china vase, which he had substituted for the widow's flowerpot, said something however, for him. The widow and her daughter greeted him with hearty smiles and thanks; but he had something else to do than to return them—something of which he seemed to be exceedingly ashamed. At last he did it. "I mean no offense," he said; "but this is much more yours than mine." He laid upon the table twenty guineas. They refused the money with surprise; Susan with eagerness. He told them his story; how the plant had saved him from the chance of being turned out of his home; how he was making money by the flower, and how fairly he considered half the profits to be due to its real owner. Thereupon the three became fast friends and began to quarrel. While they were quarreling there was a bouncing knock at the door. Mother and daughter hurried to the door; but Susan stood aside that Harry might go first into his mother's arms.

"Here's a fine chime of bells," said Harry, looking at his plant after a few minutes. "Why, it looks no handsomer in the West Indies. But where ever did you get that splendid pot?"

George was immediately introduced. The whole story was told, and Harry was made a referee upon the twenty guinea question.

"God bless you, Mr. Swayne," said Harry; "keep that money if we are to be friends. Give us your hand, my boy; and, mother, let us all have something to eat." They made a little festival that evening in the widow's house, and George thought more than ever of the chiming of the bells, as Susan laid her needlework aside to bustle to and fro. Harry had tales to tell over his pipe; "and I tell you what, Swayne," said he, "I'm glad you are the better for my love of rooting. If I wasn't a sailor myself, I'd be a gardener. I've a small cargo of roots and seeds in my box that I brought home for mother to try what she can do with. My opinion is that you're the man to turn 'em to account; and so, mate, you shall have 'em. If you get a lucky penny out of any one among 'em, you're welcome, for it's more than we could do."

How these poor folks labored to be liberal toward each other; how Harry amused himself on holidays before his next ship sailed, with rake and spade about his friend's nursery; how

George Swayne spent summer and autumn evenings in the little parlor: how there was really and truly a chime rung from Stepney steeple to give joy to a little needlewoman's heart; how Susan Swayne became much rosier than Susan Ellis had been; how luxuriously George's bees were fed upon new dainties; how Flint and Grinston conveyed the nursery-ground to Mr. Swayne in freehold to him and his heirs forever, in consideration of the whole purchase-money which Swayne had accumulated; how the old house was enlarged; how, a year or two later, little Harry Swayne damaged the borders, and was abetted by grandmother Ellis in so doing; how, a year or two after that, Susan Swayne the lesser dug with a small wooden spade side by side with giant Uncle Harry, who was a man to find the centre of the earth under Swayne's garden when he came home ever and anon from beyond the seas, always with roots and seeds, his home being Swayne's nursery; and finally, how happy and how populous a home the house in Swayne's nursery grew to be—these are results connecting pleasant thoughts with the true story of the earliest cultivation in this country of the flower now known as the Fuchsia.

THE SPIRIT-VISION.

BY MAUNSELL B. FIELD.

LIKE minute-guns my struggling pulses beat,
The world grows dizzy to my wandering eyes,
A phantom form floats midway 'neath the skies,
Star-crowned, with billowy clouds beneath its feet.

A pent-up sob bursts from my yearning heart.
On me that spirit-radiance calmly gleams;
Serene, yet sad, its mild and placid beams
A holy stillness to my soul impart.

Anguish has gone, and love has all returned—
The love unhappy in the olden time—
The love that, earthly, was perhaps a crime,
Crushing and blighting her for whom it yearned.

Forgiveness is impressed upon thy brow;
The mad'ning pride, the fear, the hope, the care,
The unvoiced agony of my despair
Thou knew'st not then, but well thou knowest now.

Fearful the doom my wretched passion brought:
Thy life was one long pilgrimage of woe;
Suffering and pain was all thy lot below,
And I the cause—O God, forbid the thought!

I fall upon the earth, a thing accurst,
My seething orbs with horror hot and blind;
My tortured conscience no relief can find,
And with wild anguish my cracked heart-strings burst.

A murmured music, wafted to my ear
By the calm radiance of that blessed star,
Like the soft chimes of music heard afar,
Steals o'er my senses, and dissolves my fear.

And then I feel thou'rt happy now in Heaven,
A guardian-spirit to my soul on earth,
Guiding it upward to that second birth,
When God shall pardon, as thou hast forgiven!

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH MR. CLIVE'S SCHOOL-DAYS ARE OVER.

OUR good Colonel had luckily to look forward to a more pleasant meeting with his son, than that unfortunate interview with his other near relatives.

He dismissed his cab at Ludgate Hill, and walked thence by the dismal precincts of Newgate, and across the muddy pavement of Smithfield, on his way back to the old school where his son was, a way which he had trodden many a time in his own early days. There was Cistercian Street, and the Red Cow of his youth: there was the quaint old Greyfriars Square, with its blackened trees and garden, surrounded by ancient houses of the build of the last century, now slumbering like pensioners in the sunshine.

Under the great archway of the hospital he could look at the old gothic building; and a black-gowned pensioner or two crawling over the quiet square, or passing from one dark arch to another. The boarding houses of the school were situated in the square, hard by the more ancient buildings of the hospital. A great noise of shouting, crying, clapping forms and cupboards, treble voices, bass voices, pored out of the schoolboys' windows; their life, bustle, and gayety, contrasted strangely with the quiet of those old men, creeping along in their black gowns under the ancient arches yonder, whose struggle of life was over, whose hope, and noise, and bustle had sunk into that gray calm. There was Thomas Newcome arrived at the middle of life, standing between the shouting boys and the tottering seniors, and in a situation to moralize upon both, had not his son Clive, who has espied him from within Mr. Hopkinson's, or let us say at once Hopkey's house, come jumping down the steps to greet his sire. Clive was dressed in his very best; not one of those four hundred young gentlemen had a better figure, a better tailor, or a neater boot. School-fellows, grinning through the bars, envied him as he walked away; senior boys made remarks on Colonel Newcome's loose clothes and long mustaches, his brown hands and unbrushed hat. The Colonel was smoking a cheroot as he walked; and the gigantic Smith, the cock of the school, who happened to be looking majestically out of window, was pleased to say that he thought Newcome's governor was a fine manly-looking fellow.

"Tell me about your uncles, Clive," said the Colonel, as they walked on arm-in-arm.

"What about them, sir?" asks the boy. "I don't think I know much."

"You have been to stay with them. You wrote about them. Were they kind to you?"

* Continued from the December Number.

"O, yes, I suppose they are very kind. They always tipped me; only you know when I go there I scarcely ever see them. Mr. Newcome asks me the oftenest — two or three times a quarter when he's in town, and gives me a sovereign regular."

"Well, he must see you to give you the sovereign," says Clive's father, laughing.

The boy blushed rather.

"Yes. When it's time to go back to Smithfield on a Sunday night, I go into the dining-room to shake hands, and he gives it me; but he don't speak to me much, you know, and I don't care about going to Bryanstone Square, except for the tip, of course that's important, because I am made to dine with the children, and they are quite little ones; and a great cross French governess, who is always crying and shrieking after them, and finding fault with them. My uncle generally has his dinner parties on Saturday, or goes out; and aunt gives me ten shillings and sends me to the play; that's better fun than a dinner party." Here the lad blushed again. "I used," said he, "when I was younger, to stand on the stairs and prig things out of the dishes when they came out from dinner, but I'm past that now. Maria (that's my cousin) used to take the sweet things and give 'em to the governess. Fancy! she used to put lumps of sugar into her pocket and eat them in the school-room! Uncle Hobson don't live in such good society as uncle Newcome. You see, aunt Hobson, she's very kind you know, and all that, but I don't think she's what you call *comme il faut*."

"Why, how are you to judge?" asks the father, amused at the lad's candid prattle, "and where does the difference lie?"

"I can't tell you what it is, or how it is," the boy answered, "only one can't help seeing the difference. It isn't rank and that; only somehow there are some men gentlemen and some not, and some women ladies and some not. There's Jones now, the fifth form master, every man sees *he's* a gentleman, though he wears ever so old clothes; and there's Mr. Brown, who oils his hair, and wears rings, and white chokers — my eyes! such white chokers! and yet we call him the handsome snob! And so about aunt Maria, she's very handsome and she's very finely dressed, only somehow she's not—she's not the ticket you see."

"O, she's not the ticket," says the Colonel, much amused.

"Well, what I mean is — but never mind," says the boy, "I can't tell you what I mean. I don't like to make fun of her you know, for after all, she is very kind to me; but aunt Anne is different, and it seems as if what she says is more natural; and though she has funny ways of her own too, yet somehow she looks grander," —and here the lad laughed again. "And do you know, I often think that as good a lady as aunt Anne herself, is old aunt Honeyman at Brighton—that is, in all essentials, you know. For she is not proud, and she is not vain, and she never says an unkind word behind any body's back, and she does a deal of kindness to the poor without appearing to crow over them, you know; and she is not a bit ashamed of letting lodgings, or being poor herself, as sometimes I think some of our family—"

"I thought we were going to speak no ill of them," says the Colonel, smiling.

"Well it only slipped out unawares," says Clive, laughing; "but at Newcome when they go on about the Newcomes, and that great ass, Barnes Newcome, gives himself his airs, it makes me die of laughing. That time I went down to Newcome, I went to see old aunt Sarah, and she told me every thing, and showed me the room where my grandfather—you know; and do you know I was a little hurt at first, for I thought we were swells till then. And when I came back to school, where perhaps I had been giving myself airs, and bragging about Newcome, why you know I thought it was right to tell the fellows."

"That's a man," said the Colonel, with delight; though had he said 'that's a boy,' he had spoken more correctly. Indeed, how many men do we know in the world without caring to know who their fathers were? and how many more who wisely do not care to tell us? "That's a man," cries the Colonel, "never be ashamed of your father, Clive."

"Ashamed of *my* father!" says Clive, looking up to him, and walking on as proud as a peacock. "I say," the lad resumed, after a pause—

"Say what you say," said the father.

"Is that all true what's in the peerage—in the baronetage, about uncle Newcome and Newcome; about the Newcome who was burned at Smithfield; about the one that was at the battle of Bosworth; and the old old Newcome who was bar—that is, who was surgeon to Edward the Confessor, and was killed at Hastings? I am afraid it isn't; and yet I should like it to be true."

"I think every man would like to come of an ancient and honorable race," said the Colonel, in his honest way. "As you like your father to be an honorable man, why not your grandfather, and his ancestors before him? But if we can't inherit a good name; at least we can do our best to leave one, my boy; and that is an ambition which, please God, you and I will both hold by."

With this simple talk the old and young gentleman beguiled their way, until they came into the Western quarter of the town, where the junior member of the firm of Newcome Brothers had his house—a handsome and roomy mansion in Bryanstone Square. Colonel Newcome was bent on paying a visit to his sister-in-law, and as he knocked at the door, where the pair were kept waiting for some little time, he could remark through the opened windows of the dining-room, that a great table was laid and every preparation made for a feast.

"My brother said he was engaged to dinner to-day," said the Colonel. "Does Mrs. Newcome give parties when he is away?"

"She invites all the company," answered Clive. "My uncle never asks any one without aunt's leave."

The Colonel's countenance fell. He has a great dinner and does not ask his own brother! Newcome thought. Why, if he had come to me in India with all his family, he might have staid for a year, and I should have been offended if he had gone elsewhere.

A hot menial, in a red waistcoat, came and opened the door; and without waiting for preparatory queries, said, "Not at home."

"It's my father, John," said Clive; "my aunt will see Colonel Newcome."

"Missis not at home," said the man. "Missis is gone in carriage—Not at this door!—Take them things down the area steps, young man!" bawls out the domestic. This latter speech was addressed to a pastrycook's boy, with a large sugar temple and many conical papers containing delicacies for dessert. "Mind the hice is here in time; or there'll be a blow up with your governor,"—and John struggled back closing the door on the astonished Colonel.

"Upon my life, they actually shut the door in our faces," said the poor gentleman.

"The man is very busy, sir. There's a great dinner. I'm sure my aunt would not refuse you." Clive interposed; "She is very kind. I suppose it's different here to what it is in India. There are the children in the square—those are the girls in blue—that's the French governess, the one with the mustaches and yellow parasol. How d'ye do, Mary? How d'ye do, Fanny? This is my father—this is your uncle."

"Mesdemoiselles! Je vous défends de parler à qui que ce soit hors du Squar!" screams out the lady of the mustaches; and she strode forward to call back her young charges.

The Colonel addressed her in very good French. "I hope you will permit me to make acquaintance with my nieces," he said, "and with their instructress, of whom my son has given me such a favorable account."

"Hem!" said Mademoiselle Lebrun, remembering the last fight she and Clive had had together, and a portrait of herself (with enormous whiskers) which the young scape-grace had drawn. Monsieur is very good. But one can not too early inculcate *retenue* and decorum to young ladies in a country where demoiselles seem forever to forget that they are young ladies of condition. I am forced to keep the eyes of lynx upon these young persons, otherwise heaven knows what would come to them. Only yesterday, my back is turned for a moment, I cast my eyes on a book, having but little time for literature, monsieur—for literature, which I adore—when a cry makes itself to hear. I turn myself, and what do I see? Mesdemoiselles, your nieces, playing at criquette with the Messieurs Smees—sons of Doctor Smees—young galopins, monsieur!" All this was shrieked with immense volubility and many actions of the hand and parasol across the square railings to the amused Colonel, at whom the little girls peered through the bars.

"Well, my dears, I should like to have a game at cricket with you, too," says the kind gentleman, reaching them each a brown hand.

"You, monsieur, c'est différent—a man of your age! Salute monsieur your uncle, mesdemoiselles. You conceive, monsieur, that I also must be cautious when I speak to a man so distinguished in a public squar." And she cast down her great eyes and hid those radiant orbs from the Colonel.

Meanwhile, Colonel Newcome, indifferent to the direction which Miss Lebrun's eyes took, whether toward his hat or his boots, was surveying his little nieces with that kind expression which his face always wore when it was turned toward children. "Have you heard of your uncle in India?" he asked them.

"No," says Maria.

"Yes," says Fanny. "You know Mademoiselle said (Mademoiselle at this moment was twittering her fingers, and, as it were, kissing them in the direction of a grand barouche that was advancing along the square)—you know Mademoiselle said that if we were *méchantes* we should be sent to our uncle in India. I think I should like to go with you."

"O you silly child?" cries Maria.

"Yes I should, if Clive went too," says little Fanny.

"Behold Madam, who arrives from her promenade!" Miss Lebrun exclaimed; and, turning round, Colonel Newcome had the satisfaction of beholding, for the first time, his sister-in-law.

A stout lady, with fair hair and a fine bonnet and pelisse (who knows what were the fine bonnets and pelisses of the year 183–?), was reclining in the barouche, the scarlet-plush integuments of her domestics blazing before and behind her. A pretty little foot was on the cushion opposite to her; feathers waved in her bonnet; a book was in her lap; an oval portrait of a gentleman reposed on her voluminous bosom. She wore another picture of two darling heads, with pink cheeks and golden hair, on one of her wrists, with many more chains, bracelets, bangles, and nicknacks. A pair of dirty gloves marred the splendor of this appearance; a heap of books from the library strewed the back seat of the carriage, and showed that her habits were literary. Springing down from his station behind his mistress, the youth clad in the nether garments of red sammit discharged thunderclaps on the door of Mrs. Newcome's house, announcing to the whole square that his mistress had returned to her abode. Since the fort saluted the governor-general at ——, Colonel Newcome had never heard such a cannonading.

Clive, with a queer twinkle of his eyes, ran toward his aunt. She bent over the carriage

languidly toward him. She liked him. "What, you, Clive!" she said. "How came you away from school of a Thursday, sir?"

"It is a holiday," says he. "My father is come; and he is come to see you."

She bowed her head with an expression of affable surprise and majestic satisfaction. "Indeed, Clive!" she was good enough to exclaim, and with an air which seemed to say, "Let him come up and be presented to me." The honest gentleman stepped forward and took off his hat and bowed, and stood bare-headed. She surveyed him blandly; and with infinite grace put forward one of the pudgy little hands in one of the dirty gloves. Can you fancy a two-penny-halfpenny baroness of King Francis's time patronizing Bayard? Can you imagine Queen Guinever's lady's maid's lady's maid being affable to Sir Launcelot? I protest there is nothing like the virtue of English women.

"You have only arrived to-day; and you came to see me? That was very kind. N'est-ce pas que c'étoit bong de Mouseer le Collonel, Mademoiselle? Madamaselle Lebrun le Collonel Newcome, mong frère." (In a whisper, "My children's governess and my friend, a most superior woman.") "Was it not kind of Colonel Newcome to come to see me? Have you had a pleasant voyage? Did you come by St. Helena? O, how I envy your seeing the tomb of that great man! Nous parlong de Napolleong, Mademoiselle, dong voter père a été le Général favvory."

"O Dieu! que n'ai-je pu le voir," interjaculates Mademoiselle. "Lui dont parle l'univers, dont mon père m'a si souvent parlé?" but this remark passes quite unnoticed by Mademoiselle's friend, who continues—

"Clive, donnez-moi voter bras. These are two of my girls. My boys are at school. I shall be so glad to introduce them to their uncle. *This* naughty boy might never have seen you, but that we took him home to Marblehead, after the scarlet fever, and made him well, didn't we, Clive? And we are all very fond of him; and you must not be jealous of his love for his aunt. We feel that we quite know you through him, and we know that you know us; and we hope you will *like* us. Do you think your papa will like us, Clive? Or perhaps you will like Lady Anne best. Yes; you have been to her first, of course? Not been! Oh! because she is not in town." Leaning fondly on the arm of Clive, Mademoiselle standing grouped with the children hard by, while John, with his hat off, stood at the opened door, Mrs. Newcome slowly uttered the above remarkable remarks to the Colonel, on the threshold of her house which she never asked him to pass.

"If you will come in to us at about ten this evening," she then said, "you will find some men, not undistinguished, who honor me of an evening. Perhaps they will be interesting to you, Colonel Newcome, as you are newly arrived in Europe. Not men of worldly rank, necessarily, although some of them are among the noblest of Europe. But *my* maxim is, that genius is an illustration, and merit is better than any pedigree. You have heard of Professor Bodgers? Count Poski? Doctor McGuffog, who is called in his native country the Ezekiel of Clackmannan? Mr. Shaloo, the great Irish patriot? our papers have told you of *him*. These and some more have been good enough to promise me a visit to-night. A stranger coming to London could scarcely have a better opportunity of seeing some of our great illustrations of science and literature. And you will meet our own family—not Sir Brian's, who —who have other society and amusements—but mine. I hope Mr. Newcome and myself will never forget *them*. We have a few friends at dinner, and now I must go in and consult with Mrs. Hubbard, my housekeeper. Good-by, for the present. Mind, not later than ten, as Mr. Newcome must be up betimes in the morning, and *our* parties break up early. When Clive is a little older, I dare say we shall see him, too. *Good*-by!" And again the Colonel was favored with a shake of the glove, and the lady and her suite sailed up the stair, and passed in at the door.

She had not the faintest idea but that the hospitality which she was offering to her kinsman was of the most cordial and pleasant kind. She fancied every thing she did was perfectly right and graceful. She invited her husband's clerks to come through the rain at ten o'clock from Kentish Town; she asked artists to bring their sketch-books from Kensington, or luckless pianists to trudge with their music from Brompton. She rewarded them with a smile and a cup of tea, and thought they were made happy by her condescension. If, after two or three of these delightful evenings, they ceased to attend her receptions, she shook her little flaxen head, and sadly intimated that Mr. A. was getting into bad courses, or feared that Mr. B. found merely *intellectual* parties too quiet for him. Else, what young man in his senses could refuse such entertainment and instruction?

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. NEWCOME AT HOME (A SMALL EARLY PARTY).

To push on in the crowd, every male or female struggler must use his shoulders. If a better place than yours presents itself just beyond your neighbor, elbow him and take it. Look how a steadily-purposed man or woman at court, at a ball, or exhibition, wherever there is a competition and a squeeze, gets the best place; the nearest the sovereign, if bent on kissing the royal hand; the closest to the grand stand, if minded to go to Ascot; the best view and hearing of the Rev. Mr. Thumpington, when all the town is rushing to hear that exciting divine; the largest quantity of ice, champagne, and seltzer, cold pâté, or other his or her favorite flesh-pot, if gluttonously minded, at a supper whence hundreds of people come empty away.

A woman of the world will marry her daughter and have done with her; get her carriage and be at home and asleep in bed; while a timid mamma has still her girl in the nursery, or is beseeching the servants in the cloak-room to look for her shawls, with which some one else has whisked away an hour ago. What a man has to do in society is to assert himself. Is there a good place at table? Take it. At the Treasury or the Home Office? Ask for it. Do you want to go to a party to which you are not invited? Ask to be asked. Ask A., ask B., ask Mrs. C., ask every body you know: you will be thought a bore; but you will have your way. What matters if you are considered obtrusive, provided that you obtrude? By pushing steadily, nine hundred and ninety-nine people in a thousand will yield to you. Only command persons, and you may be pretty sure that a good number will obey. How well your shilling will have been laid out, O gentle reader, who purchase this; and, taking the maxim to heart, follow it through life! You may be sure of success. If your neighbor's foot obstructs you, stamp on it; and do you suppose he won't take it away?

The proofs of the correctness of the above remarks I show in various members of the Newcome family. Here was a vulgar little woman, not clever nor pretty, especially; meeting Mr. Newcome casually, she ordered him to marry her, and he obeyed; as he obeyed her in every thing else which she chose to order through life. Meeting Colonel Newcome on the steps of her house, she orders him to come to her evening party; and though he has not been to an evening party for five-and-thirty years—though he has not been to bed the night before—though he has no mufti-coat except one sent him out by Messrs. Stultz to India in the year 1321, he never once thinks of disobeying Mrs. Newcome's order, but is actually at her door at five minutes past ten, having arrayed himself, to the wonderment of Clive, and left the boy to talk with his friend and fellow passenger, Mr. Binnie, who has just arrived from Portsmouth, who has dined with him, and who, by previous arrangement, has taken up his quarters at the same hotel.

This Stultz coat, a blue swallow-tail, with yellow buttons, now wearing a tinge of their native copper, a very high velvet collar, on a level with the tips of the Captain's ears, with a high waist, indicated by two lapelles, and a pair of buttons high up in the wearer's back, a white waistcoat and scarlet under-waistcoat, and a pair of the never-failing duck trowsers, complete Thomas Newcome's costume, along with the white hat in which we have seen him in the morning, and which was one of two dozen purchased by him some years since at public outcry, Burrumtollah. We have called him Captain purposely, while speaking of his coat, for he held that rank when the garment came out to him; and having been in the habit of considering it a splendid coat for twelve years past, he has not the least idea of changing his opinion.

Doctor McGuffog, Professor Bodger, Count Poski, and all the lions present at Mrs. Newcome's *réunion* that evening, were completely eclipsed by Colonel Newcome. The worthy soul, who cared not the least about adorning himself, had a handsome diamond brooch of the year 1801, given him by poor Jack Cutler, who was knocked over by his side at Argaum, and wore this ornament in his desk for a thousand days and nights at a time; in his shirt-frill, on such parade-evenings, as he considered Mrs. Newcome's to be. The splendor of this jewel, and of his flashing buttons, caused all eyes to turn to him. There were many pairs of mustaches present; those of Professor Schnurr, a very corpulent martyr, just escaped from Spandau, and of Maximilien Tranchard, French exile and apostle of liberty, were the only whiskers in the room capable of vying in interest with Colonel Newcome's. Polish chieftains were at this time so common in London, that nobody (except one noble member for Marylebone, and, once a year, the Lord Mayor) took any interest in them. The general opinion was, that the stranger was the Wallachian Boyar, whose arrival at Mivart's, the "Morning Post" had just announced. Mrs. Miles, whose delicious every other Wednesdays in Montague Square, are supposed by some to be rival entertainments to Mrs. Newcome's alternate Thursdays in Bryanstone Square, pinched her daughter Mira, engaged in a polyglot conversation with Herr Schnurr, Signor Carabossi, the guitarist, and Monsieur Pivier, the celebrated French chess-player, to point out the Boyar. Mira Miles wished she knew a little Moldavian, not so much that she might speak it, but that she might be heard to speak it. Mrs. Miles, who had not had the educational advantages of her daughter, simpered up with "Madame Newcome pas ici—votre excellence nouvellement arrivé—avez vous fait ung bong voyage? Je reçois chez moi Mercredi prochaing; lonnure de vous voir—Madamasel Miles ma fille;" and Mira, now re-enforcing her mamma, poured in a glib little oration in French, somewhat to the astonishment of the Colonel, who began to think however, that perhaps French was the language of the polite world, into which he was now making his very first *entrée*.

Mrs. Newcome had left her place at the door of her drawing-room, to walk through her rooms with Rummun Loll, the celebrated Indian merchant, otherwise His Excellency Rummun Loll, otherwise His Highness Rummun Loll, the chief proprietor of the diamond mines in Golconda, with a claim of three millions and a half upon the East India Company; who smoked his hookah after dinner when the ladies were gone, and in whose honor (for his servants always brought a couple or more of

hookahs with them) many English gentlemen made themselves sick, while trying to emulate the same practice. Mr. Newcome had been obliged to go to bed himself in consequence of the uncontrollable nausea produced by the chillum; and Doctor McGuffog, in hopes of converting his Highness, had puffed his till he was as black in the face as the interesting Indian—and now, having hung on his arm—always in the dirty gloves, flirting a fan while his Excellency consumed betel out of a silver box: and having promenaded him and his turban, and his shawls, and his kincab pelisse, and his lacquered mustache, and keen brown face, and opal eyeballs through her rooms, the hostess came back to her station at the drawing-room door.

As soon as his Excellency saw the Colonel, whom he perfectly well knew, his Highness's princely air was exchanged for one of the deepest humility. He bowed his head and put his two hands before his eyes, and came creeping toward him submissively, to the wonderment of Mrs. Miles; who was yet more astonished when the Moldavian magnate exclaimed in perfectly good English, "What Rummun, you here?"

The Rummun, still bending and holding his hands before him, uttered a number of rapid sentences in the Hindustani language, which Colonel Newcome received twirling his mustaches with much hauteur. He turned on his heel rather abruptly and began to speak to Mrs. Newcome, who smiled and thanked him for coming—on his first night after his return.

The Colonel said, "to whose house should he first come but to his brother's?" How Mrs. Newcome wished she could have had room for him at dinner! And there was room after all, for Mr. Shaloony was detained at the House. The most interesting conversation. The Indian Prince was so intelligent!

"The Indian what?" asks Colonel Newcome. The heathen gentleman had gone off, and was seated by one of the handsomest young women in the room, whose fair face was turned toward him, whose blond ringlets touched his shoulder, and who was listening to him as eagerly as Desdemonda listened to Othello.

The Colonel's rage was excited as he saw the Indian's behavior. He curled his mustaches up to his eyes in his wrath. "You don't mean that that man calls himself a Prince? That a fellow who wouldn't sit down in an officer's presence is—"

"How do you do, Mr. Honeyman? Eh, bong soir, Monsieur—You are very late, Mr. Pressly. What, Barnes! is it possible that you do me the honor to come all the way from May Fair to Marylebone. I thought you young men of fashion never crossed Oxford Street. Colonel Newcome, this is your nephew."

"How do you do, sir," says Barnes, surveying the Colonel's costume with inward wonder, but without the least outward manifestation of surprise. "I suppose you dined here to meet the black Prince. I came to ask him and my uncle to meet you at dinner on Wednesday. Where's my uncle, ma'am?"

"Your uncle is gone to bed ill. He smoked one of those hookahs which the Prince brings, and it has made him very unwell indeed, Barnes. How is Lady Anne? Is Lord Kew in London? Is your sister better for Brighton air? I see your cousin is appointed Secretary of Legation. Have you good accounts of your aunt Lady Fanny?"

"Lady Fanny is as well as can be expected, and the baby is going on perfectly well, thank you," Barnes said drily; and his aunt, obstinately gracious with him, turned away to some other new comet.

"It's interesting, isn't it, sir," says Barnes, turning to the Colonel, "to see such union in families? Whenever I come here, my aunt trots out all my relations; and I send a man round in the mornin to ask how they all are. So Uncle Hobson is gone to bed sick with a hookah. I know there was a deuce of a row made when I smoked at Marblehead. You are promised to us for Wednesday, please. Is there any body you would like to meet? Not our friend the Rummun. How the girls crowd round him! By Gad, a fellow who's rich in London may have the pick of any gal—not here—not in this sort of thing; I mean in society, you know," says Barnes confidentially. "I've seen the old dowagers crowdin round that fellow, and the girls snugglin up to his India-rubber face. He's known to have two wives already in India; but, by Gad, for a settlement, I believe some of 'em here would marry—I mean of the girls in society."

"But isn't this society?" asked the Colonel.

"Oh, of course. It's very good society and that sort of thing—but it's not, you know—you understand. I give you my honor there are not three people in the room one meets any where, except the Rummun. What is he at home, sir? I know he ain't a Prince, you know, any more than I am."

"I believe he is a rich man now," said the Colonel. "He began from very low beginnings, and odd stories are told about the origin of his fortune."

"That may be," says the young man; "of course, as business men, that's not our affair. But has he got the fortune? He keeps a large account with us; and, I think, wants to have larger dealings with us still. As one of the family we may ask you to stand by us, and tell us any thing you know. My father has asked him down to Newcome, and we've taken him up; wisely or not I can't say. I think otherwise; but I'm quite young in the house, and of course the elders have the chief superintendence." The young man of business had dropped his drawl or his languor, and was speaking quite unaffectedly, good-naturedly, and selfishly. Had you talked to him for a week, you could not

not have made him understand the scorn and loathing with which the Colonel regarded him. Here was a young fellow as keen as the oldest curmudgeon; a lad with scarce a beard to his chin, that would pursue his bond as rigidly as Shylock. "If he is like this at twenty, what will he be at fifty?" groaned the Colonel. "I'd rather Clive were dead than have him such a heartless worldling as this." And yet the young man was not ill-natured, not untruth-telling, not unserviceable. He thought his life was good enough. It was as good as that of other folks he lived with. You don't suppose he had any misgivings, provided he was in the city early enough in the morning; or slept badly, unless he indulged too freely over night; or twinges of conscience that his life was misspent? He thought his life a most lucky and reputable one. He had a share in a good business, and felt that he could increase it. Some day he would marry a good match, with a good fortune; meanwhile he could take his pleasure decorously, and sow his wild oats as some of the young Londoners sow them, not broadcast after the fashion of careless scatter-brained youth, but trimly and neatly, in quiet places, where the crop can come up unobserved, and be taken in without bustle or scandal. Barnes Newcome never missed going to church or dressing for dinner. He never kept a tradesman waiting for his money. He never drank too much, except when other fellows did, and in good company. He never was late for business, or huddled over his toilet, however brief had been his sleep or severe his headache. In a word, he was as scrupulously whited as any sepulchre in the whole bills of mortality.

While young Barnes and his uncle were thus holding parley, a slim gentleman of blind aspect, with a roomy forehead, or what his female admirers called a "noble brow," and a neat white neckcloth tied with clerical skill, was surveying Colonel Newcome through his shining spectacles, and waiting for an opportunity to address him. The Colonel remarked the eagerness with which the gentleman in black regarded him, and asked Mr. Barnes who was the padre? Mr. Barnes turned his eyeglass toward the spectacles, and said "he didn't know any more than the dead; he didn't know two people in the room." The spectacles nevertheless made the eyeglass a bow, of which the latter took no sort of cognizance. The spectacles advanced; Mr. Newcome fell back with a peevish exclamation of "Confound the fellow, what is he coming to speak to *me* for?" He did not choose to be addressed by all sorts of persons in all houses.

But he of the spectacles, with an expression of delight in his pale blue eyes, and smiles dimpling his countenance, pressed onward with outstretched hands, and it was toward the Colonel he turned these smiles and friendly salutations. "Did I hear aright, sir, from Mrs. Miles," he said, "and have I the honor of speaking to Colonel Newcome?"

"The same, sir," says the Colonel; at which the other, tearing off a glove of lavender-colored kid, uttered the words "Charles Honeyman," and seized the hand of his brother-in-law. "My poor sister's husband," he continued; "my own benefactor; Clive's father. How strange are these meetings in the mighty world! How I rejoice to see you, and know you!"

"You are Charles, are you?" cries the other. "I am very glad, indeed, to shake you by the hand, Honeyman. Clive and I should have beat up your quarters to-day, but we were busy until dinner-time. You put me in mind of poor Fanny, Charles," he added, sadly. Fanny had not been a good wife to him; a flighty, silly little woman, who had caused him when alive many a night of pain and day of anxiety.

"Poor, poor Fanny!" exclaimed the ecclesiastic, casting his eyes toward the chandelier, and passing a white cambric pocket-handkerchief gracefully before them. No man in London understood the ring business or the pocket-handkerchief business better, or smothered his emotion more beautifully. "In the gayest moments, in the giddiest throng of fashion, the thoughts of the past will rise; the departed will be among us still. But this is not the strain wherewith to greet the friend newly arrived on our shores. How it rejoices me to behold you in Old England! How you must have joyed to see Clive!"

"D—— the humbug," muttered Barnes, who knew him perfectly well. "The fellow is always in the pulpit."

The incumbent of Lady Hickathrift's chapel smiled and bowed to him. "You do not recognize me, sir; I have had the honor of seeing you in your public capacity in the city, when I have called at the bank, the bearer of my brother-in-law's generous—"

"Never mind that, Honeyman!" cried the Colonel.

"But I *do* mind, my dear Colonel," answers Mr. Honeyman. "I should be a very bad man, and a very ungrateful brother if I *ever* forgot your kindness."

"For God's sake leave my kindness alone."

"He'll never leave it alone as long as he can use it," muttered Mr. Barnes in his teeth, and turning to his uncle. "May I take you home, sir? my cab is at the door; and I shall be glad to drive you." But the Colonel said he must talk to his brother-in-law for a while, and, Mr. Barnes bowing very respectfully to him, slipped under a dowager's arm in the doorway, and retreated silently down stairs.

Newcome was now thrown entirely upon the clergyman, and the latter described the personages present to the stranger who was curious to know how the party was composed. Mrs. Newcome herself would have been pleased had she heard Honeyman's discourse regarding her guests and herself. Charles Honeyman so spoke of most persons that you might fancy they were listening over his shoulder. Such

an assemblage of learning, genius, and virtue, might well delight and astonish a stranger. "That lady in the red turban, with the handsome daughters, is Lady Budge, wife of the eminent judge of that name—every body was astonished that he was not made Chief Justice, and elevated to the Peerage—the only objection (as I have heard confidentially) was on the part of a late sovereign, who said he never could consent to have a peer of the name of Budge. Her ladyship, was of humble, I have heard even menial station originally, but becomes her present rank, dispenses the most elegant hospitality at her mansion in Connaught Terrace, and is a pattern as a wife and a mother. The young man talking to her daughter is a young barrister, already becoming celebrated as a contributor to some of our principal reviews."

"Who is that cavalry officer in a white waistcoat talking to the Jew with the beard?" asks the Colonel.

"He—he! That cavalry officer is another literary man of celebrity, and by profession an attorney. But he has quitted the law for the Muses, and it would appear that the Nine are never wooed except by gentlemen with mustaches."

"Never wrote a verse in my life," said the Colonel laughing, and stroking his own.

"For I remark so many literary gentlemen with that decoration. The Jew with the beard, as you call him, is Herr von Lungen, the eminent hautboy-player. The three next gentlemen are Mr. Smee, of the Royal Academy (who is shaved, as you perceive), and Mr. Moyes, and Mr. Cropper, who are both very hairy about the chin. At the piano, singing, accompanied by Mademoiselle Lebrun, is Signor Mezzocaldo, the great barytone from Rome. Professor Quartz and Baron Hammerstein, celebrated geologists from Germany, are talking with their illustrious confrère, Sir Robert Craxton, in the door. Do you see yonder that stout gentleman with snuff on his shirt? the eloquent Dr. McGuffog, of Edinburgh, talking to Dr. Ettore, who lately escaped from the Inquisition at Rome in the disguise of a washerwoman, after undergoing the question several times, the rack and the thumbscrew. They say that he was to have been burned in the Grand Square the next morning; but between ourselves, my dear Colonel, I mistrust these stories of converts and martyrs. Did you ever see a more jolly-looking man than Professor Schnurr, who was locked up in Spielberg, and got out up a chimney, and through a window. Had he waited a few months there are very few windows he could have passed through. That splendid man in the red fez is Kurbash Pasha—another renegade, I deeply lament to say—a hairdresser from Marseilles, by name Monsieur Ferchaud, who passed into Egypt, and laid aside the *tongs* for the turban. He is talking with Mr. Palmer, one of our most delightful young poets, and with Desmond O'Tara, son of the late revered Bishop of Ballinafad, who has lately quitted ours for the errors of the Church of Rome. Let me whisper to you that your kinswoman is rather a searcher after what we call here *notabilities*. I heard talk of one I knew in better days—of one who was the comrade of my youth, and the delight of Oxford—poor Pidge of Brazen Nose, who got the Newdegate in my third year, and who, under his present name of Father Bartolo, was to have been here in his Capuchin dress with a beard and bare feet; but I presume he could not get permission from his Superior. That is Mr. Huff, the political economist, talking with Mr. Macduff, the member for Glenlivat. That is the Coroner for Middlesex conversing with the great surgeon Sir Cutler Sharp, and that pretty little laughing girl talking with them is no other than the celebrated Miss Pennifer, whose novel of Ralph the Resurrectionist created such a sensation after it was abused in the Trimestrial Review. It was a little bold, certainly—I just looked at it at my club; after hours devoted to parish duty a clergyman is sometimes allowed, you know, *desipere in loco* —there are descriptions in it certainly startling —ideas about marriage not exactly orthodox— but the poor child wrote the book actually in the nursery, and all England was ringing with it before Dr. Pennifer, her father, knew who was the author. That is the Doctor asleep in the corner by Miss Rudge, the American authoress, who, I dare say, is explaining to him the difference between the two Governments. My dear Mrs. Newcome, I am giving my brother-in-law a little sketch of some of the celebrities who are crowding your salon to-night. What a delightful evening you have given us!"

"I try to do my best, Colonel Newcome," said the lady of the house. "I hope many a night we may see you here; and, as I said this morning, Clive, when he is of an age to appreciate this kind of entertainment. Fashion I do not worship. You may meet that among other branches of our family; but genius and talent I do reverence. And if I can be the means—the *humble* means—to bring men of genius together —mind to associate with mind—men of all nations to mingle in *friendly unison*—I shall not have lived *altogether* in vain. They call us women of the world *frivolous*, Colonel Newcome. So some may be; I do not say there are not in our own family persons who worship mere worldly rank, and think but of fashion and gayety; but such, I trust, will never be the objects in life of me and *my* children. We are but merchants; we seek to be *no more*. If I can look around me and see as I do" (she waves her fan round, and points to the illustrations scintillating round the room), "and see as I do now—a Poski, whose name is ever connected with Polish history—an Ettore, who has exchanged a tonsure and a rack for our own free country—a Hammerstein, and a Quartz, a Miss Rudge, our Transatlantic sister (who I trust will

not mention *this* modest salon in her forthcoming work on Europe), and Miss Pennifer, whose genius I acknowledge, though I deplore her opinions; if I can gather together travelers, poets and painters, princes and distinguished soldiers from the East, and clergymen, remarkable for their eloquence, *my* humble aim is attained, and Maria Newcome is not altogether useless in her generation. Will you take a little refreshment? Allow *your sister* to go down to the dining-room supported by your *gallant* arm." She looked round to the admiring congregation, whereof Honeyman, as it were, acted as clerk, and flirting her fan, and flinging up her little head, Consummate Virtue walked down on the arm of the Colonel.

The refreshment was rather meagre. The foreign artists generally dashed down stairs, and absorbed all the ices, creams, &c. To those coming late, there were chicken bones, tablecloths puddled with melted ice, glasses hazy with sherry, and broken bits of bread. The Colonel said he never supped; and he and Honeyman walked away together, the former to bed, the latter, I am sorry to say, to his club: for he was a dainty feeder, and loved lobster, and talk late at night, and a comfortable little glass of something wherewith to conclude the day.

He agreed to come to breakfast with the Colonel, who named eight or nine for the meal. Nine Mr. Honeyman agreed to with a sigh. The incumbent of Lady Hickathrift's chapel seldom rose before eleven; for, to tell the truth, no French abbé of Louis XV. was more lazy, and luxurious, and effeminate, than our polite bachelor preacher.

One of Colonel Newcome's fellow-passengers from India was Mr. James Binnie of the civil service, a jolly young bachelor of two or three and forty, who, having spent half of his past life in Bengal, was bent upon enjoying the remainder in Britain or in Europe, if a residence at home should prove agreeable to him. The nabob of books and tradition is a personage no longer to be found among us. He is neither as wealthy nor as wicked as the jaundiced monster of romances and comedies, who purchases the estates of broken-down English gentlemen, with rupees tortured out of bleeding rajahs, who smokes a hookah in public, and in private carries about a guilty conscience, diamonds of untold value, and a diseased liver; who has a vulgar wife, with a retinue of black servants whom she maltreats, and a gentle son and daughter with good impulses and an imperfect education, desirous to amend their own and their parents' lives, and thoroughly ashamed of the follies of the old people. If you go to the house of an Indian gentleman now, he does not say, "Bring more curricles," like the famous Nabob of Stanstead Park. He goes to Leadenhall Street in an omnibus, and walks back from the city for exercise. I have known some who have had maid-servants to wait on them at dinner. I have met scores who look as florid and rosy as any British squire who has never left his paternal beef and acres. They do not wear nankeen jackets in summer. Their livers are not out of order any more; and as for hookahs, I dare swear there are not two now kept alive within the bills of mortality; and that retired Indians would as soon think of smoking them, as their wives would of burning themselves on their husband's bodies at the cemetery, Kensal Green, near to the Tyburnian quarter of the city which the Indian world at present inhabits. It used to be Baker Street and Harley Street; it used to be Portland Place, and in more early days Bedford Square, where the Indian magnates flourished; districts which have fallen from their pristine state of splendor now, even as Agra, and Benares, and Lucknow, and Tippoo Sultan's city are fallen.

After two-and-twenty years' absence from London, Mr. Binnie returned to it on the top of the Gosport coach with a hat-box and a little portmanteau, a pink fresh-shaven face, a perfect appetite, a suit of clothes like every body else's, and not the shadow of a black servant. He called a cab at the White Horse Cellar, and drove to Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Street; and he gave the cabman eightpence, making the fellow, who grumbled, understand that Clifford Street was not two hundred yards from Bond Street, and that he was paid at the rate of five shillings and fourpence per mile—calculating the mile at only sixteen hundred yards. He asked the waiter at what time Colonel Newcome had ordered dinner, and finding there was an hour on his hands before the meal, walked out to examine the neighborhood for a lodging where he could live more quietly than in a hotel. He called it a hotal. Mr. Binnie was a North Briton, his father having been a Writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh, who had procured his son a writership in return for electioneering services done to an East Indian Director. Binnie had his retiring pension, and, besides, had saved half his allowances ever since he had been in India. He was a man of great reading, no small ability, considerable accomplishment, excellent good sense, and good humor. The ostentatious said he was a screw; but he gave away more money than far more extravagant people: he was a disciple of David Hume (whom he admired more than any other mortal), and the serious denounced him as a man of dangerous principles, though there were among the serious men much more dangerous than James Binnie.

On returning to his hotel, Colonel Newcome found this worthy gentleman installed in his room in the best arm-chair, sleeping cosily; the evening paper laid decently over his plump waistcoat, and his little legs placed on an opposite chair. Mr. Binnie woke up briskly when the Colonel entered. "It is you, you gad-about, is it?" cried the civilian. "How has the beau monde of London treated the Indian Adonis? Have you made a sensation, Newcome? Gad,

Tom, I remember you a buck of bucks when that coat first came out to Calcutta—just a Barrackpore Brummel—in Lord Minto's reign was it, or when Lord Hastings was Satrap over us?"

"A man must have one good coat," says the Colonel; "I don't profess to be a dandy; but get a coat from a good tailor, and then have done with it." He still thought his garment was as handsome as need be.

"Done with it—ye're never done with it!" cries the civilian.

"An old coat is an old friend, old Binnie. I don't want to be rid of one or the other. How long did you and my boy sit up together—isn't he a fine lad, Binnie? I expect you are going to put him down for something handsome in your will."

"See what it is to have a real friend now, Colonel! I sate up for ye, or let us say more correctly, I waited for you—because I knew you would want to talk about that scapegrace of yours. And if I had gone to bed, I should have had you walking up to No. 26, and waking me out of my first rosy slumber. Well, now confess; avoid not. Haven't ye fallen in love with some young beauty on the very first night of your arrival in your sister's salong, and selected a mother-in-law for young Scapegrace?"

"Isn't he a fine fellow, James?" says the Colonel, lighting a cheroot as he sits on the table. Was it joy, or the bed-room candle with which he lighted his cigar, which illuminated his honest features so, and made them so to shine?

"I have been occupied, sir, in taking the lad's moral measurement, and have pumped him as successfully as ever I cross-examined a rogue in my court. I place his qualities thus: Love of approbation sixteen. Benevolence fourteen. Combativeness fourteen. Adhesiveness two. Amativeness is not yet, of course, fully developed, but I expect will be prodeegiously strong. The imaginative and reflective organs are very large—those of calculation weak. He may make a poet or a painter, or you may make a sojor of him, though worse men than him's good enough for that—but a bad merchant, a lazy lawyer, and a miserable mathematician. He has wit and conscientiousness, so ye mustn't think of making a clergyman of him."

"Binnie!" says the Colonel, gravely, "you are always sneering at the cloth."

"When I think that but for my appointment to India, I should have been a luminary of the faith and a pillar of the church! grappling with the ghostly enemy in the pulpit, and giving out the psawm. Eh, sir, what a loss Scottish Divinity has had in James Binnie!" cries the little civilian with his most comical face. "But that is not the question. My opinion, Colonel, is, that young Scapegrace will give you a deal of trouble; or would, only you are so absurdly proud of him that you think every thing he does is perfaction. He'll spend your money for you: he'll do as little work as need be. He'll get into scrapes with the sax. He's almost as simple as his father, and that is to say that any rogue will cheat him: and he seems to me to have got your obstinate habit of telling the truth, Colonel, which may prevent his getting on in the world, but on the other hand will keep him from going very wrong. So that though there is every fear for him, there's some hope and some consolation.

"What do you think of his Latin and Greek?" asks the Colonel. Before going out to his party, Newcome had laid a deep scheme with Binnie, and it had been agreed that the latter should examine the young fellow in his humanities.

"Wall," cries the Scot, "I find that the lad knows as much about Greek and Latin as I knew myself when I was eighteen years of age."

"My dear Binnie, is it possible? You, the best scholar in all India!"

"And which amounted to exactly nothing. He has acquired in five years, and by the admirable seestem purshood at your public schools, just about as much knowledge of the ancient languages, as he could get by three months' application at home. Mind ye, I don't say he would apply; it is most probable he would do no such thing. But at the cost of—how much? two hundred pounds annually—for five years—he has acquired about five and twenty guineas' worth of classical leeterature—enough I dare say to enable him to quote Horace respectably through life, and what more do ye want from a young man of his expectations? I think I should send him into the army; that's the best place for him—there's the least to do, and the handsomest clothes to wear. *Acce segnum!*" says the little wag, daintily taking up the tail of his friend's coat.

"There's never any knowing whether you are in jest or in earnest, Binnie," the puzzled Colonel said.

"How should you know, when I don't know myself?" answered the Scotchman. "In earnest now, Tom Newcome, I think your boy is as fine a lad as I ever set eyes on. He seems to have intelligence and good temper. He carries his letter of recommendation in his countenance: and with the honesty—and the rupees, mind ye—which he inherits from his father, the deuce is in it if he can't make his way. What time's the breakfast? Eh, but it was a comfort this morning not to hear the holy-stoning on the deck. We ought to go into lodgings, and not fling our money out of the window of this hotel. We must make the young chap take us about and show us the town in the morning, Tom. I had but three days of it five-and-twenty years ago, and I propose to reshoome my observations to-morrow after breakfast. We'll just go on deck and see how's her head before we turn in, eh Colonel?" and with this the jolly gentleman nodded over his candle to his friend, and trotted off to bed.

The Colonel and his friend were light sleepers and early risers, like most men that come

from the country where they had both been so long sojourning, and were awake and dressed long before the London waiters had thought of quitting their beds. The housemaid was the only being stirring in the morning, when little Mr. Binnie blundered over her pail as she was washing the deck. Early as he was, his fellow-traveler had preceded him. Binnie found the Colonel in his sitting-room, arrayed in what are called in Scotland his stocking-feet, already puffing the cigar, which in truth was seldom out of his mouth at any hour of the day.

He had a couple of bedrooms adjacent to this sitting-room, and when Binnie, as brisk and rosy about the gills as Chanticleer, broke out in a morning salutation, "Hush," says the Colonel, putting a long finger up to his mouth, and advancing toward him as noiselessly as a ghost.

"What's in the wind now?" asks the little Scot; "and what for have ye not got your shoes on?"

"Clive's asleep," says the Colonel, with a countenance full of extreme anxiety.

"The darling boy slumbers, does he?" said the wag; "mayn't I just step in and look at his beautiful countenance while he's asleep, Colonel?"

"You may if you take off those confounded creaking shoes," the other answered, quite gravely; and Binnie turned away to hide his jolly round face, which was screwed up with laughter.

"Have ye been breathing a prayer over your rosy infant's slumbers, Tom?" asks Mr. Binnie.

"And if I have, James Binnie," the Colonel said, gravely, and his sallow face blushing somewhat, "if I have, I hope I've done no harm. The last time I saw him asleep was nine years ago, a sickly little pale-faced boy in his little cot; and now, sir, that I see him again, strong and handsome, and all that a fond father can wish to see a boy, I should be an ungrateful villain, James, if I didn't—if I didn't do what you said just now, and thank God Almighty for restoring him to me."

Binnie did not laugh any more. "By George, Tom Newcome," said he, "you're just one of the saints of the earth. If all men were like you, there'd be an end of both of our trades; there would be no fighting and no soldiering, no rogues, and no magistrates to catch them." The Colonel wondered at his friend's enthusiasm, who was not used to be complimentary; indeed what so usual with him as that simple act of gratitude and devotion about which his comrade spoke to him? To ask a blessing for his boy was as natural to him as to wake with the sunrise, or to go to rest when the day was over. His first and his last thought was always the child.

The two gentlemen were home in time enough to find Clive dressed, and his uncle arrived for breakfast. The Colonel said a grace over that meal: the life was begun which he had longed and prayed for, and the son smiling before his eyes who had been in his thoughts for so many fond years.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS HONEYMAN'S.

In Steyne Gardens, Brighton, the lodging-houses are among the most frequented in that city of lodging-houses. These mansions have bow-windows in front, bulging out with gentle prominences, and ornamented with neat verandas, from which you can behold the tide of human kind as it flows up and down the Steyne, and that blue ocean over which Britannia is said to rule, stretching brightly away eastward and westward. The chain-pier, as every body knows, runs intrepidly into the sea, which sometimes, in fine weather, bathes its feet with laughing wavelets, and anon, on stormy days, dashes over its sides with roaring foam. Here, for the sum of two-pence, you can go out to sea and pace this vast deck without need of a steward with a basin. You can watch the sun setting in splendor over Worthing, or illuminating with its rising glories the ups and downs of Rottingdean. You see the citizen with his family inveigled into the shallops of the mercenary native mariner, and fancy that the motion can not be pleasant; and how the hirer of the boat, *otium et oppidi laudat rura sui*, haply sighs for ease, and prefers Richmond or Hampstead. You behold a hundred bathing-machines put to sea; and your naughty fancy depicts the beauties splashing under their white awnings. Along the rippled sands (stay, are they rippled sands or shingly beech?) the prawn-boy seeks the delicious material of your breakfast. Breakfast—meal in London almost unknown, greedily devoured in Brighton! In yon vessels now nearing the shore the sleepless mariner has ventured forth to seize the delicate whiting, the greedy and foolish mackarel, and the homely sole. Hark to the twanging horn! it is the early coach going out to London. Your eye follows it, and rests on the pinnacles built by the beloved George. See the worn-out London roué pacing the pier, inhaling the sea air, and casting furtive glances under the bonnets of the pretty girls who trot here before lessons! Mark the bilious lawyer, escaped for a day from Pump Court, and sniffing the fresh breezes before he goes back to breakfast and a bag full of briefs at the Albion! See that pretty string of prattling school girls, from the chubby-cheeked, flaxen-headed, little maiden just toddling by the side of the second teacher, to the arch damsel of fifteen, giggling and conscious of her beauty, whom Miss Griffin, the stern head-governess, awfully reproves! See Tomkins with a telescope and marine-jacket; young Nathan and young Abrams, already bedizened in jewelry, and rivaling the sun in oriental splendor—yonder poor invalid crawling along in her chair—yonder jolly fat lady examining the Brighton pebbles (I actually once saw a lady buy one),

and her children wondering at the sticking-plaster portraits with gold hair, and gold stocks, and prodigious high-heeled boots, miracles of art, and cheap at seven-and-sixpence! It is the fashion to run down George IV., but what myriads of Londoners ought to thank him for inventing Brighton? One of the best of physicians our city has ever known, is kind, cheerful, merry Doctor Brighton. Hail thou purveyor of shrimps and honest prescriber of South Down mutton! There is no mutton so good as Brighton mutton; no flys so pleasant as Brighton flys; nor any cliff so pleasant to ride on; no shops so beautiful to look at as the Brighton gimcrack shops, and the fruit shops, and the market. I fancy myself in Mrs. Honeyman's lodgings in Steyne Gardens, and in enjoyment of all these things.

If the gracious reader has had losses in life, losses not so bad as to cause absolute want, or inflict upon him or her the bodily injury of starvation, let him confess that the evils of this poverty are by no means so great as his timorous fancy depicted. Say your money has been invested in West Diddlesex bonds, or other luckless speculations—the news of the smash comes; you pay your outlaying bills with the balance at the banker's; you assemble your family and make them a fine speech; the wife of your bosom goes round and embraces the sons and daughters seriatim; nestling in your own waistcoat finally, in possession of which, she says (with tender tears and fond quotations from Holy Writ, God bless her!), and of the darlings round about, lies all *her* worldly treasure; the weeping servants are dismissed, their wages paid in full, and with a present of prayer and hymn books from their mistress; your elegant house in Harley Street is to let, and you subside into lodgings in Pentonville, or Kensington, or Brompton. How unlike the mansion where you paid taxes and distributed elegant hospitality for so many years.

You subside into lodgings, I say, and you find yourself very tolerably comfortable. I am not sure that in her heart your wife is not happier than in what she calls her happy days. She will be somebody hereafter: she was nobody in Harley Street: that is, every body else in her visiting book, take the names all round, was as good as she. They had the very same entrées, plated ware, men to wait, &c., at all the houses where you visited in the street. Your candlesticks might be handsomer (and indeed they had a very fine effect upon the dinner-table), but then Mr. Jones's silver (or electro-plated) dishes were much finer. You had more carriages at your door on the evening of your delightful soirées than Mrs. Brown, (there is no phrase more elegant, and to my taste, than that in which people are described as "seeing a great deal of carriage company"); but yet Mrs. Brown, from the circumstance of her being a baronet's niece, took precedence of your dear wife at most tables. Hence the latter charming woman's scorn at the British baronetcy, and her many jokes at the order. In a word, and in the height of your social prosperity, there was always a lurking dissatisfaction, and a something bitter, in the midst of the fountain of delights at which you were permitted to drink.

There is no good (unless your taste is that way) in living in a society where you are merely the equal of every body else. Many people give themselves extreme pains to frequent company where all around them are their superiors, and where, do what you will, you must be subject to continual mortification—(as, for instance, when Marchioness X. forgets you, and you can't help thinking that she cuts you on purpose; when Duchess Z. passes by in her diamonds, &c.). The true pleasure of life is to live with your inferiors. Be the cock of your village; the queen of your coterie; and, besides very great persons, the people whom Fate has specially endowed with this kindly consolation, are those who have seen what are called better days—those who have had losses. I am like Cæsar, and of a noble mind: if I can not be first in Piccadilly, let me try Hatton Garden, and see whether I can not lead the *ton* there. If I can not take the lead at White's or the Traveler's let me be president of the Jolly Sandboys at the Bag of Nails, and blackball every body who does not pay me honor. If my darling Bessy can not go out of a drawing-room until a baronet's niece (ha! ha! a baronet's niece, forsooth!) has walked before her, let us frequent company where we shall be the first; and how *can* we be the first unless we select our inferiors for our associates? This kind of pleasure is to be had by almost every body, and at scarce any cost. With a shilling's worth of tea and muffins you can get as much adulation and respect as many people can not purchase with a thousand pounds' worth of plate and profusion, hired footmen, turning their houses topsy-turvy, and suppers from Gunter's. Adulation!—why, the people who come to you give as good parties as you do. Respect!—the very menials, who wait behind your supper-table, waited at a duke's yesterday, and actually patronise you! O you silly spendthrift! you can buy flattery for two-pence, and you spend ever so much money in entertaining your equals and betters, and nobody admires you!

Now aunt Honeyman was a woman of a thousand virtues; cheerful, frugal, honest, laborious, charitable, good-humored, truth-telling, devoted to the family, capable of any sacrifice for those she loved; and when she came to have losses of money, Fortune straightway compensated her by many kindnesses which no income can supply. The good old lady admired the word gentlewoman of all others in the English vocabulary, and made all around her feel that such was her rank. Her mother's father was a naval captain; her father had taken pupils, got a living, sent his son to college, dined with the

squire, published his volume of sermons, was liked in his parish, where Miss Honeyman kept house for him, was respected for his kindness and famous for his port wine; and so died, leaving about two hundred pounds a year to his two children, nothing to Clive Newcome's mother, who had displeased him by her first marriage (an elopement with Ensign Casey), and subsequent light courses. Charles Honeyman spent his money elegantly in wine parties at Oxford, and afterward in foreign travel; spent his money, and as much of Miss Honeyman's as that worthy soul would give him. She was a woman of spirit and resolution. She brought her furniture to Brighton, believing that the whole place still fondly remembered her grandfather, Captain Nokes, who had resided there, and his gallantry in Lord Rodney's action with the Count de Grasse, took a house and let the upper floors to lodgers.

The little brisk old lady brought a maid-servant out of the country with her, who was daughter to her father's clerk, and had learned her letters and worked her first sampler under Miss Honeyman's own eye, whom she adored all through her life. No Indian begum rolling in wealth, no countess mistress of castles and town-houses, ever had such a faithful toady as Hannah Hicks was to her mistress. Under Hannah was a young lady from the workhouse, who called Hannah, "Mrs. Hicks, mum," and who bowed in awe as much before that domestic as Hannah did before Miss Honeyman. At five o'clock in summer, at seven in winter (for Miss Honeyman, a good economist, was chary of candle-light), Hannah woke up little Sally, and these three women rose. I leave you to imagine what a row there was in the establishment if Sally appeared with flowers under her bonnet, gave signs of levity or insubordination, prolonged her absence when sent forth for the beer, or was discovered in flirtation with the baker's boy or the grocer's young man. Sally was frequently renewed. Miss Honeyman called all her young persons Sally; and a great number of Sallies were consumed in her house. The qualities of the Sally for the time being formed a constant and delightful subject of conversation between Hannah and her mistress. The few friends who visited Miss Honeyman in her back parlor, had *their* Sallies, in discussing whose peculiarities of disposition these good ladies passed the hours agreeably over their tea.

Many persons who let lodgings in Brighton have been servants themselves—are retired housekeepers, tradesfolk and the like. With these surrounding individuals Hannah treated on a footing of equality, bringing to her mistress accounts of their various goings on; "how No. 6 was let; how No. 9 had not paid his rent again; how the first-floor at 27 had game almost every day, and made-dishes from Mutton's; how the family who had taken Mrs. Bugsby's had left as usual after the very first night, the poor little infant blistered all over with bites on its little dear face; how the Miss Leary's was going on shameful with the two young men, actially in their setting-room, mum, where one of them offered Miss Laura Leary a cigar; how Mrs. Cribb *still* went cuttin' pounds and pounds of meat off the lodgers' jints, emptying their tea-caddies, actially reading their letters. Sally had been told so by Polly the Cribb's maid, who was kep, how that poor child was kep, hearing language perfectly hawful!" These tales and anecdotes, not altogether redounding to their neighbors' credit, Hannah copiously collected and brought to her mistress's tea-table, or served at her frugal little supper when Miss Honeyman, the labors of the day over, partook of that cheerful meal. I need not say that such horrors as occurred at Mrs. Bugsby's never befell in Miss Honeyman's establishment. Every room was fiercely swept and sprinkled, and watched by cunning eyes which nothing could escape; curtains were taken down, mattresses explored, every bone in bed dislocated and washed as soon as a lodger took his departure. And as for cribbing meat or sugar, Sally might occasionally abstract a lump or two, or pop a veal-cutlet into her mouth while bringing the dishes down stairs: Sallies would —giddy creatures bred in workhouses—but Hannah might be intrusted with untold gold and uncorked brandy, and Miss Honeyman would as soon think of cutting a slice off Hannah's nose and devouring it, as of poaching on her lodgers' mutton. The best mutton-broth, the best veal-cutlets, the best necks of mutton and French beans, the best fried fish and plumpest partridges, in all Brighton, were to be had at Miss Honeyman's—and for her favorites the best Indian currie and rice, coming from a distinguished relative, at present an officer in Bengal. But very few were admitted to this mark of Miss Honeyman's confidence. If a family did not go to church they were not in favor; if they went to a dissenting meeting she had no opinion of them at all. Once there came to her house a quiet Staffordshire family who ate no meat on Fridays, and whom Miss Honeyman pitied as belonging to the Romish superstition: but when they were visited by two corpulent gentlemen in black, one of whom wore a purple under waistcoat, before whom the Staffordshire lady absolutely sank down on her knees as he went into the drawing-room; Miss Honeyman sternly gave warning to these idolaters. She would have no Jesuits in *her* premises. She showed Hannah the picture in Howell's Medulla of the martyrs burning at Smithfield: who said, "Lord bless you, mum," and hoped it was a long time ago. She called on the curate: and many and many a time, for years after, pointed out to her friends, and sometimes to her lodgers, the spot on the carpet where the poor benighted creature had knelt down. So she went on respected by all her friends, by all her tradesmen, by herself not a little, talking of her previous "misfortunes" with amusing equanimity;

as if her father's parsonage house had been a palace of splendor, and the one horse chaise (with the lamps for evenings) from which she had descended, a noble equipage. "But I know it is for the best, Clive," she would say to her nephew in describing those grandeurs, "and, thank heaven, can be resigned in that station in life to which it has pleased God to call me."

The good lady was called the Duchess by her fellow tradesfolk in the square in which she lived. (I don't know what would have come to her had she been told she was a tradeswoman!) Her butchers, bakers, and marketpeople, paid her as much respect as though she had been a grandee's housekeeper out of Kemp Town. Knowing her station, she yet was kind to those inferior beings. She held affable conversations with them, she patronised Mr. Rogers, who was said to be worth a hundred thousand —two hundred thousand pound (or lbs. was it?) and who said, "Law bless the old Duchess, she do make as much of a pound of veal-cutlet as some would of a score of bullocks, but you see she's a lady born and a lady bred: she'd die before she'd owe a farden, and she's seen better days, you know." She went to see the grocer's wife on an interesting occasion, and won the heart of the family by tasting their caudle. Her fishmonger (it was fine to hear her talk of "my fishmonger"), would sell her a whiting as respectfully as if she had called for a dozen turbots and lobsters. It was believed by those good folks that her father had been a Bishop at the very least: and the better days which she had known were supposed to signify some almost unearthly prosperity. "I have always found, Hannah," the simple soul would say, "that people know their place, or can be very, very easily made to find it if they lose it; and if a gentlewoman does not forget herself, her inferiors will not forget she is a gentlewoman." "No, indeed, mum, and I'm sure they would do no such thing, mum," says Hannah, who carries away the teapot for her own breakfast (to be transmitted to Sally for her subsequent refection), while her mistress washes her cup and saucer, as her mother had washed her own China many score years ago.

If some of the surrounding lodging-house keepers, as I have no doubt they did, disliked the little Duchess for the airs which she gave herself, as they averred; they must have envied her too her superior prosperity, for there was scarcely ever a card in her window, while those ensigns in her neighbors' houses would remain exposed to the flies and the weather, and disregarded by passers by for months together. She had many regular customers, or what should be rather called constant friends. Deaf old Mr. Cricklade came every winter for fourteen years, and stopped until the hunting was over; an invaluable man, giving little trouble, passing all day on horseback, and all night over his rubber at the club. The Misses Barkham, Barkhambury, Tunbridge Wells, whose father had been at college with Mr. Honeyman, came regularly in June for sea air, letting Barkhambury for the summer season. Then, for many years, she had her nephew as we have seen; and kind recommendations from the clergymen of Brighton, and a constant friend in the celebrated Dr. Goodenough of London, who had been her father's private pupil, and of his college afterward, who sent his patients from time to time down to her, and his fellow physician, Dr. H——, who on his part would never take any fee from Miss Honeyman, except a packet of India currie-powder, a ham cured as she only knew how to cure them, and once a year, or so, a dish of her tea.

"Was there ever such luck as that confounded old Duchess's," says Mr. Gawler, coal-merchant and lodging-house keeper, next door but two, whose apartments were more odious in some respects than Mrs. Bugsby's own. "Was there ever such devil's own luck, Mrs. G.? It's only a fortnight ago as I read in the "Sussex Advertiser, the death of Miss Barkham, of Barkhambury, Tunbridge Wells, and thinks I there's a spoke in *your* wheel, you stuck-up little old Duchess, with your cussed airs and impudence. And she ain't put her card up three days; and look yere, yere's two carriages, two maids, three children, one of them wrapped up in a Hinjar shawl—man hout a livery—looks like a foring cove I think—lady in satin pelisse, and of course they go to the Duchess, be hanged to her. Of course it's our luck, nothing ever was like our luck. I'm blowed if I don't put a pistol to my 'ead, and end it, Mrs. G. There they go in—three, four, six, seven on 'em, and the man. That's the precious child's physic I suppose he's a carryin' in the basket. Just look at the luggage. I say! There's a bloody hand on the first carriage. It's a baronet, is it? I 'ope your ladyship's very well; and I 'ope Sir John will soon be down yere to join his family." Mr. Gawler makes sarcastic bows over the card in his bow-window while making this speech. The little Gawlers rush on to the drawing-room veranda themselves to examine the new arrivals.

"This is Mrs. Honeyman's?" asks the gentleman designated by Mr. Gawler as "the foring cove," and hands in a card on which the words "Mrs. Honeyman, 110, Steyne Gardens. J. Goodenough," are written in that celebrated physician's handwriting. "We want five betrooms, six bets, two or three sitting-rooms. Have you got dese?"

"Will you speak to my mistress?" says Hannah. And if it is a fact that Miss Honeyman *does* happen to be in the front parlor looking at the carriages, what harm is there in the circumstance, pray? Is not Gawler looking, and the people next door? Are not half a dozen little boys already gathered in the street (as if they started up out of the trap-doors for the coals), and the nursery maids in the stunted little garden, are not they looking through the bars

of the square? "Please to speak to mistress," says Hannah, opening the parlor door, and with a courtesy, "a gentleman about the apartments, mum."

"Five bet-rooms," says the man, entering. "Six bets, two or dree sitting-rooms? We gome from Dr. Goodenough."

"Are the apartments for you, sir?" says the little Duchess, looking up at the large gentleman.

"For my Lady," answers the man.

"Had you not better take off your hat?" asks the Duchess, pointing out of one of her little mittens to "the foring cove's" beaver, which he has neglected to remove.

The man grins, and takes off the hat. "I beck your bardon, ma'am," says he. "Have you fife bet-rooms?" &c. The Doctor has cured the German of an illness, as well as his employers, and especially recommended Miss Honeyman to Mr. Kuhn.

"I have such a number of apartments. My servant will show them to you." And she walks back with great state to her chair by the window, and resumes her station and work there.

Mr. Kuhn reports to his mistress, who descends to inspect the apartments, accompanied through them by Hannah. The rooms are pronounced to be exceedingly neat and pleasant, and exactly what are wanted for the family. The baggage is forthwith ordered to be brought from the carriages. The little invalid wrapped in his shawl is brought up-stairs by the affectionate Mr. Kuhn, who carries him as gently as if he had been bred all his life to nurse babies. The smiling Sally (the Sally for the time being happens to be a fresh pink-cheeked pretty little Sally) emerges from the kitchen and introduces the young ladies, the governess, the maids, to their apartments. The eldest, a slim black-haired young lass of thirteen, frisks about the rooms, looks at all the pictures, runs in and out of the veranda, tries the piano, and bursts out laughing at its wheezy jingle (it had been poor Emma's piano, bought for her on her seventeenth birth-day, three weeks before she ran away with the ensign; her music is still in the stand by it: the Rev. Charles Honeyman has warbled sacred melodies over it, and Miss Honeyman considers it a delightful instrument) kisses her languid little brother laid on the sofa, and performs a hundred gay and agile motions suited to her age.

"O what a piano! Why is it as cracked as Miss Quigley's voice!"

"My dear!" says mamma. The little languid boy bursts out into a jolly laugh.

"What funny pictures, mamma! Action with Count de Grasse; the death of General Wolfe; a portrait of an officer, an old officer in blue, like grandpapa; Brazen Nose College, Oxford: what a funny name."

At the idea of Brazen Nose College, another laugh comes from the invalid. "I suppose they've all got *brass noses* there," he says; and explodes at this joke. The poor little laugh ends in a cough, and mamma's traveling basket, which contains every thing, produces a bottle of syrup, labeled "Master A. Newcome. A teaspoonful to be taken when the cough is troublesome."

"O the delightful sea! the blue, the fresh, the ever free," sings the young lady, with a shake. (I suppose the maritime song from which she quoted was just written at this time.) "How much better this is than going home and seeing those horrid factories and chimnies! I love Doctor Goodenough for sending us here. What a sweet house it is! Every body is happy in it, even Miss Quigley is happy, mamma. What nice rooms! What pretty chintz. What a—O what a—comfortable sofa!" and she falls down on the sofa, which, truth to say, was the Rev. Charles Honeyman's luxurious sofa from Oxford, presented to him by young Cibber Wright of Christ Church, when that gentleman-commoner was eliminated from the University.

"The person of the house," mamma says, "hardly comes up to Dr. Goodenough's description of her. He says he remembers her a pretty little woman, when her father was his private tutor."

"She has grown very much since," says the girl. And an explosion takes place from the sofa, where the little man is always ready to laugh at any joke, or any thing like a joke, uttered by himself or by any of his family or friends. As for Dr. Goodenough, he says laughing has saved that boy's life.

"She looks quite like a maid," continues the lady. "She has hard hands, and she called me mum always. I was quite disappointed in her." And she subsides into a novel, with many of which kind of works, and with other volumes, and with work-boxes, and with wonderful inkstands, portfolios, portable days of the month, scent-bottles, scissar-cases, gilt miniature easels displaying portraits, and countless gim-cracks of travel, the rapid Kuhn has covered the tables in the twinkling of an eye.

The person supposed to be the landlady enters the room at this juncture, and the lady rises to receive her. The little wag on the sofa puts his arm round his sister's neck, and whispers, "I say, Eth, isn't she a pretty girl? I shall write to Dr. Goodenough and tell him how much she's *grown*." Convulsions follow this sally to the surprise of Hannah, who says, "Pooty little dear!—what time will he have his dinner, mum?"

"Thank you, Miss Honeyman, at two o'clock," says the lady with a bow of her head. "There is a clergyman of your name in London; is he a relation?" The lady in her turn is astonished, for the tall person breaks out into a grin, and says, "Law, mum, you're speakin' of Master Charles. He's in London."

"Indeed!—of Master Charles?"

"And you take me for missis, mum. I beg your pardon, mum," cries Hannah. The invalid hits his sister in the side with a weak little fist. If laughter can cure, *Salva est res.* Doctor Goodenough's patient is safe. "Master Charles is missis's brother, mum. I've got no brother, mum—never had no brother. Only one son, who's in the police, mum, thank you. And law bless me, I was going to forget! If you please, mum, missis says, if you are quite rested, she will pay her duty to you, mum."

"O indeed!" says the lady, rather stiffly; and taking this for an acceptance of her mistress's visit, Hannah retires.

"This Miss Honeyman seems to be a great personage," says the lady. "If people let lodgings, why do they give themselves such airs?"

"We never saw Monsieur de Boigne at Boulogne, mamma," interposes the girl.

"Monsieur de Boigne, my dear Ethel! Monsieur de Boigne is very well. But—" here the door opens, and in a large cap bristling with ribbons, with her best chestnut front, and her best black silk gown, on which her gold watch shines very splendidly, little Miss Honeyman makes her appearance, and a dignified courtesy to her lodger.

That lady vouchsafes a very slight inclination of the head indeed, which she repeats when Miss Honeyman says, "I am glad to hear your ladyship is pleased with the apartments."

"Yes, they will do very well, thank you," answers the latter person, gravely.

"And they have such a beautiful view of the sea!" cries Ethel.

"As if all the houses hadn't a view of the sea, Ethel! The price has been arranged, I think? My servants will require a comfortable room to dine in—by themselves, ma'am, if you please. My governess and the younger children will dine together. My daughter dines with me—and my little boy's dinner will be ready at two o'clock precisely, if you please. It is now near one."

"Am I to understand?" interposed Miss Honeyman.

"O! I have no doubt we shall understand each other, ma'am," cried Lady Ann Newcome (whose noble presence the acute reader has no doubt ere this divined and saluted). "Doctor Goodenough has given me a most satisfactory account of you—more satisfactory perhaps than—than you are aware of." Perhaps Lady Ann's sentence was not going to end in a very satisfactory way for Miss Honeyman; but awed by a peculiar look of resolution in the little lady, her lodger of an hour paused in whatever offensive remark she might have been about to make. "It is as well that I at last have the pleasure of seeing you, that I may state what I want, and that we may, as you say, understand each other. Breakfast and tea, if you please, will be served in the same manner as dinner. And you will have the kindness to order fresh milk every morning for my little boy—ass's milk—Doctor Goodenough has ordered ass's milk. Any thing further I want I will communicate through the person who spoke to you—Kuhn, Mr. Kuhn, and that will do."

A heavy shower of rain was descending at this moment, and little Miss Honeyman looking at her lodger, who had sate down and taken up her book, said, "Have your ladyship's servants unpacked your trunks?"

"What on earth, madam, have you—has that to do with the question?"

"They will be put to the trouble of packing again, I fear. I can not provide—three times five are fifteen—fifteen separate meals for seven persons—besides those of my own family. If your servants can not eat with mine, or in my kitchen, they and their mistress must go elsewhere. And the sooner the better, madam, the sooner the better!" says Miss Honeyman, trembling with indignation, and sitting down in a chair spreading her silks.

"Do you know who I am?" asks Lady Ann, rising.

"Perfectly well, madam," says the other. "And had I known, you should never have come into my house, that's more."

"Madam!" cries the lady, on which the poor little invalid, scared and nervous, and hungry for his dinner, began to cry from his sofa.

"It will be a pity that the dear little boy should be disturbed. Dear little child, I have often heard of him, and of you, miss," says the little householder, rising. "I will get you some dinner, my dear, for Clive's sake. And meanwhile your ladyship will have the kindness to seek for some other apartments—for not a bit shall my fire cook for any one else of your company." And with this the indignant little landlady sailed out of the room.

"Gracious goodness! Who *is* the woman?" cries Lady Ann. "I never was so insulted in my life."

"O mamma, it was you begun!" says downright Ethel. "That is— Hush, Alfred dear. Hush, my darling!"

"O it was mamma began! I'm so hungry. I'm so hungry!" howled the little man on the sofa—or off it rather—for he was now down on the ground, kicking away the shawls which enveloped him.

"What is it, my boy? What is it, my blessed darling? You *shall* have your dinner! Give her all, Ethel. There are the keys of my desk—there's my watch—there are my rings. Let her take my all. The monster! the child must live! It can't go away in such a storm as this. Give me a cloak, a parasol, anything—I'll go forth and get a lodging. I'll beg my bread from house to house—if this fiend refuses me. Eat the biscuits, dear! A little of the syrup, Alfred darling; it's very nice, love! and come to your old mother—your poor old mother."

Alfred roared out "No—it's not n—ice: it's n—a—a—asty! I won't have syrup. I *will* have dinner." The mother, whose embraces

the child repelled with infantine kicks, plunged madly at the bells, rang them all four vehemently, and ran down stairs toward the parlor, whence Miss Honeyman was issuing.

The good lady had not at first known the names of her lodgers, but had taken them in willingly enough on Dr. Goodenough's recommendation. And it was not until one of the nurses intrusted with the care of Master Alfred's dinner informed Miss Honeyman of the name of her guest, that she knew she was entertaining Lady Ann Newcome: and that the pretty girl was the fair Miss Ethel; the little sick boy, the little Alfred of whom his cousin spoke, and of whom Clive had made a hundred little drawings in his rude way, as he drew every body. Then bidding Sally run off to St. James's Street for a chicken—she saw it put on the spit, and prepared a bread sauce, and composed a batter-pudding, as she only knew how to make batter-puddings. Then she went to array herself in her best clothes, as we have seen—as we have heard rather (Goodness forbid that we should *see* Miss Honeyman arraying herself, or penetrate that chaste mystery, her toilet!): then she came to wait upon Lady Ann, not a little flurried as to the result of that queer interview; then she whisked out of the drawing-room as before has been shown; and, finding the chicken roasted to a turn, the napkin and tray ready spread by Hannah the neat-handed, she was bearing them up to the little patient when the frantic parent met her on the stair.

"Is it—is it for my child?" cried Lady Ann, reeling against the bannister.

"Yes, it's for the child," says Miss Honeyman, tossing up her head. "But nobody else has any thing in the house."

"God bless you — God bless you! A mother's bl—l—essings go with you," gurgled the lady, who was not, it must be confessed, a woman of strong moral character.

It was good to see the little man eating the fowl. Ethel, who had never cut any thing in her young existence, except her fingers now and then with her brother's and her governess's penknives, bethought her of asking Miss Honeyman to carve the chicken. Lady Ann, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, sat looking on at the ravishing scene.

"Why did you not let us know you were Clive's aunt?" Ethel asked, putting out her hand. The old lady took hers very kindly, and said, "Because you didn't give me time. And do you love Clive, my dear?"

The reconciliation between Miss Honeyman and her lodger was perfect. Lady Ann wrote a quire of note-paper off to Sir Brian for that day's post—only she was too late, as she always was. Mr. Kuhn perfectly delighted Miss Honeyman that evening, by his droll sayings, jokes, and pronunciation, and by his praises of Master Glife, as he called him. He lived out of the house, did every thing for every body, was never out of the way when wanted, and never in the way when not wanted. Ere long, Mrs. Honeyman got out a bottle of the famous Madeira which her Colonel sent her, and treated him to a glass in her own room. Kuhn smacked his lips and held out the glass again. The honest rogue knew good wine.

DUTCH AND ENGLISH INTERCOURSE WITH JAPAN.

THE pending Expedition, of which the object is to open a commercial intercourse between the United States and the empire of Japan, can hardly fail to give a degree of interest to the following account of the first expeditions of the Dutch and English, with the same object in view; of their first communication with the Japanese; and of the relations borne by these two great commercial nations toward that singular and exclusive people.

For a full century subsequent to the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, the commerce of the Indian seas, so far as Europe was concerned, remained, as is well known, almost a complete monopoly in the hands of the Portuguese. The ancient Venetian commerce with India, by the Red Sea, was speedily brought to an end by the conquest of Egypt by the Turks; nor did the Spanish discovery of another passage to India, by the Straits of Magellan, and the lodgment which the Spanish made in the Philipine Islands, materially interfere with the Portuguese monopoly; for the passage by the Straits of Magellan was very seldom attempted, the Spanish trade being confined to an annual ship between Acapulco and Manilla.

It was the desire to share in this East India commerce, which made Lisbon the wealthiest and most populous city of Europe, that led to so many attempts to discover a Northeastern, a Northwestern, and even a Northern passage, to India (directly over the pole); not only as shorter, but as avoiding any collision with the Portuguese and Spanish, who did not hesitate to maintain by force their respective exclusive claims to the passages by the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Magellan. These attempts were at first confined to the English, the Dutch being content to buy Indian merchandise at Lisbon, which they re-sold in the north of Europe. But after the union of the Spanish and Portuguese dominions, in 1680, and the seizure, which soon followed, of the Dutch ships at Lisbon, and their exclusion from any trade with Portugal, the Dutch began to entertain, even more ardently than the English, the desire of a direct commerce with the far East. Drake, in his voyage round the world (1577–80), outward by the Straits of Magellan, and homeward by the Cape of Good Hope, a track in which he was speedily followed by Cavendish (1586–8), led the way to the Indian seas; but the failure of Cavendish in a second attempt to pass the Straits of Magellan, and the capture,

by Spanish-American cruisers in the Pacific, of Sir Richard Hawkins, a son of the famous Sir John Hawkins, who had attempted a voyage to Japan by the same route, served to keep up the terrors of that passage. Meanwhile, Captain Lancaster, as early as 1591, accomplished the first English voyage to India by the Cape of Good Hope; yet though the English thus led the way, and, next to the Portuguese and the Spaniards, first made themselves heard of in the Indian seas, these enterprises of theirs were warlike, not commercial; and it is to the Dutch that the credit mainly belongs of first breaking in upon the Portuguese and Spanish monopoly of Indian commerce.

Among other Dutch ship-captains and merchants who had been thrown into prison at Lisbon, was Cornelius Houtman, who improved that opportunity to acquire, by conversation with Portuguese seamen, a knowledge of the Indian seas; and it was by his persuasions that the merchants of Amsterdam, associating as an East India Company, fitted out, in 1695, eight vessels—four to renew the experiment of a North-eastern passage, and four to proceed to India by the Cape of Good Hope. The voyage of the first four came to nothing; the others, under the charge of Houtman, succeeded in reaching the west coast of Java, where, in spite of the arts and opposition of the Portuguese, whom they found established at Bantam, in that island, they opened a trade with the natives, not without an occasional intermixture of hostilities, in which they lost more than half their numbers, besides being obliged to abandon and burn one of their vessels. The other three returned to Holland in 1598; and although the voyage had not been profitable, yet the actual commencement of the long desired Indian traffic greatly stimulated the hopes of the merchants; and that same year not less than four distinct India squadrons were fitted out; one of two vessels, under Houtman; another of five vessels, known as Verhagen's fleet, from the chief promoter of the enterprise, under Jacques Mahay; a third, of three vessels, under Oliver Noort; and a fourth, of not less than eight vessels, set forth by a new East India Association, including not only the merchants of Amsterdam, but those of the other cities of the province of Holland. The first and last of these expeditions proceeded by the Cape of Good Hope; the other two were to attempt the passage by the Straits of Magellan. The Dutch merchants were at this time much richer than those of England; and for these enterprises of theirs to India they obtained the assistance of quite a number of adventurous Englishmen. Houtman had an English pilot, named Davis; Noort had, in the same capacity, carried Thomas Melis, who had made the voyage round the world with Cavendish; the fleet of Mahay had two English pilots, William Adams and Timothy Shotten; with the former of whom, as being the first Englishman who ever reached Japan, and long a resident there, our narrative has chiefly to do. Born, according to his own account of himself, on the banks of the Medway, between Rochester and Chatham, "where the King's ships lie," Adams, at the age of twelve, had commenced a sea-faring life, being bound apprentice to Master Nicholas Diggins, of Limehouse, near London, whom he served for twelve years. Afterward he acted as master and pilot in her Majesty's (Queen Elizabeth's) ships, and then, for eleven or twelve years, was employed by the worshipful Company of the Barbary Merchants, till the Dutch traffic with India beginning, desirous, as he tells us, "to make a little experience of the small knowledge which God had given him," he was induced to enter that service. Mahay's squadron, in which Adams sailed as chief pilot, consisted of the Hope, of 250 tons and 130 men; the Faith, of 150 tons and 109 men; the Charity, of 160 tons and 110 men; the Fidelity, of 100 tons and 86 men; and the Good News, of 75 tons and 56 men; but these names of good omen did not save those small and over-crowded vessels from a succession of disasters, too common in the maritime enterprises of those days. They left the Texel the 24th of June, and on the 21st of August reached the Cape Verde Islands, where they remained twenty-one days to refresh the men, of whom many, however, were taken sick with scurvy, including Mahay, their chief commander, who died soon after they had recommenced their voyage. Encountering contrary winds and heavy rains, they were forced to the west of Guinea, and landed on Cape Gonsalves, just south of the Line. The people of Guinea, as they passed along, yielded a peddling trade. The sick were set on shore on the 10th of November. On the 23d, a French sailor came aboard, who promised to do them all favor with the negro king. To him was sent Captain Wert (of the Fidelity), who found him on a throne scarcely a foot high, with a lamb-skin under his feet, his garment of violet-colored cloth with gilded lace, attired like a rower, without shirt, shoes, or stockings, having a parti-colored cloth on his head, and many glass beads about his neck; attended by his courtiers, adorned with cocks' feathers. The palace was not comparable to a stable. His provision was brought him by women—a few roasted plantains and smoke-dried fish, in wooden vessels, with wine of palm, in such sparing measure, that, according to the quaint statement of old Purchas, "Massanissa, and the renowned examples of temperance, might have been this negro's disciples. Once," says Purchas, "the Dutch captain was fain (under color of courtesy, to show the king his manner of diet), to call for some of his Holland provisions, to satisfy his thus more provoked and barking stomach; but in the Spanish wine the Guinean forgot his temperance, and was carried to his bed. Little refreshing was here to be had; a boar and two buffaloes they killed in the woods, a little they bought, a few birds they took, and (which was

worse) as the scorbute forsook the sick, fevers possessed the stronger."

In this state of distress they set sail for the coast of Brazil; but falling in soon after with the island of Annabon, in the Gulf of Guinea, they landed, took the town, which contained eighty houses, and obtained a supply of oxen, and of oranges and other fruits; but the men continued to die, of whom they buried more than thirty on this island. Two months were thus spent on the African coast, when the ships, setting sail again about the middle of November, after a five months' passage, being greatly delayed by one of the vessels losing her mainmast, reached the Straits of Magellan, the crews during most of that time on short allowance of a quarter of a pound of bread per day, with a like proportion of wine and water, and driven to such extremity as to eat the calf-skins with which the ropes were covered. Having entered the Straits the beginning of April, 1699, they obtained a good supply of penguins for food, but the commander stopping to wood and water, they were overtaken by the winter, then just setting in, during which they lost more than a hundred men by cold and hunger, and were thus detained—though, according to Adams, there were many times when they might have gone through—till the 24th of September, when at last they entered the South Sea. A few days after, they encountered a violent storm, by which the ships were separated; Captain Wert, with the Faith and Fidelity, being driven back into the Strait, where he encountered Oliver Noort, who had left Holland a few days after the Verhagen fleet, had followed in the same track, had encountered many of the same difficulties, but who, more fortunate, not only passed the Strait, but succeeded in completing the fourth circumnavigation of the globe—a feat accomplished before his voyage only by the ships of Magellan, Drake, and Cavendish. As Noort was unable to afford him any aid, Wert abandoned the enterprise, and returned with his two ships to Holland. The other three ships steered separately for the coast of Chili, where a rendezvous, in the latitude of 46 degrees had been appointed. The Charity, in which Adams was, reaching the place of rendezvous, found there some Indian inhabitants, with whom they had friendship for five or six days, and who furnished them with sheep in exchange for bells and knives, with which they seemed well satisfied; but shortly after they disappeared, probably through Spanish influence. Having waited twenty-eight days, and hearing nothing of her consorts, the Charity ran by Valdivia to the island of Mocha, and thence toward the neighboring island of Santa Maria, where, seeing on the main land near by a number of people, they approached the shore for a parley, but the people would suffer none to land from the boats, at which they shot a multitude of arrows. "Nevertheless," says Adams, "having no victuals in our ship, and hoping to find refreshing, we forcibly landed some seven-and-twenty or thirty of our men, and drove the wild people from the water-side, having the most of our men hurt with their arrows. Having landed, we made signs of friendship, and in the end came to parley, with signs that our desire was to have victuals for iron, silver, and cloth, which we showed them. Whereupon they gave our folks wine, with batatas (sweet potatoes), and other fruits, and bade them, by signs and tokens, to go aboard, and the next day to come again, and they would bring us victuals."

The next day, after a council, in which it was resolved not to land more than two or three men at once, the captain approached the shore with all the force he had. Great numbers of people were seen on shore, who made signs for the boats to land; and in the end, as the people would not come near the boats, twenty-three men landed with muskets, and marched up toward four or five houses; but before they had marched about the distance of a musket-shot, they found themselves in an ambush; the natives falling upon them and killing the whole, including Thomas Adams, a brother of our William, the chief pilot. "So our boats waited long," says Adams, "to see if any of them would come again; but seeing no hope to recover them, our boats returned, with this sorrowful news, that all our men that landed were slain, which was a lamentable thing to hear, for we had scarce so many men left as could wind up our anchor." After waiting a day longer, they went over to the neighboring island of Santa Maria, where they found the Hope, which had just arrived, but in as great distress as themselves, having, at the island of Mocha, the day before the Charity had passed there, lost their commander and twenty-seven men in an attempt to land to obtain provisions. Some provisions were finally got, by detaining two Spaniards who had come to visit the ships, and requiring them to pay a ransom in sheep and oxen. It was proposed to burn one of the ships, as there were not men enough for both, most of the survivors being sick; but the new captains could not agree which of the ships they should burn. At length, the men being somewhat refreshed, a council was called to consider what should be done to make the voyage as profitable as possible to the merchants. Learning from one of the sailors who had been to Japan in a Portuguese ship, that cloth, of which they had much on board, was good merchandise there; considering that the Moluccas, and most parts of the East Indies, were not countries in which woolen cloths would be likely to be very acceptable; and hearing from the people on shore that Spanish cruisers were after them—by whom, in fact, their third vessel was captured, news of their intentions and force having been sent from Spain to Peru about the time of their departure from Holland—it was finally resolved to stand away for Japan, which they did, leaving the coast of Chili on the 27th

of November. Standing northerly across the equator, for several months they had pleasant weather. In their way, they encountered a group of islands somewhere about 16 degrees of North latitude (perhaps the Sandwich Islands), to which, as they approached, eight of their men ran off with the pinnace, and were eaten, as was supposed, by the islanders, who, by the report of one who was taken, proved to be cannibals. In the latitude of 27 degrees N., they encountered variable winds and stormy weather, in which the two vessels were separated, the Hope being never more heard of. The Charity still kept on her course, though with many of her men sick, and others dead; and on the 11th of April, being then in great misery, with only four or five men, out of a company of four-and-twenty, able to walk, as many more to creep on their knees, the whole expecting shortly to die, at last they made the hoped-for land, near a place called Bungo, on the western coast of the southernmost of the three larger islands, which, with quite a number of smaller ones, compose the empire of Japan. They were immediately boarded by numerous boats, which they had no force to resist; but the boatmen offered no injury, beyond stealing what they could conveniently lay their hands on. This, however, was put a stop to the next day by the governor of the neighboring district, who sent soldiers on board to protect the cargo, and who treated the crew with great kindness, giving them a house on shore for their sick, of whom nine finally died; furnishing them also with all necessary refreshments. For some days the only conversation was by signs; but before long a Portuguese Jesuit, with some other Portuguese, arrived from Nangesaki, on the opposite eastern coast of the island, the port at which the Chinese and Portuguese had their principal trade. The Dutch now had an interpreter, but what with religious and what with national antipathies, little was to be hoped from a Jesuit and a Portuguese. Soon after the Emperor sent five galleys, in which Adams, attended by one of the sailors, was conveyed to Osaca, on the south coast of Niphon, the larger island, and about eighty leagues from Bungo. Here he found the Emperor, "in a wonderful costly house, gilded with gold in abundance;" who, in several interviews, treated him with great kindness, and was very inquisitive as to his country, and the cause of his coming; to which Adams replied that the English were a people who had long sought out the East Indies, desiring friendship, in the way of trade, with all kings and potentates; having in their country divers commodities which might be exchanged to mutual advantage. He then inquired if the people of Adams's country had no wars? to which he answered that they did, with the Spanish and Portuguese, but were at peace with all other nations. He also inquired as to Adams's religious opinions, and the way in which he got to Japan; but when Adams exhibited to him a chart of the world, and pointed out the passage through the Straits of Magellan, he exhibited plain signs of incredulity. But, notwithstanding this friendly reception, Adams was ordered back to prison, where he was kept for nine-and-thirty days, expecting, though well treated, to be crucified, that being a customary method of execution among the Japanese. In fact, as he afterward discovered, the Portuguese were employing this interval in poisoning the minds of the natives against these new comers, whom they represented as thieves and common sea-robbers whom it was necessary to put to death, to prevent any more of their freebooting countrymen from coming to the ruin of the Japanese trade. But at length the Emperor gave this answer, that, as these strangers had as yet done no damage to him nor to any of his people, it would be against reason and justice to put them to death; and, sending again for Adams, after another long conversation and numerous inquiries, he set him at liberty, and gave him liberty to visit his companions and the ship, of whom, in the interval, he had heard nothing. He found them close by, the ship having in the interval been brought to Sakay, within seven or eight miles of Osaca. The men had suffered nothing, but the ship had been completely stripped, Adams being thus left with nothing but the clothes on his back. The Emperor, indeed, ordered restitution; but the plundered articles were so dispersed and concealed that nothing could be recovered, except fifty thousand rials in silver ($5000), which had formed a part of the cargo, and which was given up to the officers as a fund for their support and that of the men. Afterward the ship was taken still eastward to Quanto, near Jeddo, where all means were used to get her clear with leave to depart, in which suit a considerable part of the money was spent; till, at the end of two years, the men refusing any longer to obey Adams and the master, "for quietness' sake" the remaining money was divided, and each was left to shift for himself. The Emperor, however, added an allowance to each man of two pounds of rice a day, besides an annual pension in money amounting to about twenty-four dollars. In Adams's case this pension was afterward raised to one hundred and forty dollars, as a reward for having built two ships for the Emperor on the European model, one of which was lent in the year 1609 to the Spanish governor of Manilla (who, on his return home by way of Acapulco had been shipwrecked on the coast of Japan) to convey him to New Spain; a courtesy which the Spaniard acknowledged by returning another ship the next year with a great present, besides the value of the Emperor's ship in goods and money. Adams's knowledge of mathematics also proved of service to him, and he was soon in such favor as to be able, as he tells us, to return good for evil to several of his former enemies, the Jesuits and Portuguese. Indeed, the Emperor rewarded his

services by giving him "a living like unto a lordship in England, with eighty or ninety husbandmen as his servants and slaves;" but he still pined for home, and importuned for leave to depart, desiring, as he says, "to see his poor wife and children, according to conscience and nature." This suit he again renewed, upon hearing from some Japanese traders that Dutch merchants had established themselves at Acheen in Sumatra, and Patania, on the east coast of Malacca, promising to bring both the Dutch and English to trade in Japan. But all he could obtain was leave for the Dutch captain of the ship to depart, which he presently did, for Patania, in a Japanese junk, whence he proceeded to Jor, at the southern end of the peninsula of Malacca, where he found a Dutch fleet of nine sail, in which he obtained an appointment as master, but was soon after killed in a sea-fight with the Portuguese. This hope of communicating with his friends thus failing, soon after Adams heard that certain English merchants had established themselves in the island of Java, to whom he wrote, under date of October 22, 1611, giving an account of himself, and inclosing a letter to his wife, which he besought these unknown countrymen of his to convey to his friends in England. "My desire is," he wrote, "that my wife and two children may learn that I am here in Japan; for that my wife is in a manner a widow, and my children fatherless, which thing only is my greatest grief of heart and conscience. I am a man not unknown in Ratcliffe and Limehouse, to my good master, Mr. Nicholas Diggins, and Mr. Thomas Best, and Mr. Nicholas Isaac and William Isaac, brothers, with many others. Therefore, may this letter come to any of their hands, or the copy of this letter, I know that your Company's mercy is such that my friends and kindred shall have news that I do as yet live in this vale of my sinful pilgrimage; the which thing I do again and again desire for Jesus' sake."

This letter was directed to his unknown friends and countrymen, with a request endorsed that by their good means it, or a copy of it, might come to the knowledge of some of his friends at Limehouse or in Kent, so that his wife and children might hear of him, and he of them, before his death. Adams sent it by the master's mate of a small Dutch trading vessel which had lately arrived in Japan, in continuation of a commerce and intercourse commenced two years before by two Dutch vessels, fitted out with intention to take the Portuguese carack which came annually from Macao with a rich cargo. Missing her by being a few days too late, they had put into the harbor of Firando, in a small island of the same name, off the western coast of the southern main island of Japan, near the entrance of the Strait of Corea; whence they sent some of their company to the Emperor's court, where they had been received with great friendship, obtaining leave to establish a permanent factory at Firando, for the supply of which they were to send a ship or two yearly. "You shall understand," wrote Adams, "that the Hollanders have here an Indias of money, so that they need not to bring silver out of Holland to the East Indias, for in Japan there is much gold and silver to serve their turn in other places where need requireth." He enumerated as vendible in Japan for ready money, raw silk, damask, black taffetas, black and red cloth of the best kinds, lead, &c. To a somewhat exaggerated, and otherwise not very correct account of the extent and geography of the Japanese dominions, he added the following description of the inhabitants: "The people of this island of Japan are good of nature, courteous above measure, and valiant in war. Their justice is severely executed, and without partiality upon transgressors. They are governed in great civility. I think no land in the world better governed by civil policy. The people are very superstitious in their religion, and are of diverse opinions. There are many Jesuits and Franciscan friars in this land, and they have converted many to be Christians, and have many churches in the island."

This letter, with its inclosure addressed to Adams's wife, must have reached the English East India Company's factory at Bantam, in Java, previous to the first of June, 1612; for on that day an answer to it was dispatched by the Globe, which had just arrived from England, and which sailing thence to Patania, met there the same master's mate who had brought Adams's letter, and who being just about to return to Japan in a Dutch pinnace, promised to deliver the answer. Already, however, independently of Adams's letter, a project seems to have been started in England for opening a trade with Japan; letters from the King of England to the Emperor having been intrusted to Captain Saris, an old adventurer in the East, and a former resident at Bantam, who left England in April, 1611, with three ships—the Clove, the Thomas, and the Hector—being the eighth voyage set forth by the English East India Company. After touching, trading, negotiating, and fighting at Socotra, Mocha, and other ports of the Red Sea, Saris arrived at Bantam in October, 1612. Soon after his arrival the letter of Adams was re-read in presence of the assembled merchants, and doubtless it encouraged him in his project of visiting Japan, and of thus, to use a quaint expression of old Purchas, making the East Indias westerly. Having taken in seven hundred sacks of pepper for a trial there, in addition to the broadcloths, gunpowder, and other goods brought from England, and constituting his principal cargo, Saris sailed on the 14th of January, 1613, in the Clove, for Japan; his crew consisting of seventy-four English, one Spaniard, one Japanese, to serve as an interpreter, he speaking also the Malay language, which Captain Saris understood, and five *Swarts* or Indians. Passing in sight of the south coast of Celebes, he touched at several

of the Dutch ports in the group of the Moluccas, so famous for their spices, and occupied at that time, some of them by Dutch, and others by Spanish factories—the Spaniards from Manilla having come to the rescue of the Portuguese, whom the Dutch had driven out—the inmates of which regarded all new-comers (if of any other nation than their own) with scarcely less suspicion and hostility than they did each other, and both of them joining to oppress and plunder the unhappy natives, who were wrought upon to spoil one another in civil war, while the Dutch and Spaniards, both secure in strong forts, sat by and looked on "prepared to take the bone from him that would wrest it from his fellow." The composition of the garrison of the Dutch fort at Buchian, one of the islands at which Saris touched, was rather peculiar, and not a little formidable, consisting, besides thirty Dutch soldiers, of eleven Dutch women, "able to withstand the fury of the Spaniard, or other nation whatsoever, being of a very lusty, large breed, and furnished with few good qualities;" but among them, according to Captain Saris, that of following their leader; for no sooner was the captain of the fort on board the Clove, than the Amazon band followed, complaining of great misery, and with very small entreaty—in fact, it may be suspected, without waiting for an invitation—sitting down to eat with the English sailors. They had, says Saris, what the ship afforded, and then returned on shore with their captain, no doubt to the English captain's great satisfaction. But however ready the Dutch female soldiers might be to feast on the English provisions, the Dutch commanders would not allow the natives to trade with the English, even to the extent of a single *catty* of cloves, threatening with death those who did so, and claiming all the Spice Islands held by them as their country, conquered by the sword, they having, with much loss of blood and money, delivered the inhabitants from the tyranny of the Portuguese, and having made a perpetual contract with them for the purchase of all their spices at a fixed rate, in the case of cloves at about eight cents the pound. This claim of dominion and extensive right of trade, Captain Saris declined to acknowledge, at the same time professing his readiness to give the Dutch "as neighbors and brethren in Christ," a preference in purchasing any part of his cargo of which they might happen to stand in need.

The English and Dutch had been ready enough to join together in breaking up the Portuguese and Spanish monopoly, and in forcing a trade in the Indian seas; but it was already apparent that the Dutch East India Company, which in the amount of capital at its command very far surpassed the English Company, was bent on establishing a monopoly of its own, not less close than that formerly maintained by the Portuguese. The Spaniards, on the other hand, professed friendship, and made some offers of trade; but Captain Saris suspecting treachery did not choose to trust them, and on the 14th of April, he left the Moluccas, and stood in his course for Japan, and on the 10th June, having been in sight of land for a day or two, they were boarded by four great fishing-boats, fitted with both sails and oars, from whose crews they learned that they were off the harbor of Nangesaki, the chief port of the Portuguese trade. And, in fact, one of these boats belonged to the Portuguese, and was manned by "new Christians," converted natives, that is, who had mistaken the ship of Captain Saris for the annual Portuguese carack from Macao. Finding their mistake, no entreaty could prevail upon them to stay; but the masters of two of the other boats, for thirty dollars each in money, and rice for their food, agreed to pilot the ship to Firando, which lay to the northward, by the pilots' reckoning, some thirty leagues distant; and their men coming on board began voluntarily to assist in working the vessel, showing themselves not less handy than the English sailors.

No sooner had the ship anchored off Firando, than she was visited by the old king or hereditary governor of that island, by name Foyne-Suma, upward of seventy years old, attended by his nephew or grandchild, Tone-Suma, a young man of two-and-twenty, who governed under him. They came with forty boats or galleys, with from ten to fifteen oars a side; but on approaching the vessel all fell back, except the two which carried the old governor and his nephew, who came on board unattended except by a single person each. They were bare-headed and bare-legged, wearing shoes, but no stockings; the fore part of their heads shaven to the crown, and their hair behind, which was very long, gathered up into a knot; and were clad in shirts and breeches of linen, over which was a silk gown girt to them, a sword of the country at either side, the one half a yard in length, the other half as long. Their manner of salutation was to put off their shoes, and then stooping, with their right hand in their left, and both against their knees, to approach with small sidling steps, slightly moving their hands at the same time, and crying, *Augh! Augh!* Captain Saris conducted them to his cabin, where he had a banquet spread, and a concert of music, with which they seemed much delighted. Captain Saris delivered to him a letter from the King of England, which he received with much joy, but he put off reading it till "*Ange*" should come, that word being the Japanese for pilot, and the name by which Adams was known, to whom, being then at Jeddo, letters were sent the same night, as also to the Emperor.

As soon as the King had gone on shore, all his principal people attended by a multitude of soldiers, entered the ship, each man of consequence bringing his present of venison, wild boar, large and fat wild fowl, fruits, fish, &c.;

but as the crowd proved troublesome, King Foyne sent an officer on board to keep order, and prevent mischief. The next day came some three-score great boats or galleys, very well manned, which towed the vessel into the harbor, of which the entrance was narrow and dangerous. Here they anchored in five fathoms, so close to the shore that they could talk with the people in the houses, saluting the town with nine pieces of ordnance; a compliment which the inhabitants were unable to return, having no cannon there, only pieces for small shot. The ship was speedily surrounded with boats full of people, who seemed much to admire the head and stern of the ship, and the decks were so crowded with men, women and children, that it was impossible to move about. The captain took several of the better sort of women into his cabin, where a picture of Venus and Cupid "did hang somewhat wantonly, set out in a large frame, which, mistaking it for the Virgin and her son, some of those women kneeled to and worshiped with great devotion," at the same time whispering in a low tone, that they might not be overheard by their pagan companions that they were *Christianos*, by which it was understood that they were converts of the Portuguese Jesuits.

Soon after King Foyne came again on board, and brought four principal women with him. They were bare-legged, except that a pair of half buskins were bound by a silk ribbon about their insteps, and clad in a number of silk gowns, one skirt over another, bound about their waists by a girdle, their hair very black and long, and tied in a comely knot on the crown of the head, no part of which was shaven like the men's. They had good faces, hands, and feet, clear-skinned and white, but wanting color, which, however, they supplied by art. They were low in stature and very fat, courteous in behavior, of which they well understood the ceremonials according to the Japanese fashion. At first they seemed a little bashful, but the king "willing them to be frolic," all other company being excluded except Captain Saris and the interpreter, they sung several songs, playing on an instrument much like a guitar, but with four strings only, which they fingered very nimbly with the left hand, holding in the other a piece of ivory with which they touched the strings, playing and singing by book, the tunes being noted on lines and spaces, much the same as European music.

The old king was so much delighted with the presents, to the value of seven hundred dollars or more, which Captain Saris delivered to him in the name of the King of England, that, at a banquet which he gave on the occasion, calling for a drinking-cup holding a pint and a half, which was one of the presents, he insisted upon drinking it off to the King of England's health, filled with arrack, "the wine of that country," distilled from rice, of the color of canary, but almost as strong as brandy — a compliment which he required to be repeated by every person present.

Not long after, desirous to be "frolic," he brought on board a company of female actors—such as were common in Japan, little better, it would seem, than slaves; being under the control of a master, who carried them from place to place, exhibiting comedies of war, love, and such like, with several shifts of apparel for the better grace of the matter acted; and of much the same easy virtue, it would seem, with the ballet-girls of Europe—a class of performers as yet unknown in England, and but just beginning to come into vogue in Italy. It appeared, however, on a subsequent occasion, on which several of the English were present, that, besides these professional actors, the king and his principal workmen were accustomed, on certain great festivals, at which the whole country round was present, to present a play, of which the matter was the valiant deeds of their ancestors, from the beginning of their kingdom or commonwealth, intermixed, however—like Shakspeare's historical plays — with much mirth, to give the common people content. On that occasion they had as musical instruments, to assist their voices, little tabors or stringed instruments, small in the middle and large at both ends, like an hour-glass; also, fifes; but, though they kept exact time, the whole performance was very harsh to English ears.

While waiting for Adams, who presently arrived, after being seventeen days on his way, a house was hired on shore for a factory, which was obtained, furnished with mats, according to the custom of the country, for a rent of ninety-five dollars for six months. Not long after, leaving Mr. Richard Cox, the Cape-merchant,* in charge of the factory and the trade, Captain Saris set out on a visit to the Emperor, attended by Adams and seventeen persons of his own company, including several mercantile gentlemen, a tailor, a cook, the surgeon's mate, the Japanese interpreter, the coxswain, and one sailor, and being liberally furnished by old King Foyne with a conductor for the journey, a large galley of twenty-five oars a side, manned with sixty men, and also with a sum in Japanese money to pay his expenses, amounting to a hundred and twenty-five dollars, which sum, however, Captain Saris directed the Cape-merchant to place to King Foyne's credit as so much money lent.

The galley being handsomely fitted up with waist-cloths and ensigns, they coasted along the western and northern shores of the southern

* Besides the captain, who had the general oversight of the ship and voyage, and the master, whose business it was to navigate the vessel, most considerable trading ships of that day had a Cape-merchant, so called, a supercargo or commercial agent, who had charge of the trade, and the same term was applied to commercial agents resident in distant countries. Thus, in Virginia, while that colony remained a proprietary government, the magazine, or general store of goods belonging to the Company, and the local trade, of which they had a monopoly, was under the charge of a Cape-merchant.

main island (on our modern maps called Kiusin, but on older ones Ximo, and by the Japanese themselves, Mashma), passing a number of handsome towns. One of these, called Fuccate, at a distance of two days' rowing from Firando—where, finding the current too strong, they stopped to dine—had a very strong castle of freestone, with a wide and deep ditch and drawbridge, kept in good repair, but without cannon or garrison. The town seemed as large as London within the walls, very well built, with straight streets. As they landed, they had experience, repeated almost wherever they went, of that antipathy to foreigners, so characteristic a trait of their country; for the boys, children, and worser sort of idle people, would gather about them, crying out *Coré, Coré, Cocoré, Wané*, taunting them by these words, as Coreans with false hearts, whooping, hollowing, and making such a noise, that the English could hardly hear each other speak, and even in some places throwing stones at them; all which went on without any interference on the part of the public officers, so that the best the visitors could do, was to pass on without giving any attention to these "idle rabblements," and thus escaping with the noise in their ears. In general, however, the police was very strict, and punishments very prompt and bloody, it being no unusual thing to see criminals beheaded in the street, after which, every passer-by was allowed to try his sword on the dead body, which thus was often chopped into small pieces, and left for the birds of prey to devour. All along the coast they noticed many families living in boats upon the water, as in Holland, the women being very expert fishers, not only with lines and nets, but by diving, which gave them such blood-shot eyes that they might easily be known by that mark.

Coasting along through the strait which separates Niphon, the main island of Japan, from the two more southern and smaller ones, on the twentieth day after leaving Firando, they reached the entrance of a river, a short distance up which lay the town of Osaca, which, however, they could only reach in a small boat. This town, which seemed as large as Fuccate, had many handsome timber bridges across a river as wide as the Thames at London. It had, also, like Fuccate, a great and very strong castle of freestone, in which the son of the late Emperor, left an infant at his father's decease, was kept a close prisoner, with his wife, a daughter of Oyoshosamma, the reigning Emperor, who, from being originally one of his guardians, had usurped the government. A short distance from Osaca, on the other side of the river, lay the town of Sakay, not so large, but accessible to ships, and a place of great trade. Leaving their galley at Osaca, Captain Saris and his company passed in boats up a river or canal, one day's journey, to Fushimi, where they found a garrison of three thousand soldiers, maintained by the Emperor to keep in subjection Osaca, and the still larger neighboring city of Miaco; and the garrison being changed at that time, the old troops marching out, and new ones marching in, who for two or three days after were met on the road, a good opportunity was afforded to see their array. They were armed with *culivers* (a species of fire-arms), pikes, swords and targets, bows and arrows, and *wagadashes*, described as like a Welsh hook. They marched five abreast, with an officer to every ten files, in regiments of from five hundred to a hundred and fifty, without colors or musical instruments. Captain Saris was very favorably impressed with the discipline and martial bearing of these troops; but the fashion in which their officers rode behind their companies—seated cross-legged on a piece of red China felt, spread over their beds, which were thrown across their horses' backs, the rider, if old or weak, leaning against a staff, which supported him like the back of a chair—does not seem very warlike. The Captain-General, whom they met in the rear, marched in very great state, hunting and hawking all the way, the hawks being managed exactly after the European fashion. The horses were of middle size, small-headed, and very full of mettle.

The better opportunity was afforded for observing these troops, of which the regiments followed each other at the distance of a league or two, as, at Fushimi, Captain Saris and his company quitting their bark, were furnished each man with a horse to travel over land to Surunga, where the Emperor held his court. For Captain Saris a palanquin was also appointed, with bearers to carry it, two at a time, six in number where the way was level, but increased to ten when it became hilly. A spare horse was led beside the palanquin for him to ride when he pleased, and, according to the custom of the country with persons of importance, a slave was appointed to run before him, bearing a pike.

Thus they traveled, at the rate of some forty-five miles a day, over a highway for the most part very level, but in some places cut through mountains; the distances marked, in divisions of about three miles, by two little hillocks on each side of the way, planted at the top with a fair pine tree, "trimmed round in fashion of an arbor." This road, which was full of travelers, led by a succession of farms, country-houses, villages, and great towns, passing many fresh rivers by ferries, and near many *fotoquis*, or temples, situated in groves, "the most pleasantest places for delight in the whole country, the priests that tend thereupon dwelling about the same, as our friars, in old time, planted themselves in England."

Every town and village was well furnished with taverns, where meals could be obtained at a moment's warning, at prices varying from two cents to half a dollar. It was here, too, that lodgings were obtained, and horses, and men for the palanquin, taken up, by the director of the journey, like post-horses in England, at about two cents a mile. The general food

throughout the country was observed to be rice, of which there were various qualities, the better sort selling for a cent a pound. They ate also fish, wild fowl of various kinds, fresh and salted, various picked herbs and roots; hens, of which they had abundance, at six cents each, also venison and wild boar. They had goats and cattle, and made cheese, but no butter. Neither did they eat milk, nor the flesh of any tame animal, unless it were swine, which were very plenty—a fat hog selling for a dollar and a quarter, and a pig for twenty-five cents. They plowed with horses and oxen, as in Europe, and raised good red wheat. They were said to have no other drinks but *arrack* and water, which we are told they drank warm with their food; but this was probably tea, not less a favorite in Japan than in China, though as yet unknown in Europe.

The entrance of the travelers into Surunga, where the Emperor held his court, and which they reached on the seventh day, was not very savory, as they were obliged to pass several crosses with the dead and decaying bodies of the malefactors still nailed to them. This city they judged to be as large as London with all the suburbs (London had at that time a population of 250,000), the handicraftsmen dwelling in the outskirts of the town, so as not to disturb with their pounding and hammering the richer and more leisurely sort.

After a day or two spent in preparations, Saris, accompanied by the merchants and others, went in his palanquin to the palace, bearing his presents, according to the custom of the country, on little tables of a sweet-smelling wood. Having entered the castle, he passed three draw-bridges, each with its guard, and ascending a handsome stone staircase, he was met by two grave, comely men, Caskedona, the Emperor's secretary, and Fungodona, the admiral, who led him into a matted antechamber. Here they all sat down cross-legged on the mats, but the two officers soon rose again, and took him into the empty presence-chamber, to bestow due reverence on the Emperor's empty chair of state. It was about five feet high, the sides and back richly ornamented with cloth of gold, but without any canopy. The presents given in the name of the King, and others by Captain Saris in his own name (as the custom of the country required), were arranged about the room. After waiting a little while longer in the antechamber, it was announced that the Emperor had come, when the officers motioned Saris into the room, but without entering themselves. Approaching the Emperor, he presented, with English compliments (on his knee, it may be presumed), the King's letter, which the Emperor took and raised toward his forehead, telling the interpreter to bid them welcome after their wearisome journey, and that in a day or two his answer would be ready; inviting them in the mean time to visit his son, who resided at Jeddo; whereupon Saris took his leave, and was conducted by the secretary and admiral to his palanquin. Besides the presents to the Emperor and his son, others had been brought for the secretary and admiral, and also for the mint-master (the Emperor's treasurer and financier), for the chief judge, and the secretary of the Emperor's son; but the whole amount hardly exceeded that bestowed upon the petty governor of Firando. Nobody made any objection to presents except the secretary, Caskedona, who pleaded the Emperor's special commands to the contrary, but who was finally persuaded to take five pounds of Socotrine aloes, "to use for his health."

The country between Surunga and Jeddo, which were two days' journey apart, was found to be well inhabited. They saw many temples on the way, one of which contained a gigantic image of Budda or Fo, made of copper, hollow within, but of very substantial thickness. It was, as they guessed, twenty-two feet high, in likeness of a man kneeling on the ground, and seated on his heels, clothed in a gown, his arms of wonderful size, and the whole body in proportion. The echo of the shouts of some of the company who went into the body of it was very loud; others of them left their names written upon it, as they saw was customary with the passers-by, from whom this image received very great reverence, being on the main road to a celebrated place of pilgrimage.

Jeddo was found to be a city much larger than Surunga, and with much handsomer buildings, making a very glorious appearance as they approached, the ridge tiles and corner tiles, and the posts of the doors, richly gilded and varnished. They had, however, no glass windows, but window-shutters instead, opening in leaves, and handsomely painted. Through the middle of the city was a causeway, as broad as any English street, under which ran a river, there being at every fifty paces a well-head, substantially fitted, of freestone, with buckets to draw up water for daily use or in case of fire.

From Jeddo, where our travelers were received much as they had been at Surunga, they proceeded some forty miles, by boats, to Oringa, an excellent harbor on the sea-side; whence, in eight days, they coasted round a projecting point of land back to Surunga, where they received the Emperor's answer to the King's letter, also an engrossed and official copy of certain Privileges of Trade, a draught of which they had furnished to the Emperor's secretary, and which having been condensed as much as possible, to suit the Japanese taste for brevity, and thus reduced from fourteen articles to eight, were expressed in the following terms—not without interest, now that the United States are seeking to obtain a similar concession:

1. *Imprimis.* We give free license to the subjects of the King of Great Britain, viz., Sir Thomas Smith, Governor, and the Company of the East India Merchants and Adventurers, forever, safely to come into any of the ports of our

empire of Japan, with their ships and merchandises, without any hindrance to them or their goods, and to abide, buy, sell, and barter, according to their own manner with all nations: to tarry here as long as they think good, and to depart at their pleasures.

2. *Item.* We grant unto them freedom of custom for all such merchandises as either now they have brought or hereafter they shall bring into our kingdoms, or shall from hence transport to any foreign part: and do authorize those ships that hereafter shall arrive and come from England, to proceed to present sale of their commodities, without further coming or sending up to our court.

3. *Item.* If any of their ships shall happen to be in danger of shipwreck, we will our subjects not only to assist them, but that such part of ship and goods as shall be saved be returned to their captain or Cape-merchant, or their assigns: and that they shall or may build one house or more for themselves, in any part of our empire where they shall think fittest, and at their departure to make sale thereof at their pleasure.

4. *Item.* If any of the English, merchants or other, shall depart this life within our dominions, the goods of the deceased shall remain at the dispose of the Cape-merchant: and all offenses committed by them shall be punished by the said Cape-merchant, according to his discretion; our laws to take no hold of their persons or goods.

5. *Item.* We will that ye our subjects, trading with them for any of their commodities, pay them for the same according to agreement, without delay, or return of their wares again unto them.

6. *Item.* For such commodities as they have now brought, or shall hereafter bring, fitting for our service and proper use, we will that no arrest be made thereof, but that the price be made with the Cape-merchant, according as they may sell to others, and present payment upon the delivery of the goods.

7. *Item.* If in discovery of other countries for trade, and return of their ships, they should need men or victuals, we will that ye our subjects furnish them for their money as their need shall require.

8. And that without further passport they shall and may set out upon the discovery of Yeadzo,* or any other part in and about our empire.

The letter from the Emperor to the King of England, which, besides being quite a model of epistolary politeness, may also become a curiosity by way of comparison, was in the following terms:

"Your Majesty's kind letter, sent me by your servant, Captain John Saris (who is the first that I have known to arrive in any part of my dominions) I heartily embrace, being not a little glad to understand of your great wisdom and power, as having three plentiful and mighty kingdoms under your powerful command. I acknowledge your Majesty's great bounty in sending me so undeserved a present of many rare things, such as my land affordeth not, neither have I ever before seen; which I receive not as from a stranger, but as from your Majesty, whom I esteem as myself. Desiring the continuance of friendship with your Highness, and that it may stand with your good liking to send your subjects to any part or port of my dominions, where they shall be most heartily welcome, applauding much their worthiness in the admirable knowledge of navigation, having with much facility discovered a country so remote, being no whit amazed with the distance of so mighty a gulf, nor greatness of such infinite clouds and storms, from prosecuting honorable enterprises of discoveries and merchandising, wherein they shall find me to further them according to their desires. I return unto your Majesty a small token of my love (by your said subject), desiring you to accept thereof as from one that much rejoiceth in your friendship. And whereas your Majesty's subjects have desired certain privileges for trade and settling of a factory in my dominions, I have not only granted what they demanded, but have confirmed the same unto them under my broad seal, for better establishing thereof. From my castle in Surunga, this fourth day of the ninth month, in the eighteenth year of our Dary, according to our computation. Resting your Majesty's friend, the highest commander in the Kingdom of Japan.

[*Signed*] Minna. Montono. Yer. Ye. Yeas."

If any one doubts the correctness of these translations, they can find the original, at least of the Privileges of Trade, printed in the Japanese characters, if they can read it, on the 375th page of the first part of Purchas his Pilgrims.

In the original draught of the Privileges, there had been an additional article, to the effect that, as the Chinese had refused to trade with the English, in case the English (by a sort of anticipation of the opium war) should capture any Chinese ships, they might be allowed the privilege of selling such prizes in the Japanese ports; but this article, upon consideration, the Emperor refused to grant. The rest were passed under his great seal, which was not of wax, but stamped like a print, and colored rich.

While these documents were under consideration, a Spanish embassador from the Philipines had arrived at Surunga with the request that such Portuguese and Spaniards as were in the Emperor's territories without authority from the King of Spain might be delivered up to be transported to the Philipines—a request occasioned by the great want of men to defend the Spanish posts in the Moluccas against the Dutch, who were then preparing to make an absolute conquest of the whole of those islands. To which the Emperor replied that his country

* Jesso, otherwise called Matsmai, the island north of Niphon.

was a free country, and nobody should be forced out of it; but if the embassador could persuade any of his countrymen to go, they should not be prevented; whereupon the embassador departed, not a little discontented.

The day after receiving the Emperor's letter and the Privileges, being the 9th of October, Captain Saris and his company set out by land for Miaco, where the presents were to be delivered to him, over the same road by which they had traveled from Osaca to Surunga; but, owing to the heavy rains and the rising of the rivers, their progress was much delayed. Miaco they found to be the greatest and most commercial city of Japan. Here too was the largest *fotoqui*, or temple, in the whole country, built of freestone, begun by the late Emperor, and just finished by the present one, as long as the part of St. Paul's in London, westerly from the choir (it is the old Gothic edifice, afterward destroyed in the great fire of 1666, that is here referred to), being as high-arched, and borne upon pillars like that. This temple was attended upon by a great many *bonzes* or priests, who thus obtained their living, being supported by the produce of an altar, on which the worshipers offered rice and small pieces of money, and near which was a colossal copper image of Fo, like that already described, but much larger, reaching to the very arch of the temple, which itself stood on the top of a hill, having an avenue of approach on either side, of fifty stone pillars, ten paces apart, on each of which was suspended a lantern, lighted every night.

Here, also, the Jesuits had a very stately college, in which many of them resided, both Portuguese and natives, and in which many children were trained up in the Christian religion according to the Romish Church. In this city alone, there were not less than five or six thousand professing Christians for whose use the New Testament had been translated into the Japanese. But already that persecution was commenced which ended at length not only in the banishment of the Jesuits from Japan, but in the exclusion of all Europeans, with a slight exception in favor of the Dutch. About a month before Captain Saris's arrival at Surunga, the Emperor had issued a proclamation ordering all the Christian churches to be removed to Nangesaki, and that no church should stand nor mass be sung within ten leagues of his court, upon pain of death.

Having at length received the Emperor's presents for the King of England, being ten *beobs*, or large pictures to hang a chamber with, they proceeded the same day to Fushimi, and the next to Osaca, where they found the populace very abusive, crying after them *Tosin*, *Tosin!* *Coré*, *Coré!*—Chinese, Chinese! Coreans, Coreans! and throwing stones at them, the gravest people of the town not once reproving them, but rather animating them and setting them on. Here they re-embarked in the galley which had been waiting for them, and returned to Firando, having spent just three months on the tour.

Captain Saris found that during his absence seven of his crew had run away to Nangesaki, where they had complained to the Portuguese of having been used more like dogs than men. Others, seduced by drink and women, and sailor boarding-house keepers—just the same in Japan as elsewhere—had committed great irregularities, quarreling with the natives and among themselves, even to wounding, and maiming, and death. What with these troubles—a violent storm or tuffon, which did a good deal of damage, though the ship rode it out with five anchors down—only one old cable parting; alarms of conflagration, founded on oracles of the *bonzes*, or, as Master Cox would have it, of the d—l, who proved however, as usual, a liar; and numerous festivals and entertainments at which Cox had been called upon to assist—one of which was a great feast lasting three days and three nights, to which the Japanese invited their dead kindred, banqueting and making merry all night at their graves; what with all these impediments, but little progress had been made in trade. The cargo consisted largely of broadcloths, which the Dutch had been selling, before the English came, at seventeen dollars the yard. Captain Saris wished to arrange with them to keep up the price, but the head of their factory immediately sent off to the principal places of sale large quantities, which he disposed of at very low prices, in order to spoil the market. The natives, also, were the more backward to buy, because they saw that the English, though very forward to recommend their cloth, did not much wear it themselves—the officers being clothed in silks, and the men in fustians. So the goods were left in charge of the factory, which was appointed to consist of eight English, including Cox and Adams (who was taken into the service of the East India Company on a salary of five hundred dollars a year), three Japanese interpreters, and two servants, with charge, against the coming of the next ships, to search all the neighboring coasts to see what trade might be had with any of them. This matter arranged, and having supplied the place of those of his crew who had died or deserted, by fifteen Japanese, and paid up a good many boarding-house and liquor-shop claims against his men, to be deducted out of their wages, Captain Saris, on the 5th of December, sailed for Bantam, where he arrived the 3d of January, 1614, and, having taken in a cargo of pepper, and put the factories there on a better footing, reducing them all to one, and curtailing the expenses for diet and servants, in which there had been great extravagance, he sailed for home on the 13th of February; anchored off the Cape of Good Hope on the 16th of May, and on the 27th of September, "thanks be to God!" arrived at Plymouth, having in the last six weeks experienced worse weather and encountered more danger than

during the whole of the rest of the voyage. On the 10th of December following, Cox wrote to Saris that, since his departure, the Emperor had banished all Jesuits, priests, friars, and nuns out of Japan, and had pulled down and burned all their churches and monasteries, shipping them away, some for Macao and others for Manilla; that old King Foyne was dead, on which occasion three of his servants had cut themselves open to bear him company, according to a common Japanese fashion of expressing attachment and gratitude; that a civil war had broken out between the Emperor and his imprisoned son-in-law; and that all Osaca, except the castle, where the rebels were intrenched and besieged, had been burned to the ground. Jeddo had also suffered exceedingly by a terrible tuffon or hurricane, which the Christians ascribed to the judgment of God, and the pagan Japanese to the conjurations of the Jesuits. A junk had been bought, and sent to trade in Cochin-China, but being immediately followed by two or three Dutch junks, the enterprise had resulted in the murder, by treachery, of one of the merchants employed in it—killed because he was found in company with the Dutch, with whom the Cochinese had an old quarrel —and in the shipwreck of the other. Another junk had just been bought, and fitted out for Siam, of which Adams was to go as master. No trade could be had with Corea; but great hopes were entertained that, by the assistance of the captain of the Chinese quarter in the town of Firando (of whom the house for a factory was hired), leave might be obtained to send three ships annually to China, which empire, having lately banished the Jesuits, then allowed no communication with Europeans except through the Portuguese at Macao.

From letters of Cox, written three years after, it appeared that the civil war was over, the old Emperor having triumphed; but the persecution of the Christians still raged, the more so as the Emperor suspected them to have had a hand in the late insurrection. Two friars having arrived as embassadors from the Viceroy of Mexico, the Emperor had refused to speak with them or receive their presents, sending them word, through Adams, instantly to depart from his dominions; as he had formerly banished all of their cloth, and still adhered to that decree. On a visit to Miaco, Cox himself saw fifty-five Japanese martyred, because they would not renounce the Christian faith, among them little children of five or six years old, burned in their mothers' arms, and crying to Jesus to receive their souls. Sixteen others had been put to death for the same cause at Nangesaki, five of whom were burned, and the rest beheaded, cut in pieces, and cast into the sea in sacks; but the priests had secretly fished up their bones and preserved them for relics. Hitherto, notwithstanding former edicts for their destruction, one or two churches and monasteries had escaped; but now all that were left, including the monastery of Misericordia at Nangesaki, had been destroyed. The very graves and sepulchres had been dug up; and, as if to root out all memory of Christianity, heathen pagodas had been built on their sites. The Portuguese, however, endeavored to console themselves by reporting that a bloody cross had been seen in the air in England, and that an English preacher, speaking against it, had been struck dumb in the pulpit—a miracle which had moved King James to send to the Pope for some cardinals and learned men, being resolved that all England should turn Roman Catholics. Cox, sturdy Protestant as he was, repeated this story only as a matter of laughter, though many of the Portuguese and Spaniards, so he said, appeared to believe it.

The trade with Siam had been kept up, and that with Cochin-China renewed, though with doubtful success; but in all this time only two small vessels had arrived from England, one of which, having sailed for Bantam, had come back again to Firando. The Dutch trade was far more flourishing. Not content with driving the Spaniards from the Moluccas, they threatened the Philipines, and in 1617 sent a fleet to blockade Manilla, which had several engagements with the Spaniards. Five great Dutch ships, the last of them as big as the Clove, had arrived at Firando that year. The Black Lion, of 900 tons, had sailed for Bantam, fully laden with raw silk and other rich China stuffs; and the Flushing, of 700 or 800 tons, for the Moluccas, with money and provisions; and several others remained on the coast to watch the Spanish and Portuguese traders, and to carry on a piratical war against the Chinese junks, which they did, pretending to be English vessels, and thus greatly damaging the English name and the chance of a trade with China.

Meanwhile, Captain Martin Pring—a name familiar to readers of American history as that of the navigator who, following in the track of Gosnold, first made known Penobscot Bay, the entrance of the Piscataqua, and other ports on the coast of New England—had sailed from London in 1617, in command of the largest expedition yet fitted out by the English East India Company. It consisted of the Royal James, of 1000 tons; the Royal Anne, of 900; the Gift, of 800; the Bull, of 400; and the Bee, of 150 tons. He sailed first for Surat, where the company had a factory, and where he assisted the native prince against the Portuguese, with whom he was at war. On the 17th of June, 1618, he arrived at Bantam, whence he proceeded, in September, to Jacatra, a city of the natives, the site of the present Batavia, where he received news that the Dutch in the Moluccas, not content with driving out the Spaniards, had attacked the English also, making prisoners of the merchants, whom they had treated with great harshness. The quarrel between the Dutch and English, as to the exclusive rights which the Dutch claimed in the Moluccas, had been for

some time coming to a head; and, to sustain the English interest there, the East India Company, not long after Pring's departure from England, had dispatched Sir Thomas Dale—also well known to readers of American history as high-marshal of the colony of Virginia, one of its first legislators, and for three or four years its deputy-governor—with a fleet of six large ships, with five of which he joined Pring in November, in the Bay of Bantam, assuming the command of the whole. The Sun, the largest of Dale's ships, had been cast away on the island of Engano, which the others had weathered not without difficulty; Pring's ship, the Royal James, was very leaky; a contest with the Dutch was impending; and the religious solemnities observed on this occasion may serve to show that things which are often supposed to be peculiar characteristics of Puritanism, were in fact only in keeping with the warm religious spirit, in that age, of the English generally. Both fleets had their preachers, and a fast having been proclaimed, the day was devoted to two sermons, preached on board the James by Dale's preacher in the morning, and Pring's in the afternoon. The next day, the Black Lion, the same Dutch ship mentioned above, fell into the hands of the English, and a few days after, Dale sailed with eleven ships for Jacatra, where were seven Dutch vessels, which, after a running fight, succeeded in escaping, as did several other Dutch ships which arrived on the coast. The Dutch were at war with the natives as well as with the English, and, could a sincere alliance have been formed, the Dutch fort at Jacatra might have been taken. But the natives dreaded the English not less than the Dutch, and their conduct was so equivocal that Dale thought it best to take on board the members of the British factory at Bantam, and to sail for the coast of Coromandel, to refit and to obtain provision, which could not be had on the coast of Java. Having arrived on that coast, Dale died at Musilapatam, August 9th, 1619; and toward the end of the year, Pring, now in command of the fleet, returned again toward the Straits of Sunda, and on the 25th of January, 1620, met, off the coast of Sumatra, three English ships, from which he learned that four others had been surprised while at anchor off the coast of Java, and taken by the Dutch; that another had been wrecked in the Straits of Sunda; and that the Dutch were in pursuit of two others, with every prospect of taking them.

As the Dutch at Jacatra were reported to be three times as numerous as the three squadrons now united under Pring, and as three of his largest ships were very leaky, and the whole fleet short of provisions, it was resolved to send part of the ships to a place at the north end of Sumatra, in hopes to meet with the Company's ships with rice from Surat; while Pring himself, with his leaky vessels, was to proceed to Japan—reported to be a good place for repairs as well as for obtaining provisions. But even to Japan also had the war between the two India Companies spread. A letter from Cox, of March 10th, 1620, complains that the Hollanders, having seven ships, great and small, in the harbor of Firando—had with sound of trumpet proclaimed open war against the English both by sea and land, to take their ships and goods, and kill their persons as mortal enemies; had seized his boat, fired at two of his barks, and had beset the door of his factory—a hundred Dutchman to one Englishman—and would have entered and cut all their throats but for the interference of the Japanese: all because Cox had refused to give up six Englishmen, who had escaped from two English ships which the Dutch had captured, and whom they claimed to have back, representing them to the Japanese as their "slaves." As the Dutch were altogether too strong for poor Cox, he had no resource but in foul words. So, in his letter above quoted, with true English aristocratical insolence, he sneers at the Dutch Lord-commander (as they termed him), one Adam Westerwood, as being the son of a close-stool maker at Amsterdam, and the best of their captains either shoemakers', carpenters', or beer-brewers' sons. "God bless such an honorable and worshipful generation!" he concluded; "I mean, God bless me from them!" an exclamation which Pring, arriving in Japan in such a state of things, might have had occasion to repeat.

But before he was ready to depart, the happy news arrived by a ship from England that matters had been arranged at home between the two companies for mutual co-operation; and on the 11th of April the two fleets met and congratulated each other; and the English with eleven, the Dutch with fifteen sail, entered the road of Bantam together. The English now asked leave of the native prince to re-establish their factory, but they found him not a little chagrined at the peace, as he desired nothing better than for the Dutch and English to eat up each other.

Shortly after Pring sailed for Japan with two of his leaky vessels, having made an arrangement to be followed in a month by a united fleet of five English and five Dutch ships. All these vessels arrive dsafely at Firando, though one was obliged to cut away her masts, and another sank in a tuffon after her arrival. A joint embassy was sent to the Emperor with presents, which notwithstanding the Privileges of Trade were expected from every vessel that came; nor were English ships admitted except to the ports of Firando and Nangesaki. Pring completed his repairs successfully, and leaving the other vessels behind him, sailed on the 7th of December in the Royal James for Jacatra, carrying with him the news of the death of Adams, who, having remained in the service of the Company, had never again visited England. Having taken in at Jacatra a lading of pepper, cloves, gum-benjamin, and silk, he sailed for home, and on the 20th of May, 1621, anchored

for supplies and refreshments in the Road of Saldanha, near the Cape of Good Hope. It is plain that Pring had not forgotten his early voyages to the coast of America, for while his ship lay here a contribution of £70 8*s.* 6*d.* was raised among the ship's company, to endow a school, to be called the *East India* School, in the colony of Virginia, then, after many mishaps, in the full tide apparently of successful experiment under the auspices of Sandys and Southampton, who had succeeded Sir Thomas Smith as treasurers of the Virginia Company. Other contributions were made for this school, and the Virginia Company endowed it with a farm of a thousand acres, which they sent tenants to cultivate, but this, like the Virginia University, and many other public-spirited and promising enterprises, was ruined and annihilated by the fatal Indian massacre of 1622.

Nor did the English trade to Japan succeed much better. The arrangement with the Dutch was of short duration. Fresh disputes and hostilities soon broke out. Dutch capital, however, carried the day; the trade of the far East fell more and more into their hands; and when, ten or twelve years after, the increasing dread of the Jesuits caused the ports of Japan to be closed to every Christian nation, the Dutch still succeeded in retaining, though on very humiliating conditions, a limited and cautiously restricted traffic; and on that footing the commerce between Japan and Europe has stood to this day.

THE LIFE ESTATE.

FROM THE REGISTER OF A NEW YORK LAWYER.

WHEN I first knew the Huntingdons, their family consisted of Mrs. Huntingdon, a lady nearly or quite seventy years of age, her daughter, Mrs. Debray, who was a matronly woman of forty-five, and two grandchildren, a boy, who was the son of her eldest son, and then about seventeen, and a girl, the daughter of Mrs. Debray, who was about sixteen. They resided a few miles from the city of New York, in a fine old place near the water, surrounded with every evidence of taste, luxury, and wealth. Nothing that the eye could delight in was wanting, nothing that the imagination could suggest or that experience in habits of ease and idleness could dictate. There were gardens, and graperies, and conservatories, fruits and flowers, statues and paintings. A fine park sloped toward the water, and stretched away toward the road. Stately trees shaded its green turf, making the place appear sombre and gloomy from a distance, but cool, still, and quiet when you were on the lawn.

My first introduction was in an ordinary professional way. Mr. ——, an eminent lawyer of a former generation, who had outlasted his contemporaries, had been the adviser of Mrs. Huntingdon, and, on his decease, she had been forced to select some one of more modern times, and accordingly sent me a note, requesting me to drive out and see her at a certain time, if convenient. Accordingly, as the day appointed proved pleasant, I rode out to Huntingdon Place, as it was sometimes called. Sending up my card, I was requested to wait a few minutes in the library, and was shown into an old-fashioned room, darkened almost to gloom, around which were arranged oak cases of books bound in rare old style, while here and there a statue peered ghostlike out of a recess or a corner. It was a room for ghosts. It had an atmosphere of supernaturalism in it. It was just such a place as you would sit in, above all others, to read Faust or the ghost scene in Macbeth. You could not possibly read an ordinary novel or a commonplace story in such a place.

I had not advanced far in the room when I became aware of the presence of another person, seated in a chair with a low cushioned back, over which I saw his head and shoulders. But he was absorbed in reading, and I had opportunity, as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, to observe his appearance. It was that of a man of thirty-five or forty years, with a finely-developed head. His profile, which was all of his face that I could see, was classical and elegant—rather too much of the forehead, perhaps; but the corner of his lip, that expressive feature of the face, was bad. There was a look of the devil, which I did not like at all.

My approach aroused him, and, as he started up, I was surprised to find him but a youth of seventeen, with that strangely old look of face. His form was greatly disproportioned to his head, and the effect of disease was manifest in the nervous quickness of his movements. It was difficult to tell precisely in what tone to address him, whether as boy or man; but he spared me the trouble of deciding by opening the conversation.

"I directed the servant to show you into the library before you should see my grandmother. She dislikes to be troubled with details of business, and wished me to state to you the particulars of her present wishes. You will find her a remarkable woman."

"I presumed as much from what I have heard of her. Mrs. Huntingdon has the appearance of a person of character."

"Very decided, Sir. She has some peculiar notions, and needs an adviser in very few of her affairs. She wishes, at present, to give to my cousin, who is a mere child, a sufficient fortune to place her beyond the danger of want, and she does not wish this to be so given as to place the child in possession of the property, but to leave it in other hands."

"She wishes to create a trust for the benefit of the child."

"I suppose that is it. I know little about law."

I smiled involuntarily at the boy; and yet there was a something about his face that commanded respect. He proceeded to give me, in

detail, his grandmother's wishes, of which I made ample notes, and having completed them, I was presented to Mrs. Huntingdon. She was a noble looking woman of the old time, and just the person from whom it would be pleasant to hear stories of revolutionary days. I was deeply impressed with her appearance, and having stated briefly the substance of what her grandson had told me, she assented to it, and thanked him for relieving her from the labor of the statement.

"He is a great blessing, and I love him for the love of his father. He was my first-born, and the last I lost. This boy is like him in face, but, alas, he has not the stout body of my brave Stephen."

At this moment the child for whose benefit I was to prepare the trust deed, entered the room. She was a fairy girl of touching beauty. Her soft eyes had a speaking look out of their unfathomable depths, which demanded love and gentle treatment. She was a child that none but a monster could harm. It appeared to me that I had never seen a more exquisitely beautiful creature. She entered the room with graceful haste, ran to her grandmother, and, falling down on her knees at her side, held up a basket of rare flowers that she had arranged with perfect taste.

At the same moment, Stephen approached and spoke.

"Will you give me that rose, Ellen?"

"Stephen, it is the centre of all; it will spoil the entire basket. Would you take it?"

She held the basket without withdrawing it; but there was an aversion, a sort of shrinking from him, which, though involuntary, was sufficiently marked to be observed by a stranger. He advanced without hesitation, and took the rose, heedless that he destroyed the whole arrangement. She said nothing, but, quietly placing the basket, with its now confused heap of flowers, on a stand near her grandmother, she walked to a deep window, and I could see tears in her eyes. Stephen followed her with a gaze that I did not like, and I took my leave, reflecting somewhat more deeply on the incident than perhaps such a trifle would warrant.

The conveyance which I was to prepare was a deed to the mother of Ellen Debray, as trustee for her daughter, of certain valuable property lying in the outskirts of the city, now of considerable value, and likely to be much more so. The tract was described apparently with great care, in an old deed which Stephen had furnished me, and from which I was to copy the description. This deed purported to be to the father of his grandfather, that is, to the father of the deceased husband of Mrs. Huntingdon. I obeyed my instructions, drafting what was necessary in the trust deed, and handing my draft to a clerk to copy, with directions to fill the blank I had left for the property with the description in the deed. The clerk was careful to obey, and, some years afterward, he remembered that he had remarked to a fellow clerk that the ink on the deed had singularly eaten the paper, but that this was not uncommon in a deed sixty or eighty years old. The trust deed was prepared and executed, and I had afterward no occasion to visit the family for several years, though Mrs. Huntingdon not infrequently drove down to my office to consult me. She continued in fine condition, for so old a person, until nearly four years after the execution of the deed, when she called at my office, saying that she was not well, and she had at length made up her mind to change the provisions of her will, which she had brought with her. Having secured Ellen against want, and, in fact, given to her a fortune, she desired to make but two provisions in her will. She wished to leave the bulk of her estate to her grandson, Stephen, and a legacy of some thousands to her daughter, Mrs. Debray. Her wishes were so clear, and distinct, and brief, that I prepared a will for her to sign while she was sitting in my office, and she executed it there, I being one of the witnesses.

I never saw Mrs. Huntingdon alive after that. A week later I received a message calling on me to attend her funeral, and, after seeing her placed in the vault of the old Dutch church at ——, where her husband was buried, I returned, at the request of the family, to open her will at the old place. Every one seemed satisfied with the disposition of the property except Ellen, who had now grown into a woman of extraordinary beauty. I had not seen her for five years, and I was surprised at the splendor of her appearance, even in deep mourning. Stephen was unchanged. He did not look an hour older or younger than when I first saw him. But the death of his grandmother, having left him master of the place, had opened a new phase in his character. He grew suddenly haughty, reserved, and distant in his treatment of myself; and I had scarcely finished reading the will, when he intimated, in the broadest manner, that my presence would be no longer necessary, and I retired without exchanging any words on the subject.

I had not reached the outer door when Miss Debray overtook me, and begged me to step into a small reception-room with her.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said she, "for stopping you, but my mother and myself need advice at this time."

"I assure you, my dear young lady, that no one can be more happy to give it, or with more sincere wishes for your welfare."

"I am certain of it, Sir. My grandmother had always great confidence in you. She bade me apply to you at all times. I must be frank with you, and tell you what you may not have known hitherto. From my earliest childhood, I have been dependent on my grandmother, and have lived in her house, with my mother and my cousin Stephen. Stephen is not what you take him to be."

I interrupted her by a smile. She paused, and continued:

"You smile; perhaps I am wrong. You lawyers have great opportunities to study faces and characters. But, Sir, if you have thought Stephen Huntingdon any other than an accomplished deceiver, you have erred."

"I never thought him other than that."

"Why so? How did you learn that?"

"Five years ago, when I first saw you, and he took a rose from the basket you had gathered for your grandmother. I think I saw through him then."

"You did; you did. It is just that I want now to speak of; and I am unable to tell today whether Stephen hates or loves me most. His love is more to be abhorred than his hate; for his love is selfish—wholly so. But my mother he has hated with intense hate from his childhood. She whipped him once. He never forgave it. She fears him now, poor mother! But I do not fear him for myself; it is only for my mother. He will wrong her out of every farthing of her property, if he can. He would murder her if he dared. You have no idea of his fiendish nature. Now, Sir, will you take care that mother receives the legacy from grandma, and then she will be comfortable, even if my property prove worthless."

"Yours, Miss Debray? Your property is large and valuable; you can never know want."

"I don't know, Sir; I am poorly versed in these matters. My life for some years has been made up of fear of Stephen and love for mother, and—and—"

"Be frank, Miss Debray. There is another party in interest. Never mind his name."

"You are kind, Sir—there is; but Stephen has often hinted that, unless I marry him, I will find myself poor. I wish I knew his reasons."

"It was merely to frighten you. I drew the deed of trust myself, and I think the property, as pointed out to me by your grandmother, must be worth at least a quarter of a million. The city is growing all around it."

"So I have heard often. But I fear—"

"Ellen, Ellen!" a voice called in the entry. I rose and passed out. Mrs. Debray and Stephen were coming in. The former said, "I am glad to have met you, Sir. Stay a moment. Miss Debray, this gentleman, your cousin, has selected this day to make certainly ill-timed proposals for your hand. I would have preferred to leave such matters until my mother's grave were somewhat grown silent after our retiring footsteps. But he leaves no alternative, having informed me that the only terms on which we can remain in this house are our acceptance of his proposals."

"Nay, Madam, you speak harshly; I said not that."

"You said as much, Sir. Let us not dispute about shades of meaning. Your answer, my child."

"Stephen has my answer already, mother. Has he yours?"

"Yours is mine!"

"I thank you. Then he needs not to hear it repeated."

The young man's brow was growing black as a thunder-cloud.

"Have you reflected sufficiently, my fair cousin? You give but brief consideration to a question of much importance."

"I have considered it monthly for four years."

"But think. I am rich, and you choose poverty, want, misery, in place of this old home."

"My daughter is not poor. She is rich. Is not this so, Sir?" said Mrs. Debray, turning to me.

"I believe it is, Madam," said I, for the first time speaking. "I certainly drew a deed of valuable property for her benefit some years ago."

"Ah, indeed. I remember a deed of that kind, some four years since. But I think I heard that it was destroyed before delivery, or there was an error in it, or something of the sort. My solicitor assured me of it. But lawyers differ."

"That is not to the present point at all, Sir. I think the will of my mother gives me her carriage and horses. If you will order them, I will leave with my daughter."

"Madam, I beseech you—"

Ellen was passing out, when he laid his hand somewhat rudely on her shoulder, as he spoke to her mother. Miss Debray shrank from his touch with a shudder. "Ha! you shrink, pretty child. By —— I will make you one day long for my arm to be around you. Look in my face, girl!" And he seized her now by the arm so roughly, that she cried out with pain. I sprang forward, and caught him by the throat. He made an ineffectual blow at me with his fist, and I sent him flying into a corner, where he lay bruised and, I feared, badly hurt, but he sprang to his feet, and screamed, rather than spoke:

"Coward, to strike a deformed man!"

I retorted louder than he, threatening that if he uttered another word I would kill him then and there; and I took him again by the throat by way of convincing him of my sincerity. The two ladies escaped, and in five minutes were in the carriage, where I joined them. All the servants came out weeping; and as we drove away we saw the face of Stephen Huntingdon at an upper window, pale but devilish; and when we had passed out of the park, and were a half mile from the house, I could still fancy that demon's countenance following us with his curses.

For some men's eyes are curses; some men's very looks are curses. The world is such a miserable world, after all, that one who has lived in it a few years, learns to value a look, a glance, a kind regard, as priceless; and to feel that harsh looks, and above all angry looks,

are curses in themselves, darkening God's clear sunshine.

We felt them so in this instance; and we had driven a mile before any one spoke. I then demanded instructions where to drive; and Mrs. Debray named the house of a friend, to which she proposed to proceed before arranging a permanent place of residence.

The next day, at her request, I sent a young man out, in company with her servant, to procure her trunks and papers; but while the former were delivered, the latter were withheld by Stephen Huntingdon, under pretence that they formed part of the estate of his grandmother.

For the next six months, I was from time to time employed in arranging Mrs. Debray's plans. A replevin suit had brought her various articles of private property, as well as those of her daughter; the latter, however, gave evidence of having been thoroughly examined, and all her letters and papers had been opened.

War was declared between Stephen Huntingdon and his relatives, and his advisers were unscrupulous men in the profession, who lent themselves to his designs with all willingness.

I had been considerably surprised at the coolness with which he had pronounced the trust deed worthless, but such examination as I was able to give it, convinced me that he was attempting to frighten his cousin; though I confess to an uneasiness on the subject, which, for a long time, I could not overcome.

In the spring, immediately after the death of Mrs. Huntingdon, Stephen served notices on the tenants of Mrs. Debray, forbidding them to pay rent to her as trustee, and, at the same time, his attorneys served a notice on Mrs. Debray, forbidding her to collect the rents.

I called immediately on them, and inquired their reasons. They replied that the trust deed was utterly worthless, for reason that there was no property described in it; that the deed failed to convey any property whatever, and they were instructed to demand and receive the rents for their client.

Astonished, as might well be imagined, I caused an examination to be made. An accurate surveyor was employed, and directed to find the premises conveyed by that deed. He returned with the astounding intelligence that the premises were nowhere. That the description was a rambling affair without end, and inclosed no property. That, in point of fact, the words, which ended the last course given, "the point the place of beginning," were a simple falsehood; for, on following the courses given in the deed, he had gone a half mile from the place of beginning, and did not return to it an inch.

This was a terrible blow; nor could there be a remedy. The conveyance was a gift. No word signifying where the property lay had been uttered by any person. The sole evidence of Mrs. Huntingdon's intention was contained in a conversation I once had with her, in which she had pointed out certain houses as on the land she had given to Ellen.

It was true that we had collected the rents, because we had always understood the "Upland Farm," as it was called, to be the property conveyed. Such, no doubt, had been Mrs. Huntingdon's intention and understanding.

But these very rents were now demanded by Stephen, and until they were repaid, he utterly refused to pay over the legacy to Mrs. Debray.

A balance of money accounts showed a trifle of a few hundred dollars in her favor, and she and Ellen were otherwise destitute.

The overwhelming nature of this discovery may be better imagined than described. I was at length compelled to be the bearer of it to the mother and daughter, so suddenly plunged from a position of affluence into actual poverty.

I found them prepared for it, and Ellen herself remarked that she had never doubted that it would prove so. "Stephen had one characteristic," said she. "He was always certain of his object before he disclosed it."

"Except in one instance," said I, looking at her with a smile.

"You are right. He was mistaken there; but he does not think so. He is, without doubt, more confident to-day than ever that I will yield; but that is settled forever. I will work with this hand till it is dust, but he shall never touch it, not so much as with the tip of his finger."

She was magnificently beautiful as she stood there. Had I been a younger man, I should have told her so; as it was, I only looked it.

"Very good, Ellen!" exclaimed a gentleman I had not hitherto noticed, advancing from a recess in which he had been seated. "Very good indeed. You are now as poor as I, and not half as proud. I may claim a right to be your protector. I beg your pardon, Sir. I must introduce myself, I see. Debray is my name. Miss Debray is my cousin by several removes."

He was a good looking man, with the unmistakable cut of a sailor. His profession explained why I had not before met him. His eye was intelligent and full of life. I liked him at a glance, and in three minutes he had won his way to my heart, as I doubt not he had long since to the heart of Miss Debray. She smiled pleasantly and frankly in his face, and held her hand out to him. I spoke.

"This is the gentleman, is it not, Miss Debray, of whom we spoke the day you left the old place? Have no fear. I am your confidential professional adviser you know."

"It is he, Sir, and no other; I will be frank since I have no motive for concealment. John, you are free to leave me. You have heard how poor we are. What say you?"

She laughed as she asked him. As if she did not know what his answer was to be! Blessed be pure trusting woman's love; love that oversteps all barriers of false shame, that treads un-

der foot all manner of doubt and distrust, that triumphs over all misfortune. He made no reply, but with his eyes and his outstretched hand, and they too were one thenceforth and forever. I was a delighted witness of the scene. It was one of those professional episodes that we sometimes have, and none enjoy them more keenly than do lawyers, from the very contrast they present to the usual routine of business.

"And now about this Stephen, our most detestable cousin. Don't let us give it up this way. I must break his neck, or at least horsewhip him before I have done with him."

"Hush, John, he is sickly and deformed?"

"Poor devil — is he? I never saw him yet. Do you know I have now known Ellen for three years, and though I had visited her at the old place a dozen times, I never met that hound of a cousin. It is true I can't horsewhip a deformed wretch — poor fellow — I wish he was well and strong. What a comfort it would be to thrash him."

The news I had brought instead of producing sorrow seemed to have enlivened the entire group, and I left them cheerful and even hilarious. John Debray was the life of any party, and here he was the delight as well as the dependence of his cousin and aunt, as he called Ellen's mother. He seemed to be already a man of family, and to feel the responsibility of his trust. The next day I was seated in my office, when I heard a curious sound in the street, and walking out, was astonished to see Stephen Huntingdon in his carriage, shrieking out a series of most blasphemous expressions at some person on the sidewalk. A crowd instantly gathered, but even this had no effect on the maniac, for such he was. His rage knew no bounds, and was increased by the cool and provoking conduct of his antagonist, whose head was directly under my window, so that I could not see his face. So furious grew Stephen, that at length he seized the whip from the coachman and struck a long lashing blow into the crowd. In a twinkling I saw the cool stranger advance, seize Stephen by the collar, and drag him out of his carriage to the sidewalk, box his ears, and toss him back again like a bundle of rags. His howl of rage was lost in the shout of laughter from the surrounding crowd, during which my new acquaintance, John Debray, stalked into my office.

"Wasn't it lucky? The infernal scamp, it seems, knew me, stopped me, and used some of his foul language. Didn't I serve him handsomely? By Jove! it was worth coming down for."

I feared that he would experience annoyance from the circumstance. Nor was I in error, for, in less than an hour, and while we were still conversing on the business which had brought him, a police officer came for him. I accompanied him to the magistrate, gave bonds for his appearance at the sessions, and we walked down to Mrs. Debray's together. Next day a civil action for assault and battery was commenced against Captain Debray. Huntingdon's principle seemed to be to oppress his antagonist as heavily as possible, without reference to ultimate success. He certainly had no prospect of a verdict in a case like this; but it was one of eight suits at law which he commenced in rapid succession, and the prospect was indeed a dark one. My own services were of course enlisted for the Debrays, and necessarily with little hope of reward. I determined to make an immediate and thorough examination of each case, and let it be terminated without expense, if defense appeared hopeless.

One of the strangest points in this case, to my mind, was the fact that the error in the description of the property conveyed must have been also an error in the deed from which I had copied the description; yet upon examining that deed as recorded there was no similarity whatever in the two descriptions. That my clerks had made such a fatal error in engrossing I knew was impossible, for I had invariably been accustomed myself to compare descriptions in engrossed deeds before their execution, and distinctly remembered doing so in this instance. The description was, therefore, a correct copy of the deed furnished me, and which purported to be a conveyance to Mr. Huntingdon's ancestors. Was that another deed, never recorded, in which the error had been discovered, and for which another had been substituted without destroying the worthless one? It must be so, and it was handed to me by mistake. A fatal, a terrible error, for which, indeed, I was in no sense responsible, yet with which I was so nearly connected that I could not but be anxious to fathom the mystery.

It was at this point in the state of affairs with my clients, the Debrays, that I was called into a case of a very different nature.

The daughter of a former housekeeper in my family, a poor, but well educated and very interesting girl, begged my assistance under circumstances of peculiar pain. She was always a pretty girl, and had been a favorite in the family before her mother's death, when she had been taken away by distant relatives, and I had lost sight of her. It was a fragile but really beautiful creature that now entered my office, and that on the holiest of womanly errands, to gain help for a lover in distress.

"Sir, he is accused of forgery, and is to be tried to-morrow. I don't like the lawyer he has employed, and I am very, very fearful. And it would be so terrible for an innocent man to suffer for want of proper help, would it not, Sir?"

"Terrible indeed, Fanny; but tell me who he is."

"He used to teach school, Sir, and we were to have been married this summer; and he was arrested two months ago; and they accused him of forging—of writing a whole long paper with another man's name to it—and he has been sick,

and has had an awful cold, and has been in prison for eight weeks, and suffered a great deal. He has not been well for a year past, but I am certain after he gets over this terrible affair he will be well."

I went that night to see the young man. His cell was not the most comfortable place for a man in the last stages of consumption, as he evidently was. I was startled to find him so, and surprised that Fanny had not told me as much. Poor child! Her warm heart had not admitted the chilling thought of her lover's death within its sacred inclosure. She was too hopeful, too much like all young loving persons, for even this dismal concatenation, a prison, crime, and approaching death, to bind her young and fond imagination. He felt it all, but had forborne to impress his gloomy forebodings on her. "Fanny has sent you to me. I am sorry, Sir, for it is but adding to her hopes, which must be dashed to-morrow."

He was a man of thirty or thereabouts, with a thin, pale face, a high and white forehead, a restless dark eye, and a compressed lip, indicating the utmost firmness.

"There may be much hope for her and you," said I.

"None whatever, Sir. In the first place, the proofs against me are complete and overwhelming; and in the second place, I confess it to you, Sir, as my counsel, I am guilty."

I started. "Fanny told me otherwise."

"Dear girl. I have never dared to tell her thus much. No, no; I will die, but she shall never believe me guilty. Do what you will for me, Sir, not for my sake, but for hers. I would not add that drop to her cup. I was poor, but happy once. It was for her sake I did it, fool that I was. But the choice was ruin, and to lose her forever, on the one side; and Fanny and comfort, with a bare chance of detection, on the other. I risked the chance, and lost all."

There was no doing much for such a client. It was a sad affair. He was very weak, and talked with great difficulty. I doubted whether he could be in court the next day. His story was brief and painful. He was a poor, honest teacher. He had met and loved Fanny, and she had loved him. Their humble prospects were full of promise—of joy. But he had ventured on speculations in suburban lots, became involved, forged a satisfaction-piece, commissioner's certificate of acknowledgment and all, satisfied the mortgage of record, sold the property, and realized a considerable sum, sufficient to meet his immediate liabilities. It was his honest intention, after this dishonest act, to repay the mortgagee, and for that purpose to use a sum of money that he would realize from the sale of another parcel of land. This he had almost completed, when the discovery was made. He had even paid one installment of interest on the mortgage, to prevent a discovery of the forgery! The charge came like a thunder-bolt on Fanny, but she was true as steel.

She sat near him in the court-room. The trial was brief, and we contested it feebly. It was impossible honestly to attempt to browbeat witnesses whom we knew to be testifying to the truth. The prisoner himself did not wish it. He sat in an arm-chair near my table, with his head bowed down on his hands, and occasionally spoke a word or two, but mostly let the case take its course.

We could but prove character, and with that we were abundantly prepared. Men of standing and reputation spoke of him in the highest terms. The prosecuting officer said he would admit his previous good character. We preferred to prove it, and finally put Fanny herself on the stand.

It was hard indeed, but mercy tempering justice was all we could ask; and her simple testimony to his goodness and gentleness reached even the stony-hearted judge on the bench, and he wiped tears out of his eyes as he noted down her evidence.

When I had concluded my appeal to the jury, I found that, if I had moved no one else, I had deeply affected my poor client. His ghastly appearance, as I resumed my seat, frightened me. But when the jury had retired, he leaned over to me, and spoke in a broken and hardly intelligible voice.

"I have your good opinion too, Sir. I thank you for it. I am feeble, and this present suspense is awful. I feel nothing for myself, but that dear girl yonder, who has not understood one word of all this that has been going on, only her own blessed heart's promptings that I am innocent, and that every one else must know it; the verdict of that jury will kill her. Will you promise me that she shall never know from you my guilt."

"She never shall from me."

"I thank you; I am truly grateful. Do not yourself think me a great wretch. You do not know how easy and simple a thing, at times, it is to commit a terrible crime. The pen, the paper, the ink, lie before you. It is but a touch, a wave of the hand, and the work is done, and you are rich, and who is to know that you did it? It was a damnable accomplishment, and like all the inventions of the man that led me to it."

"Who was that?"

"A pupil of mine five years ago. He used to praise my hand-writing, and tempt me with offers of money to write for him a hundred curious affairs. I was miserably poor then, and easily tempted. I wrote him letters and notes, and copied poems and filled albums; and at length I helped him to a trick on his grandmother, that frightened the old lady, on a first of April. He got me to copy an old deed of land, exactly imitating it in color and paper, and every thing, except that he made the description different, and his grandmother was persuaded that there was a terrible mistake, and was frightened nearly out of her senses at

the idea that she was worth some thousands less than she had supposed. I succeeded so well in that, that when the tem tation came to use my talent for myself, it seemed so easy that I fell, God forgive me. It was a terrible sin against myself, and against Fanny, and against Him. I can not forgive myself. Fanny thinks she has nothing to forgive. May He be merciful before whom I shall soon appear."

I heard but little of the last part of his sentence, for I saw in his story a solution of my error in the Debray trust deed. I did not even ask the name of his pupil. I saw it all. It was a deep-laid plan of Stephen Huntingdon. The story of the first of April and his grandmother's fright was all a fabrication of course. He had planned the fraud when the old lady first determined to make the trust. I began to see my way out of the difficulty. But how? My only witness was this poor fellow, with not a month's purchase of life left him, and in five minutes to be a convicted felon, incompetent to testify in any court.

The day wore on while I pondered on all this, and the jury remained out. I began to have some hope of a disagreement, clear as the case was. The judge came down into the bar and chatted, while the clerk went to sleep with his feet on his desk. The sun was going down. The prisoner sat motionless in his chair, his head bowed on the table before him between his white thin hands.

I had persuaded Fanny to leave the court-room with a promise of early intelligence of the result. The gloom of twilight came down on the city. The roar of homeward-going travel was heard from outside of the court-room. Sometimes a cheerful ringing laugh floated up into the open windows, jarring painfully on the silence which now reigned. There were no spectators. The judge, the clerk, the officers, a few lawyers, and the prisoner, were the only tenants of the gloomy room.

At length a stir outside the door announced the return of the jury, who entered and took their places, answering to their names as the clerk called them.

The judge resumed his seat. The clerk demanded the verdict, a question that, to professional men, accustomed to hear it asked and answered so many times each day, is seldom a cause of emotion; but to each suitor who hears it in his own case only, and in no other, has the significance of a lightning flash, after which he awaits, almost breathless, the next and more terrible, which may destroy him.

"Gentlemen, have you agreed on your verdict?"

"We have."

"What is your verdict? Guilty, or Not Guilty?"

"Guilty; but we strongly recommend the prisoner to the mercy of the court."

"Gentlemen of the jury, hearken to your verdict as it stands recorded. You say you find the prisoner at the bar guilty? So say all of you."

I turned to look at the prisoner, but the expected verdict had not startled him. He sat unmoved, while two dim candles were brought in and placed before the judge, who now rose to pronounce sentence.

"Officer, place the prisoner at the bar."

An officer stepped forward and laid his hand on the shoulder of my client. But he was not there! The prisoner, enfranchised now, stood at another bar, before another Judge, whose enduring mercy the recommendation of that jury would neither increase or diminish. He was dead!

I always considered this a matter, by way of episode, in the Debray cases, and have introduced it here because it shows how I became acquainted with Stephen Huntingdon's crime. This induced me to determine on a vigorous defense of whatever suits I found at all capable of any defense; and as the ejectment suit, brought to recover the lands supposed to be conveyed by the trust deed, was the chief action, I examined it first and foremost.

He alleged a title to the premises. He claimed, of course, as sole devisee under the will of his grandmother, whose possession for fifty years was undisputed. There was no adverse possession. Certainly that title seemed good. But an examination opened a new light, a perfect flood, on the question of title. I was astonished, overwhelmed, unprofessionally delighted and crazed by the discovery. I believe that I nearly danced in the office where I made the search. It was clear and complete; so clear, that the next day I offered to advance any sum whatever for the necessities of Mrs. Debray and her daughter, but without disclosing my news. I reserved that for a better time. I contented myself for the present with advising Ellen to fix a date for her marriage, which was done, and the invitations to a few friends given out. I took care that Stephen Huntingdon should be informed of the time and place, and I was not wrong in anticipating an interview prior to the day. He could hardly fail to make one last endeavor, and that was the usual last resort of a scoundrel—the offer of a bribe. He sought me; and, after a long preamble, in which he took care to intimate that he had become dissatisfied with his professional advisers—that he regretted that in some matters I was opposed to his interests, but would be happy to employ me in others—he said that he desired to see if an amicable adjustment of his difficulties with his aunt and cousin could not be effected, and he offered me a very large fee if I could bring it about. Of course his settlement involved a breaking off of the proposed marriage of Ellen, and an engagement to himself.

The dog even descended to whining, and told me of his cousin's ill treatment of him when a mere boy, and as they grew up together.

I heard him through and then turned him

out of my office. He grew boisterous and I threatened him. He struck me, and I called in a police officer who had been placed at hand, and he was taken to the station house. Money wouldn't buy him out. I had taken good care of that. He became so furious that they put irons on him and a strait-jacket, and in that miserable plight he was brought up before the police justice in the morning, who remanded him for further examination. He was lying in a dirty filthy cell, at the moment that John Debray and Ellen were married.

I heard nothing more of him until the trial of the ejectment suit, six months later. Meantime I had heard of his prodigious expenditure, his mad speculations, and that he was gradually involving himself in enormous debts. Brief as the time had been, he had wasted a fortune, when the cause was reached.

It was in the same court-room in which my poor client, Fanny's lover, had been tried and freed. The same judge tried the cause, now sitting in the circuit court.

There was something strangely amusing in the perplexed appearance of the opposite counsel. They certainly knew that we were not accustomed to sham defenses, and they vainly guessed at our position, while they made good their case. They proved the will of Mrs. Huntingdon. They proved also that she had been in possession for more than fifty years of the premises in question. They proved finally the will of Mrs. Huntingdon's father, brief and simple, giving her his entire property, without naming any in particular, and here they rested their case.

I remarked coolly that the last piece of testimony was superfluous, as they would soon perceive, and I amused myself in looking at the anxious face of Stephen Huntingdon, who sat with his surveyor near him, prepared to overthrow the trust deed if I should offer it. But I had no such intention.

I opened to the jury with a brief history of the circumstances leading to the case. I stated candidly the error in the trust deed and then related the story of the forger. I reminded the judge of that solemn night, and his deep interest in my story riveted the attention of the jury. I did not connect the story with this deed. I left that for them. But after torturing Stephen Huntingdon to the best of my ability with the conviction that I knew and was ready to expose his rascality, I closed without informing the court what I intended to prove, and leaving my antagonists still in suspense. I then called my first and only witness; an old man, exceedingly old, well known through the city, as an accurate historian and a perfect walking record of old events and land-marks.

"Mr. Stephens do you know who occupied the farm, commonly called the Upland Farm in 17—?"

"Very well indeed, sir. It was the elder Judge Huntingdon's favorite farm in those days, and he lived on it for twenty years. I was frequently at his house. It stood on what is now the corner of —— and —— streets, and his fields lay all around it."

"That is all, Sir. He is your witness gentlemen."

They began to feel the earth sinking under them. Their first questions swept quite away all their foothold.

"Did you know the father of Mrs. Huntingdon?"

"I knew him very well, Sir."

"He was a man of large property, was he not?"

"Stephen Denton? Ha, ha! not he. He was a little cracked poor man. He died poor as a rat, but imagining he was rich. He made a will, and Mrs. Huntingdon had it proved after he was dead, though he didn't leave a farthing to pay the fees. But she had great respect for his memory."

And so Mrs. Huntingdon's title came from her husband's father, and not her own father. Now to the next step. The will of the elder Judge Huntingdon, proved correctly, but for half a century stowed away in an inaccessible place, forgotten by the whole world, and by Mrs. Huntingdon herself, was next produced. It was voluminous, and I read it all. Farm after farm was enumerated carefully; personal securities were recited seriatim, until the immense property of the late Mrs. Huntingdon was all stated and described, and then given to "Ellen, widow of Samuel Huntingdon, my deceased son, to have and to hold the same during the term of her natural life, enjoying and using the income thereof," &c. &c., and on her death the entire property was to be divided among her children. It was clear, distinct, and terribly forcible. Mrs. Huntingdon's will was but a piece of waste paper as regarded any property, but such as she had acquired during her life time and of such there was none. In all the lands she had only a life-estate. One half of the entire property therefore belonged to Mrs. Debray, and although Stephen Huntingdon might be entitled to one half of the premises in question, yet it was manifest that he had already absorbed and squandered more than his entire share of the property, and upon partition being made he would be found penniless.

As the truth slowly came upon him in the court-room he grew pale and red by turns, whispered angrily with his counsel, clinched his fists, and at length with a yell of rage fell prostrate on the floor, and was carried out. Three months after this John Debray and his wife were installed in the old mansion, and never was it so gay and brilliant. Nor was there a shadow on any countenance, except when among their pleasures stole in a thought of the dark face of Stephen Huntingdon, who now lay confined in a private lunatic asylum, where the charity of Ellen Debray sustained him until his death.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

NOTHING is more remarkable than the difference between the style of speaking which prevailed in the days of Fox and Sheridan, and that which prevails in the present British House of Commons. Now it is plain, perspicuous common sense, delivered with easy energy, which is the favorite; figures and flights, except from the lips of a few privileged persons, who are becoming yearly fewer in number, are a nuisance and bore. Latin and Greek quotations are never, or seldom, heard. Clever personalities are, indeed, always popular; but, in general, Parliamentary oratory and wit are extinct, and the common mode of discussion there is as dry as the "remainder biscuit after a voyage." O'Connell and Sheil were the last whom the House endured to talk them into enthusiasm, or send through their hearts the great thrills of oratory. Macaulay is the only man still in the Commons whom it permits to philosophize before it, or give it a literary treat. Disraeli is listened to as the cleverest of mountebanks; Cobden, partly from his calm common sense, and principally for his past reputation; Bright for his pop-gun briskness and pluck; Lord Palmerston for his tact and statesmanship; and Lord John Russell for his old prestige and reputed honesty. But we doubt if the present House contains one orator, in the high sense of that word—one who *moves*, thrills, electrifies, carries the members away in a torrent of burning enthusiasm.

The Parliament of the past was a very different affair. It was composed, not of calculating utilitarians, but of jolly squires, who, by the time the debate began, were generally in a state of semi-*civilation*. To awaken their attention when they were asleep, or sustain their enthusiasm while they were still awake, something very highly spiced was absolutely necessary. The speakers, too, all reeking from potations pottle-deep, allowed themselves the amplest scope and range. They spoke with prodigious impetuosity and fury. They smote the table with their fists. They bellowed till the roof of St. Stephen's rang again. They gave the reins to imagination, when they had any; or, when they wanted it, they made up the deficiency by profuse quotations from the Latin poets. Figures often detestably bad, and quotations often excessively *malapropos*, flew from the Opposition to the Ministerial benches, and thence back again, in endless volleys. Wit, too, elaborate when not felicitous, banter, fierce personalities, were standing articles of Parliamentary entertainment. There was far more, in short, of "keen encounter of men's wits;" and attendance on the debates, in these days, was incomparably more stimulating and refreshing than it is at present. Our mouth absolutely waters as we think of a critic who could, in the last century, have stepped in to St. Stephen's, and heard "lean" Pitt uttering his stately sarcasms, or pronouncing Virgil *oro rotundo;* or Fox wrestling with an argument, like a ship struggling among the breakers—his face inflamed with wine and zeal, his utterance choked, and his whole being shaken with the fury of his excitement; or Dunning, hawking and spitting at every second sentence of his keen and weighty wisdom; or Burke, with loud, unmitigated voice and broken brogue, pouring out his *epea pteroenta* to half-willing ears; or bluff Henry Dundas, talking to the members in the same rough round Doric which he used in the vacation to his cottars at Dunira, or his feuars in Comrie; or Sheridan, enouncing his false brilliancies of sentiment, and his real brilliancies of wit, with the same lack-lustre and coarse physiognomy inspired into meaning and power by two sparkling, splendid eyes, and in the same high, but husky tones, dying away occasionally into inglorious hiccoughs, or into grunts of stifled, but irrepressible laughter.

Poor Brinsley Sheridan! These should have been the only words inscribed on his tombstone. He was one of those moral wrecks over whom your grief can not be profound, since there is nothing profound in their natures, but whom you can not but pity far more than you blame, and in certain moods laugh at even more than you pity. You are reminded of an Irish funeral, where mirth and sorrow dance an awkward dance together, and where you are tempted to weep and smile at the same time. Sheridan's whole existence was a farce, ending at last in a brief but frightful tragedy. It was one long scramble. He was a mountebank of amazing talent, who, skipping long upon tight-ropes, at last lost his balance, and perished through his very agility. Except Canning, he was the last eminently successful adventurer who exhibited on the Parliamentary stage. We have had P. Borthwick since, but he was on a smaller scale, and was *not* successful. We have had Brougham and Disraeli, too, but their destiny is not yet fully accomplished, and we must speak of one of them, at least, chiefly in the future tense.

Sheridan came forth originally under the most unfavorable auspices. He was the son of a ranting, strolling manager—half elocutionist, half player—the most unfortunate of hybrids, whose memory now lives entirely through Boswell, and through the gifted race who have sprung from him. Young Sheridan had no patrimony—not a shilling, indeed, all his life that he could call his own. He had a very imperfect education; although this, indeed, was partly his own fault, for his master was Parr. But he was forced, at the age of eighteen, through his father's embarrassments, to quit school forever; and then, with nothing but his wits, and without money, credit, learning, character, paternal prestige, or moral training, he was flung a very orphan upon the world, to battle with or to trick it as he best could. He had not the heroism or perseverance to try the first; he determined on the latter; and, like Napoleon in

his campaign of 1814 — who gained victories without an army, and made maneuvers supply the lack of men — Sheridan for forty-six years lived upon stratagem, cajolery, cleverness, and impudence. His life resembled French cookery, by the skill of which a nettle or two, a bone or two, sometimes supply materials for splendid dinners, and are made to feed large and hungry companies. So Sheridan, without a sixpence, contrived to spend thousands; without much original wit, passed for the first comic writer of his century; without any political science, managed to embroil all the parties in the country; without an atom of imagination, got the credit of being a genius; with no conversational power, became celebrated as a talker; and with only the faculty of simulating sympathy, was rated as an orator, above Fox, Pitt, and Burke.

Most dexterous of charlatans, most magnificent of mimics, certainly Sheridan wert thou! In all-sided similation, thou didst stand unrivaled and alone! Thou wouldst have volunteered to do (and couldst have in a measure done) any thing; construe a Greek play, without a word of Greek; give a Latin oration, or quote Lucretius, without having ever advanced further than the rudiments; preach a sermon on any subject at an hour's notice; solve any problem in "Euclid," or in "Newton's Fluxions," without having ever crossed the Pons Asinorum; plead a complicated cause, as that of Hastings, "without a bag" (trusting to thy power of "abusing Ned Law, ridiculing Plumer's long orations, making the court laugh, and pleasing the women!"); and support both sides of any question according to whim, and without understanding either: such, or similar feats were easy to thee, unballasted as thou wert by an atom of conscience, and filled as thy sails were by the breath of boundless assurance and the unmeasured spirit of wine! What a pity that this world had been any thing else than a jest and a gala-day, then thou hadst completely filled thy sphere, and gained laurels inferior only to those of Momus, or of Bacchus, as he returned from the conquest of India! But alas! it is a "serious thing to live, as well as to die," and men will sometimes say of laughter, "it is mad," and of mirth, "what doth it profit?"

We look upon Sheridan's career and works as, on the whole, the most useless in the history of literature. He said many clever things, made many flashy speeches, has left two or three clever plays, but he has *done* little or nothing: told no new truth, enforced no old one—failed in blasting even "scandal," the only task he set himself in morals to do—and neither helped, nor hindered, by a single inch, the advancement of society. "Man," says Jeremy Taylor, "is a bubble." Surely he must have foreseen the advent of Sheridan, for a bubble of the first magnitude was he; and, after dancing his giddy hour, he went down at last into the portion of weeds and outworn faces, and bids fair in another century to be nearly forgotten.

Nothing so stamps a charlatan as perpetually pretending to do great things without labor, and yet all the while laboring hard in secret. We have known even ministers of the gospel, whose most elaborate efforts, if you believed themselves, were quite extempore. This despicable kind of pretense was one of Sheridan's besetting sins. Previous to the famous occasion to which we have referred, when he appeared in Westminster Hall "without a bag," and made a splendid speech without any materials, we are told that he passed two or three days alone at Wanstead, so occupied from morning till night in reading and writing of papers, as to complain in the evenings that he had "motes before his eyes." Our readers will remember, too, how carefully he prepared his bon-mots—polished them in private, put the "smooth-stones" deliberately in his scrip, waited the opportunity of discharging them to most advantage—nay, created the opportunity when it was slow to come. How clever, yet contemptible, was his practice of curving in the wave of the conversation, till it came to a point where he could launch his smart little wherry amid a roar of applause. He had no rich flow of talk like Burke, nor was he ever ready alike with wit and argument, like Johnson—he seldom said above one or two good things in an evening, and these were almost always the fruit of hard previous labor. He produced his witticisms with as much effort as his friend Rogers his couplets; of whom Sydney Smith used to say, that "when Rogers wished to be delivered of a couplet, he took to bed, spread saw-dust on the road, and told the servants to assure all callers that he was as well as could be expected." This, in Sheridan's case, was the more extraordinary, as the witticisms were often not his own, and as all he had to supply was often the expression. He was, we fear, a habitual plagiarist. He would snatch fine things from the very lips of Francis and Burke, and retail them in the Commons and elsewhere as his own. On the whole, his vein of wit was meagre, nor was it of the subtlest or most refined order. He was more of an original in practical jokes, than in any thing else, although these, too, were often coarse, and often cruel. Witness his drawing his friend Tickell into a dark room, which Sheridan had previously filled with crockery, and getting him to stumble, and cut himself in various places—Tickell, indeed, "consoling himself by remembering, while lying in bed covered with patches, that the trick was so well done."

His plays are his sole title to consideration as an author. The "Rivals" is an uproarious farce, rather than a fine play; and, even in its farcical elements, is not so good, we think, as Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man, or "She Stoops to Conquer." It wants Goldsmith's inimitable *bonhommie*. The "School for Scandal" is wearisomely witty; you cry out for a plain scene, or

a plain sentence, as for a pearl of price. The whole of the characters are for ever "talking their best" and doing their worst. The wit, too, is often far-fetched, and the morality is but so and so. There is not a spark of humor or true genius. It is, in short, a display of the utmost length to which mere cleverness can carry an author; and is, perhaps, the best *artificial* comedy in the language. But when you compare it with even the worst of Shakspeare's plays, what a cold, starched, and heartless affair it seems. The poorest of Shakspeare's comedies is one of nature's flowers—weeds, if you please—but this, the most elaborate of Sheridan's, is a mere gum-flower, without scent or savor. "Pizarro" is far worse; and nothing proves more thoroughly that barrenness of imagination we have ascribed to Sheridan. It never rises above a species of convulsive and twisted bombast, worked up as in an agony of ambitious weakness, which we find frequent also in his speeches. His "Duenna" is exceedingly amusing, and pretends to be nothing more. In the "Critic," Sir Fretful Plagiary is capital; and, next, perhaps, to Joseph Surface, has deeper and subtler strokes than any character Sheridan has drawn. His other pieces of manufacture for the stage, such as the "Stranger," and the most of his smaller poems, are beneath criticism.

Byron, whose unbounded admiration of Pope and Sheridan is one of the most unaccountable points in all his unaccountable character, says, that "whatever Sheridan seriously attempted was best in its way—he wrote the best opera, the best farce, the best comedy, the best monologue, and made the best speech." We venture to doubt these *dicta*. The "Duenna" is not equal to the "Beggar's Opera" for originality and spirit, although it is much more elaborate. The "Critic" can not be compared in rich fun to the "Comedy of Errors." Making the best monologue is but a small achievement. The "School for Scandal," like "Tom Jones," is an admirable piece of art; but like it, too, the materials are vile—it is a palace made of dung, and, even in wit, it is inferior to some of Congreve's. The speech on the Begum Charge produced an unequaled effect; but this does not prove its surpassing merit; and the extracts preserved of it are in Sheridan's worst style. His second speech on the same subject we have entire; it was thought by many superior to the first, and yet is little better than a tissue of laborious trash. Witness the famous panegyric on filial piety!

This leads us more particularly to speak of Sheridan the orator. Now, here we grant that we have him at a considerable disadvantage. He never took the trouble of correcting and republishing his speeches, partly because he was constitutionally indolent, and partly because, we suspect, he rated them at their proper value. He talked for immediate effect and reputation, and cared nothing for future fame. His speeches realized the test of a good speech, proposed, not without a sly personal reference, by Fox. "The speech that reads well must be a bad speech." Sheridan knew that his speeches had been effective in delivery; he had a tolerable good guess that they would be less so in print, and therefore he prudently abstained from giving them to the world. He had, unquestionably, many of the elements of a first-rate speaker. His voice was somewhat thick, but had considerable compass. His manner was theatrical, but lively and energetic. His language was fluent, profuse, and copiously figured. He delighted in antithesis, apostrophe, and rhetorical exaggeration. His witty turns were not numerous; but, whether prepared or not, were often very happy. He had great confidence, and uniform self-possession. Best of all, was a vein of strong good sense, which he brought more effectually and entirely to bear upon public affairs, as none of it was employed upon the care of his private conduct! He was like those creatures which feed their young, but can not themselves, at the breast. Sheridan, as well as Charles II., seldom did a wise thing, and seldom said a foolish one. On certain occasions this instinct did him and the country good service, and was mistaken for the workings of a higher principle—for the prophetic intuitions of genius. His conduct in reference to the Mutiny at the Nore has been often praised. Except embroiling the Whigs, it was the only thing he ever did. While the ministry were in open panic, and the opposition were secretly exulting, Sheridan stepped forward, partly through a generous impulse and partly from the strength of his insight into consequences, and saved the state. Like Danton, in a similar crisis in France, he alone remained unshaken, while all around were trembling; although some splenetic person might explain the conduct of both upon the principle that great blackguards are often the coolest in a pestilence or a shipwreck. In addition to all these qualities, Sheridan, on great and thrilling crises, such as the trial of Hastings, rose to an excitement and energy which produced on his audience all the immediate effects of the highest oratory.

Such were his merits. His defects were equally obvious. He was, first, sadly deficient in taste. It was, we are certain, of him that Wilkes said to Boswell, "It was observed of Apelles' Venus, that her flesh seemed as if she had been nourished on roses, so his oratory would sometimes make one suspect that he eats potatoes and drinks whisky." Many noble writers and speakers, such as Milton in his prose, Burke, and Chalmers, have been deficient in taste; but the deficiency has only amounted to extravagance or oddity, not to vulgarity and tawdriness. But Sheridan is often tawdry and vulgar, and often affected, which is worse than either, because the parent of both. He was, besides, destitute alike of genuine imagination and fancy. Almost all his flights and figures,

consequently, are forced, and many of them false. He is never an eagle—

> "Sailing in supreme dominion
> Through the azure deep of air"—

he is only a kite, with keen eye, but heavy body, laboriously beating on his way through the reluctant ether. Occasionally he excels in antithesis, and it had been wonderful if he had not, in the use of a figure he so frequently employs; but most of his antitheses are exceedingly strained.

The oratory of Sheridan labored, however, under still more vital defects. It did, indeed, at times exhibit strong sense; and, when the speaker was content to keep along his proper level, it contained much that was pointed and forcible. Take the following, for instance, in defense of the French Revolutionists:

"We had unsettled their reason, and then reviled their insanity; we drove them to the extremities that produced the evils we arraigned; we baited them like wild beasts, until at length we made them so. The conspiracy of Pilnitz, and the brutal threats of the royal abettors of that plot against the rights of nations and of men, had, in truth, to answer for all the additional misery, horrors, and iniquity which had since disgraced and incensed humanity. Such has been your conduct toward France, that you have created the passions which you persecute; you mark a nation to be cut off from the world; you covenant for their extermination; you swear to hunt them in their inmost recesses; you load them with every species of execration; and you now come forth with whining declamations on the horror of their turning upon you with the fury which you inspired."

This is good, strong writing; but the acute reader will notice that it is guilty of that literary offense of which Burke has been unjustly accused—that of amplification. The changes are rung too long upon one idea. But Sheridan not only amplifies all his thoughts, but his thought is never profound or philosophical. He has no deep meditative current flowing through his mind. He never sees the general in the particular. To Burke it did not matter what topic he took up. He could extract poetry and philosophical truth from each and all. Were it the salt duties, he could have made us hear the surges of the old and ever-sounding sea; were it tobacco, he would have invoked the shade of Sir Walter Raleigh, and brought out all the philosophy of physical excitement; were it the Stamp Act, the forests of America would have been heard rustling in his eloquence, as in a north-westerly autumn wind; and were it a duty on rice, the dusky shining face of Hindostan would have been personified and pictured as looking on upon the discussion; and all this would have been so managed, as to rise naturally out of the inferior subject, and to reflect light upon it. Of this Sheridan was incapable. To him

> "A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him;
> And it was nothing more."

He could only have sewed awkwardly certain *purpurei panni* about the theme, which would have fluttered gaudily around it, and made both it and the speaker ridiculous.

Our last charge against Sheridan's oratory shall be the strongest. He was not deeply in earnest. Every great orator, according to an ancient critic, should be a good man. Sheridan was not a good man—hardly even a fine fellow. He was only a clever actor. He could not say, "I believed, therefore have I spoken." He had no profound convictions on any subject; and hence he was alike intellectually and morally a light-horseman. What earnest, commanding eloquence could be expected from a man whose most congenial atmosphere was the stage, and much of whose oratory consisted of scraps from plays? Of religion he seems to have been entirely destitute, and many have doubted even his political sincerity. He was, of course, capable of spleen, of personal pique, and even of a certain patriotic emotion; and all these he at different times expressed in an eloquent and effective manner. But he had no devouring, consuming enthusiasm about any thing or person, not even about himself; for, to do him justice, he was the least in the world of an egotist. He cared for his gratifications, but not, properly speaking, for himself. He had no pride, and his vanity was not very excessive. It was far more true of him than of Dr. Johnson, that "if he had found a field of clover, he would have rolled in it." He was constitutionally a good-natured sensualist; and all his mental efforts, and some of his deeper errors, arose from the necessity of supplying the wants of his sensualism. He wrote the "School for Scandal" to procure means for his extravagance and debauchery, and he betrayed the Whigs, that he might continue to enjoy the good dinners and the rich wines of the Prince Regent's table.

This is not the place for entering at large upon his political career. Mr. Moore in his Biography has elaborately defended it. And yet he admits, that more than once Sheridan sacrificed his principles to his interest, and that his conduct to Lords Grey and Grenville was altogether unjustifiable; that Burke withdrew from him in disgust; and that even Fox, toward the end, entirely lost confidence in his integrity. His character, in fact, latterly, was that of a political swindler—a miserable tool to the prince who first deserted, and insulted him at last by proffers of help when it was too late. We have much excuse for his circumstances and temperament; but this can not, and ought not to blind us to the total want of principle and reckless breach of promise exhibited by him on many occasions; and we can not but resent indignantly Moore's tenderness to Sheridan's political errors, while he speaks

with such unjust harshness of what he calls Burke's "tergiversation."

Looking back from our present point of view at the French Revolution, which formed the point of divergence between Burke and Windham, and Fox and Sheridan, we can not say that we sympathize entirely with the views and conduct of either party. Both went to extremes, by judging of the great experiment ere it was half finished. Burke and Windham allowed their ardent temperament and strong decided opinions, to hurry them into extravagant fears of the tendencies of democracy—fears partly, indeed, justified by the Moloch butcheries of the Reign of Terror. Fox and Sheridan, on the contrary, preached little less than resistance and rebellion to the legal and regulated powers of the British monarchy. The first two yoked themselves as coursers to draw the chariot of power—the others allowed themselves to be carried in triumph on the shoulders of mobs. As is usually the case, the followers of both "bettered their instruction," and pushed their views and language *ad absurdum*. Arthur Young, Horseley, Reeves, and others, openly supported despotic principles, and spoke of the people as having nothing to do with the laws but to obey them, while Thomas Paine, Godwin, and a large host of others, promulgated opinions which, if carried out, would have destroyed the foundations of all civil society. Some, on the other hand, of great mark, stood between the two extremes, and inclined alternately to both.

Perhaps our tone toward Sheridan in the previous remarks may appear rather harsh. And when we remember his melancholy end, we are tempted to think so ourselves.

It was a very sad tragedy, that of Saville Row. There was to be seen the man on whose lips senators and vast multitudes had hung, whose jests had shaken Old Drury from top to bottom, till it was one mass of loosened laughter, lying in bed, broken in constitution and in heart, deriving his chief consolation and strength from the potion which had degraded and ruined him; deserted by his noble friends, ministered to indeed by his wife, whose early love, much tried and long cooled, had revived in its original strength for this hour of darkness and distress, but with no hope on earth, and with but a cold and dim prospect beyond the grave; surrounded by duns, and with difficulty saved from being carried in his blankets to a sponging-house—behold the end of the admired, flattered, overrated, underrated, spoiled, and murdered Sheridan! And yet, in six days, what spectacle is it that we see darkening the streets of London? It is a funeral, and certainly it must be a royal personage whom they are bearing to the grave, for royal dukes and belted earls, and lord bishops, and celebrated statesmen, and wits, and orators are crowding there. No! it is the funeral of that very same shivering, starving, wretch—of the wreck that was once Sheridan! Surely that funeral was the mockery of hell! Let us shut the disgusting scene by quoting the indignant lines of his biographer:

"Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And friendship so false in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn!

"How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunn'd in his sick-bed and sorrow!
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!"

This is all very true and all very deplorable, and yet we can not close this paper without drawing the strong moral, that had Sheridan been true to himself, neither the insult of noble neglect or the deeper insult of noble patronage had befallen him. Had he lost his seat in Parliament on account of his political integrity, and not on account of his want of it; had he hurt his constitution, as Burke did, by incessant labor, and not by habitual excess; had he been less of a parasite, a better, a rake, and a liar; had he put less faith in the favor and false smiles of a worthless prince; had he known and acted on the noble lines—

"Know prudent, cautious, self-control
Is wisdom's root"—

then what a different life had he led, what a different death had he died, and what a different memory had he left to his country and his kind!

FORGIVENESS.—THE RETURN.

THE wind was northeast!

Every body knows that the wind can't help being frightfully and bitingly cold when it comes from that quarter, said to be the place to which all the ingenuity of man has never been able to get him an introduction. I do not see the use of it if he could, for taking a long journey, when he knows at starting he will only be received in a cold and cutting manner.

The wind, then, was northeast, as near as could be guessed in the dark. If you turned your face to that quarter, you might almost feel certain it was, as the whistling sharpness seized upon all prominences with such a numbing feel that it made your profile a matter of doubt. Your face became too rigid for a smile, and the tips of your fingers painfully obtrusive: rubbing your hands was a labor in vain; to put them into your pockets is, in such cases, most advisable; as it dislodges the cold air which creeps in the most insiduous manner all over you—ay, into your very boots, notwithstanding your patent straps.

The wind was positively northeast, and worked away in the most industrious manner, to do credit to the quarter from whence it came, undoing all that a soft southwest had been doing, in a damp way, for days.

It turned the mud into hardbake, and licked up as much of the puddles as it could, and then finished off by framing and glazing them in the cheapest and most fanciful manner. The roads

were as hard as the solid rock, giving a sound to every footstep, enough to startle itself! Knock! knock! knock!—hammer! hammer! hammer! went the merry soles—men, women, and children, very little children and all!

All the undertakers, living where they are never liked, could not have come up to it, even with their unaccountable multiplied knockings. It was as if the cold-hearted northeast was making a gigantic coffin, at a short notice, to bury the summer and autumn in. Like an energetic advocate for the early closing movement, it put up its sparkling frost-work shutters over every pane; so that the wooden ones might as well have been up, for what you could see of the goods and wares in the shopkeepers' windows.

Carters and working men began to belabor themselves with both hands, in the most insane manner, after the fashion of devout disciplants. Every body seemed to aim at unusual velocity, carrying out the delusion that they were "putting on the steam," by the volumes of smoke-like breath that rolled palpably around them. Yet every body appeared pleased, although the tears did come in their eyes, and their respiration became alternately hot and cold.

It was certainly bracing and invigorating, tending the warm blood to the heart, and giving birth to pleasant feelings: thoughts of home and comfortable firesides, and pitiful thoughts for those without them. A northeast wind appears a cold and boisterous visitor, yet it blows open the doors of our hearts, and the doors of shelter for the poor, that only open at its bidding. Even in its severity it brings charity in its hand, and with its cold finger, points out to us our duties, too often neglected at other times. So the northeast wind is not so bad after all.

The wind commemorated in the foregoing thoughts was a frolicsome visitor of some few winters past, and having gained its point, went the way of all winds; what particular way that is I do not pretend to know; for although we are pretty certain as to where it comes from, if there be any faith in weathercocks, where it goes to is a puzzler.

Long coaches where then on the road, at their very best. I, and a companion to whom I shall have much pleasure in introducing you, had rubbed the frostiness off the window-glass of one of those conveyances, which was taking us down the road some forty miles or so, and seen all that I have written about. My companion for it is with him this tale has to do, and not with me—was a fine hale old man, between seventy and eighty—so his family Bible said; but he was a boy. Age had rumpled his cheek into a perfect cobweb of wrinkles, but had left the rosy color of youth almost as bright as ever. His well-turned leg was as active, and his eye as clear, as at middle age. Time seemed to have pegged away at the tough old man, until he found it labor in vain, and then given him up in despair, to take his own time about his journey. The truth was, he could not touch his heart; when that is young, man is never old.

He was an independent man in the village where he was born, to which locality we were bound. The same roof sheltered his gray hairs that had sheltered him when sleeping in his cradle. He, watching for the London coaches bent over the same gate, that he had climbed up for that purpose as a child. His life, with few exceptions, had been one of calm and sunshine, undisturbed in his cottage with the turmoil and vanity of the great world.

I used to call him uncle, from a distant relationship by marriage: I did not care how distant. There is always a pleasure and a pride in deluding one's self into a relationship with the good. He, at the utmost stretch of his jocosity, called me "my lord," as I and the lord of the manor were the only two seen about in black, except, indeed, the gentleman who came over for an hour and a half on Sunday mornings to preach, from some distant village. He being only a very small visitor, his coat was very little seen. My uncle, in the kindness of his heart, excused him: "Poor fellow," said he, "he has two more churches to attend to!"

We had progressed some miles on our journey, and found the cold getting more severe at every mile; consequently, upon the first stoppage to change horses, we alighted to knock some life and feeling into our feet. At the door of the little inn, a small covered cart drew on one side to give us room. After ordering something warm, we popped into the large kitchen, invited by the roaring fire which illumined the whole place. There, around its blaze, sat some poor shuddering wretches, who, we understood, were being passed to their parishes, in the little cart which we had seen on our entrance. One more particularly interested us, from her extreme old age, which, from appearance, must have been upward of seventy. The cold seemed to have made her insensible; her almost equally frozen companions were attempting, by every attention, to bring back some life into the poor old creature.

"She's blind, too, poor old soul," said one rough-looking fellow, who was rubbing her bony hand between his palms, as he saw our pitying looks; "she'll never live the way down, I'm sure; it's come on so bitter, and that tilt draws the cold through us dreadful."

"Where is she going to, poor soul?" said my pitying uncle, as he drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Thirty miles on, Sir," answered the man; "The village of ——."

My uncle turned his eyes toward me; the very village—his own!

"I do not know her face," said he.

"I believe, Sir, she's been a long time away in foreign parts, or somewhere: I don't know rightly," continued the man.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" muttered the kind old man; "she must not go on, it would be

worse than murder. Landlady," said he, turning to the kind-hearted woman who had brought in a cup of hot tea for the poor creature, "Black Will's coach comes through here in an hour, she must go with him. I'll pay. Put her inside. He'll set her down: he's a kind-hearted fellow. Do what you can for her, there's a good soul!"

As he said all this in a hurried tone, he kept gazing upon the death-like features of the old woman, and passing from one poor shivering object to another his hot glass of brandy-and-water. He drew out his purse, and put some money into the hand of the landlady. "Give her what you can to do her good," continued he, "and I'll see her after to-morrow. I live where she is going to. Wrap her up you know, and—"

"Ready, Sir," says the coachman; "the other insides are in."

We bowled away. For a few minutes we did not utter a word; at last the kind old man began to rub his hands, and exclaim, "Well, getting out for so short a time as that circulates one's blood. I feel all of a glow—as warm as a toast!" No doubt of it; but not a drop of the brandy-and-water had passed his lips.

"Money," said my uncle, placing the pegs leisurely and thoughtfully in the cribbage-board, as we sat toasting our shins before the sparkling logs on his hearth, after our cozy supper, on the self-same bitter night—"Money, my dear boy, is given to us as almoners. Woe betide us if we break our trust! The reward for charity is unquestionable, is immediate. Witness the glow that pervades the heart when you give to those who are in sorrow and distress. On the contrary, we see the continual misery of the foolish ones, who close their hands and their hearts against the call of the needy; scraping a mountain of wealth, that they may die worth so much money, but not one blessing. They drag the worthless weight with them to the verge of the unfathomable future, and it sinks them

"'Deeper and deeper still.

"If I ever feel indisposed, or out of humor, as the world calls it (and we are all liable to megrims), I go among my fellows, and give my mite where I know it is a blessing, and rightly bestowed, which is very easy to find out in such a small community as this is. You would be astonished what excellent physic I find it. Mind, my dear boy," continued he, "I don't preach, nor wish to give you lessons, for you have forgotten more than I, in my simple way, ever knew. But these thoughts, after our painful scene of to-night, will find utterance.

"So take up your cards, and let me see whether you play better than you used to do."

I did as he directed me, but, as had been the case on all my former visits, I was most woefully beaten; I never was a card-player. My brain was galloping and careering away upon a thousand subjects, called up by the last few hours' incidents. At last he threw down the cards with a laugh, vowing that it was no honor to beat me. I bore it like a martyr, and took my candlestick to retire to bed. We parted on the landing. I shook him heartily by the hand, and wished him pleasant dreams. Who doubts that he had them?

Such a bed! sweet as a bed of flowers, instead of feathers. No more bumps in it than the waves of the sea, like which it received me as I plunged into it.

That dear old patchwork counterpane, quilted to a miracle of warmth, was to me always like a memorandum-book of generations. Little square bits of long-departed pride, snipped from the Sunday-going gowns of aunts and grandmothers, all passed away, patterns of women. Could it have found tongue to prate of its possessors, what a strange history it would have been!

Tick—tick—tick! went the powerful old clock. It had me at an advantage now, and would be heard. It was an unusual sound to my metropolitan ears, and I began counting its vibrations. I positively felt as if I were swinging with its indefatigable pendulum. When I had almost got at full swing, much to my annoyance, the light of my candle, which I had placed on a well-polished old coffer or clothes-chest, sent one of its little rays upon the frame of a picture that hung opposite to my bed. I knew the picture well: it was a very poor drawing of a young female head, with high-dressed hair, and a little gipsy bonnet, with flaunting ribbons; in fact, in the style of the last century, so *outré* in our eyes at the present day, as we, no doubt, shall be to the eyes of a future day.

That picture was the skeleton of my uncle's peaceful house. Those blue eyes and rosy cheeks had made him a bachelor, but not a cynic. It was no secret, every body in the village knew of uncle's being "crossed in love," so I will tell you.

"More than half a century before, the gray-headed old man, who slept in the next chamber, was the young athletic hero of the village-green. From his independence, a sort of squire—happiness, and the world all promise, before him. To love was part of his nature: the original of that little picture was the object. She was an orphan, though well provided for—brought up by an old aunt, and had never quitted the village of her birth. She was spoiled and petted by every body, who, of course, called her the village belle.

"Young, handsome, and rich for his position, he soon became the favored swain, to the dismay of many who had dared to hope. But who could rival him? None. The old people chuckled, and said it was just as it should be—both rich, both handsome, and both such kindly hearts, what a merry wedding it would be!

"And so it would have been; but fate de-

creed it otherwise. Months rolled on, and she leaned on his arm at church and market, and the old people blessed them as they passed on their way. It was all sunshine!

"The feast or annual fair came round, and with it a host of visitors from far and near. The rich farmer and the poor cottager kept open house: all was innocent merriment and enjoyment. My uncle and his almost bride, Annie Leslie—that was her name, although no one, in my remembrance, ever mentioned it before him—danced with the best, and better than any body else, so said the village gossips.

"Among the visitors was a gay, dashing young buck from London, upon a visit to some farmer relation, who had driven him over to see the frolics. The cut of his boots and the tie of his cravat almost set the village beaux mad. He was young, gay, and agreeable. His eye soon fixed upon the village belle, Annie: he sought her for a partner, and danced his best. My uncle looked on without the slightest spice of jealousy, only pleased to see her acquit herself so charmingly with the London gentleman. He felt proud of her.

"The feast was past some days, when an alarming fever attacked the young lover, who begged that Annie might not, in her anxiety, be allowed to come near him. He was obeyed, and, much against her will and entreaties, she was not permitted to approach his bedside.

"To the dismay of the village, it was soon discovered to be that then most dreadful scourge, the small pox. Many fled the village; Annie, among the number, was forced away by her terror-stricken guardian.

"Dreary and painful weeks passed over, and his life was spared, but his features were much altered, though not disfigured. He hardly knew himself, as he gazed for the first time in the glass upon his changed features. He would not see his betrothed until, by change of air, he had removed all fear of contagion. So that three months elapsed from the feast week before he stood in the road of the village, looking out for Annie's return.

"She came, she welcomed him with tears, but there was a strange chill in her manner that penetrated to his heart. Too soon the busy tongue of rumor whispered the fatal truth. The London spark, who was staying close to the vicinity of her friends, to whom she had gone upon her lover's illness, had been constantly seeking her society and her regards.

"The noble and upright heart of my uncle shuddered. He sought her, and found that the gay manners and engaging air of the more polished lover had estranged her affections. Like a martyr, he sacrificed himself for her happiness, or what she considered as such—he bade her be free. He felt that she turned from his altered features with little less than disgust, and it was only his former self that she had supposed she loved.

"She left the village, as every body knew, to be married to another: no blessings followed her—for all knew too well that she had spurned a true and affectionate heart. He never loved woman again. His yearning heart still sought to know her fate; and after years were often saddened by the knowledge that she had placed her fortunes in a rotten vessel, and that she was unhappy in her choice.

"More than fifty years had passed away, and he had not forgotten her."

The pecking of the social robin at my casement awoke me early the next morning, soon seconded by the cheerful voice of the old man, exclaiming—

"Come, come, my lord! none of your London ways, up and stirring, the toasted cake and eggs are crying 'come, eat me!' You must be rapid in your movements, for I intend you to be my assistant this morning. It is my turn, I find, to see the coals given to the poor today, at the Crown stables—come, here's your hot water, and your boots," with that he popped them into the room and bustled away, humming with a merry chirping tone, some old-fashioned ditty, of which he had stores, about

> "'Tis sweet in the morn,
> When sounds the horn,
> And bucks a hunting go;
> For all my fancy
> Dwells with my Nancy,
> For she can cry, Tally ho! ho! ho!"

We breakfasted like princes, and then bustled across the road to the "Crown" stables, where we found men, women, and children assembled with wheelbarrows, baskets, bags, in fact, any thing that would hold any thing, waiting for the charitable largess of coals, provided for them by the richer classes, so that they might not suffer during the inclement season. "Half a loaf, and a whole fire, is better than a whole loaf and no fire," said my uncle.

He had a thousand kind greetings from them all. I could not help smiling, as I placed down their names and families, at the severe look with which he whispered me that "we must be very particular, and not give an ounce more than the rules allowed." God bless the old man! he was continually popping some round coal into somebody's basket, over and above the allowance; and the little muffled-up urchins were clustering around him in the most perplexing manner, interfering sadly with his dignity. Children are the best judges in the world. They believed in him, and well they might: he felt with them.

Opposite to his cottage there was a roughly fenced-in slip of an orchard, which had been a continual annoyance to him. Boys will rob orchards. Apples, it is well known, are gifted with a tremendous power of seduction. There is a positive wickedness about the tree; it throws its arms over its boundary wall or fence, right in the faces of passers-by, waving a load of golden temptation to their parched mouths

quite irresistible. That orchard was not to be borne; it was the cause of more family squabbles, juvenile thrashings, and heart-burnings, than all the rest of properly walled-in, respectable orchards in the kingdom. The surly proprietor, however, wanted a small angle of ground belonging to my uncle, to enlarge his stable. For once my uncle *finessed;* nothing but that straggling bit of cankered orchard would he take in exchange, and he got it. Happy day for the children; for he took down the board of penalties, nearly obliterated by revengeful throws from juvenile depredators, and with much humor replaced it with one of more amiable temper. On it was written—"Don't steal. As over the way."

From that day puddings had more apples in them. That orchard became a valuable Mentor to infants; for my uncle took care that all deserving children should look forward to it as a positive reward of good behavior in all instances, and a garden of Eden, from which all delinquents were excluded. It at last was only known as "the children's orchard."

We had just finished off our last claimant, when a boy came up to my uncle saying that "Master Dover, the clerk of the parish, wished to speak with him," who, being very old, had sent a fleeter messenger, "and that he was now waiting at my uncle's door."

We soon reached the snow-covered porch, where stood the old man, who was parish-clerk, beadle, wheelwright—in fact, a factotum. He was an old and respected friend of my uncle's. As we approached I saw that the old man wore a puzzled look and fidgety manner. He shook hands cordially with us, and entered the house.

"Well, Master Dover, what's the world's wonder that has brought you down so early this morning?" exclaimed my uncle, placing a chair for his visitor, and opening his little three-cornered cupboard, where he kept his unrivaled home-made wines, and producing a bottle and glasses.

"Why, my dear sir, I be rather puzzled, but they made me come about that poor creature you were so kind to last night, as old Black Will brought down. He wouldn't leave her any where, except at his cousin's, down at 'The Plow;' where, of course, she's been well looked after. But we want to know what to do, as we looks up to you, you know, and—" Here the old man rubbed his hair down on his forehead, and turned his eyes with an embarrassed look toward me, as if claiming my assistance in some way. I felt puzzled.

"Poor soul, poor soul!" replied my uncle, as he poured out the wine; "we must see about her, and find out who she is, and her right of settlement, and all that; but I'll pop down myself, and talk to them at 'The Plow.'"

"The overseer has been down, and—and he thought, as I was one of your oldest friends, I had better come down and talk a bit about it!" continued the old man, twitching and shuffling about in his seat, in the most extraordinary manner.

"Oh! right, very right! Here is your health, and as many more years as you wish yourself!" said my uncle, as he finished his glass, and looked upon his old contemporary with a benevolent smile.

As my uncle turned to the cupboard to look for a piece of cake, the old clerk motioned to me with a piteous look, holding up his hands and shaking his head toward my uncle, who, placing the looked-for cake upon the table, took his seat, and said: "Pray, Master Dover, who is the poor blind soul?"

"Ah, master, that be it; I ain't got courage to out with it; my heart gets in my throat! I wish they'd sent any soul else but me. But dang it! I be an old fool!" Here he wiped with the sleeve of his coat the positive perspiration from his brow, cold as the day was. "Dang the thing! it must out, my dear old friend. That poor soul that you saved last night from death—after fifty years' absence—is—your Annie Leslie!"

I started toward my uncle, for I thought he would have fallen from his chair! A sudden paleness overspread his face, and his hands turned death-like, as he clasped them convulsively before him. His old playfellow and friend looked upon him in his violent shock, with the tears coursing each other down his rugged cheeks.

"To think," said old Master Dover, "that she, Sirs, whom I remember young, happy, and well to do, should have come to this! It's now gone fifty year, and more, sin my dame went to school with her. She's down along with her now, Sir. A bad husband she got when she chose to have that rakey ne'er-do-well! Ah, poor dear soul! after fifty years to come back a pauper to her parish! blind, too!—"

"Dover! Dover!" said my uncle, in a hurried and hysterical manner, rising suddenly, with an effort, from his chair. "No, no, no, no! Annie Leslie—for to me she will always be Annie Leslie—has not returned to the parish a pauper! No, no, no! poor Annie is not come to the parish! Annie Leslie has returned to me!"

We were soon hurrying along the pretty lane leading to the church, where dwelt many of my uncle's tenants. Here an old couple were quickly arranged with to receive the stricken wanderer, and to afford her every comfort. The parish clerk was working like a horse, although surrounded by willing hands, between my uncle's house and the asylum for poor Annie, all the day, carrying every thing for her comfort that could be thought of. Late in the day, she was installed in her new habitation, under my superintendence; for my uncle dared not venture within sight of the place.

What must have been the feelings of that poor afflicted creature, when she found that the

rejected of her youth was the shield and comforter of her age!

The sweet bells pealed out from the modest spire, and the sun shone upon the next morning, which was Sunday. My uncle took my arm to proceed to church, but not by his accustomed path. He took his course up the village; for the old route lay by the door of the cottage where Annie Leslie was sheltered.

"My dear boy," said he to me, "the imperfect light of last night, and my failing sight, have left no impression of the appearance, thank God! of Annie Leslie. I am too old, now, to tear from my imagination the picture that it has long held. I wish, for the few remaining years of my life, that it should not be destroyed by the sad reality. Therefore, I never pass that way to church again. She is cast from a sea of trouble at my feet, and I am spared to save her! What more could I ask? The rejoicing that is in my heart is indefinable."

His friends, as they stood clustered round the porch to greet him, uttered not one word of the returned one, but every hand was held out for a grasp; no one would be denied. That morning few eyes could be turned from that venerable old man; thoughts of him mingled with every prayer. His heart was at peace, for he had forgiven!

THE TEMPTRESS.

RICHARD PENSON was a native of Westmoreland, his place of birth being the small village of Bedstone, on the borders of Gilgraith Forest, some miles north of Appleby. His father had been what is called a "statesman" in those parts, that is, he farmed his own land; but long-continued ill-health, the death of his notable wife, and other crosses and losses, so reduced him in the world, that he died—when Richard, his only child, was in his twentieth year—in little better than insolvent circumstances, the son, who, from his desultory and rather bookish habits, had never been of much use upon the farm, finding himself, after every thing had been disposed of, and all debts paid, the master of about £200 only, and destitute, withal, of skill in either head or hand to turn his modest capital to account. Being, however, so young, of stout frame and sanguine temperament, he might not for some time have fully realized the undesirableness of his position and prospects, but for the light unexpectedly shed over them by the dark, scornful eyes of Judith Morton, a damsel of about seventeen, and the daughter of John Morton, a statesman of comfortable means, with whom, while his father yet lived in reputedly fair circumstances, he had been on terms of sweetheart intimacy, or at least as much so as some half a dozen other bovine youths whom Judith Morton's handsome person and comparatively cultivated airs and graces attracted round her. The first time Richard Penson met her after the final winding up of his father's affairs, he was so thoroughly made to understand that an idle, know-nothing young fellow, with £200 for all his fortune, was no match for Judith Morton, that the next half-hour was passed in mental debate as to which of the three expedients for ridding himself of hateful life—hanging, drowning, or poisoning—he should adopt; and he at length decided upon almost as desperate a leap in the dark as either of them, by forthwith writing to a London attorney, whose advertisement, setting forth a willingness to accept an active, clever young man as articled clerk, at a moderate premium, had strongly arrested his attention the day previously at Appleby—that he should be in London for the purpose of having a personal interview with the advertiser as quickly as the coach, leaving Appleby on the following morning, would carry him thither. Three days afterward, accordingly, Richard Penson presented himself at the attorney's office. That worthy's business lay chiefly at the Old Bailey, and he was rightly reputed one of the sharpest, least scrupulous practitioners that classic institution could boast of. He quickly discerned with those keen, vulpine eyes of his, that there was the stuff for a clever fellow in Richard Penson; and a bargain was finally struck, by which, in consideration of the greatest part of his cash, and his services for five years, the young countryman assured himself of board, lodging, and a small salary during that period, and his articles at the end thereof. Penson took readily to his new vocation, and ultimately became noted as a keen adept in the tortuous, shifty practice so highly appreciated by the class of clients with whom he had chiefly to deal; though I do not believe he would have lent himself to any decidedly unprofessional expedient, dangerously near as in the fervor of his temperament he might at times have ventured near the faintly-traced boundary-line, which marks the limit which an attorney may not overstep in defense of the most liberal and interesting of clients. For the rest, Richard Penson was a fairly-conducted, pleasant, companionable young fellow, except when, more freshly-primed than usual, and alone with some one or two of his intimates, he got maudlin about Judith Morton—her charms, caprices, cruelties. A detestable infliction, I well remember, were those obliging confidences; but rested so slightly upon my memory, that the sole and hazy impression I derived from them was that he had been jilted by a handsome young shrew, who, most likely on account of her brimstone temper, had not yet obtained a husband, when Richard Penson finished his time, and inscribed his name on the roll as an attorney of the Court of King's Bench. Soon after that event he left town for Westmoreland, in renewed quest, I had no doubt, of his old flame. I neither saw nor heard any thing of him again till about three years afterward, when I met him just by the Great Turnstile, Holborn; but so changed was he, that I,

for some moments, vainly cast about in my memory as to whom the pallid, care-worn, poverty-stricken man whose proffered hand I mechanically held in mine, could be.

"You do not remember me?" he said, with a dull, wintery smile. The voice, and a peculiar north-country accent, enabled me to do so instantly, and I blurted out, "Richard Penson! But, good God! what has come to you? Why you look like an old man!"

"I *am* one," he answered. "Age is not always truly reckoned by years."

"Surely," I said, after a slight pause, "that old craze of yours about the Westmoreland spitfire you used to talk of, can not have made such a wreck of a sensible man?"

"Certainly not; or, at least, not in the way you appear to suppose. But come; if you have an hour to spare, and will stand treat for a few glasses, I will tell you all about it."

"Stand treat for a few glasses!" The hot blood burned in my cheeks and temples as I echoed this sad confession of meanness and degradation from my former acquaintance; but he did not appear to heed, or was callous to, the implied meaning of the exclamation; and upon my stammering out that he was welcome to as many glasses as he chose to have, he brightened up into a kind of sickly gayety, said, "I was always a trump," and led the way to a tavern in Chancery Lane. There, and at subsequent interviews, I was made acquainted with the following strange and warning story. Much of the dialogue, which he had a morbid fondness for repeating, he had written out.

When Richard Penson, after an absence of more than five years, revisited his birth-place, he found Judith Morton still single; and though in her twenty-third year, as freshly beautiful, to his mind, as when he had last seen her. He soon found, moreover, that it was quite out of the question that she should become his wife, albeit the refusal was this time more gently intimated than on a former occasion. According to the gossip of the neighborhood, one Robert Masters, a thriving "statesman," but about ten years her senior, had been courting her off and on for a long time; but somehow the affair seemed as far or farther off than ever from a matrimonial termination. It was also reported that a former beau of hers, Charles Harpur, who had emigrated to America, and greatly prospered there, with whom she had constantly corresponded, was shortly expected to pay a visit to England, and of course to Westmoreland. Thus admonished of the folly of further indulgence in his dream-fancies, Penson turned his lingering steps first toward Appleby, where, however, no opening for an additional attorney presented itself, and finally he came as far southward as Liverpool, opened an office in Scotland Road, and diligently strove to edge himself into the legal business of that flourishing city. The result was so disheartening, that at the end of about six months' fruitless endeavor he had made up his mind to sell his office-desk, stool, chairs, and brass plate, and return to the service of his old master, who would, he knew, be glad to employ him, when an opening for the exercise of his peculiar talents suddenly presented itself, and he was tempted to venture upon the perilous path the near end of which was destruction.

He was sitting, he told me, in his office one wet, gloomy afternoon in January, before a handful of fire, alternately revolving in his mind his own dismal present and future, and two or three startling paragraphs that had just been copied into the Liverpool journals from the Westmoreland county paper. To him they were of great interest, but in some degree unintelligible. Robert Masters, the quondam bachelor of Judith Morton, before spoken of, had, it appeared, been killed at a place in Gilgraith Forest by a pistol-shot; and according to one account, robbery must have been the motive of the assassin, as the deceased's pockets had been rifled and his gold watch carried off; while, according to another and later paragraph, Charles Harpur, a person of good property, recently arrived from abroad, had been fully committed for the murder; the suggested cause whereof was jealousy with respect to a Jemima Morton, a young woman, the paper stated, of great personal attractions. "The mistake in the Christian name, Jemima for Judith," mused Penson, "is obvious enough; but how comes it that both jealousy and plunder are spoken of as motives for the crime? Charles Harpur is not a robber, and yet both money and watch were missing. I must even, poor as I am, pay a visit to Bedstone. Ha! Well, this *is* strange!"

A slight noise at the window had caused him to look suddenly up in that direction, and to his great surprise, almost consternation, he saw the handsome and excited countenance of Judith Morton, just above the dwarf Venetian blinds, the dark, flashing eyes, peering eagerly into the office, wherein she yet, he observed, discerned nothing. His sudden starting up revealed him to her; a kind of wild smile of recognition glanced over her features, and in another minute Judith Morton was face to face with Richard Penson—she, this time, the suppliant for favor.

Miss Morton was habited in deep mourning, and her appearance and manner evinced much flurry and disquietude. Hastily seating herself, she drew forth a sealed packet from a large reticule, saying, as she did so, in reply to Penson's questioning glance at her mourning dress, "For my father; he died about three months since." Then holding the packet or parcel in her hand, she gazed fixedly for a moment or two at her astounded auditor, as if to ascertain if the influence she once possessed over him had been weakened by time and absence. Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory; a bright gleam of female pride danced in her eyes, and there was an accent of assured confidence in the

tone with which she said, "I am here, Richard Penson, to retain you professionally in a matter deeply affecting myself, with the full persuasion that spite of—perhaps in some degree because of—bygones, you will not fail me in this hour of need."

Penson's heart was in his throat, and a few broken words could only gurgle through to the effect that he was soul and body at her service. The prideful smile shot more brightly than before across the face of the temptress, and the voice was gentle and caressing which replied, "I knew that would be your answer, Richard." After hesitating for a moment, she took a note from her purse and placed it before the wonder-mute attorney: it was a Bank of England note for fifty pounds; and, in the excitement of his chivalrous enthusiasm, he rejected it almost indignantly.

"Nay, nay," said Judith Morton, "you must accept it. My father, as I told you, is no more, and I am tolerably well off," adding, with insinuative meaning, "and, better perhaps than that, I am now my own mistress." Penson took the note thus pressed upon him, and an embarrassing but brief silence ensued, broken by Judith Morton, who, having unsealed the packet of papers, said, "These are office copies of the depositions made in the case of Charles Harpur, of which you have doubtless heard." The attorney's countenance fell as Judith pronounced that name, and she hastened to say, "It is not you will find for his sake that I am chiefly interested; but first you must read those papers. I will go and take tea while you do so, at the inn below, where the coach stopped. I shall not be gone more than half an hour."

The peremptory manner of the young woman forbade reply, and as soon as the street-door closed behind her, Penson addressed himself to the perusal of the depositions. It was some time before the palpitating bewilderment of his brain so far subsided as to enable him to distinctly seize and comprehend what he read; but professional habit at length resumed its influence, and by the time Miss Morton returned he had thoroughly mastered the case as far as it was disclosed by the depositions.

"Well," said she, with seeming calmness, "your opinion upon this sad affair."

"There can be but one opinion upon it," replied Penson; "the facts lie in a nutshell. Harpur met the deceased at a farmer's dinner, after which, both being elevated by wine, Harpur took offense at something—it is not stated what—that Masters said respecting you, and a violent quarrel and fight ensued. Three nights afterward Masters is found dead, with a bullet through his brain. James Blundell, a respectable man, whom I know well, swears positively that he heard the report, and about ten minutes afterward saw Harpur running from the spot, not far from which the body was next morning found; his face, clearly visible in the brilliant moonlight, as white as chalk, and holding a pistol in his hand. There can be no doubt, therefore, that Harpur killed the deceased, though perhaps under circumstances that, if provable, might reduce the offense to manslaughter."

"You noticed that the man's watch and money were not to be found?" said Judith Morton.

"Yes; and that is certainly an odd circumstance; but probably, as I see is suspected, they were stolen by some person who discovered the body earlier in the morning than Blundell and the constable did."

"Is there nothing which in your opinion affects the credibility of Blundell's testimony?"

"Not essentially: to be sure there appears to have been ill-blood between him and Masters, but that fact can not have any weight against the—"

"Not if strengthened—*made* weighty," interrupted the young woman, with suggestive emphasis.

"I—I do not comprehend you," stammered Penson greatly startled, as he told me, more by her manner than words.

"You must then, and thoroughly," said Judith Morton, who was now deathly pale, "or nothing effectual will, I see, be done. There is no one within hearing?"

"Not a soul!"

"Draw your chair closer to mine, however, that I may speak the secret, *which will place me in your power*, in a whisper: it was I slew Robert Masters!"

"God of heaven—you!—impossible!"

"It is true, and therefore possible, as you shall hear—but first let me ask you this question: With all my faults of temper, caprices, vexatious follies, was I not always a truthful girl?"

"Certainly; you were ever sincere and plain spoken."

"I was sure you would do me that justice: you will then have no misgiving as to the exact truth of what I am about to relate, which I will do as briefly as possible. Charles Harpur, one of my old lovers, as you know—though after what is passed he can never be, under any circumstances, more to me than he is at this moment—lately returned from America much richer than he left England, and renewed his addresses, which were accepted. This came to the knowledge of Masters, who was once engaged to me, and he, as you know, met and quarreled with Harpur. The injurious hints thrown out against me on that occasion were dismissed from Harpur's mind, after an explanation with me, and Masters, foiled in his selfish and malignant purpose, had the audacious insolence to write me word that unless I broke with Harpur he would send him some foolish letters of mine, long since written, of no harm whatever if read and interpreted by calm reason, but which would I knew drive Harpur mad with jealous fury. I so far suppled my mind as to write a note to Masters, demanding, in the name of manliness

and honor, the return of those letters to me. Judging by his reply he was in some degree affected by the justice and earnestness of my appeal, and promised if I would meet him at nine o'clock that evening at an old trysting-place he mentioned, he would return my letters, should he not succeed in persuading me not to marry Harpur. I determined on meeting him; the evenings were light and calm, and I have ever felt an almost man-like want of fear. Yet as the hour approached, and I set off for the place of meeting, I was disturbed by a vague sense of misgiving, as of the near approach of calamity and misfortune, and I called at Harpur's lodgings, with the purpose of informing him of what had occurred, and guiding myself by his counsel. Unhappily he was not at home, and after waiting some time I again determined to keep the appointment with Masters at all hazards. As I turned to leave the room, an open case containing two small pistols caught my eye, and I immediately seized one, precisely why I hardly know myself, except from an undefined thought of shielding myself from possible insult, should Master's rage at finding me invincible to his entreaties prompt him to offer me any. I concealed the weapon beneath my shawl, and did not, I well remember, bestow a thought even as to whether it was loaded or not. I met Robert Masters—he urged me by every argument he could think of to discard Harpur and renew my long since broken engagement with himself. I refused firmly, perhaps scornfully, to do so, and passionately insisted upon the fulfillment of his promise respecting the letters. In his exasperation, Masters swore he would do no such thing, and taking one from his pocket, he opened and pretended to read from it a love-passage which, had I not been almost out of my senses with rage and indignation, I must have been sure I never could have written. I sprang forward to clutch the letter, a struggle for its possession ensued, and, how it happened I know not, certainly by no voluntary act of mine, the pistol in my hand went off: there was a flash and a report, sounding to me like thunder, and Robert Masters lay dead at my feet! What followed I can only confusedly describe: for a time I was transfixed—rooted with terror to the spot, but presently the stunning sense of horror was succeeded by apprehension for myself; and, by what prompted cunning I know not, though doubtless with a wild hope of thereby inducing a belief that the deed had been committed by robbers, I threw myself on my knees beside the corpse, and not only possessed myself of the letters, but of the slain man's watch and purse. I had scarcely done so, when I heard footsteps approaching, and I started up and fled with the speed of guilt and fear, leaving the fatal pistol on the ground. The footsteps were Harpur's: he had reached home soon after I left, and followed me only to arrive too late! I disclosed every thing to him; he had faith in my truth, as I am sure you have, and swore never to betray me: he has, you know, faithfully kept his word, though himself apprehended for the crime."

Judith Morton ceased speaking, and Penson, aghast, stupefied, could not utter a word.

"Well, Richard Penson," said she after a painful silence of some minutes, "have you no counsel to offer me in this strait?"

"Counsel, Judith," replied Penson, with white lips, "what counsel can I offer? The only effect of this confession, if made public, would be to consign you to the scaffold instead of Harpur; for those who would sit in judgment upon your life would not believe that the pistol was accidentally discharged."

"That is also my opinion, and can you do nothing to save my life—my innocent life, Richard; for be assured that rather than a guiltless man shall perish through my deed, I will denounce myself as the slayer of Robert Masters. You have a reputation for lawyer-craft," she added, "and money shall not be wanting."

"There is no possibility of obtaining an acquittal," said Penson, "except by having recourse to perilous devices that— In short, I see no chance of a successful defense."

"You once loved me, Richard Penson," said Judith Morton, in a low, agitated voice, "or at least you said you did."

"*Once* loved you—*said* I did!" echoed Penson.

"I know not what to say," continued Judith, as if unheeding his words, and with eyes bent on the ground; "Harpur can never be, as I told you, more to me than he is now—I have reason, indeed, to believe that he has no wish to be: faithful, *as yet*, as he has proved to his promise not to betray me; and it may be, Richard—it may be, I say—though that, I begin to think, will have slight weight with you—that—that gratitude might lead me to reward, to return the devotion to which I should be indebted for the preservation of my young life."

"Judith—Judith Morton!" gasped Penson, "do not drive me mad!"

"Make no rash promises, Richard, to incur peril for my sake," said Judith Morton, rising from her chair; "by to-morrow morning you will have thought the matter calmly over. I will call about ten o'clock, and you can then tell me if I can count or not upon effectual help from you. Good-night."

She was gone; but not till her purpose had been thoroughly accomplished. Richard Penson's resolution was taken, and before he threw himself upon his bed that night, his eager and practiced brain had elaborated a plan—audacious, and full of peril to himself—whereby an acquittal might be, with almost certainty, insured. "I do it"—it was thus he glozed the scheme to his own conscience—"I do it to save her life—her young and innocent life, as she truly says, and I will take care that no harm shall ultimately befall Blundell. He will have

abundant means of self-vindication when—when I and Judith are safe beyond the Atlantic."

The clocks were chiming ten when Judith Morton entered the young attorney's office on the following morning. "There is more than hope, there is triumph, safety in your look," she said, ungloving her hand, and extending it to Penson.

"Yes, Judith," he replied, "I have determined upon running all risks to extricate you from this peril. And first the watch—a description of which I shall, as the prisoner's attorney, take care to advertise by-and-by—have you it with you?"

"Yes! here it is; but what is it you propose doing?"

"That, dear Judith, I must be excused for not disclosing. Success depends upon close secrecy. I will, however, see Harpur as his professional adviser, without delay, and assure him—for his continued silence is paramountly essential—that an acquittal is certain, but not of the means of procuring it—stone walls having ears, as they say—and indiscretion being as fatal as treachery."

"No evil will fall upon any innocent person?" asked the young woman.

"No *permanent* evil—of that be assured," replied Penson. This was about all that passed between the confederates, and a few minutes afterward Judith Morton took leave, and was soon on her way home.

Harpur's trial came on during the March Assize, at Appleby, and as the case had excited much interest in the county, the Crown Court was densely crowded. The witnesses for the prosecution were not asked a single question by the counsel instructed by Penson for the defense till it came to the turn of the last and only important one, James Blundell. The cross-examination of this man was from the first a menacing one, and the hush of the excited auditory deepened into painful intensity as it became evident, from the stern questioning of the counsel, that the defense intended to be set up was, that the deceased had met his death at the hand of the witness, not of the prisoner. It was elicited from Blundell, though with much difficulty, that he was in embarrassed circumstances, considerably in debt to the deceased, with whom he had, in consequence, had words more than once, and that he knew Robert Masters had been heard to say he would sell him (Blundell) up before long. The witness was greatly agitated by this exposure of his affairs, and so fiercely was he pressed by the zealous counsel for nearly an hour of merciless cross-examination, that he could scarcely stand when told to leave the witness-box.

"I have to request, my lord," said the prisoner's counsel, "that the last witness be not permitted to leave the court—for the present at least." The judge nodded assent, and a couple of javelin-men placed themselves by the side of the nervous and terrified Blundell. The case for the Crown having closed, and, no speech in those days being allowed to be made by a reputed felon's counsel, witnesses for the defense were at once called. "Call Thomas Aldous," said Richard Penson, to the crier of the court, and presently Thomas Aldous, a middle-aged, gold-spectacled gentleman, of highly-respectable aspect, presented himself in the witness-box.

"You are the proprietor, I believe, Mr. Aldous," said the prisoner's counsel, "of an extensive pawnbroking establishment in London?"

"Well, Sir," replied the witness, "I can not say mine is an extensive establishment, but it is, I am bold to say, a respectable one, and situate not in London proper, but in the Blackfriars Road, Southwark."

"No matter: you have been within the last few days in communication with respect to an advertised gold watch, with the attorney for the prisoner, Mr. Penson?"

"I have."

"Do you produce the watch in question?"

"I do: here it is. It was pawned with me," added the scrupulous witness, refreshing his memory by a glance at the duplicate, "on the 18th of February last, for £10, and the address given, No. 8, Lambeth Walk, is, I have since ascertained, a fictitious one."

"Will the brother of the deceased, who has already been sworn," said the examining barrister, "have the kindness to look at this watch?"

Mr. James Masters did so, and identified it as belonging to his brother, and worn by him at the time of his death.

"Should you be able, Mr. Aldous," continued the counsel, "to recognize the person who pawned the watch?"

"I should have no difficulty in doing so," said the pretended Aldous, "although it was just between the lights when the man, a middle-aged, stoutish person, came to my shop, as he not only had a peculiar cast in his eyes, but that once or twice, when a handkerchief which he held to his face, I supposed in consequence of tooth-ache, slipped aside, I noticed a large, bright, red stain, either from scrofula, or a natural mark across his lower jaw."

As this audaciously-accurate description of Blundell left the witness's lips, every eye in court was turned upon that astounded individual; the javelin-men drew back with instinctive aversion from in front of him, and he, as if impelled by a sympathetic horror of himself, shrieked out, "That's me! he means me! oh God!" "That *is* the man," promptly broke in the pawnbroker, "I should know him among a million." This was too much for Blundell; he strove to gasp out a fierce denial, but strong emotion choked his utterance, and he fell down in a fit, from which he did not entirely recover for some hours, then to find himself in close custody upon suspicion of being the assassin of Robert Masters!

The proceedings in court need not be further

detailed: the prosecution had, of course, irretrievably broken down, and there was nothing for it but to formally acquit the prisoner, who was at once discharged, and the crowded court was immediately cleared of the excited auditory, numerous groups of whom remained for long afterward in the streets, eagerly canvassing the strange issue of the trial. As Richard Penson left the court, a scrap of paper was slipped into his hand, upon which was scrawled in pencil, and in a disguised hand, "Thanks—a thousand thanks—but no harm must come to poor B——. You shall hear from me in a few days at Liverpool. J——."

As soon as Blundell could collect his scattered thoughts and advise with a lawyer, there was found to be no difficulty in establishing an *alibi*, that on the day of the pretended pawning he was in his own home at Bedstone, and he was conditionally liberated. Inquiries were next set on foot respecting Mr. Aldous, and as no such person could be found, the nature of the conspiracy by which justice had been defeated gradually disclosed itself. An effort was also made to arrest Penson, the prisoner's attorney, but as he had previously disappeared from Liverpool, and it was reported sailed for America with Judith Morton, the pursuit was abandoned. This information was completely erroneous; Judith Morton had indeed embarked for America, but it was with her husband, Charles Harpur, to whom she had been privately married three weeks previous to the death of Robert Masters, the wedding having been intendedly kept secret for a time, partly on account of the recent death of the bride's father, who, by-the-by, died in poor circumstances, and partly because of some family reason of Harpur's. This intelligence reached Penson at Liverpool, in a letter dated London, about a week subsequent to the trial, containing many apologies, another £50 note, and signed "Judith Harpur!"

I will not detain the reader with any description of the wretched, vagabond life led by Penson from the moment of his departure from Liverpool till I met him in Holborn — till his death, in fact—for he was utterly irreclaimable —which was not long delayed, and took place in the infirmary of a city workhouse. He, at all events, though not reached by the arm of the law, paid the full penalty of his offense. Whether the same might be said of Judith Morton, I know not, Penson never having heard either of her or Harpur since they left England for the States.

THE PORTRAIT.

IN turning my eyes round the old chamber, in which I happened one day to be seated, I was startled by observing the eyes of the portrait opposite me move, the breast heave, and a slight murmur escape from the lips.

It was a beautiful portrait of the last century of a lovely young girl, whose peculiarly feminine beauty and dove-like expression of eyes I had often gazed upon with pleasure, and yearned to know the lights and shadows of so fair a creature's life.

When first its soft murmuring voice broke upon my devouring ear, my heart beat rapidly, and I seemed like a person just struggling out of a slumber. For a moment it appeared indistinct, but gradually became clear and palpable. It spoke as follows:

That the creature I represent was beautiful, I believe it is unnecessary for me to say. Look at me! I represent her faithfully! Her beauty was only skin-deep, like mine, but not so lasting. Age has made me more valuable, while it destroyed her power.

When I was created by the painter's masterhand, I was pronounced a living likeness! It was true; for I grew into life under the limner's magic skill, and beheld my beautiful original before me, and felt the tremulous touch of the young painter as he looked abashed into her deep-blue eyes for the bright light that he dared to hope to transfer to me! that look made the eloquent blood rush even to his noble forehead, while the fair sitter's fringed lash sank over her dangerous orbs with soft timidity, but there was a scornful curl of triumph on her lips that belied the language of her eyes.

At the conclusion of her sitting she arose, and swept with grace unparalleled from the room; the painter's gaze followed her, and a deep sigh escaped from his very heart; he flung himself into the chair she had quitted, and gazed with a painful intentness upon me; he was young and nobly handsome, and the world and worldliness were alike forgotten in the thoughts that rushed through his impetuous mind. One moment a dark frown shadowed his brow, which some sunny thought instantly dispelled; anon it returned, and was again chased away by a bright triumphant smile. What were his thoughts? I could well guess! he sat thus entranced until the twilight shut him from my sight, and I saw no more, but I heard his plaintive sighs.

Maria Leslie, the being I represent, was an only child, born to inherit great beauty and large possessions; she was fondly loved by her parents, who could not behold in her the slightest fault; she was admired by all who came within the magic circle of her charms, for the brightness of her beauty so dazzled the hearts of her beholders that they could scarcely think it possible that aught of evil could be so enshrined.

Vanity was her besetting sin. As a child, her little coquetries and vanities were only smiled at by all, as being exceedingly droll; the continual praises of menials, and the fond indulgence of her parents, who laughed at her little womanish ways when but yet a girl, had drawn her from the society of children like herself, and made her ape the manners of grown-up people; she was a little actress!

She was about eighteen when I was made the almost living likeness of her by the young and enthusiastic painter, who had much better have bestowed his love upon me, for I was all his own, and would always have remained the same; I was indeed superior to my original, for beneath my beauty a cold heart was not hidden; all her love was engrossed by herself, and, consequently, she had none to bestow on others; day after day did the young painter stand by her easel, and endeavor to infuse some of his soul into hers, and rouse her to excel in the most glorious of arts, but in vain; her vanity prompted her only to seek accomplishments of an easier cast, that should dazzle and enchant others; she found that to conquer in the painter's mystery and cunning was not so easy; it must be a true love that can ever woo any of the sister arts with hopes of success. With divided thoughts you must never kneel at their shrines.

Fatal indeed was the indulgence of his mad passion for this divinity; although of a good family, he had no broad lands to lay at the feet of the proud and haughty beauty; yet, without hope to wear the prize, he still dared to love. It is astonishing how little flame will keep up love; a smile or an accidental pressure of the hand will last for weeks; full well did the young heartless coquette know and see the net which she had thrown around her victim, nor appeared she conscious of the cause of the pale cheek and trembling voice of the young victim, who lived but in the poisonous fascinations of her presence.

Pallid grew the cheek, and more brilliant the lustre of his eyes, as month after month rolled on, and found him still by his pupil's side; his steps became languid, his smile dejected, and art seemed no longer the object of his enthusiasm.

One early dawn he stood in the gallery, and, with careful hand, made a copy of me, but this was done stealthily and in secret. Foolish boy! he bore it to his humble roof, with bright visions of future glory, to embitter his hours with vain and feverish thoughts over the counterpart of his destroyer.

Unavailingly did he struggle with his better feelings; but the strong passion of youth is not easily mastered: yet often did he resolve to break his dishonorable thraldom; but when she bestowed on him a bewitching smile, his resolution was broken, and he became again her willing slave.

Love is a sad flatterer, and whispers strange impossibilities to his votaries. With these he beguiled and deluded the young painter, bade him hope, taught him to interpret her downcast eyes, and read her very smiles, until he believed there was a reciprocity of feeling between them. Vain, yet how happy felt he, to think thus!

One evening, when twilight gradually put an end to their labors, during which her almost tenderness toward him had made the hours fly like minutes, they sat near to each other watching the calm blush of the evening sky giving place to the silvery hue of the rising moon. A dangerous moment for those who love! thoughts at such moments are raised far, far above the sordid things of the earth, and the world's weight seems lifted from the heart to give full play to its purest feelings.

If she but loved him, thought he, how would he strive to become great, to be worthy of her! What would toil be! nothing! For him, time would have no terrors, if she were the prize at the end of his labors. With thoughts like to these rushing through his brain in answer to the quick throbbings of his heart, he fell at her feet, and burst forth in all the eloquence of his nature, upbraiding himself, yet claiming her pity, promising to fly from her until he was more worthy, praying for hope to cheer his path as an incentive to his ambition and exertions. His glowing words came from his lips with poetic grace, but met no kindred response. She now beheld all that her heartless coquetry had effected, and rising indignantly from her seat, with cheek cold and colorless, and with eyes of scorn, and drawing the rich folds of her dress closely round her beautiful form, as though she feared the contamination of his touch, she bade him, in a tone that threw back the impetuous blood to his heart, to rise, and never more dare to enter into her presence, or insult her with his plebeian rhapsodies.

"What art thou," said she, "but a hired menial! Had it not been for the absence of my parent, thou wouldst have been flogged from the house by the horse-boys for thus forgetting thyself and station."

Stunned by the change in the beautiful creature, who a moment since was all angel, but who now appeared, as the moonlight played upon her convulsed features, almost a demon, he arose from his prostrate position as if in a dream, and without one word, but with fixed eyes and mournful mien, saw her slowly depart from the chamber.

A year passed on, and the painter was only remembered in the family of his quondam patron as a bold and enterprising young man, who had sought by dishonorable means his own aggrandizement by an alliance with the daughter; and they felt proud that the adventurer had failed in his purpose, and had not, notwithstanding his talents and fascinations, for one moment disturbed the pure mind of their child.

She soon had many suitors for her hand, for her lands were fruitful, and her dowry large, and all that the family possessed would eventually fall to her sole disposal. They came and were refused, and thus were her triumphs swelled. They strove to touch her heart when they should have aimed only at her pride.

At last a suitor came, of a proud and haughty race, with armorial bearings and a title. He had long since parted with all his feeling,

as unfashionable commodities; but brought in their stead his family-deeds and rent-roll, which were, he believed, the sure passport to a lady's heart. The perfect nonchalance of the titled suitor put *hors de combat* all the little coquetries of the lady. He looked upon her as a fine creature, but hated the trouble of courtship, left the old people to make love to her for him, and requested a definite answer to his proposal as early as possible, as he did not wish to miss his season-trip to Italy.

Having sickened himself of the pleasures of the world, and found himself "used up," he paused in his senseless career, and looked out for an estate, with a presentable wife tacked to it, so that his constitution and property might both at the same time be repaired. He had come, therefore, to see the fair Maria; liked her manners and her unincumbered estate, and determined to take the desperate leap of marriage. He was a man of the world, and therefore it was impossible for him to make himself disagreeable, for nothing is easier than insincerity; and etiquette, strained to the nicest point, forbade any thing like an approach to familiarity, which is a very old-fashioned, troublesome thing at best, and often endangers the continuation of the best acquaintance.

Seen only through the medium of his gentlemanly address and stylish manners; aided, too, by his magnificent establishment and a coronet, it was no wonder that he found himself successful. The proud girl consented to be his wife; they were married; and she became a countess!

The last of the glittering pomp of marriage wound its way through the embowering trees, and vanished in the evening sunlight. The parents felt for the first time that their labor of love was ended, and that their child was their child no more—for another now claimed her, who would stand before them in her love and her thoughts; the little world of enchantment which was created round the child of their affections faded like a rainbow when the worshiped idol of the shrine departed from it, and left them desolate. The tears of parting still glistened in their eyes as they stood before me, to gaze once more upon the face of one they loved too well. When they beheld her again, she was not like me!

Italy! land of sunshine and blue skies! land of elegant vices and romantic rascalities; beautiful even in your feebleness, how full of butterflies art thou! How they flutter in thy eternal sunshine! How full art thou of the noblest works of art! The creations of the chisel and the pencil! See the lazzaroni crowding in their dirt, and defacing the marble steps of thy palaces! How full of sharp, bright eyes, and sharper and brighter poniards! How quick to love and how quick to hate are thy fierce blooded children!

In a few weeks after their marriage the fair Countess and her chosen husband found themselves in Italy, where he was as well known as the Pope himself, and where he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the crowd, who knew his vices and his boundless extravagance, which, now he came so well-freighted, promised them another harvest. His charming wife soon became the admiration and the toast of the gay circles that had nothing else to do. She was charmed with the flutterers whom she captivated, and who whispered warm flattery into her ears; but sometimes they became so bold in their advances, that her unfashionable feelings prompted her to shrink back from their too ardent address, fearing that her husband's haughty spirit might feel offense; but he, whenever he heard of them, seemed to count them as nothing more than *bon bons* thrown at a carnival, sweet, but harmless. He was guilty of the same offense himself to other women; so he let it pass unnoticed, and the ardent puppies remained unreproved, and sought with greater avidity to gain the favor of the beautiful English Countess.

The fashionable neglect of her husband soon, however, began to show itself, and gave her votaries plenty of opportunities to pour forth their enamored strains. He became entangled in the depraved clique to which he had been a victim before his marriage, and was often brought home by his servants (through wine and excitement) in a state of unconsciousness. This could not long be kept from his wife, who, although she had no love for him, felt most severely his pointed desertion, which made her the talk of her aristocratic friends. Her pride was hurt at the idea of being chained for life to a *roué* and a drunkard!

Frequent scenes of recrimination destroyed even the appearance of consideration for each other; and hate being too violent an exertion where there never had been any love, each soon began to have the utmost contempt for the other. The world—that is, their world—soon discovered that their victims were ready-made to their hands, and that no exertion on their part was required to create differences between them.

Her suitors became bolder as they saw her natural protector leave her unguarded; and left to her own resources, many snake-like whisperings prompted her to revenge herself for the open infidelities of her abandoned husband. But she had too lately left the home of her childhood; and the halo of her mother's virtues still hovered faintly around her, and preserved her from her baffled tempters. Where was that mother now? How needed to guide the steps of her child, who had ever been the slave of her own passions and pride, and now, in the moment of danger, was saved alone by the natural instinct inherent in woman, that recoils even from the semblance of vice.

One of her most pertinacious followers, who, from the beauty of his person, and his high rank, had never met with a rebuff, kept his place at her side, in the full confidence of success, which he ever looked upon as his sure re-

ward. But in the young Englishwoman he found a most obstinate pupil; and he could not prevail over her with such ease as he did with the proud signoras of his own land, where vice and virtue are mere names, and where to be virtuous is to appear so.

He had one night, at a grand *fête*, seated himself, as was his custom, by her side, with a full determination to bring to a close the long love-siege, which began rather to pique his vanity and tire his patience. The usual commonplaces, in such cases understood, the Countess bore with all the coldness of her disposition, and she permitted him to run on unchided through his hopes and despairings, and other poetical descriptions of the torments which she had made him endure. At last, grown confident by her silence, he dared to place his own arm around her slender waist. She sprang from his side. A stinging reproach had hardly fell from her lips, when a gentleman who had hovered near them, and who had overheard her words, felled her insulter to the earth as he was in the act of seizing her hand. She turned for one moment to look at her rescuer, in whom she expected to see her husband; but her eyes fell on the pale and convulsed features of the youthful painter. After whispering his name in the ear of the enraged noble, he slightly bowed to her, and coldly passed on.

Months passed on, and she never beheld him, although she heard of his fame, which stood high even in that city of the famous. Her husband, as of necessity, met the insulter of his wife, and they fired at each other as long as their seconds thought fit, and then, after a great deal of mutual politeness, returned home to breakfast.

But the hot Italian blood of her husband's adversary was not so easily cooled; he felt too deeply the ignominy of the blow, and the scorn of the proud Englishwoman, whom he thought entertained some tender feelings for the young painter, whose early history he soon traced out. Deeming the painter a successful rival, he was doubly desirous of revenge upon him. He quickly sought out, and found with facility—for ready instruments are easily found in the Holy City—creatures to carry out his vengeance, which he was too dastardly to do himself. He purposed at once to crush the hopes of the young painter and the vaunted honor of the woman who had dared to refuse him.

The riches of the earl and his wife, and the splendor of their beautiful palace, which stood in the suburbs, had long been the talk and wonder of Rome. The character of its owner was also no secret. His splendid *fêtes* were the resort of all the gay and beautiful, as well, also, as the bad and vicious, who found his purse-strings always ready and open to supply their pandering sycophancy with funds, of which they did not fail availing themselves when, half mad with drink, he sought another fatal excitement in the dice.

One night, or rather morning, for the faint streaks of light were seen in the horizon, betokening the night almost spent, the guests had departed, and the host had been borne by his servants to his couch, the fair Countess pressed her pillow alone. Here and there in the splendid saloons a few lamps were left to die in their sockets by the careless and inebriated servants of the household, in which no order or regulation was kept. The whole place was now wrapped in repose, and three figures were seen stealthily approaching through the trees in the garden, evidently aiming at concealment. Slowly, like the motions of a snake, did they wind their way through the dark foliage and luxuriant flower parterres. At length they gained the upper terrace, where for a moment they hesitated; but, after a short consultation, approached one of the lower windows, which seemed to have been intentionally unfastened, and entered with silence and caution.

A few minutes had elapsed, when a faint scream was heard, and almost instantly after, the three men appeared, bearing a muffled figure between them. In the scuffle to expedite their flight, the wrapper which enveloped it slipped aside, and discovered the form of the Countess, who screamed immediately for help. This brought in a moment to the succor two or three half-dressed and frightened domestics, who were intimidated from further advance by the threatening gestures of the brigands. They were, however, soon re-enforced by the appearance of the Earl, who, in his dressing-gown, sword in hand, and but half recovered from his midnight debauch, staggered wildly forward, attempting to encourage the tired grooms to attack the robbers. He had hardly advanced ten paces, when the foremost of the brigands, who was masked, approached him, and striking up his sword, passed his weapon through his body. The unfortunate husband fell, with a deep groan, dead upon the marble pavement of the terrace, which was crimsoned with his blood. In the brigand's struggle to free his sword from the entanglement of the Earl's dress, the mask dropped from his face, and showed the features of the libertine noble, who had so basely attempted the honor of the Countess. The appalled domestics, who were unarmed, rushed back into the mansion to alarm the rest of the household, who were quickly on the spot; but the villains had fled with their prize, leaving behind only a paper, stuck with a dagger on the window-post, to the following effect: That the Countess would be carried to the mountains, and if not ransomed at a heavy sum, in less than twenty-four hours, she would meet with dishonor and death.

Pursuit was immediately set on foot by the authorities; the murder and the abduction were upon every tongue. Parties scoured the woods in every direction; but in vain. Troops were dispatched toward the mountains, in hopes of intercepting the fugitives before they gained their hiding-places.

Evening approached without any trace of the unfortunate lady or her abductors. Many returned to the city, broken down with toil and fatigue, fearing, as night advanced, to proceed farther into the mountains. One spirit alone flagged not—the young painter's! who, almost frantic, was the first to start upon the alarm. Well acquainted, from his repeated wanderings, with the country around, and the habits of the men of whom he was in pursuit, he proceeded with a burning heart and determined purpose to the deepest recesses of the mountains, for he felt assured that—from the discovery of the principal agent concerned—her dishonor was certain; and that the color of the brigandage was merely given to the act to hide his fouler purpose. The young painter forgot the scorn she once leveled at him, and remembered only the fair girl who had wiled away the happiest portion of his life, and whom he could never cease to love. Distance or fatigue was nothing; despair lent him supernatural strength. If he stopped, it was but for a moment, to moisten his parched lips at some mountain stream.

Deep in a woody ravine, where the struggling moon, piercing the gloomy, overhanging foliage, showed but a few streaks of silver upon the mossy rocks, the forms of two men, that were lying at full length asleep upon the greensward, were discovered. At some distance from them, and deeper in the gloom, sat a female figure, whose white draperies, in the loneliness of the spot, appeared ghost-like and unreal. Beside her stood the tall form of the Earl's murderer, whose deep voice of passion and entreaties continued unavailingly to attempt to move the captive Countess, whose face was buried in her hands, and who refused to reply by a single syllable to his suit. The speaker, after spending some time in threats and expostulations, seized her rudely by the arm, and, although apparently weak from exhaustion, she struggled violently with him. Upon his attempting to drag her from the vicinity of his sleeping companions she uttered a despairing scream, that was answered by a thousand echoes from the surrounding rocks. The two sleeping brigands started on their feet in alarm. Hardly able to shake off the effects of the deep slumber into which they had sunk, they staggered to the spot where the Countess was endeavoring to disengage herself from her ravisher. The report of a shot rang through the ravine, and the foremost villain sprang into the air, and dropped down a corpse at the feet of his companion, who for a moment looked wildly around him, and saw at length the form of a man dropping down from the boughs of an overhanging tree. He promptly drew his pistol from his belt and fired. The figure tottered for a moment; but, instantly recovering himself, rushed forward, and sprang upon the brigand like a tiger. The encounter was desperate, but short, and they both soon rolled, struggling together, into a small watercourse, that traversed the valley. The ravisher, who had quitted the Countess on the first alarm, now stood bewildered, expecting every moment another attack from the surrounding thickets; but, to his surprise, a dead silence prevailed. He directly proceeded to the assistance of his follower, and having descended into the rocky hollow of the watercourse, beheld the two combatants apparently dead, lying at some distance from each other. He approached with eager curiosity to look upon the features of the determined assailant; but at the moment of his scrutiny he was seized by the throat, and dragged to the earth. The suddenness of the attack completely bereft him of power, and his sword dropped from his grasp; but he snatched his stiletto, and dealt some rapid blows with it, in hopes of disengaging himself, but in vain; for, although some of his thrusts told, he could not free himself from the wild grasp of his foe, who, suddenly finding his hold relax through loss of blood, ran back a few paces, and fired full at the front of his antagonist, and the ravisher received the ball through his heart.

The lady had sunk cowering down beneath the shelter of a tree, unable to fly, and almost unconscious of what was passing; but, after the report of the last pistol, she was startled by the appearance of a man making his way slowly toward her. Whether friend or foe, in her distraction she could not tell; but upon his nearer approach she discovered it was not either of her ravishers. Her heart leapt with joy as she rose to meet him; but, ere she could do so, he fell upon his knees, and sank at full length at her feet, breathing forth with anguish a few words almost indistinct, and in which she heard her own name mixed with fervent thanks for her preservation.

She knelt by the prostrate figure of her preserver, and raised his head. As she did so, the moon beamed full and brilliant upon the dying face of the young painter! What were her emotions when she saw the blood that was flowing from that noble heart, faithful to her even unto death. His full eyes gazed, with a melancholy look, upon her pitying tears! No words fell from his lips; but his bleeding wounds and noble devotion spoke with terrible tongues to her, as she felt, for the first time, that she had been doubly his destroyer.

Pride died in the stillness of that valley, and her hand clasped the feeble hands of the dying youth, as she watched with awe the last fleeting moments of his generous spirit.

Morning broke, and a strong party of soldiers, who had been guided by the distant reports of the fire-arms, soon discovered a crouching female in white drapery. One hand she pressed convulsively to her face, and with the other she held the death-clasped hand of the dying painter to her side. They approached, and raised her gently; and, as she beheld the rigid features and fixed eyes of her preserver, she shuddered and wept. He was dead! She turned to the

commandant of the party, who had formed a litter for her, and almost in a whisper said,

"Here is my preserver—bear him with you—I will not leave him here."

The mind of the Countess was for some months in a state of oblivion as to the past; and when she awoke to consciousness, it was upon the bosom of her mother. No word was uttered in relation to what had occurred; but she never smiled again, for the moonlight ravine, and the dying eyes of the painter, could never be banished from her imagination! The color never returned to her pallid cheek, and I became the only memento of what she was.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS OF BRITTANY.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE—RACING AND WRESTLING.

THE Breton peasant is by nature frank, lively, and intelligent; he makes a good soldier, and an excellent sailor. And yet, with all this natural cheerfulness of disposition, he ever appears dull, listless, and melancholy, when away from the rude land which he loves to adoration. It is only in the midst of his desolate *landes*, or within hearing of the murmur of its shores, that he shows himself in all the energy of his active and vigorous character. Naturally gay and light-hearted, he seeks with avidity every ceremony in the shape of show or festival that is to be met with for miles round his native village. The harder, the more laborious, the more monotonous is his every day life, the more anxiously does he appear to seek in his games and festivals to escape its saddening influence.

All the more important circumstances and affairs of life, be they sad or gay, serve as so many pretexts for his rejoicings. It is the same also at the principal epochs of the year.

The gayest, the most cheerful of the many Breton festivals, are those which usher in the spring. Then, not a Sunday comes round without bringing with it its pilgrimage to some one of the numerous national saints, whose rustic chapel may be discerned in the neighborhood of the village, rearing its belfry amid the sacred grove of patriarchal oaks by which it is surrounded. Women, children, the aged, the sick, all hasten to these festivals; and thither, also, the youthful villagers flock in crowds: the maidens, decked in holiday garments of the brightest hue; the youths, with peacocks' feathers twined round their broad-brimmed hats; all ripe for fun and frolic, dancing and love-making. Generally speaking, among the hardy and unsophisticated races of the country, love is a very simple and indeed insipid affair: it is rather an instinct than a passion. But in Brittany, the passion may be said to be in a manner elevated above this prosaic level, by the observance of certain customs, which contrast in a remarkable manner with those of countries in other respects more advanced in the arts of civilization. Each diocese, each parish even, has its own peculiar customs. Thus, for instance, there are certain cantons of the Léonais, where the lover approaches his mistress in solemn silence. After a formal salutation, he takes her apron string and begins rolling it between his fingers; if the fair one interrupts him, and withdraws the apron string from his hands, it is a bad sign, and the disappointed lover may go and seek elsewhere a less obdurate mistress; if, on the contrary, he is permitted to roll it to the waist, he may regard himself, not as being sure of his conquest, but as certain of being accepted for a partner during the festivities of the day. In fact, a young girl possessing the slightest claims to beauty, and belonging to a respectable family, would not be happy had she not, on her return from the dance, an escort of at least half-a-dozen of these young gallants. This little band of lovers forms a merry procession; they are on the very best possible terms both with themselves and each other, and chat and sing gayly together along their homeward road. The maiden's father invariably gives them a most hospitable reception; he advances in person to the threshold to receive them, and the table is spread to do them honor. The very best fare the house affords is produced for their refreshment: pancakes, fried bacon, and cider in abundance. Meanwhile, the maiden, under pretense of changing her holiday attire, seeks the opportunity of retiring into an adjoining apartment, whither she is followed by her admirers, to each of whom a short interview is permitted, one after the other, according to the order in which they may have been accepted for the dance. In general, the young girl, during these interviews, shows neither love, nor indeed even a preference for any one among her admirers; she receives them all with perfect affability, but also with a great degree of reserve. These *têtes-à-têtes* last for a greater or less length of time, according to the number of the *courtiers;* for, without committing an act of gross rudeness, of which there is scarcely a single example to be met with in the entire province, it is absolutely necessary that, before evening closes, each shall have had his quarter of an hour's interview.

For the rest, these *conduites*, as they are called, seldom lead to any thing; they are regarded in the light of simple civilities, the question of marriage being rarely broached between the parties concerned; indeed, after several years' assiduities, our lovers do not consider themselves in any wise more strictly engaged to each other than would a fashionable couple at Almack's, after having danced a set or two of quadrilles together. Very frequently also, do we see young girls, whose bans have been published, still permitting themselves to be escorted home by their admirers. In this case, the bridegroom elect, should he chance to form one of the band, is neither better nor worse treated than the rest, and he would be considered as a most ridiculous gallant, and an insupportably jealous lover, did he testify the

slightest symptoms of umbrage or discontent at this arrangement.

When, however, the relatives on both sides are agreed, when the marriage is definitively arranged, the *fiancée* makes choice of a bride-maid from among her relations or intimate friends, and the future husband also on his side, chooses his *garçon d'honneur*. This done, they proceed, for the space of fifteen days, the grooms-man and *fiancée* on the one side, and the bride-maid and bridegroom elect on the other, to invite the wedding guests; for, under circumstances of such importance, and upon an occasion of such solemnity, none are forgotten, no matter how low in rank or station they may be. There is not, perhaps, another country in the world where family spirit is so thoroughly understood or rigidly kept up as in Brittany. Little does the precise degree of consanguinity signify; in this country one is a relation from tradition. It might be said, indeed, that families in their intermarriages had aimed at maintaining those hospitable and benevolent customs and habits which had formerly united in such strict bonds of unity the members of the ancient tribes.

The Sunday preceding the wedding day is devoted to the observance of a very singular custom; each of those who have accepted the invitation of the bride and bridegroom send a present to the young couple by their farm servants, whom they take care to clothe in such a manner as to give a high idea of their own magnificence. These presents are frequently of considerable value, though seldom consisting of any article beyond household utensils, or provisions for the wedding-feast.

The wedding almost invariably takes place upon a Tuesday, and, when practicable, in the house of the bride's parents. This condition, indeed, is even necessary for the proper ordering of the festival. At an early hour of the morning, the young men collect together at a neighboring village, where the bridegroom elect has appointed to meet them.

So soon as their number is complete, they arrange their order of march, and, preceded by a band of music, consisting of a *biniou*—a species of rude fife—a *bombarde*, and a *tambourine*, set out for the dwelling of the bride. There, all is in the most profound silence; the courts and house doors are closed, and although the barn, the farm-yard, and every shed and out-building of the dwelling sufficiently denote, by the "busy note of preparation" apparent on all sides, that the festival is anxiously looked for, the little party, consisting of the bridegroom and his friends, is kept for a length of time knocking at the gate; at last a man, holding a switch of birch broom in his hand, advances to the threshold of the door, and pointing out the way to the nearest *château*, addresses the assembly in a very elaborate discourse in rhyme, in which he assures them, that at the dwelling he has indicated they can not fail of receiving a hearty welcome on account of their beautiful attire.

As this ceremony has been anticipated, the bridegroom has taken care to provide himself with a *rimeur*—in general the village tailor. This individual replies to his rival, verse for verse, compliment for compliment. "This house," he says, "is precisely the palace we seek. We well know that it contains a flower more brilliant than the sun. Hide her then no longer from our eyes, for it is to seek her that we are come."

Upon this the first *rimeur* retires into the interior of the house to seek the oldest and ugliest woman he can find, and leading her by the hand to the door, presents her to the assembled visitors.

"Behold," exclaims he, "the only flower we possess here. You appear to me to be honest men and good Christians, and we are willing to confide the damsel to your protection, if it is for the sake of her beautiful eyes that you have undertaken the journey."

"Beyond a doubt," replies the tailor, "this is a most respectable lady, but I should imagine that the time of feasts and merry-makings was passed for her. We do not deny the merits of gray hair, more particularly when those locks have become blanched in honest industry; but at present we require another thing. The maiden whom we seek has not by one third this lady's age; she is easily recognized by the brilliant lustre which her matchless beauty sheds around."

After the old woman has been disposed of, the *rimeur* brings out successively a child in arms, a widow, and a married woman, but his adversary ever finds some excellent reasons for rejecting each fair one without wounding her self-love, until at length the young bride herself appears decked out in full nuptial costume.

Forthwith all enter the house; the *rimeur* places himself upon his knees, and repeats a *pater* for the living and a *de profundis* for the dead. At this moment, the scene, so joyous just before, now assumes a more touching character: sometimes even the *rimeur* is interrupted by the tears and sobs of the spectators; so true it is that sadness and solemnity ever lurk at the bottom of the gayest festivals.

In certain localities usage exacts, that, at the moment of setting out for the church, the mother shall cut off with a pair of scissors a piece of the waist-belt of the bride: "My daughter," she says, "the tie which united us is from henceforth sundered, and I now cede to another that authority which God hath given me over you. While you are happy my house will no longer be a home for you; but should misfortune come, a mother is still a mother, and her arms are ever open to her children. Like you I also quitted a mother to follow a husband; so will your children one day quit your side: it is the law of nature. When the young birds are fledged, the maternal nest can no longer contain them. May the Lord bless and preserve

you, and accord you as large a share of happiness as he has granted to me."

The bridal party now takes the road to the village; but every moment it is arrested in its march by bands of mendicants, who, posted on the banks which on either side border the road, dispute its passage by means of boughs of thorns and brambles, which they wave to and fro in the faces of the bridal *cortège*. It is the duty of the groomsman to cause this importunate barrier to fall, and this he effects by the skillful distribution of sundry small coins. This duty is executed with a good grace, and frequently with generosity. But when the road is long, these toll-bars are so numerous that the functions of the groomsman are far from being agreeable.

After the religious ceremony comes the wedding-feast, one of the most extraordinary exhibitions in the world. No description scarcely, can give the reader an adequate idea of this strange multitude of guests, of all ages and of both sexes, which form a succession of confused and motley groups, seeming to defy as well the pencil of the artist as the pen of the writer.

From an early hour of the morning, the tables have been arranged under tents pitched for the occasion in a neighboring meadow, and temporary kitchens have also been erected in the open air. All the neighbors, all those among the guests who can boast of some skill in the culinary art, now hasten to offer their advice and assistance. And a goodly sight in truth is it to behold them in this steaming atmosphere, watching over and superintending the huge masses of beef and mutton, and the innumerable turkeys, geese, and fowls, which are slowly turning or quickly spinning before the roaring fires. Yet, whatever be the zeal of these volunteer cooks, there are very few who do not desert their posts when the discharge of fire-arms, and the far off and piercing sounds of the *biniou* announce the approach of the bridal *cortège*.

The newly-married couple march side by side at the head of the party, preceded by the fiddlers and stick players, who open triumphantly the procession. Next come the parents of the bride and bridegroom; the other guests follow pell mell as suits their fancy, each in the costume of his canton; some on foot, others on horseback; oftener two individuals may be seen mounted upon the same animal—a man astride upon the stuffed *traversin* which serves as a saddle, with his wife or daughter behind him seated upon a pillion. It is by no means rare either, to see asses charged with panniers, in which are stowed away a bevy of rosy cheeked little children, whose lively and astonished countenances, just peering over the edge of their wicker conveyance, add still further to the picturesque effect of this rural picture. The beggars close the procession; for they also flock in hundreds to get their share of the remnants of the feast.

After a few moments of confusion, occasioned by the arrival of so many people, the assembled guests sit down to table. The tables, composed of strong deal planks, firmly nailed down to solid posts, driven into the earth, are very low and very narrow. The benches which in lieu of chairs are placed round the festive board, are constructed in the same fashion, and are so much elevated in comparison with the table, that you would have your knees between yourself and your plate, if at a genuine Breton wedding feast you were to make use of this article of luxury. But the arts of refinement have not yet attained to this height in Brittany. The soup is eaten from a porringer, and the more solid articles of food from the hands of the guests. As to the liquids, they are served in huge *pichets* of earthenware, and are drank out of cups, one being set down to every five or six persons. It is even considered a mark of civility for a guest to present to his neighbor the cup out of which he has already drank, in order that he may drain its contents; and a refusal in such a case would cause the individual so honored to be regarded as a gross-mannered and ill-bred man.

As to the repast itself, it can not boast of any great variety or delicacy of viands; it presents an abundance and profusion which recall to mind the celebrated nuptials of Gamache. The young bridegroom and the people of the house circulate incessantly round the tables, anticipating all wants, and pressing each guest to do honor to the repast; indeed, they scarcely take any other share in the feast except the compliments and congratulations they receive, and the cups of strong cider they are compelled to empty, often, it must be said, to the serious detriment of their heads and limbs.

After each service the music strikes up, and every one rises from table; some set-to at games of wrestling and single-stick, others get up a dance; the more officious assist in gathering what remains upon the wooden trenchers, and distributing the fragments to the beggars, stationed in ragged groups in a neighboring field, like a party of gipsies. After this a second course is served, and the party again seats itself round the hospitable board; this course in like manner disposed of, they return to the ball, then to the table again, and so they continue until the shadows of the coming night warn them to return to their several homes.

The ranks now become thinner and thinner, until at length the groomsman and bridesmaid are the only visitors left of the entire assembly; in fact, it is their duty to retire the last of all. In some parts of Brittany it is the custom for them to watch all night in the bridal chamber, in order that the young couple may be considered worthy of joining, during the following day, in the games and dances of their companions. On these occasions, the watchers must stand side by side at the foot of the bed, a lighted candle in each hand, from which post they

can not stir until the flame shall have reached their fingers. In other localities it is the duty of the groomsman, during the whole of the night, to cast nuts to the bridegroom, who cracks them and hands the kernels to his bride to eat. There are yet many other customs connected with a Breton marriage ceremony, no less strange and extraordinary, but which, however, delicacy enjoins that we should pass over in silence.

For the rest, all these customs varying so much according to the different localities, and modified also by time, it would be almost impossible to present a general and faithful picture of them to the reader. Thus, for example, at the *Ile aux Moines*, it is the world reversed; there, the damsels make the first advances; 'tis they who offer proposals of marriage and declarations of love.

The festivals to which the nuptials give place generally last three days, until the Friday succeeding the wedding. Upon that day the young wife embraces the friends and playmates of her youth, and bids them adieu as if she were never more to see them again. And, in fact, from her wedding-day, a new life commences for the Breton woman; and a sad and monotonous life from henceforth it is for her, unenlivened by the festival or the ball. For in precise ratio as the unmarried girls of Brittany are free and unrestrained, so are the married women under subjection to, and, indeed, completely the slaves of their husbands. In certain cantons of the province, and principally in the Léonais, the married woman who would wear the holiday dress or trinkets of a young girl, or be seen dancing at a village festival, would be pointed at by the neighbors, and lose caste in the parish. Her sole employment must be from henceforth the care of her establishment; her sole enjoyment the peace of the domestic hearth.

And yet in the lives of these poor recluses, certain events take place at rare intervals, casting a ray of sunshine athwart this monotonous existence, and arousing a feeling of tender solicitude. This is when they become mothers. Then the farm once more assumes a gay and joyous aspect; the threshold is strewed with freshly-gathered leaves and flowers, and the cheerful notes of the *biniou* are once more heard, recalling to the listener's memory all the fondly-cherished dreams of her early years. The baptismal ceremony is a grand festival for the entire household. Upon this auspicious day, the wagons repose under the sheds, and the oxen in their stalls, where they have a double allowance of corn served out to them, in order that they, too, may participate in the rejoicings of the family, whose labors also they share. The functions of the godfather and god mother now come into requisition; functions which it must be said are not a little onerous as well as expensive to the parties concerned. It is their duty to defray all the expenses of the day; usage exacts also that they show themselves generous to the bell-ringers, the priest, and also to the minstrels which form their escort. Even then their duties are not yet completed; on leaving the church, they are assailed by a crowd of children and beggars—for mendicity is the plague of Brittany—who come to wish all sorts of happiness to the new-born son and heir; and custom decrees that these good wishes be recognized by donations of half-pence and other small coins, which, on being scattered among the suppliants, become, as usual, the prey, not of the most needy, but of the most active and light-fingered.

Meanwhile, at the news of her happy delivery, all the gossips of the village hasten to the dwelling of the mother. They bring with them invariably the best that their houses afford, and even send to the nearest considerable town to seek for presents, "worthy," as they say, in the figurative and poetical language of their country, "of being offered to the mother of the little Christian whom the Almighty has sent from paradise to augment the number of his faithful upon the earth."

The evening is spent in the sick-chamber of the mother. It is absolutely necessary that she eat of all the meats that have been sent to her: that she taste of all the fruits she has been presented with, and that she reply to all the toasts that are drank to her health, as well as to the thousand questions and inquiries with which she is overwhelmed. This is, without doubt, no easy task; a task, moreover, which few women would be able to endure; but a robust constitution in general preserves her from the serious consequences which might accrue from so misplaced a festival: a merry-making which is but too frequently pushed far beyond the limits of strict sobriety.

In a state of civilization so far advanced as our own, the exercises of the body are every day taking a less important position in social life. From day to day, in fact, activity becomes as it were more interior, if not more intellectual. But the Breton peasant is still very far removed from the influence of our more refined habits and customs; he may be likened to the simple and eager child, delighting to play with fatigue, and ever flying to seek emotions, even though they should be in pain. Foot-ball, wrestling, stick-playing, and horse-racing are his most cherished amusements, and these games still preserve in his country all the original impress of their truly primitive character.

In the mountainous districts of Brittany the passion for horses is universal. There, the poor man has his steed as well as the rich; his horse feeds on the hill-side, sleeps in the open air, drinks at hazard of the stream of the valley; very frequently it has not even a stable. But when the cold nights of winter approach, the case is altered: then, the master will share

with his faithful companion, not only his daily bread, but also the shelter of his humble dwelling.

The origin of the Breton horse-races is lost in the shadows of the past. There is, indeed, mention made in one of their national poems, of a certain Breton king, who, not knowing out of the many chiefs who sought the hand of his daughter, to whom to give the preference, proposed a horse-race: the prize to be the hand of the beautiful Liénor. Later, under the sway of the Dukes of Brittany, the conqueror's reward consisted of a gold chain, or an ermine mantle. At the present day it is but a simple laurel branch, which they attach with a knot of red ribbon to the head of the successful horse; but the honor of this distinction suffices for the emulation of the hardy Breton. The recompense consists, above all, in the approving smiles of the maidens, in the plaudits of the crowd, and also in the pride of a victory not unfrequently purchased at the risk of considerable personal danger to the individual concerned. In fact, here, the race-course is the very reverse of those beautifully leveled and carefully kept pieces of turf where there is no obstacle to be found to impede the animal's stride. It is absolutely necessary that the reader should have beheld one of these perilous heats to be enabled to form a correct idea of its dangerous nature. The course to be run over is sometimes a hard and flinty road, sometimes a marshy bottom, where, at every stride, the animal sinks above the fetlocks; at other times it is a slipping uneven pathway winding amidst rocks or along the brinks of precipices; and very frequently all these difficulties, all these perils, are united in one course.

The number of the running horses vary considerably; sometimes there are but two entered; often may be seen twenty, and even more, engaged in one race. The Breton horse, the one at least usually in request for these rustic sports, is of low stature, and very slightly limbed, but the head is lively, the eye sparkling and animated, and the hoof round and well formed; he requires but little nourishment, is hardy to a degree, well inured to toil, and, in the race, his *pluck* is indomitable. At a given signal the animals dash off from the starting post, amid the shouts and plaudits of the spectators. Docile to the spur of the jockeys, who grasp firm hold of their long and flowing manes, they fly with the speed of light through ravines, through mountain torrents, and through quagmires, nothing checks them for an instant in their headlong career, nor does any danger appall their adventurous riders, such confidence do they place in the sure-footedness of the animal they bestride—so anxious are they to bear off the palm.

The conqueror is the object of the admiration and felicitations of the enthusiastic crowd. He is surrounded by the multitude; receives the embraces and congratulations of all, and if the victory has been signal, some village Pindar is sure to spring up, who will perpetuate the remembrance of it in his *rimes*, which will, ere long, be on the lips of all the pretty girls of the canton. The laurel branch, that gage of victory, will also be religiously preserved by the conqueror, and, as a holy relic, he will suspend it in his dwelling, where it will hang over the mantle-shelf, in loving company with the saintly palm-branch, and his old and well-tried musket.

The football and wrestling matches take place principally in the flat country, in the dioceses of Léon and Tréguier. The former are sometimes between man and man, sometimes between two communes; in the latter case they are termed *soules*. These *soules* were of very frequent occurrence in former days, but in measure as the local rivalries, formerly maintained in the feudal ages, have become weakened by time, so have the *soules* fallen off in attraction. The numerous accidents of which they were the occasion have also contributed in a great measure, to their decay. The fact is, that in these *mêlées*, in which several hundred persons were engaged, if there were not any dead left on the battle field, there were, in general, a considerable number of wounded. Another inconvenience connected with these matches lay in the difficulty experienced in deciding on which side to award the victory. After a hard day's tussle night often came ere the foot-ball, the object of contention, had become the undisputed property of either one of the contending parties. This foot-ball, however, was a glorious trophy for the victorious commune. In former days it was borne by the conquerors, in solemn procession, on the Sunday following the engagement; now they content themselves with suspending it to the steeple of the village church, where it hangs for weeks after the battle, in commemoration of the prowess of the inhabitants.

Individual engagements, or wrestling matches, are still of very frequent occurrence in Brittany; they are announced for several weeks previously in all the neighboring communes. At the termination of high mass, the *maire*, or his coadjutor, standing at the church door, or on some elevated piece of ground near at hand, proclaims, in a loud voice, the important news. The lists are prepared in a field, or in some well beaten yard. A long cord, kept at a proper strain by means of stout posts fixed in the ground at equal distances, marks out the space reserved for the combatants. But this would prove but a feeble barrier against the press of such an immense concourse of persons as are here assembled, were not other and more ingenious means had recourse to, for the purpose of retaining the crowd within proper limits. There is, in Brittany, a class of persons despised by every one, and on that account despising themselves sufficiently as to be induced to accept any employment which may

hold out to them the slightest hope of emolument—this class is that of the tailors. Not a peasant in Brittany will pronounce their name without adding, by way of qualification, "*saving your respect,*" as if some obscene animal were alluded to. They pick out, then, five or six tailors. Armed each with a frying-pan, well smeared on the bottom with grease, and blackened with soot and smoke, these attendants make, without ceasing, the circuit of the lists, and with this formidable weapon striking the more advanced, without the least regard for their holiday attire, they compel them to give way and retire within the prescribed limits, amidst the ironical cheers and laughter of the crowd.

Inside the ring is the post of honor, and there may be discovered, grouped together upon the green sward, a little knot consisting of the head persons of the commune, and a few old wrestlers, the judges of the field. Frequently, mounted *gens-d'armes* are posted on the skirts of the crowd, and aid in maintaining good order, through the respectful fear which every Breton peasant experiences for these much dreaded agents of the law.

The wrestlers now appear in the arena, barefooted, and clad only in short wide pantaloons, or rather drawers, reaching to the knee, and new shirts, formed however of the coarsest materials. On first catching sight of each other the two combatants advance into the middle of the ring, and shake hands in the presence of the by-standers. They mutually swear that they have had recourse neither to sorcery, nor to any arts of divination or witchcraft, and promise to contend together fairly and loyally in the approaching engagement. Then they close, and the struggle begins. And now, on all sides, are heard the shouts and cries of the spectators, who, appealing to each wrestler by name, bid him remember that he has got to sustain the honor of his parish, and the glory and reputation of his native village. The combat is very frequently sustained with vigor for nearly an hour, for, in order that the victory be complete and decisive, it is absolutely essential that one of the combatants shall succeed in throwing his adversary twice upon his back, in such a manner as to make him touch the ground with both shoulders. When the plaudits of the crowd have saluted the conqueror, the latter seizes, by one of his horns, the ram, the prize of his victory, and preceded by the minstrels, makes three times the circuit of the lists, elevating the animal above his head, in order that it may be seen by all.

There are some wrestling matches occasionally held in which may be counted more than a hundred combatants. Many adopt this rude profession for the sake of gain, but there are several wealthy farmers who enter the arena for the mere sake of the amusement derivable from the combat, and the honors to be procured by victory.

THE SWORD OF MAULEY.

"This is the stuff that dreams are made of."
SHAKSPEARE.

IN one of those marvelously crooked streets that were never realized in any other place on the globe, except Boston—unless, indeed, the Cretan labyrinth may be mentioned—at the old North End, stood an ancient mansion. It was a wooden building—large and square—its former tint of yellow changed by the action of years to a dusky brown—time-honored, and weather-beaten. Some modern repairs, grown old in spite of themselves, had acquired a fantastic harmony with the fabric. Thus, the six-sided roof had two dormer windows protruding out to the weather, and growing antique with exposure. A chimney of later date than its triple-potted companions, had grown dark-red to their dingy yellow. The small-paned windows, were winged on either side with green blinds. The front of the house, turned away from the street, looked across a paved court-yard to the high blind wall of another dwelling, with a thick frondage of dark green ivy overrunning the Indian-red of its rusty brick. Up the court-yard was the skirt of a pleasant garden. An iron knocker—a lion's head with a drooping ring in the mouth—stared out from the brown panels of the door. Below the peaked architrave of the entrance, a bull's eye of green glass, squinted down to the two cracked sandstone steps, with the grass fringing them and starting out of the fissures. The old mansion might have been in a magnetic sleep, so quiet and so sentient was it, in brooding repose. The ghost of old Colonel Mauley—whose bones had long mouldered into dust in the family vault on Copp's Hill—was said to walk through the chambers at night, and in the court. The oldest gossip in the neighborhood averred that once as she paused before the open fence on her way home from a death-bed, she had seen the apparition pacing slowly from the garden to the door, through whose dark panels it vanished, and left her trembling in the midnight. She was wont to describe it as a grave and martial figure—the face shadowed by a three-cornered hat—the hair in queue—the dress dark—knee-breeches, with black leggins, buttoned over the silk stockings which Colonel Mauley had usually worn—and the heavy sword by the side which he had carried in the old French War, and in the Revolution—in short, just as she had seen him in her girlhood on the eve of the battle of Bunker Hill, when he went forth in his citizen's garb, to stand in the ranks behind the breastwork. Forty years had passed since that midnight, and a new generation had arisen who gave little heed and no credence, to her tale; yet she still told it to the few cronies that time had spared her for an audience. She told how, the ghost of Mauley, pausing on the steps in the frigid glory of the winter moonlight—the sheathed sword at his side had dropped blood on the stones;—how the old servant

Maud who had lived with him in his life, and followed his funeral, and whose aged bones had long been laid in his vault—had been seen washing the steps on the following morning, no doubt commanded thereto by the phantom. How that blood once flowed in the veins of Colonel Mauley's bitter foe—the Tory, Bayne—who had been found, with the back of his head cloven through, among the dead of an encounter that had taken place on the old Salem Road, three days after the battle of Bunker Hill, between a small troop of British cavalry, and a body of yeomen led by Colonel Mauley. True, there was no direct evidence that he had fallen by the latter's weapon; but it was argued that their known and violent enmity to each other, would inevitably bring them together in conflict; or rather, that Colonel Mauley had taken advantage of the hot combat, to eclipse his fiery hatred by the black shadow of a murder. For, ran the legend, it was by no fair blow that Bayne had fallen. The stroke had been dealt from behind—a sword cut had shove through the back of the skull to the brain. And so that blood could drip from the blade; and the chambers of the mansion built by him five years after the Revolution, were still frequented by his martial ghost. Legend was Bayne's avenger.

However true or false all this might be, it interested nobody beyond the small circle of old people who solemnly rejoiced to hear it, and indeed, was known to no one else, save one person. That was the Colonel's grandchild—Ernest Mauley; a young artist, who dwelt with his mother and sister in the ancestral mansion. The ancient gossip had told it to him once, and exulting in having audience with a Mauley, she had recounted the vague particulars with a rigid accuracy; even entering into the details of Bayne's funeral—his burial in a nameless grave on Copp's Hill burying-ground—a sepulture attended by few mourners from among his townsmen, so great was the odium attached to his political opinions, and none real, beyond his wife and children, and an English officer who was his friend, and who had kissed the clay-cold forehead of the corpse before the coffin lid was shut down and clasped, and the grave closed. Years passed away, and a head-stone at last had appeared on the solitary mound. It was not known who had erected the tablet. Bayne's family had emigrated from New England to Delaware some years before. It was whispered that Colonel Mauley had caused it to be raised, since it only recorded the name and date of decease, and had the Latin initials—I. H. S., which his classical education might have suggested, and whose meaning few people understood, carved at the top. It might have been placed there by the English officer, though he had never been seen in the neighborhood after the evacuation of Boston. It was also whispered that Gaffer Jones, the old sexton, then dead, had in his lifetime seen Colonel Mauley one night kneeling by the grave in prayer, not long before his death. Ernest thought it might have been in repentance for his sin of hate; the crone thought for a darker sin.

So, in the dark chambers of his dreamy brain, the young artist had some haunting phantoms that his weird imagination forever conjured from the dimness of the legend. They had mastery over him. He had carried them with him across the swinging surges of the Atlantic to Europe. They had been with him during his three years' stay in Rome. Two months had elapsed since his return home, and still the legend was his brooding thought. He loved to loiter among the rude mounds on Copp's Hill—to stand by the vault of his ancestry, and by the head-stone of Bayne's grave. Most of all, to sit for hours before the wall where the sword of his grandfather hung, and amplify the dim outlines of the tradition into vivid and colossal imaginations. There was something more than a grave eccentricity in this. It was a taint in the fine ideality of his intellect. The legend had taken possession of him. It was woven with the high and passionate devotion to Art that was the soul of his pure and unearthly nature. And it was woven with his love! For Ernest had a mystical and a tender love—a love that was known and returned where it was unavowed—for the gentlest of gentle maidens. But whether she was the grandchild, or a descendant of the old Tory, he knew not. Her mother had come from Delaware, and, dying, left her an orphan in the care of a widow lady who adopted her. He only knew that her name was Alice Bayne!

One fine morning in the month of May, Ernest sat alone in the highest room of the mansion, which he had made a temporary studio. The chamber was directly under the roof—ample and lofty. A fresh perfume filled its cool and shadowy air. The floor was thickly carpeted; the windows, save one, concealed with dark curtains; the blue lustre of a large, gilt-framed mirror gleamed from a shadowed alcove in the wall between two darkened casements; pictures, books, engravings, crimson curtains, and small statues, were at the sides of the room, or on the tables, or the floor. The apartment, not only in its paraphernalia, but in the symmetrical disorder of the arrangements, which always betoken your true artist, might have been known at a glance, for a studio, were it not for the singular incongruity that pervaded all. The walls had in some portions retained the old oaken wainscots—in others, figured paper covered them. Some of the furniture was antique—some modern. One half the ceiling had the slant of the roof, and a huge brown rafter, projecting from above, ran along the surface, bending with the slope from cornice to cornice like a colossal bar-sinister. A lay-figure, shrouded in dark coverings, stood like a shapeless phantom in a shadowy corner. A dormer window had been made in the oblique

side of the ceiling, and a small ladder of steps stood there to make it attainable. Its sash opened like a lattice and was fastened back. The warm and tender light of the spring poured down aslant through the casement full upon the figure of Ernest as he half reclined in a quaintly carved and cushioned chair, which was lined with green velvet. He had a handsome face and figure. The lower part of the countenance was of that clear olive tint, so colorless and so beautiful in a manly visage, particularly when seen in contrast with a white forehead like his, broad and high, and jutted out from the shadowing black hair dressed carelessly, and flowing back from the ears to the neck. He wore a thick mustache, which gave him a foreign air. The chin was very finely formed, but not prominent nor masculine. But the soul and power and beauty—the *genius* of the face—was in the dark and dreamy eyes; which expanded at times, and looked so large and eloquent, and seemed to diffuse a luminous light over the brow. But they were still and sombre then, and were bent fixedly on the wall ten paces from him, where, solitary and alone, hung the sword of Mauley.

It was a curved blade, in a black leather sheath, which was cracked and limp with age, as was the belt which hung with it. The sheath had a brass socket at its nether end, as also at the top where it met the rough ivory hilt, with the thick guard curving round in a slender circlet to the pommel—all brass—tarnished, and stained with the green mould of time. A light gust sweeping through the open window waved the dangling weapon, and the scabbard slid off and fell to the floor. Ernest started in his reverie; but leaning his head upon his hand, continued to gaze. The blade had a single edge, and a heavy back, with three deep grooves sculptured from guard to curving point. It was dimly bright in spots, but deeply corroded with a dark-red rust. Or was it the blood of the Tory, Bayne? Not likely: for it had been wet many times with other gore. In the strong hand of its owner, it had done gallant service for the cause of freedom in the stormy frays of the Revolution. This was only rust.

A thought entered the mind of the young artist. It was to clean the blade. He went to a row of shelves, and took therefrom a wooden box of red, gritty powder, something like brick-dust, and a small marble slab. His pallet, with all its pretty double semicircle of colors untouched, lay upon a cushioned chair near that where he had been sitting. He took off with the pallet-knife a large lump of that viscous jelly, known technically as Megnelp, and kneaded it up with some of the red powder on the stone. With this he anointed one side of the blade. The oily jelly made it shine to a bright vermilion. He thought of the blood that had dripped through the sheath on the stone steps of the hall-door, when Mauley's ghost had been seen standing there in the frozen glory of the winter moonlight. As the image filled his mind, a large drop of the scarlet fluid trickled to the point, and fell to the floor. Shuddering involuntarily, he hung the sword on the nail. He found a small, ground-glass muller, used for grinding colors, and was about to commence rubbing his gritty pomatum into the rusty blade with it, when a pleasant voice from the stairs was heard through the half-open door:

"Brother Ernest, are you there?"

"Yes, Susan, here I am. Come up."

It was his sister. He had only time to slip the loose sheath on the sword, and put away his slab, when she entered the room. Her presence was like a soft gleam of sunshine. She had such a bright face—such a merry smile—such shining glossiness on her jetty tresses—such a trim little figure!

"O, Ernest, here's our sweet Alice come to see us. Do come down. And who do you think came with her? That great, noisy scamp of a John."

"Ah! Susy," said Ernest, with a grave smile, "a pretty way to speak of your future husband!"

"Pooh!" said Susan, archly. "A great heap of a lover. Bellowing like a bull, and always shaking the windows with his tremendous laugh. I'll give him the sack before long."

"Ernest Mauley!" rang a voice like a trumpet from the bottom of three flights of stairs.

"John Parks!" hailed back Ernest.

Some one came bounding up.

"O, mercy! here he comes!" and Susan ran out of the room.

There was a scuffle on the landing at the foot of the staircase; then a great, smacking kiss, and a ringing slap, followed by a loud laugh. A light, but firm step, came springing up—the door flew open with a bang, and in rushed John Parks, with his happy face flushed—his brown hair tumbled—and his very teeth laughing. If Susan's entrance had been a gleam of sunshine, his was a whole burst; or a sun-stroke, with the harm taken out of it. He brought in the whole light of the noon-day in his face—the whole fresh perfume of the spring in his garments.

"How are you, Ernest, mi-boy? How do you find yourself, my noble Roman?" was his salutation, in a voice as clear and mellow as a golden trumpet.

"Royal, John, I'm glad you came. Where have you been?"

"Been? Every where! I've been in swimming at Braman's. And a right glorious wallow I had in the salt water. I've been to the Athenæum—I was up in Tom Bryant's room for an hour, obfusticating him about Art, and the Old Masters—the whilk he thinks were never up to his style, the like of which was never seen in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, though he don't say so. Egad, he showed me the portrait of a minister which he had just done, with the mouth drawn down, for all the

world, like the gills of a codfish, and the colors looking as if they had been worked in, with green sea-shine for the lights, and coal-tar for the shadows—and asked me if that didn't look like the tinting of Vandyke! I told him, choking down a guffaw, that old Van would smile from his grave for a peep at it. Jupiter Pluvius! he'd die so dead with laughing, that the last trump wouldn't wake him. But Tom couldn't see the joke, and swallowed it as a compliment. Ha! ha! ha!" roared John, rushing over to the mirror, and wrenching his collar and blue neck-cloth into shape, and fixing his tumbled hair.

"Look here, Ernest," he cried, rushing back—executing a brilliant pirouette on the toe of his varnished boot—and *posing*, in the attitude of a fencing-master, with a ringing slap on his thigh, to direct attention to a new pair of pantaloons, with dark and green curving stripes running through the fabric—"isn't that beautiful? The only pair in town of that material!"

"The legs are worthy of the Apollo Belvidere," said Ernest, "but they look as if they were cased in the colored skin of an anaconda."

"Bah!" said John, "you envy me. The sweetest cloth that was ever woven! Look at it. Feel it. Thick—as thick as Tom Bryant's numbskull," and he flung himself into the cushioned chair opposite Ernest, and stretched out his legs admiringly. The latter, who had resumed his seat, did not notice that John was sitting on the pallet of colors!

"Come, John," said the young artist "we must go down to Alice, and—"

"Now, now, be tranquil," said his friend "I told your mother, and Ally and Susan to come up here, and they'll be along shortly." And he began to sing at the full pitch of his rich barytone voice—"Old Mother Hubbard, went to the cupboard, to get her poor dog a bone—" to the air of the drinking-song in Lucrezia Borgia. Ernest lighted his meerschaum, and sat smoking, with his eyes fixed upon the sword. John saw him at last—saw his face grow dark and dreamy, as he sank into the deeps of reverie—changed his aria to a guttural German song, which he sang sonorously—stopped at the third verse—and lit a cigar.

"Ernest," said he, after shooting out a few spirals and rings of blue smoke, "you're a funny fellow. There's two distinctive elements—traits—in your soul. I waive your affection for your mother and sister, and your friendship—your loyal attraction to me. These are matters of the heart. I'm speaking of the soul. First; there's a real passion for Art, and a real genius to interpret it on canvas in glorious style. And then, there's a superstition—I can't call it any thing else—a morbid, wretched, invincible superstition—connected with that infernal old sword, and the guilty ghost of Mauley, and an old Tory, and all that fustian and moonshine, that you told me once at Rome, under the shadow of the Coliseum, where old Benvenuto Cellini once saw the herd of skipping devils. Between these two, you've managed to interpolate your love for that spiritual Alice. And I'll boil my own head, if your odd crank don't commence by killing off your love and your genius, which you've mixed up with it, and end by killing *you!*"

Ernest listened with a sombre face. Only at the mention of the name of Alice, a faint crimson tinged his white forehead. John smoked his cigar for a few seconds, and resumed.

"Now, mi-boy, you always confide every thing in me, as I do in you. You told me all about this, before we went to Europe. I thought it was just a touch of hypocondriac bile that had got into you, which would wear off with the voyage. The first two days outward bound, when I was as sick as fifty dogs, every time I looked out of my birth I saw you covering sheets of paper with drawings of military ghosts, and tombstones, and swords, and such trash, till I wished that the devil had you for good. You thought of nothing else on the passage—when I gave you time to think. When we anchored in the Downs at last, you were "All in the *Downs*," as Dibdin's song goes, and no joke at all about it. In London—well—hang it! when we went to the Tower you couldn't find an eye for any thing but the old swords in the Armory. You had *grave* reflections in Westminster Abbey—about the old Colonel, I guess. Steaming it across the Straits of Dover, you cultivated the acquaintance of a French officer on deck, for the simple purpose of looking at his great crooked blade, which I saw you examining with great attention. In Paris you were mightily taken with one of Horace Vernet's pictures that represented a foot-soldier cutting down a horseman from behind, and you sketched the two figures for your portfolio. Rattling through Bologna in that cursed diligence that nearly broke my bones—egad, I did get some good out of you in Switzerland, and Lombardy—"

"Yes," interrupted Ernest, "in the Pass of the Simplon, where I was faint with suppressed laughter to hear your endeavors to teach the guide your Italian version of Yankee Doodle, the music of which you swore was composed by Bellini, and the words of which you had twisted into a satire on the Austrians, which convulsed me, but tickled the old fellow's fancy so much that he did nothing but shout it in chorus with you all the way. And in Verona, where you insisted upon lying in the marble trough that they call Juliet's Tomb, and frightened the cicerone out of his wits by spouting Shakspeare, Italianized to a broad burlesque, from your couch. That freak nearly cost us an arrest."

"Ha! ha!" roared John, "it was rich, wasn't it? Where was I? Oh, what's the use in telling over your lunacies? In Rome, for nearly three years, it was the same with you. In the Pitti Palace it was Mauley's ghost, and Alice, and Bayne. In the studio, it was a sword, and

a ghost, and a Tory. In the Coliseum ruins, I made you tell me the whole rigmarole over again. On the Appian Way, and every other way—on the Campagna—in the Catacombs—in street and gallery and café, it was your eternal dream. I remember distinctly one Good Friday, when I was looking at the procession of monks, and those red-legged devils of cardinals, I turned to speak to you, and, by the Pope's toe! you were magnetized by the sword of a gigantic officer of the Swiss Guards. I wish I may be fried if the same thing didn't catch my eye again at the mass in Saint Peter's, when I had been looking up to the great dome—a sight a man can never forget—listening the while to the noble lamentation of the music, and happening to notice you, saw you oblivious in your contemplation of a soldier's drawn blade. I believe if it hadn't been for me, your studies in Rome would have been of no account. As it was, one half your pictures bore the trace of your morbid broodings, in the introduction of tomb-stones, and figures with very prominent swords, in the foregrounds of the landscapes, and—why you never *did* paint a female face without working in the features of Alice. *That's* all right though, if you'll be sensible and marry where you love. But you won't. You're afraid. Of what? A bugbear! A marrowless bugaboo!

"Look here, Ernest, mi-boy, you are a man of sense, though you are trying to convince me to the contrary. I've been thinking of all you said to me yesterday, and it was nothing but transcendental moonshine, with a spice of mysterious reason in it. Look at it, now. Here's Alice Bayne, just the sweetest creature God ever made. Let any man say to the contrary, and I'll ram the sword of Mauley, sheath and all, down his throat—gag him with the leather belt, and toss him out of the window. By Jove! I never see her without thinking of those pale, sweet roses that grew by Shelley's tomb at Rome, so holy and lovely, and filling that mournful air with the very smiles of Heaven. Here's Alice, with only one weak point in her nature—that is, her manifest love for such a scamp as you, with your infernal infatuation. Here *you* are, loving her, and hesitating to let your love speak out, when, if it was my case, I'd tumble down on my knees, make a clean confession, and expect to get to Paradise, and no questions asked, on the strength of that virtue. But you've mixed up a weird, ridiculous semi-fear with your affection, and, by all the saints! it's enough to make a man of sense guffaw into epileptic fits to think of it. Old grandsire Mauley and old Tory Bayne hate each other—for what, it doesn't well appear. The fine old boy takes advantage of a scrimmage to swing his sword into the Tory's head—if he *did* do it, and it's not unlikely. He dies suddenly of apoplexy, many years after, and that old Mother Goose of a woman, who isn't up to optical illusions, born out of a haunted mind, vows that she saw his ghost one night, and his sword bleeding, and all such gammon. Therefore, Mr. Ernest Mauley happening to be in love with a sweet Alice Bayne, and hearing this story, takes it into his imaginative head that the deed of his grandfather placed an everlasting barrier and ban between the two families; that the union would be ominous and unhappy; as if a pure, true love wouldn't hallow a union between two devils!—as if it wouldn't make the bitterest cup of life that was ever held to mortal lips sweet—as if it wouldn't make the desert blossom like the rose, and strike the hells of Milton and Dante with the enchantments and blessedness of Eden, if it could enter there. And all this time Mr. Ernest Mauley doesn't *know* positively—although there's pretty good reason to favor the conclusion—that Alice Bayne *is* really a grandchild of the old Tory. And he feels a dim fear, which he can't exactly define himself—no one else either—that prevents him from doing his duty to himself, and marching up a month hence with Alice, and with Susan Mauley and I, to the matrimonial scratch. I hope I may be changed into a statue as big as Mick Angelo's St. Peter, if it isn't too sad to be droll, and too droll to be sad."

And John smoked furiously, with his large, blue eyes laughing merrily, through the cloud, and his ruddy face trying to look grave.

"John," said Ernest, "if you could feel as I do on the subject, perhaps you would be as much influenced by it. I admit of course that the legend has an absorbing interest—a hold on my imagination. But it is strange—so strange—you scout the idea of a ghost, and talk of mental illusion. No argument that I have ever met with, satisfied me of the non-appearance of spirits—and yet, of course, I believe in mental illusion; but it does not account for every thing. Ah! that is the 'touch of nature'—*nature*, John—'that makes the whole world kin'—when Shakspeare makes a real ghost, 'doomed for a certain time to walk the earth'—appear to Hamlet;—no spectral delusion, like the shade of Banquo—the creature of Macbeth's remorseful fancy—but a *real* ghost, seen as well by Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, as by the Prince. Now—"

"There!" roared John, "that'll do! That's what comes of reading the poets! Cursed mischief-makers! I wish that the whole tribe from Virgil to Shakspeare, and from him along a gradually descending plane of laureled madmen to the foot of the hill, where old Barlow, the author of that absurb Columbiad, stands—and from him down a steep precipice of inanity, to the flat bottom of Cant and Drivel, where Martin Farquhar Tupper stretches his dainty length at ease—I wish that the whole race were parboiled!"

"Bah! John," replied Ernest with a satirical smile, "you don't mean it. You have been heard to argue on the other side, and gloriously too, I shall not let you talk ..

Shakspeare, with his divine intuitions into the heart of things, in that way. But, I said all I wished to say, in my defense, yesterday. It is enough to repeat, in brief, that I feel that there is some mystery in this legend of the sword, and that it is connected with me. Is it not strange that I should love Alice for nearly a year, without knowing her surname — then learn this wild story of the fatal feud of Bayne and Mauley—the blot on our scutcheon—then discover that the widow Niles was only her foster-mother—that her name was Alice Bayne —that her mother had brought her here from the very neighborhood where, sixty years ago, the family of the Tory had emigrated—and that our love was shadowed by that ominous ancestral Hate? I feel that there is a forbidding ban from the Past between us—that two dead ancestors front each other in ghostly feud, when we stand before each other. And I love Alice, and I fear Alice, for the spell of Heretofore is over us."

His face darkened with the last words, and his voice was a wild, low whisper. The sword swayed a little on the wall, as the wind gadded in at the casement. John blew a stream of smoke from his mouth toward the weapon, which curled and floated on the wall like the garments of a ghost, and melted away.

"I have a notion, my lunatic Roman," remarked that smiling worthy, "that old Colonel Mauley was just such a chap as you are; with a headfull of cranks and twists. You've got just such a face as he has in the portrait down stairs—only lacking the bold square chin. You have no resemblance to your dead father, as I remember him, ten years ago, when I was fifteen. Yes; the gallant old codger's spirit abnormal, has got into you by some hereditary cross of blood. It laid dormant for one generation, and sprang up rampant in the next. Confound you both. Nothing will satisfy *him* but trotting about the house and court, by night, with a gory sword; and nothing will satisfy *you* but sitting before his old hanger, and coining megrims for yourself by day. A precious pair, by the Pope's nose! Why don't you paint? Where's your easel?—leaning against the wall! Where's your pallet? Eh! now; what are you laughing at?"

Ernest had cast a glance at the table, as John asked for the pallet. Not seeing it there, he threw a startled look between his friends legs, and saw the edge of the mahogany on the cushion beneath him. The ludicrous fact of the case flashed upon him, and he burst into a fit of laughter. John caught the contagion, and joined in with a long succession of rebounding roars. Between them the room rang.

"And now, then," he shouted, ending off with a jolly whoop, while Ernest still shook with exhausting merriment, "what the deuce is it all about?"

Ernest could only gasp, pointing at the cushion with his finger, "There's — the — pallet!" John's curious look of merry wonder changed to an expression of blank horror, as he rose and saw the double semi-ring of colors sprawled into a shapeless mass on the oval tablet, on which he had been innocently sitting. With a howl, he flung his cigar through the open casement, and gathering his coat-tails under each arm, exhibiting thereby the many-colored seat of his pantaloons, at which Ernest fairly shrieked with mirth, he rushed across the room, tore aside the curtains at either side of the alcove, and turning his back to the mirror, with his head looking over his shoulder, contemplated the ruin.

"Heavens!" he yelled; "flake white, yellow ochre, Naples yellow, vermillion, crimson lake, Prussian blue, Indian red, Vandyke brown, raw and burned umber, asphaltum, burned sienna, and ivory black, with all the other infernal pigments, and a cursed variety of semi-tints, dabbled over my elegant new trowsers. The only pair in town, and such a spectacle!"

"They were — so — thick!" gasped Ernest, quivering with laughter. "It's a judgment—on you for your—lecture!"

"Yes," roared John, "that's the scurvy way we men of sense get treated. Hang it! I can't help laughing," and he shook the windows with his ringing burst.

"Come, John," said Ernest, faintly, "let us clean it."

"Oh do, Ernest," said he, "that's a good fellow. Get the turpentine, and go to work." And taking off his coat, he laid down on the carpet, with his face to the floor, and began to whistle. Ernest knelt down beside him, and, first scraping off the clotted paint with the pallet-knife, spirted the spirits from a bottle on the cloth, and began rubbing it with a linen rag. John only interrupted his whistling four times during the operation. First, with "Spare the turpentine, mi-boy;" second, with "It's soaking through the drawers;" third, with "It's running down my legs." The fourth time, he stopped whistling, with a heavy groan, followed by a shaking roar of merriment, as Mrs. Mauley, Susan, and Alice entered the room, and stood in amazement at the singular tableau. He never moved to get up, only lay and shook; while Ernest, with his back to the door, all unconscious of their presence, continued to rub and laugh, incited thereto by a sonorous exhortation to "Go *in*, lemons!" and a fresh explosion of mirth.

"Why, boys!" ejaculated Mrs. Mauley, with clasped hands, "what, in the name of conscience, are you doing?"

Ernest came to his feet, as if there had been a spring under his knees, and laughed till the veins swelled purplish in his flushed forehead. John put up his head with the utmost solemnity, and made such a comic and ugly face at the three ladies, that they could not refrain from merriment, which was increased by his

graphic explanation of the matter. He got up, however, after that, and expressed his satisfaction and gratitude for the result of the operation, in an exceedingly ridiculous speech, which convulsed them.

Mrs. Mauley and Susan were going out to dine at the Widow Niles' house. John Parks had brought the invitation, and Alice, from thence. Ernest was included, but he excused himself. It wanted about two hours of the time—two o'clock. John set off for home to change his clothes, which were scented with turpentine, promising to return soon. Mrs. Mauley and Susan went down stairs to dress, leaving Alice alone with Ernest.

If beauty means only classic regularity of features, and a figure of perfect symmetry, Alice Bayne was not beautiful. But it does not. There was a hallowed sweetness in her face that touched your heart like a sorrow. Looking into the blue and tranquil heaven of her mild, clear eyes—at the gentle wisdom of her quiet smile—you felt that the light shone from a pure heart—that the *soul* was lovely. The forehead, so innocent and holy, was shaded by the fair and shadowy hair, with the pale gleam of gold upon it, that Guido loved to paint. John's expression, "The sweetest creature God ever made," was the truth, only *a little* enthusiastic. Of the earth, saintly; of the heavens, heavenly—was your dream of the gentle girl. Ernest had her portrait there, which he brought out from a recess. He had copied her spiritual beauty well. He sat conversing with her in a quiet and mournful voice, with a troubled shadow on his face, and she answered him freely with the still music of a tone in hers, that could only breathe from the calm religion of a peaceful heart. But they spoke no word of love.

John came back in a carriage, driven furiously, and set the house in an uproar with his strong vitality, and cataract of good humor. It did not last long there, for he went off soon with matronly Mrs. Mauley on his arm — her especial favorite was he—and Susan and Alice following. They were to return at eight or nine o'clock in the evening. All but Alice. Ernest was left alone.

He had a solitary dinner at two o'clock, which he hardly touched. It was in a room down stairs, antiquely furnished. A quiet servant girl laid the cloth, and left him; came in afterward—removed it—and left him. He did not go up stairs again, but sat there. There was a portrait in a tarnished gilt frame on the wall. An old picture of his grandfather, painted in 1774. There was no uniform; the drapery was plain and dark. The face was, as his friend had said, much like his own, only it was more grave and martial, and the chin, unlike his, bold and firm. It was the face too of a man verging upon fifty. It had an expression that was hard to define — a meaning so deep that it was meaningless. The eyes did not look out from the picture—they were turned away. Nothing in the garb betokened the soldier of the Old French War, but the hilt of a sword, almost concealed by the deep shadow at his side, which Time had made still deeper, and darker.

Ernest sat with his eyes brooding on the painting, and all the phantoms that his heart held in its dungeons, came up, and trooped in a ghostly festal gathering through the haunted chambers of his brain. The excitement of the morning had induced a revulsion as powerful. His spirits sank far below their usual gloomy standard. Yet this depression was not attended by any sense of mental or physical weariness. His mind was active, and fecund with mad fancies, that came faster and faster as the afternoon waned away, and a gradual shadow began to dim the pale sunshine that floated in the dusky chamber. He never moved from his position, but sat, like one dead, with a strange heat in his brain, and a hot mist in his eyes. The room grew dimmer and darker. A single ray of red sunlight shot through the trees that shaded the western window, and resting on the picture, gloated on the right hand like blood. He watched it till the sun sank. It was gone. A cold, gray light was fading in the chamber to darkness. The human world had ebbed away, and another, and a ghostlier, was left stranded in the silence. The pale gleam of the early moon, already near the zenith, rested faintly on the floor. There was no sound; only a dim sense of something moving in the air. He rose from his seat. The flush had died from his brain, and left him weak. A strange lightness made him giddy, and he was conscious of a dull pain in the back of his head. How still the room was! No murmur on its sentient air of death! He himself felt like a phantom. He crossed the carpet noiselessly, and passed out of the half open door, without touching it. Slowly and noiselessly he went up the stairs, with no image in his mind but a consciousness of something ascending by his side. Up through the dark and silent house, with that haunting fancy, to his room. He took the picture of Alice and set it on an old trunk against the wall, a little to the left of the sword. He did this without a purpose—moved to the action rather by instinct. Then he sat down in the cushioned chair with the dim light that came from the dormer window resting on his figure. All earthly Time seemed to stand still.

As he gazed, a softened light was diffused through the darkness, and he was conscious that its radiance was centered on the wall. Then he saw the sheath slide from the weapon, and fall as mute as a feather to the floor. The blade was dripping blood! A figure, dark and tall, stood before him, between the portrait and the sword. It was his grandfather! The face was sorrowful and grave, and the eyes bent upon him. Slowly the phantom raised its arm until the white fore-finger paused, pointing at

the picture of Alice. Ernest sprang to his feet with a cold sweat on his forehead. He was alone! The sword was bare. It hung in the centre of a yellow shape of moonlight, distinctly outlined on the shadowy wall in the form of the diamond on a playing-card. The blade was red, and glistened in the radiance. The sheath lay doubled up on the floor. For a moment he gazed, with starting eyes, upon the crimson steel hanging in that mystic shape of yellow light. Then he remembered.

He knew that he had slept and dreamed. It was one of those strange visions where the real and the unreal mingle. The gradual entrance of the moonbeams, the falling of the sheath, the paint upon the sword had all been seen in the magic glass of illusion, and the few seconds of the spectacle were earthly hours. It was six o'clock when he had entered the room, it was now half-past eight. The ghost! *was* it all a dream? Who shall say?

Ernest bent down, trembling with the reaction of his excitement, and took the sheath up from the floor to replace it. He had taken it by the lower extremity, and, in lifting it, the leather case dropped, leaving the brass socket in his hand. Age had loosened it. In lifting up the scabbard again, he saw that a paper, which had been wrapped around the end, as if to tighten the brass band, was uncurled. He stripped it off quickly, for the moonlight showed that there was writing upon it. A smaller piece was beneath it, which he also unrolled. He lit a lamp, eager to read them. They were both narrow strips of very thin parchment. The smaller piece had only a few figures traced upon it. The other was closely written in black ink, very slightly faded. The first words drove the blood to the young man's heart, as he perused them. They were, "*My Son Ernest.*" He remembered! it was the name of his dead father! With a beating heart he read on.

My Son Ernest: When I am Dead you will rede this, and do my Bidding. It were not to your behoof, that you should Be made a Party to my secret in the matter whereof I write, Further than this. That in deadly Battle, I did Slay by a Foul stroke one Isaac Bayne, Who in his mortal Life, did wreak his sore Malice on me, in all possible Manner; being moved Thereto by certain Injuries I did cause to his Welfare, in my Youth; the which also, as I know, did make him an Enemy to his country in King George's War, incited Thereto by His hate for Me; and so brought His untimely Death by My hand; of the which I Most earnestly Repent in my Heart, before my Maker, and Hope for Mercy. I have caused his Grave to be Memorable; as witness the Tablet erected by Me, on Copp's Hill. It is my Behest that you Seek out His Wife, now living in lonely Widowhood with Her two Children, a Boy and Girl, in Renton village, Kent county, Delaware; to Whom I have at various Times, sent Money for Her support By private Means; the Giver being unbeknown to Her; and that you see from the Fortune I leave you, that Want comes not to Her, nor her Children. Also, That you Entreat her by Her antient love for Me when she was but a Maid, to pardon the Ruin I brought To her hearth, in that I slew Her husband, and To pray for my Soul. She is now An aged Woman. Her name is Alice Bayne, and Her Children were named Philip and Ann. Do this, and Fail not, lest you be held Partner in my Sin. Forget not the Widow and the Fatherless.

Your Father. Ralph Mauley. 1792.

The tears streamed from Ernest's eyes, as he read the last words of the scroll, but there was joy in his heart, and light had shone upon his troubled dreams. He looked at the date of the parchment. 1792! It was the year in which Colonel Mauley had died. His decease was sudden—perhaps an hour after he had written those lines—perhaps a day! His son must have been about the age of Ernest at that period—some twenty-five years. He had married ten years afterward. But the scroll had never reached him! The old Colonel had died, and made no sign to denote its place of concealment. Why should he have left it in the socket of the scabbard? Perhaps it was his habit to leave memoranda there;—perhaps some eccentric, or some ideal feeling prompted him to make the weapon which had wrought his sin, the casket of his deed of atonement. The figures on the smaller slip might be notes of the sums he had sent at several times to the widow of Bayne, and placed there for their connection with the same matter. And now, after many years, when father and son were dust, the grandchild of the writer held the parchments in his hand!

The silence was broken by a bustle and laughter from the lower rooms, announcing the return of the party. The joyous voice of John was distinct above the rest. The human world had flowed back again, but in the interval the shores of the unearthly had been left bare, and a solitary soul had seen its mysteries, and grown wiser for the lesson.

Ernest put away the two slips carefully, and went down stairs. Two or three voices talking and laughing together, made racket enough for a dozen. But he went in, and started to see that Alice had returned with them.

"Ha! ha!" said John, "here's the Hermit! Here's the Friar of Orders Gray! Ah! mi-boy, you should have been with us! A glorious time we had. And here's Alice! We made her come along because the night was so fine—moonlight, balmy airs, *et cætera*; and by all that's sacred and holy, you shall gallant her home. Hallo! young man!—what's the matter?—how pale he is! Ernest—" and he whispered roguishly in his ear—"have you seen Mauley's ghost?"

Ernest looked him straight in the eyes for a second, and then in an answering whisper, and with an expression that made John stare, he replied—"Yes!" But while John looked at

him, uncertain whether to laugh or look grave, he turned away, and said with cheerful vivacity —"I'm glad you came back, Alice, and I shall certainly wend home with you—if you'll let me."

And he sat down, in the light of her wise and gentle smile, and began to converse. The lamplight shone on the roguish face of John, who was sitting with his back to them near a table, with Mrs. Mauley and bright Susan opposite, listening and laughing to an odd story of some adventure in Europe, that he was recounting with a gusto all his own. They had become so absorbed in the narration, that before long Ernest slipped out of the door, and Alice followed, unperceived by them. In the dark corridor she laid her slight hand on his arm, and murmured—

"What is it that you have to show me, Ernest?"

"Come with me, Alice. Keep by my side—for it is dark here." He led her up stairs to the room that he had left. They stood in the pale glory of the moonlight before the ancient sword. The mystic light lay motionless in the still, clear eyes of Alice, and touched her floating tresses with a golden bloom. Her gaze was bound to the dark and shining orbs of Ernest, luminous and tender in their shadow.

"Ernest; you said that you had something to show me; what is it?"

"Sweet Alice! I have to show you my heart! Read it in my face! There is nothing there but love for *you*."

She turned away, and a faint flush crimsoned the whiteness of her pure forehead. Then she came quickly to his arms, and the fair head, and the throbbing bosom lay upon his breast. No sound—no word! But gathered to his heart with a closer clasp, her happy face, with a swimming glory in the meek and dove-like eyes, looked up to his. The moonlight lay upon their figures as they stood locked in each others arms, with soul and soul blended into one. Earth had blossomed into Eden!

Down stairs, John Parks had just proposed the ringing question—"Where, in the blue deuce, can they have gone?"—when the door opened, and Ernest entered, leading Alice by the hand. There was such a radiant pride on his countenance—such peaceful joy in hers—that the rest sat mute.

"Mother!" said Ernest, "come here!"

Mrs. Mauley came quickly, in surprise.

"Mother! when you call John your son, a month hence, you will also call Alice your daughter. Take her, mother, to your love!"

She stood silent with a momentary astonishment. With a start she took the drooping form of Alice to her bosom. John sat with his mouth and eyes staring at Ernest; then turning his head slowly toward Susan, whose bright countenance trembled between a smile and a tear, he sprang up from his seat, with a sudden flush blazing out on his handsome face—made two strides over to him, and caught him to his arms. Bursting away, he executed a pirouette that Taglioni in her best days never excelled—leaped up with three distinct pigeon-wings in the air, came down with an exulting whoop, flung himself into his chair, at full length, with a mellow peal of laughter; stopped suddenly, covered his face with his hands, and wept! Drop the vail.

In the afternoon of the following day, Ernest standing with Alice by the vault of his family in the ancient burial-ground, told her all. The sun was near setting when he ended, and the slanting light rested softly on the green mounds, and the leaning head-stones with their lengthening shadows. Alice had listened silently, and without surprise, during the narration. Her soul looked from the present to the future; the spirit of her lover dreamed in the present of the past. Only once she had interrupted him. It was when he read from the parchment that the widow of her slain ancestor had two children, Philip and Ann; and she then murmured that the name of her father was Philip Bayne.

They walked slowly through the rough hillocks and crumbling tombstones, and paused with uncovered heads by the Tory's grave. The tablet was a plain slab, stained with the gray and green mould of many years. The inscription had been cut deep in the stone, and was very legible. It was simply; Isaac Bayne, June 20, 1775. Below the rounded summit, were the three letters, I.H.S. Ernest murmured slowly the Latin legend of which they were the initials: "Iesus Hominum Salvator."

"Sweet Alice," he said, in a deep and mournful voice, "the dust that lies beneath this grave was disenchanted in a moment; this soul went out in sudden agony from its rent clay—in the madness of carnage—with all its heavy load of sin upon it. The fire of Hate was fierce within the brain; the cold bitterness of brooding years was in the heart; the frantic vigor of strife nerved the arm! The wrongs that he had suffered were unatoned; the injuries that he had returned were unrepented. If the mortal frame is but the mould for the spirit; if the soul is moulded by its earthly life for all eternity, and continues as it is last, when Death places his white and icy seal upon the body to announce that all is finished! then this man is but a disembodied Fiend! His slayer purged away a crime by his remorse, and baffled Doom by Repentance; but the slain rushed from earth with all his strife and hate and bitterness hot within him; and the wretchedness of his life Here, may be still wretchedness There!"

"Dear Ernest," she replied, "these are but Pagan fancies. The prayers of the wife he left behind him, and the young faces of his fatherless children would appeal to Heaven for him if an appeal were needed. But the Mercy of the good and wise God was over him in his death as in his life, and Infinite Love will not

desert those who are not deserted even by the weak love of earth. What words of compassion were those you spoke just now?"

"What words do you mean, Alice?" said he, raising his thoughtful face to hers.

The sun was setting behind her, and the heavenly sweetness of the smile upon her tranquil face seemed to accord with the faint glory that rested, like the halo of a saint, upon her golden hair. Her hand pointed to the tablet.

"Look, Ernest," she said, "look there!"

The lower part of the stone was in shadow. Only on the summit a bright ray of sunshine rested, and, gleaming aslant the surface, gilded the lines of the letters I. H. S. with a radiant fire. The clear voice of Alice stole upon the hush of the quiet air, and thrilled in the melancholy heart of Ernest like a strain of music,

"JESUS, MAN'S SAVIOR!"

The story ends here, for I have nothing more to tell, except this, that, in the evening of that day, every one sat up stairs in Ernest's room, while he recounted the legend and the rest at length. The foster-mother of Alice was there, the Widow Niles, a very pleasant, and restless, and rigid old lady, sheathed in a flexible mail of black bombazine, that was always rustling and clashing softly with her motion. John had quietly put the lamp out; I fancy that his occupation of a very wide cushioned chair with Susan had something to do with that. But when the tale was ended there was a long spell of silence. No one seemed willing to break the charm. There was no sound in the dim and quiet air of the chamber, but a soft rustling and clashing, like the wings of invisible angels. Alice sat with her dear fair head resting on the white hands that lay on Ernest's shoulder, and his face was bent down to hers. Then, while they all sat mute as shadows, the gradual moonlight, gliding softly through the dormer window, shaped itself into the form of the diamond upon the dusky wall, and, in the centre of the yellow splendor, with its metal hilt and pommel, and the brass on the black sheath gleaming in the light like gold, hung the ancient SWORD OF MAULEY!

THE PUBLIC CAREER OF TALLEYRAND.

TALLEYRAND has been especially maltreated by common fame. By most who know his name, he is regarded as a second Macchiavelli—as little understood and as ruthlessly slandered as the first—an intriguing and unprincipled diplomatist—a heartless *persifleur*—the very incarnation of political profligacy and shameless tergiversation. His portraits have almost all been drawn by his foes—by those whom he had baffled, or by those whom he had deserted—by those whom his pungent sarcasms had wounded, or whom his superior address had mortified; and his own memoirs, from his own hand, are to remain a sealed book till, by the death of every one whom they could compromise (or, say his enemies, who could contradict them), they have become interesting to the historian alone. Talleyrand was something very different from the popular conception of him. He was a profound thinker; he had strong political opinions, if he had no moral principles; he was at least as bold, daring, and decided in action as he was sagacious in council; his political and social tact—which is wisdom so quick and piercing as to seem unreasoning—had the promptitude and certainty of an instinct; and living in constant intercourse, hostile or friendly, with the ablest men of that stirring epoch, he acquired an undisputed ascendency over them all by the simple influence of a keener intellect and a subtler tongue.

Far from being devoid of political predilections and convictions, his whole career, from the time he entered the States-General, showed that both were very strong in him. He had thought deeply, and he felt keenly. That much of personal feeling entered into the motives which determined him to the course he took, and that much of egotism and scorn of his fellow-men mingled with and alloyed his lofty and persevering ambition, can not be denied, and is not to be wondered at. We must read his character and career by the light which his early history throws over it, and we shall find there enough amply to explain both his steady preference for constitutional liberty after the English model, and the ardor and determination with which he threw himself into the most active ranks of the Revolutionists. He had suffered too much under the old *régime* not to desire to sweep away a system which permitted such injustices as he had endured. He had seen too thoroughly the hollowness and rottenness of every thing around him—the imbecile feebleness of the court, the greediness and impiety of the Church, the selfish and heartless profligacy of the higher ranks—to be of opinion that there was much worth preserving in the existing state of things. He had too fine a fancy and too powerful a mind not to participate in some measure in the hopes then entertained by all the more "erected spirits" of the nation, of an era of glorious social regeneration. He was a bishop against his will; he had lived in the very centre of all the elegant immoralities of Paris; and he had studied and conversed with Voltaire. He was the eldest son of one of the noblest families of France; but having been lamed by an accident arising from the combined neglect of parents and menials, he was compelled, by one of those acts of family tyranny then by no means uncommon, to forego his birth-right, and accept the destiny of younger sons in that age and of that rank—viz., to go into the Church. Without being allowed to return to the paternal roof, he was transferred from his nurse's cottage to the ecclesiastical seminary of Saint Sulpice, and thence to the College of the Sorbonne. He was made a priest without the slightest attention either to his

wishes or his character. Boiling over with youthful passions, with healthy energy, with splendid talents, with mundane tastes, he was condemned by an act of flagrant injustice to a life of celibacy, of inaction, and of religious duties, which, in the case of one so devoid of devotional sentiment as he was, could only be the most loathsome and wearisome hypocrisy. What wonder that a mighty wrong like this should have sunk into his mind, and greatly modified his views and feelings, even if it did not sour his temper? At college he brooded over his mortification and looked his destiny in the face, and deliberately took his course. With rare powers like his, he felt that obscurity was impossible, but that he must rise by a different ladder from the one he would himself have chosen. He resolved to triumph over those who had degraded him, but to whom he knew himself in every way superior; and he prepared himself to do so by sedulous and earnest study. He spoke little, he reflected much. Naturally both intelligent and ardent, he taught himself to become well-informed, reserved, and self-restrained; and from the training which the Catholic Church has always given to its servants, he learned that untiring and watchful patience, that deep insight into men, that quick appreciation of circumstances, those gentle and insinuating manners, that habitual quietude, that prompt and well-timed activity, which were his most distinguishing qualities through life, and his chief instruments of success. When he had completed his theological studies, he entered the world—to enjoy it and subdue it. He was known as the Abbé de Perigord.

He soon became agent-general for the clergy—an office of great influence and importance—and subsequently Bishop of Autun, and when the States-General met, he was elected as deputy from his diocese. He was now thirty-five years of age. He at once embraced the popular side, and became prominent and powerful. His voice was raised in favor both of liberty of thought and of equality of civil rights. He supported the union of the three orders—the first great step of the revolution; he persuaded the Assembly to decide against those *mandats impératifs*, which would have made its members the mere slaves and mouthpieces of their constituents; he was one of eight who was selected to prepare the New Constitution which was to regenerate the country; he was appointed to report upon a system of National Education, and the memoir which he presented to the Assembly not only obtained an instant and vast celebrity, but formed the foundation of the plan then adopted, and which exists with little change to the present day. Besides these labors he paid special attention to the finances, which were then in a most deplorable condition; he supported the proposals of Necker; and it was on his motion that the Assembly resolved on the seizure and sale of all ecclesiastical property as belonging to the State, and on the reduction of the clergy from the position of independent proprietors to that of salaried employés. In doing this he proposed to improve the condition of the inferior clergy, while he hoped at the same time to avert a national bankruptcy. At the same time he supported the equalization of imposts, and the entire suppression of all feudal and seignorial rights. Finally, he was appointed by his colleagues to draw up an address to the nation explaining and justifying the proceedings of the Assembly, and so admirably did he discharge this function, that he was shortly afterward elected President by a large majority.

What might have been his course during the subsequent and more stormy phases of the Revolution we can not pretend to conjecture. Happily for him he was saved from having to take a part in scenes where almost any part would have been questionable, objectionable, and unsafe. He had resigned, or rather abjured, his clerical functions, and early in 1792 was sent to England on a diplomatic mission, the object of which was to substitute a *national* for a *court* alliance. Thirty-eight years afterward, at the age of seventy-six, he was again accredited to the same country on a similar errand. His first and last diplomatic acts at least were consistent and in unison. He remained in England (with the exception of a short visit to Paris) till the following year, when Robespierre proscribed him, and shortly afterward Mr. Pitt ordered him to quit the country in twenty-four hours. His residence in England chiefly in the society of Madame de Staël, increased his admiration for British institutions, but he was ill received in the higher circles—being regarded partly as an apostate priest, partly as a reputed profligate, partly as an intriguing revolutionist. But those who knew him at this period describe him as one of the most fascinating of companions, quiet, gentle, caressing, and attentive—speaking little, but when he did speak, compressing volumes into a single phrase.

Proscribed in France, and banished from England, M. de Talleyrand went to America, and, as a Memoir which he afterward read before the National Institute testifies, did not waste his time while there. But when a better day began to dawn after the overthrow of the Reign of Terror, Chénier, at the instigation of Madame de Staël, procured a decree of the Convention, erasing his name from the list of emigrants and permitting his return. He re-entered France, and after a short interval was made Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory; but as they became more and more imbecile, and a change more and more inevitable and desirable, he was or contrived to be dismissed in the early part of 1799, and thus found himself at liberty to assist Bonaparte in his revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which it is difficult not to regard as, under the circumstances, the greatest service he ever rendered to his country. Madame de Staël never forgave his adhesion to the popular young hero. But Talleyrand saw

that France was perishing for want of a government; that her political notabilities were neither honest enough, wise enough, nor able enough to rescue and regenerate her; disorder in the finances, disorganization in the interior, and disaster abroad, all clamored loudly for a change; and in the vigorous intellect, gigantic sagacity, and iron will of the young conqueror of Italy, Talleyrand, like most Frenchmen, recognized the Man for the crisis—*l'homme nécessaire*, as Necker termed him. The mode in which the Directory and its councils were overthrown was audacious and violent enough; but the result went far to justify the actors. Order at home and victory abroad followed in quick succession; the finances were restored; confidence was re-awakened; the funds rose; an admirable system of administration was established; France was at once *reconstituted*, after ten years of misery, crime, and chaos; and the period from 1800 to 1807, during which Talleyrand was the principal minister, was beyond example the most glorious in her annals. It is true that much of the work of Talleyrand's earlier years was upset: much however remained indestructible. It is true that under Napoleon France enjoyed only the shadow of those parliamentary institutions to which Talleyrand was sincerely attached, and which formed part of the original constitution urged upon and adopted by the First Consul; but probably by this time the experienced Minister had begun to feel that at that crisis a man was more important than an institution—which it must be allowed had not been attended with any brilliant success. It is true that during his period of office Talleyrand had to sanction and transact many acts of injustice and oppression to foreign nations, and to witness much tyranny at home; but he probably satisfied himself with reflecting that he was serving his chief and aggrandizing his country. He quitted office after the Peace of Tilsit, when France was at her culminating point. He set his face steadily against the Emperor's subsequent aggressions. He condemned the invasion of Spain so severely, that Napoleon, in deep indignation, deprived him of his dignity at court as Grand Chamberlain. His deep and far-seeing sagacity probably perceived that the ambition of the Emperor had blinded and impaired his genius, and that he had embarked in a course which must lead to ultimate reaction and ruin. In all likelihood this ruin was greatly hastened by his retirement from the direction of affairs, for his coolness, patience, and wisdom had often tempered the hastiness and impetuosity of Napoleon.

Napoleon never forgave Talleyrand his condemnation of the Spanish invasion. He hated him, as he hated all who opposed his will or criticised his measures; but at the same time he knew him too well not to fear him. He suspected his designs and dreaded his intrigues; but he dared not take any decided steps against him, and Talleyrand was far too wary to give him any excuse. Under the irritating influence of these feelings the Emperor lost no opportunity of menacing and insulting the retired minister, often in the vulgarest and rudest manner. Some of these sallies Talleyrand endured with the imperturbable and impassive manner which distinguished him, some he retorted with spirit and success. But those who read the account of the scenes which passed between these *amis d'autrefois* will find little reason either for wonder or for blame, if the ex-minister's patriotic desire for the termination of Napoleon's reign was heightened by something of personal animosity. Be this as it may, Talleyrand remained in a state of watchful inaction till the Allies approached Paris in 1814, when it became evident that Napoleon's career was ended, and that all a good citizen could do was to make the best terms he could for his country, both with the enemies who had conquered her, and with the sovereign who was to mount upon her throne. This task Talleyrand undertook with unusual vivacity and energy. After the capitulation he saved France from much misery, and possibly from a civil war, by his resolute opposition to any *mezzo-termine*, such as a regency and the proclamation of Napoleon's son, or of Bernadotte, as was once proposed. He therefore supported with all his influence the restoration of the Bourbons; but, cognizant of their incurable character, and faithful to his old political ideas, he insisted upon the promulgation of "the Charter," which established a constitutional monarchy and two Chambers. The basis of the institutions which governed France from 1814 to 1830, she owed to Talleyrand.

His next task was a far more difficult one. It was to act as minister for the foreign affairs of a conquered country, and in a camp of conquerors met to decide upon her limits and her fate. His genius was never so manifest as at the Congress of Vienna. He had to deal with sovereigns burning to avenge spoliations and humiliations which no doubt might justify the severest retaliation, and furious at the sufferings and maltreatments they had undergone; he had to persuade them to turn their vengeance against Napoleon, not against France. They had met to despoil and deal with her at their free pleasure; he had to induce them to admit her as one of the high contracting powers. He succeeded chiefly through his influence with Alexander, in obtaining a seat at their councils, and once there, his supreme ability soon gave him an irresistible ascendant: he succeeded in sowing dissension between the Allies, and at last in persuading them that it would be a bad and shallow policy to weaken France too much. But in the mean time Louis XVIII., freed from the councils of his wise minister, whose superiority annoyed and eclipsed him, had committed folly after folly, had disgusted the army, and alienated the returning affections of the people. Napoleon had landed from Elba, and was again upon the throne, and Louis was a fugitive at

Ghent. The Allies had to commence a new war, and the crowning victory of Waterloo, and the surrender of Napoleon, placed France more completely at their mercy than before. Their indignation was, of course, more vehement than ever, and the task of Talleyrand in appeasing them incomparably more difficult; and finding his efforts of no avail, either to control the irritated monarch or pacify his furious allies, he quitted office to avoid signing the humiliating treaty of 1815. Before doing so, however, he had persuaded Louis XVIII. to issue the Proclamation of Cambrai, promising a more faithful adherence to, and a more liberal interpretation of the Charter, and greater deference to those notions of liberty which the revolution of 1789 had indelibly rooted in the minds of the people. He had the utmost difficulty in persuading the incurable old Bourbon that the permanence of his throne depended on his management of the democratic spirit, and that the adoption of the policy of the Legitimists would be fatal to him. The king became anxious to get rid of his importunate councilor, and by way of hinting to him the propriety of retiring, he asked him one day how far it was to Valençay, the country-seat of M. de Talleyrand. "I do not know precisely," replied the minister; "but it must be *twice* as far as from here to Gand;" intimating that before he (Talleyrand) could reach Valençay, Louis, deprived of the safeguard of his counsel, would be again an exile.

From the time of his retirement he took his place in the ranks of the liberal opposition in the Chamber of Peers, and steadily set his face against the oppression and reactionary follies of the Restoration. In 1830 what he had long foreseen took place: a new revolution, patiently toiled for during fifteen years of selfishness and blunders, again drove the Bourbons into exile, and summoned the veteran diplomatist into public life once more. He gave Louis Philippe the benefit of his multifarious experience, and accepted the embassy to England, with the view of cementing that alliance between the two countries which had been the earliest object of his official life. That done, he once more retired into privacy; and died at the age of eighty-four, with faculties and cheerfulness alike unimpaired—though no man had lived through scenes more calculated to crush the one and exhaust the other.

The great crime against political morality with which he is reproached—his inconstancy—seemed at all times to lie very lightly on his conscience. He spoke of his changes without the smallest embarrassment or shame, alleging that what he served was not this or that Government, but his Country, under the political form which it had put on for the time being; that he was faithful to each Administration so long as it suited France, and wisely and honestly consulted her interests; and that he never deserted any till it had become the duty of every good citizen to do so. He has also been severely reproached with avarice and corruption, and probably the charge was not without foundation; but there is no reason to believe that he ever betrayed or sold his country or his employers for his own private interests; and at a period when it was a customary and almost an avowed transaction for Ministers to receive vast presents, called *pots-de-vin*, from powers or parties whom they had been able to gratify and serve, we can scarcely judge a man according to the purer delicacy and severer standard of to-day. This much is certain—that, surrounded with enemies and beset with dangers at every period of his public life, he was never known to counsel a violence or to be guilty of a vengeance; he punished his adversaries by *bon-mots* alone; he was in all things a moderator and a friend of peace; and in private life he was gentle, amiable, and singularly beloved by all who were admitted to his intimacy. The character of his intellect was in many respects Italian rather than French; and to find his parallel we must go back to the statesmen who ruled Florence and Milan during the Middle Ages. His subtlety and *finesse* belonged to both countries: his patience, his quietness, his imperturbable sweetness of temper, were exclusively Italian; while there was something almost feminine in the seductive attractiveness of his manner. On the whole, if we consider the moral atmosphere in which he was born and bred, the false position in which early injustice had placed him, the fearful times in which he lived and acted—times eminently fatal to all high enthusiasm, to all fixed opinions, to all inflexible constancy—times which tried the courage of the bravest, the convictions of the most obstinate, the faith of the most earnest—we shall be disposed to judge him with unwonted indulgence, and may perhaps be justified in pronouncing him as worthy of esteem and admiration as any public man can be who lays claim to no lofty sentiment, no stern principles, and no spirit of self-denial or self-sacrifice.

STORIES OF THE HUGUENOTS.

I HAVE always been interested in the conversation of any one who could tell me anything about the Huguenots; and, little by little, I have picked up many fragments of information respecting them. I will just recur to the well-known fact that, five years after Henry the Fourth's formal abjuration of the Protestant faith, in fifteen hundred and ninety-three, he secured to the French Protestants their religious liberty by the Edict of Nantes. His unworthy son, however, Louis the Thirteenth, refused them the privileges which had been granted to them by this act; and, when reminded of the claims they had, if the promises of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth were to be regarded, he answered that "the first-named monarch feared them, and the latter loved them; but he neither feared nor loved them." The extermi-

nation of the Huguenots was a favorite project with Cardinal Richelieu, and it was at his instigation that the second siege of Rochelle was undertaken—known even to the most careless student of history for the horrors of famine which the besieged endured. Miserably disappointed as they were at the failure of the looked-for assistance from England, the mayor of the town, Guiton, rejected the conditions of peace which Cardinal Richelieu offered; namely, that they would raze their fortifications to the ground, and suffer the Catholics to enter. But there was a traitorous faction in the town; and, on Guiton's rejection of the terms, this faction collected in one night a crowd of women and children and aged persons, and drove them beyond the lines; they were useless, and yet they ate food. Driven out from the beloved city, tottering, faint, and weary, they were fired at by the enemy; and the survivors came pleading back to the walls of Rochelle, pleading for a quiet shelter to die in, even if their death were caused by hunger. When two-thirds of the inhabitants had perished—when the survivors were insufficient to bury their dead—when ghastly corpses out-numbered the living, miserable, glorious Rochelle, stronghold of the Huguenots, opened its gates to receive the Roman Catholic Cardinal, who celebrated mass in the church of St. Marguerite, once the beloved sanctuary of Protestant worship. As we cling to the memory of the dead, so did the Huguenots remember Rochelle. Years—long years of suffering—gone by, a village sprung up, not twenty miles from New York, and the name of that village was New Rochelle: and the old men told with tears of the sufferings their parents had undergone when they were little children, far away across the sea, in the "pleasant" land of France.

Richelieu was otherwise occupied after this second siege of Rochelle, and had to put his schemes for the extermination of the Huguenots on one side. So they lived in a kind of trembling, uncertain peace during the remainder of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. But they strove to avert persecution by untiring submission. It was not until sixteen hundred and eighty-three that the Huguenots of the south of France resolved to profess their religion, and refuse any longer to be registered among those of the Roman Catholic faith; to be martyrs, rather than apostates or hypocrites. On an appointed Sabbath, the old deserted Huguenot churches were reopened; nay, those in ruins, of which but a few stones remained to tell the tale of having once been holy ground, were peopled with attentive hearers, listening to the Word of God as preached by reformed ministers. Languedoc, Cevennes, Dauphigny, seemed alive with Huguenots—even as the Highlands were, at the chieftain's call, alive with armed men, whose tartans had been hidden but a moment before in the harmonious and blending colors of the heather.

Dragonnades took place, and cruelties were perpetrated, which it is as well, for the honor of human nature, should be forgotten. Twenty-four thousand conversions were announced to Le Grand Louis, who fully believed in them. The more far-seeing Madame de Maintenon hinted at her doubts in the famous speech, "Even if the fathers are hypocrites, the children will be Catholics."

And then came the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A multitude of weak reasons were alleged, as is generally the case, where there is not one that is really good or presentable; such as that the Edict was never meant to be perpetual; that (by the blessing of Heaven and the dragonnades) the Huguenots had returned to the true faith, therefore the Edict was useless—a mere matter of form, &c., &c.

As a "mere matter of form," some penalties were decreed against the professors of the extinct heresy. Every Huguenot place of worship was to be destroyed; every minister who refused to conform was to be sent to the Hôpitaux des Forçats at Marseilles and at Valence. If he had been noted for his zeal, he was to be considered "obstinate," and sent to slavery for life in such of the West Indian islands as belonged to the French. The children of Huguenot parents were to be taken from them by force, and educated by the Roman Catholic monks or nuns. These are but a few of the enactments contained in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

And now come in some of the traditions which I have heard and collected.

A friend of mine, a descendant from some of the Huguenots who succeeding in emigrating to England, has told me the following particulars of her great-great-grandmother's escape. This lady's father was a Norman farmer, or rather small landed proprietor. His name was Lefebvre; he had two sons, grown men, stout and true; able to protect themselves, and choose their own line of conduct. But he had also one little daughter, Magdalen, the child of his old age, and the darling of his house; keeping it alive and glad with her innocent prattle. His small estate was far away from any large town, with its corn fields and orchards surrounding the old ancestral house. There was plenty always in it; and though the wife was an invalid, there was always a sober cheerfulness present, to give a charm to the abundance.

The family Lefebvre lived almost entirely on the produce of the estate, and had little need for much communication with their nearest neighbors, with whom, however, as kindly, well-meaning people they were on good terms, although they differed in their religion. In those days coffee was scarcely known, even in large cities; honey supplied the place of sugar, and for the potage, the *bouilli*, the vegetables, the salad, the fruit, the garden, farm and orchard of the Lefebvres was all-sufficient. The woolen cloth was spun by the men of the house

on winters' evenings, standing by the great wheel, and carefully and slowly turning it to secure evenness of thread. The women took charge of the linen, gathering, and drying, and beating the bad smelling hemp, the ugliest crop that grew about the farm; and reserving the delicate blue-flowered flax for the fine thread needed for the daughter's *trousseau;* for as soon as a woman child was born, the mother, lying too faint to work, smiled as she planned the web of dainty linen, which was to be woven at Rouen, out of the flaxen thread of gossamer fineness, to be spun by no hand, as you may guess, but that mother's own. And the farm-maidens took pride in the store of sheets and table napery which they were to have a share in preparing for the future wedding of the little baby, sleeping serene in her warm cot, by her mother's side. Such being the self-sufficient habits of the Norman farmers, it was no wonder that in the eventful year of sixteen hundred and eighty-five, Lefebvre remained ignorant for many days of that Revocation which was stirring the whole souls of his co-religionists. But there was to be a cattle fair at Avranches, and he needed a barren cow to fatten up and salt for the winter's provisions. Accordingly, the large-boned Norman horse was accoutred, summer as it was, with all its paraphernalia of high-peaked wooden saddle, blue sheep-skin, scarlet worsted fringe and tassels; and the farmer Lefebvre, slightly stiff in his limbs, after sixty winters, got on from the horse block by the stable wall, his little daughter Magdalen nodding and kissing her hand as he rode away. When he arrived at the fair in the great place before the cathedral in Avranches, he was struck with the absence of many of those who were united to him by the bond of their common persecuted religion; and on the faces of the Huguenot farmers who were there, was an expression of gloom and sadness. In answer to his inquiries, he learned for the first time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He and his sons could sacrifice any thing—would be proud of martyrdom if need were—but the clause which cut him to the heart, was that which threatened that his pretty, innocent, sweet Magdalen might be taken from him and consigned to the teachings of a convent. A convent, to the Huguenots' excited prejudices, implied a place of dissolute morals, as well as of idolatrous doctrine.

Poor farmer Lefebvre thought no more of the cow he went to purchase; the life and death—nay, the salvation or damnation—of his darling, seemed to him to depend on the speed with which he could reach his home and take measures for her safety. What these were to be he could not tell in this moment of bewildered terror; for, even while he watched the stable-boy at the inn arranging his horse's gear without daring to help him—for fear his early departure and undue haste might excite suspicion in the malignant faces he saw gathering about him—even while he trembled with impatience, his daughter might be carried away out of his sight, forever and ever. He mounted and spurred the old horse; but the road was hilly, and the steed had not had his accustomed rest; and was poorly fed, according to the habit of the country; and, at last, he almost stood still at the foot of every piece of rising-ground. Farmer Lefebvre dismounted, and ran by the horse's side up every hill, pulling him along, and encouraging his flagging speed by every conceivable noise, meant to be cheerful, though the tears were fast running down the old man's cheeks. He was almost sick with the revulsion of his fears, when he saw Magdalen sitting out in the sun, playing with the "fromages" of the mallow-plant, which are such a delight to Norman children. He got off his horse, which found its accustomed way into the stable. He kissed Magdalen over and over again, the tears coming down his cheeks like rain. And then he went in to tell his wife—his poor invalid wife. She received the news more tranquilly than he had done. Long illness had deadened the joys and fears of this world to her. She could even think and suggest. "That night a fishing-smack was to sail from Granville to the Channel Islands. Some of the people, who had called at the Lefebvre farm on their way to Avranches, had told her of ventures they were making, in sending over apples and pears to be sold in Jersey, where the orchard crops had failed. The captain was a friend of one of her absent sons; for his sake—"

"But we must part from *her*—from Magdalen, the apple of our eyes. And she—she has never left her home before, never been away from us—who will take care of her? Marie, I say, who is to take care of the precious child?" And the old man was choked with his sobs. Then his wife made answer, and said,

"God will take care of our precious child, and keep her safe from harm, till we two—or you at least, dear husband, can leave this accursed land. Or, if we can not follow her, she will be safe for heaven; whereas, if she stays here to be taken to the terrible convent, hell will be her portion, and we shall never see her again—never!"

So they were stilled by their faith into sufficient composure to plan for the little girl. The old horse was again to be harnessed and put into the cart; and if any spying Romanist looked into the cart, what would they see but straw, and a new mattrass rolled up, and peeping out of a sackcloth covering. The mother blessed her child, with a full conviction that she should never see her again. The father went with her to Granville. On the way the only relief he had was caring for her comfort in her strange imprisonment. He stroked her cheeks and smoothed her hair with his labor-hardened fingers, and coaxed her to eat the food her mother had prepared. In the evening her feet were cold. He took off his warm flannel jacket to

wrap them in. Whether it was that chill coming on the heat of the excited day, or whether the fatigue and grief broke down the old man utterly, no one can say. The child Magdalen was safely extricated from her hiding-place at the Quai at Granville, and smuggled on board of the fishing-smack, with her great chest of clothes, and half-collected *trousseau;* the captain took her safe to Jersey, and willing friends received her eventually in London. But the father—moaning to himself, "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved," saying that pitiful sentence over and over again, as if the repetition could charm away the deep sense of woe —went home, and took to his bed, and died; nor did the mother remain long after him.

One of these Lefebvre sons was the grandfather of the Duke of Dantzic, one of Napoleon's marshals. The little daughter's descendants, though not very numerous, are scattered over England; and one of them, as I have said, is the lady who told me this, and many other particulars relating to the exiled Huguenots.

At first the rigorous decrees of the Revocation were principally enforced against the ministers of religion. They were all required to leave Paris at forty-eight hours' notice, under severe penalties for disobedience. Some of the most distinguished among them were ignominiously forced to leave the country; but the expulsion of these ministers was followed by the emigration of the more faithful among their people. In Languedoc this was especially the case; whole congregations followed their pastors; and France was being rapidly drained of the more thoughtful and intelligent of the Huguenots (who, as a people, had distinguished themselves in manufactures and commerce), when the King's minister took the alarm, and prohibited emigration, under pain of imprisonment for life; imprisonment for life, including abandonment to the tender mercies of the priests. Here again I may relate an anecdote told me by my friend: A husband and wife attempted to escape separately from some town in Brittany; the wife succeeded, and reached England, where she anxiously awaited her husband. The husband was arrested in the attempt, and imprisoned. The priest alone was allowed to visit him; and, after vainly using argument to endeavor to persuade him to renounce his obnoxious religion, the priest, with cruel zeal, had recourse to physical torture. There was a room in the prison with an iron floor, and no seat, nor means of support or rest; into this room the poor Huguenot was introduced. The iron flooring was gradually heated (one remembers the gouty gentleman whose cure was effected by a similar process in "Sandford and Merton;" but there the heat was not carried up to torture, as it was in the Huguenot's case); still the brave man was faithful. The process was repeated; all in vain. The flesh on the soles of his feet was burnt off, and he was a cripple for life; but, cripple or sound, dead or alive, a Huguenot he remained. And by-and-by, they grew weary of their useless cruelty, and the poor man was allowed to hobble about on crutches. How it was that he obtained his liberty at last, my informant could not tell. He only knew that, after years of imprisonment and torture, a poor gray cripple was seen wandering about the streets of London, making vain inquiries for his wife in his broken English, as little understood by most as the Moorish maiden's cry for "Gilbert, Gilbert." Some one at last directed him to a coffee-house near Soho Square, kept by an emigrant, who thrived upon the art, even then national, of making good coffee. It was the resort of the Huguenots, many of whom by this time had turned their intelligence to good account in busy commercial England.

To this coffee-house the poor cripple hied himself; but no one knew of his wife; she might be alive, or she might be dead: it seemed as if her name had vanished from the earth. In the corner sat a peddler listening to every thing, but saying nothing. He had come to London to lay in a stock of wares for his rounds. Now the three harbors of the French emigrants were Norwich, where they established the manufacture of Norwich crape; Spitalfields in London, where they embarked in the silk-trade; and Canterbury, where a colony of them carried on one or two delicate employments, such as jewelry, wax-bleaching, &c. The peddler took Canterbury in his way, and sought among the French residents for a woman who might correspond to the missing wife. She was there, earning her livelihood as a milliner, and believing her husband to be either a galley-slave, or dead long since in some of the terrible prisons. But, on hearing the peddler's tale, she set off at once to London, and found her poor crippled husband, who lived many years afterward in Canterbury, supported by his wife's exertions.

Another Huguenot couple determined to emigrate. They could disguise themselves; but their baby? If they were seen passing through the gates of the town in which they lived with a child, they would instantly be arrested, suspected Huguenots as they were. Their expedient was to wrap the baby into a formless bundle; to one end of which was attached a string; and then, taking advantage of the deep gutter which runs in the centre of so many old streets in French towns they placed the baby in this hollow, close to one of the gates, after dusk. The gendarme came out to open the gate to them. They were suddenly summoned to see a sick relation, they said; they were known to have an infant child, which no Huguenot mother would willingly leave behind to be brought up by Papists. So the sentinel concluded that they were not going to emigrate, at least this time; and locking the great town gates behind them, he re-entered his little guard-room. "Now, quick! quick! the string under the gate! Catch it with your hook stick. There

in the shadow. There! Thank God! the baby is safe; it has not cried! Pray God the sleeping-draught be not too strong!" It was not too strong: father, mother, and babe escaped to England, and their descendants may be reading this very paper.

Some of the French Protestants sent a letter to the State of Massachusetts (among whose historical papers it is still extant) giving an account of the persecutions to which they were exposed, and the distress they were undergoing, stating the wish of many of them to emigrate to America, and asking how far they might have privileges allowed them for following out their pursuit of agriculture. What answer was returned may be guessed from the fact that a tract of land comprising about eleven thousand acres at Oxford, near the present town of Worcester, Massachusetts, was granted to thirty Huguenots, who were invited to come over and settle there. The invitation came like a sudden summons to a land of hope across the Atlantic. There was no time for preparations; these might excite suspicion; they left the "pot boiling on the fire" (to use the expression of one of their descendants), and carried no clothes with them but what they wore. The New Englanders had too lately escaped from religious persecution themselves, not to welcome, and shelter and clothe these poor refugees when they once arrived at Boston. The little French colony at Oxford was called a plantation; and Gabriel Bernon, a descendant of a knightly name in Froissart, a Protestant merchant of Rochelle, was appointed undertaker for this settlement. They sent for a French Protestant minister, and assigned to him a salary of forty pounds a year. They bent themselves assiduously to the task of cultivating the half-cleared land, on the borders of which lay the dark forest, among which the Indians prowled and lurked, ready to spring upon the unguarded households. To protect themselves from this creeping deadly enemy, the French built a fort, traces of which yet remain. But on the murder of the Johnson family, the French dared no longer remain on the bloody spot, although more than ten acres of ground were in garden cultivation around the fort; and long afterward those who told in hushed, awe-struck voices of the Johnson murder, could point to the rose-bushes, the apple and pear trees yet standing in the Frenchmen's deserted gardens.

The descendants of the Huguenot refugees repaid in part their debt of gratitude to Massachusetts in various ways during the War of Independence; one, Gabriel Manigault, by advancing a large loan to further the objects of it. Indeed, three of the nine Presidents of the old Congress, which conducted the United States through the Revolutionary War, were descendants of the French Protestant refugees. General Francis Marion, who fought bravely under Washington, was of Huguenot descent. In fact, both in England and France, the Huguenot refugees showed themselves temperate, industrious, thoughtful, intelligent people, full of good principle and strength of character. But all this is implied in the circumstance that they suffered and emigrated to secure the rights of conscience.

MY UNCLE MAURICE.

WHENEVER I have need to strengthen myself in all that is good, I turn my thoughts to my Uncle Maurice. I see again the gentle expression of his half-smiling, half-mournful face; I hear his voice, always soft and soothing as a breath of summer? The remembrance of him protects my life, and gives it light. He was a saint and martyr here below; others have pointed out the path of heaven; he has taught us to see those of earth aright.

But except the angels, who are charged with noting down the sacrifices performed in secret, and the virtues which are never known, who has ever heard speak of my uncle Maurice? Perhaps I alone remember his name, and still recollect his history.

Well! I will write it, not for others but for myself! They say that, at the sight of the Apollo, the body erects itself and assumes a more dignified attitude: in the same way, the soul should feel itself raised and ennobled by the recollection of a good man's life.

A ray of the rising sun lights up the little table on which I write: the breeze brings me in the scent of the mignonnette, and the swallows wheel about my window with joyful twitterings The image of my uncle Maurice will be in its proper place amidst the songs, the sunshine, and the fragrance.

It is with men's lives as with days: some dawn radiant with a thousand colors, others dark with gloomy clouds. That of my uncle Maurice was one of the latter. He was so sickly when he came into the world, that they thought he must die: but notwithstanding these anticipations, which might be called hopes, he continued to live, suffering and deformed.

He was deprived of all the joys as well as of all the attractions of childhood. He was oppressed because he was weak, and laughed at for his deformity. In vain the little hunchback opened his arms to the world; the world scoffed at him, and went its way.

However, he still had his mother, and it was to her that the child directed all the feelings of a heart repulsed by others. With her he found shelter, and was happy, till he reached the age when a man must take his place in life; and Maurice had to content himself with that which others had refused with contempt. His education would have qualified him for any course of life; and he became a clerk in one of the little toll-houses at the entrance of his native town.

He was always shut up in this dwelling of a few feet square, with no relaxation from the office accounts but reading, and his mother's visits. On fine summer days she came to work

at the door of his hut, under the shade of a clematis planted by Maurice. And then even when she was silent, her presence was a pleasant change for the hunchback; he heard the clinking of her long knitting needles, he saw her mild and mournful profile, which reminded him of so many courageously borne trials; he could every now and then rest his head affectionately on that bowed down neck, and exchange a smile with her!

This comfort was soon to be taken from him. His old mother fell sick, and at the end of a few days he had to give up all hope. Maurice was overcome at the idea of a separation which would henceforth leave him alone on earth, and abandoned himself to boundless grief. He knelt by the bedside of the dying woman, he called her by the fondest names, he pressed her in his arms, as if he could so keep her in life. His mother tried to return his caresses, and to answer him; but her hands were cold, her voice already gone. She could only press her lips against the forehead of her son, heave a sigh, and close her eyes forever!

They tried to take Maurice away, but he resisted them, and threw himself on that now motionless form.

"Dead!" cried he; "dead! She who had never left me, she who was the only one in the world who loved me! You, my mother, dead! What then remains for me here below?"

A stifled voice replied—"God!"

Maurice, startled, raised himself up. Was it a last sigh from the dead, or his own conscience, that had answered him? He did not seek to know, but he understood the answer, and accepted it.

It was then that I first knew him. I often went to see him in his little toll-house; he mixed in my childish games, told me his finest stories, and let me gather his flowers. Deprived as he was of all external attractiveness, he showed himself full of kindness to all who came to him, and, though he never would put himself forward, he had a welcome for every one. Deserted, despised, he submitted to every thing with a gentle patience; and while he was thus stretched on the cross of life, amid the insults of his executioners, he repeated with Christ—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

No other clerk showed so much honesty, zeal, and intelligence; but those who otherwise might have promoted him as his services deserved, were repulsed by his deformity. As he had no patrons he found his claims were always disregarded. They preferred before him those who were better able to make themselves agreeable, and seemed to be granting him a favor when letting him keep the humble office which enabled him to live. Uncle Maurice bore injustice as he had borne contempt; unfairly treated by men, he raised his eyes higher, and trusted in the justice of Him who can not be deceived.

He lived in an old house in the suburb, where many work-people, as poor but not as forlorn as he, also lodged. Among these neighbors there was a single woman, who lived by herself in a little garret, into which came both wind and rain. She was a young girl, pale, silent, and with nothing to recommend her but her wretchedness, and her resignation to it. She was never seen speaking to any other woman, and no song cheered her garret. She worked without interest and without relaxation; a depressing gloom seemed to envelop her like a shroud. Her dejection affected Maurice; he attempted to speak to her: she replied mildly, but in few words. It was easy to see that she preferred her silence and her solitude to the little hunchback's good-will; he perceived it, and said no more.

But Toinette's needle was hardly sufficient for her support, and presently work failed her? Maurice learned that the poor girl was in want of every thing, and that the tradesmen refused to give her credit. He immediately went to them, and privately engaged to pay them for what they supplied Toinette with.

Things went on in this way for several months. The young dressmaker continued out of work, until she was at last frightened at the bills she had contracted with the shopkeepers. When she came to an explanation with them, every thing was discovered. Her first impulse was to run to Uncle Maurice, and thank him on her knees. Her habitual reserve had given way to a burst of deepest feeling. It seemed as if gratitude had melted all the ice of that numbed heart.

Being now no longer embarrassed with a secret, the little hunchback could give greater efficacy to his good offices. Toinette became to him a sister, for whose wants he had a right to provide. It was the first time since the death of his mother that he had been able to share his life with another. The young woman received his attentions with feeling—but with reserve. All Maurice's efforts were insufficient to dispel her gloom: she seemed touched by his kindness, and sometimes expressed her sense of it with warmth; but there she stopped. Her heart was a closed book, which the little hunchback might bend over, but could not read. In truth he cared little to do so: he gave himself up to the happiness of being no longer alone, and took Toinette such as her long trials had made her: he loved her as she was, and wished for nothing else but still to enjoy her company.

This thought insensibly took possession of his mind, to the exclusion of all besides. The poor girl was as forlorn as himself; she had become accustomed to the deformity of the hunchback, and she seemed to look on him with an affectionate sympathy! What more could he wish for? Until then, the hopes of making himself acceptable to a helpmate had been repelled by Maurice as a dream; but chance seemed willing to make it a reality. After much hesitation he took courage, and decided to speak to her.

It was evening; the little hunchback, in much agitation, directed his steps toward the workwoman's garret. Just as he was about to enter, he thought he heard a strange voice pronouncing the maiden's name. He quickly pushed open the door, and perceived Toinette weeping, and leaning on the shoulder of a young man in the dress of a sailor.

At the sight of my uncle, she disengaged herself quickly, and ran to him, crying out—

"Ah! come in—come in! It is he that I thought was dead: it is Julien; it is my betrothed!"

Maurice tottered and drew back. A single word had told him all!

It seemed to him as if the ground shook and his heart was going to break; but the same voice that he had heard by his mother's deathbed, again sounded in his ears, and he soon recovered himself. God was still his friend!

He himself accompanied the newly-married pair on the road when they went away, and after having wished them all the happiness which was denied to him, he returned with resignation to the old house in the suburb.

It was there that he ended his life, forsaken by men, but not, as he said, by the *Father which is in Heaven.* He felt His presence every where; it was to him in the place of all else. When he died, it was with a smile, and like an exile setting out for his own country. He who had consoled him in poverty and ill health, when he was suffering from injustice and forsaken by all, had made death a gain and blessing to him.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS met on the 5th of December. Senator Atcheson took his seat as presiding officer in the Senate, and Hon. LINN BOYD, of Kentucky, was chosen Speaker in the House of Representatives. The President's Message was submitted to Congress on the 6th. It opens by citing the general interest felt in the assembling of Congress as an evidence of the capacity of the people for self-government, and proceeds to say that we can place no reliance on any apparent progress that is not sustained by national integrity, resting on the great truths affirmed and illustrated by divine revelation. The Message then passes to the subject of our foreign relations. For some years past Great Britain has so construed the convention of 1818, in regard to the fisheries, as to exclude our citizens from some of the fishing grounds, to which before that time they had freely resorted. The United States have never acquiesced in this construction, and a negotiation has been opened to remove all difficulties on the subject, with a fair prospect of a favorable result. Embarrassing questions have arisen between Great Britain and the United States, in regard to Central America, which our minister is instructed to negotiate upon. A commission is sitting in London to adjust the claims of citizens of each country against the government of the other. It is deemed highly desirable that the boundary line between the United States and the British Provinces on the Northwest, as fixed by the treaty of 1846, should be traced and marked. With France our relations continue on the most friendly footing:—some progress has been made in negotiating a new treaty of commerce and navigation. Since the last Congress, no attempts have been made by unauthorized expeditions within the United States against Cuba and Porto Rico:—should any such movement take place, the President says all the means at his command will be used to repress them. Several annoying occurrences have taken place in Cuba between our citizens and the Spanish authorities; and great difficulty is experienced in obtaining redress, or in making explanations, because no diplomatic intercourse is permitted between our Consul at Havana and the Captain-General of Cuba. Considering the proximity of Cuba to our shores, and the suspicious vigilance with which foreign interference is there guarded, a repetition of occasions of misunderstanding is to be apprehended; and our Minister at Madrid has been instructed to endeavor to secure provision for a direct appeal for redress to the Captain-General by our Consul, in behalf of our injured citizens. The claims of Spain for losses in the case of the schooner Amistad is urged, as just, upon the attention of Congress. The facts of the seizure of Koszta by Austrian agents, his imprisonment on board an Austrian brig of war, and his forcible rescue by Captain Ingraham, are rehearsed; and the President states that, after a careful consideration of the case, he came to the conclusion that Koszta was seized without legal authority at Smyrna; that he was wrongfully detained on board of the Austrian brig of war; that at the time of his seizure he was clothed with the nationality of the United States; and that the acts of our officers, under the circumstances of the case, were justifiable. Their conduct has been, therefore, fully approved by him, and a compliance with the several demands of the Emperor of Austria has been declined. He states also, that the principles and policy maintained on the part of the United States in the letter of the Secretary of State, of which a summary was given in our last Record, will, whenever a proper occasion occurs, be applied and enforced. The Commissioner to China has been instructed to avail himself of all occasions to open and extend our commercial relations, not only with that empire, but with other Asiatic nations. Intelligence has been received of the arrival in Japan of Commodore Perry, but it is not yet ascertained how far the Emperor will be disposed to abandon his restrictive policy, and open that populous country to a commercial intercourse with the United States. With Mexico a dispute has arisen as to the true boundary line between our Territory of New Mexico and the Mexican State of Chihuahua. The United States Commissioner employed in running the line, made a serious mistake in determining the initial point on the Rio Grande: but as his decision was clearly a departure from his instructions, and was not concurred in by the United States Surveyor, whose concurrence was necessary to its validity, our Government is not concluded thereby; that of Mexico, however, takes a different view of the subject. Negotiations are in progress

for an amicable adjustment of this and other points of difference between the two governments. A minister was sent in July last to the States of Central America; as yet he has had time to visit Nicaragua alone, where he met a most friendly reception. Particular attention has been given to securing the free navigation of the river Amazon and its tributaries. The Republic of Paraguay and the Argentine Confederation have yielded to a liberal policy in regard to the navigable rivers within their limits; but Brazil persists in such restrictions as to obstruct and nearly exclude foreign commercial intercourse with the States which lie upon the tributaries and upper branches of the Amazon. A new branch of commerce, in guano, has recently been opened with Peru. Great difficulty has been found in obtaining a sufficient supply. There has been a serious collision between our citizens who have resorted to the Chincha islands for it, and the Peruvian authorities stationed there. Peru is, however, disposed to offer adequate indemnity to the parties aggrieved.

In regard to our domestic relations, the President says we are also exempt from any cause of serious disquietude. The controversies which have agitated the country heretofore are passing away with the causes which produced them. The United States have continued steadily to expand by acquisitions of territory now universally admitted to have been wise in policy and just in character. The President regards the proper sphere of action for the Federal Government as being in those things in which the States have a common interest in their relations to each other and to foreign governments, and recognizes the effective democracy of the nation in the general reserved powers of the people of the several States. He says he has no occasion to suggest any radical changes in the financial policy of the government; ours is the only country which has a surplus revenue drawn immediately from imposts on commerce, and therefore measured by the spontaneous enterprise and prosperity of the country. The revenue goes on from year to year increasing beyond either the interest or the prospective wants of the government. At the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1852, there was a balance in the treasury of $14,632,136. The revenue for the last year amounted to $61,337,574; while the public expenditures for the same period, exclusive of payments on the public debt, amounted to $43,554,262—leaving a balance of $32,425,447 of receipts above expenditures. In view of this increasing surplus, the President early decided that it was his duty, first, to apply the surplus revenue to the discharge of the public debt, so far as it could be judiciously done; and, secondly, to devise means for the gradual reduction of the revenue to the standard of the public exigencies. The first of these objects has been in the course of gradual accomplishment. Since the 4th of March, 1853, payments have been made on the public debt to the amount of $12,703,329, leaving unpaid $56,486,708. The second object is to be attained by the reduction of the tariff; and the plan of the Secretary of the Treasury, which is to reduce the duties on certain articles, and to add to the free list many articles now taxed, and especially such as enter into manufactures, and are not largely, or at all, produced in the country, is commended to the candid and careful consideration of Congress. Attention is also asked to improvements in the mode of settling accounts with the government; to the progress made in the construction of marine hospitals, custom-houses, and of a new Mint in California and Assay Office in the city of New York; and also to the eminently successful progress of the coast survey and of the Light-house Board. The President commends the increase of the Navy and of the Army, suggested by the Secretaries in those Departments, to the favor of Congress. The gross expenditures of the Post-office Department for the year have been $7,982,756, and the gross receipts $5,942,734, showing a deficit of $2,042,032. The total amount of the public lands disposed of during the year was 25,346,992 acres, of which 1,083,495 were sold. The net profits from the sales of public lands up to the present time amounts to $53,289,465. The extension of the present land system to Utah and New Mexico is recommended. No modification of it is suggested except in favor of the actual settler. Congress has for many years exercised the power to construct roads within the territories, and there are so many and obvious distinctions between this exercise of power and that of making roads within the States, that the former has never been considered subject to such objections as apply to the latter, and such may now be considered the settled construction of the power of the Federal Government upon the subject. Numerous applications are made for grants of lands in aid of the construction of rail-roads within the States; all such grants should be restricted to cases where it would be for the interest of a proprietor, under like circumstances, thus to contribute to the construction of these works. The President commends to Congress the inventors and men of genius of our country, and an extension of the judiciary system of the United States, which is now confessedly inadequate to the duties expected of it. The President says he does not ask appropriations for works of internal improvement, in twenty-seven of the States, the estimates for which amount to $1,754,500, because, independently of the grounds which have so often been urged against the application of the Federal revenue for works of this character, inequality, with consequent injustice, is inherent in the nature of the proposition, and because the plan has proved entirely inadequate to the accomplishment of the objects sought. The subject of internal improvements has long been one of political discussion and division. General Jackson, in his message of 1830, endeavored to bring the action of the government back to the construction of the Constitution set up in 1798, but admitted the difficulty of doing so. The President thinks that the fact of the policy hitherto pursued having provoked constant strife, without arriving at a satisfactory solution, should suggest the inquiry whether there may not be a plan likely to be crowned by happier results. Without perceiving any sound distinction, or intending to assert any principle as opposed to improvements needed for the protection of internal commerce, which does not equally apply to improvements upon the seaboard for the protection of foreign commerce, the President submits whether it may not be safely anticipated that, if the policy were once settled against appropriations by the general government for local improvements for the benefit of commerce, localities requiring expenditures would not, by modes and means clearly legitimate and proper, raise the fund necessary for such constructions as the safety or other interests of their commerce might require. He asks the deliberate reconsideration of Congress for the subject, with the hope that it may devise a plan which may promise something better than constant strife, the suspension of the powers of local enterprise, the exciting

of vain hopes, and the disappointment of cherished expectations. In regard to the construction of a rail-road to the Pacific, the President says that the power to construct military roads, as incidental to the general defense, can not be denied to Congress, but that the peaceful policy and advancing prosperity of the country impose upon us no urgent necessity for such preparation. All experience shows that, wherever private enterprise will avail, government should leave to it the location and execution of all means of communication. Surveys have been undertaken by the government to determine the most practicable and economical route for a rail-road from the Mississippi River to the Pacific. While the heavy expense, great delay, and difficulty of reaching the Pacific serve to exhibit strikingly the importance of such a work, neither these nor all considerations combined can have an appreciable value when weighed against the obligation strictly to adhere to the Constitution, and faithfully to execute the powers it confers. The connection of government with such a road, even in the territories, should be incidental rather than primary. The President upon this subject says, further, that, fully appreciating the magnitude of the subject, and solicitous that the Atlantic and Pacific shores of the Republic may be bound together by inseparable ties of common interest, as well as of common fealty and attachment to the Union, he will be disposed, so far as his action is concerned, to follow the lights of the Constitution, as expounded and illustrated by those whose opinions and expositions constitute the standard of his political faith in regard to the powers of the Federal Government; but that no grandeur of enterprise, and no present urgent inducement promising popular favor, will lead him to disregard those lights, or to depart from that path which experience has proved to be safe, and which is now radiant with the glow of prosperity and legitimate constitutional progress. Without wishing to give prominence to questions which have been set at rest by the deliberate judgment of the people, the President refers to the Compromise Measures of 1850 as having restored a sense of repose and security to the public mind throughout the confederacy. That this repose will suffer no shock during his official term, if he has power to avert it, those who placed him there may rest assured. The successive decennial returns of the Census have shown that we double our population every quarter century, and the same rate of growth will probably continue. So vast a confederation as this must become ere many years, can only be kept together by a close adherence to the letter of the Federal Constitution. The minimum of Federal Government, compatible with the maintenance of national unity and efficient action in our relations with the rest of the world, should afford the rule and measure of construction of our powers under the general clauses of the Constitution. The cultivation of a fraternal spirit among the States, and the application of frugality and rigid economy, with official integrity in the administration of the powers of government, are indispensable to our success. The message concludes by announcing the death of the Vice-President, on the 18th of April last.

The Reports of the several Departments were transmitted to Congress with the Message. They contain various details of interest concerning the several branches of the public service. The Secretary of the Treasury, after giving the statements already repeated from the Message, says that the condition and prospects of the Treasury will justify the application of fifteen millions more toward the liquidation of the debt. The value of imports during the year, exclusive of specie, was $263,777,265:—of exports $202,965,375. The estimated revenue for 1855 is thought to be sufficient to pay the expenses of the government, discharge a large portion of the public debt, and justify a considerable reduction of the duties. The Secretary proposes to remove the duties entirely from a large class of articles; to impose an *ad valorem* duty of one hundred per cent on a large class of specific articles; and to fix the duty upon all others at twenty-five per cent. The first change, it is thought, will reduce the revenue about eight millions of dollars, and the other two will reduce it four and a half, making twelve and a half millions of diminution in all. Besides effecting a needed reduction of revenue, these measures, it is thought, will greatly simplify and facilitate its collection. The coinage at the Mint during the year to the 1st of October, was of gold $46,998,945; and of silver $6,996,225. Within the last four years the large amount of $135,972,095 in gold and silver has been added to the coin remaining in the country. Should this increase continue for a few years longer, the Secretary thinks the country will be able to dispense with Banks of Issue and their attendant evils. The Branch Mint at San Francisco and the Assay Office at New York have been contracted for. The Coast Survey has made good progress during the year; its operations have extended to all the states and territories of our coast on the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Gulf of Mexico. There are 347 Light Houses in operation, 27 more in course of construction, and 44 more authorized, but not commenced. The estimate for this service for 1854 is $890,033—for 1855 it is $906,161.

The Report of the Postmaster-general states that the aggregate length of the mail routes within the United States on the 30th of June last, was 217,743 miles, and that the annual transportation of the mails thereon was 61,892,542 miles, at a cost of $4,495,968, being about seven cents and two mills per mile. Of the above aggregate 585,806 miles was in California, and 108,274 in Oregon. The expenditures of the Post-office department during the year were $7,882,756: its gross income $5,940,724. Great difficulty has been experienced in determining the prices to be paid to Rail-road Companies for carrying the mails, and a large part of the excess in expenses over receipts is charged to the exorbitant prices which they exact. The Postmaster recommends that Congress shall hereafter fix the prices to be paid in case of difference between the Companies and the Department. The sales of postage stamps sold during the year amounted to $1,629,262. The cost of the service for the mail steamship lines, and for transportation across the isthmus was $1,965,857:—the revenue from the same lines was $613,232. The postage on letters sent from Great Britain to the United States by the Cunard steamers was $325,200:—by the Collins steamers making half as many trips it was but $106,065. This is attributed by the Postmaster to the partiality of the British. The number of letters and newspapers conveyed between the United States and Europe during the year was as follows:

	Letters.	Newspapers.
By the Cunard line	2,774,423	1,044,163
By the Collins	1,018,345	305,945
By the Bremen	412,117	3,013
By the Havre	406,129	4,986
By Prussian mail		33,155
Total	4,611,014	1,391,262

An arrangement has been made with Great Britain by which the United States avail themselves of facilities secured by treaties between Great Britain and the several governments on the west coast of South America, for the transportation of the mails. The rate of postage on magazines has been reduced to one cent an ounce to all foreign countries except Great Britain. Satisfactory negotiations for postal arrangements have been concluded, or are pending with France, Belgium, Prussia, and Bremen. It is suggested that instead of the present arrangement with the Collins line of steamers, a fixed sum might be paid to each American vessel for each trip, thus throwing the matter open to individual enterprise and competition.

The Report of the Secretary of War states the actual strength of the army at 10,417 officers and men, of which number 8378 are employed on the frontiers, or on their way thither. Except in California and Oregon, the Indian depredations have been comparatively infrequent. In Texas they have also diminished. On the Rio Grande, the protection of the inhabitants, and the fulfillment of our treaty stipulations with Mexico, have made it necessary to strengthen our posts and increase the number of troops. It is thought that, for the service of the coming year, 4600 recruits will be needed; and great difficulty is apprehended in procuring them so long as the rates of payment are so inadequate. From 1826 to the commencement of the Mexican war the total loss, independent of expiration of service, was 23¾ per cent. of the actual strength of the army; and since the termination of the war, the loss has been 28 per cent. The Secretary ascribes this to the disparity between the pay of the soldier and the value of labor in civil life, and the fact that length of service carries with it no reward in increased pay, rank, or privilege. He urges amendments to the existing law in these respects. The Military Academy at West Point is commended to favor, and a sketch is presented of the various exploring expeditions that have been authorized.

The Secretary of the Navy gives a statement of the position and movements of the various vessels in service during the year—rehearsing them at considerable length. The principal events referred to are the expeditions of Commander Lynch and Dr. Kane, the protection of the fisheries, the services of Professor Maury, the astronomical observations of Lieutenant Gillis in Chili, and the exploration of the Amazon. The navy-yards are reported to be in good condition. Various important suggestions are made of reforms in the organization of the navy. The size of our navy, moreover, is thought to be entirely inadequate to the duties required of it, and Congress is urged to provide for the construction of six new steam propellers, and to increase the authorized enlistment of men from 7500 to 10,000. The Secretary recommends a retired list, on reduced pay, for the faithful who have become infirm, the discharge of the inefficient, promotion regulated by merit, and not merely by seniority of service, and pay to some extent controlled by service at sea—the application of these pensions to be determined by a Board of Commissioners. The expenditures for last year were $6,939,723; the estimates for the next are $9,351,171.

The Secretary of the Interior reports that, during the last year, 9,819,411 acres of the public lands have been surveyed, and 10,363,891 brought into the market. In the same period there were sold, located with military warrants, donated to railroads, or given to States, 23,346,992 acres. Cash sales of land will be light for some time to come, as a long time will be required to exhaust the land warrants. The whole amount accruing from the sales of land up to the 30th of June, 1853, was $142,283,278, being $53,589,465 more than the last, including expenses of survey and sale. The pension fund has proved inadequate to the drafts upon it, and is $200,000 short. The business of the Patent Office is constantly increasing. The number of Indians within the limits of the United States is stated at 400,000, of whom 18,000 are east of the Mississippi River. Those of the Plains and Rocky Mountains are estimated at 63,000; those in Texas at 29,000; California, 100,000; Washington and Oregon, 23,000; New Mexico, 45,000, and Utah at 12,000. The Secretary recommends that the system of cash annuity payments, except in a few cases, be abolished, and that goods, provisions, and implements of husbandry be substituted therefor. The estimated expenditures for the ensuing year are $3,937,793.

In Congress but little has been done beyond the reception and reference of the Message and Reports to the appropriate committees. The Senate contains 35 democrats and 22 whigs—there being five vacancies. In the House there are 159 democrats, 71 whigs, and 4 free soilers. In the *Senate*, on the 8th, the death of Vice-President King was announced, and appropriate eulogies were pronounced by Senators Hunter, Everett, Cass, Douglas, and Clayton. Bills have been introduced providing for a rail-road to the Pacific, but no action has been taken upon them. On the 19th, the death of Senator Atherton was announced. In the *House*, a resolution, introduced by Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, declaring that the power to construct rail-roads through the territories of the United States is incidental and indispensable for the discharge of the duty imposed on Congress to provide for the common defense and for the general welfare, was laid on the table, on the 13th, by a vote of 118 to 74; and a similar disposition was made of similar resolutions subsequently introduced, by very nearly the same vote. On the 14th, a resolution directing the Committee on Commerce to report a bill for the completion of public works for which appropriations were made by the last Congress, was laid on the table by a vote of 102 to 75. On the 20th, a Bill was reported by the Naval Committee, authorizing the construction of six first-class steam frigates, and appropriating three millions of dollars to that object. A resolution offered by Mr. Sage, of New York, authorizing Congress to purchase Mount Vernon, was laid on the table by a vote of 88 to 85. Mr. Dean, of New York, offered a resolution to present a sword and the thanks of Congress to Captain Ingraham. The general subject was debated in Committee of the Whole on several successive days, but no action had been taken upon it at the time of closing this Record.

The celebrated Irish exile, John Mitchel, recently made his escape from Van Dieman's Land, and reached New York by way of San Francisco on the 29th of November. On the 8th of December he attended a public banquet given in honor of him by the authorities of Brooklyn, and on the 19th was complimented by another from citizens of New York. On both occasions he made speeches, avowing an undying hatred of the British Government for its oppression of his country, and severely reviewing the declaration of Secretary Marcy, in his letter on the Koszta case, that the United States would not

aid or countenance the endeavors of propagandists to disturb the peace of other countries.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 7th of December. Heavy rains had occurred and put an end for a time to mining operations in various sections. The report of the grand jury represents crime as steadily increasing. Against several of the city officers bills of indictment have been found for violations of the law regulating their duties. Reports are circulated in California of the discovery of gold mines of great value in Sonora, and of the ardent desire of the inhabitants of that Mexican department to become annexed to the United States; they are generally supposed, however, to be designed to raise re-enforcements for the expedition that has already gone thither, and command but little credit. It is said that some excellent specimens of cotton have been produced in the Sacramento. A very fine white sugar is also extracted from the pine-tree of California. The cash receipts into the State Treasury during the year were $98,556. The State debt is $3,197,688. The expenses of the Legislature last year were $106,093.

From *Washington Territory* our dates are to the 5th of November. Governor Stevens, on his way across the plains in charge of an exploring party, had been heard from, and was expected in Olympia on the 16th. The Census of the Territory is not yet completed. Some further Indian disturbances have taken place, but they were repressed with little loss.

CUBA.

On the 3d of December the new Captain General of Cuba, General Don Juan de Pezeula, entered upon the discharge of his official duties. General Canedo, in taking his leave, made a brief address to the army, exhorting them to continued loyalty, and declaring his full conviction that the attachment of the inhabitants of Cuba to the Spanish government will be sufficient to repel all invasions that may be attempted. A private circular has been issued, however, directing the measures to be taken in the event of any renewed attempt at insurrection. They are aimed at the Creole portion of the inhabitants, who are all declared to be hostile, or at least indifferent to the Spanish cause. The Government is directed, upon any attempt at insurrection, to seize and imprison all the influential Creoles, to levy contributions *ad libitum* upon them for the support of the war, to exact a loan of two millions of dollars from the merchants, and giving it absolute power of life and death over all suspected persons.——Judge Clayton, recently appointed U. S. Consul at Havana, has resigned and returned home.

MEXICO.

From Mexico we have intelligence of political movements looking unmistakably toward a restoration of the Empire. A paper called the plan of Guadalajara has been drawn up and circulated among the departments, declaring that, on account of the continued plots of the enemies of the public tranquillity, and the constant threats of the United States, and inasmuch as experience demonstrates the hostility of the Mexican people to the decrease of power on the part of the government, the term originally fixed as the limit of the duration of the Executive Power is prolonged for such a time as the President, General Santa Anna, may think necessary; that he is formally invested with the full power he has exercised, and that he is also placed at the head of the army. This act has been signed by over seventy prominent persons, and has received the assent of a large number of the departments, cities, and large towns. On the 1st and 2d of December the assent of the civil and military authorities of the city of Mexico was formally given, with a good deal of ceremony and *éclat*. General Santa Anna, on being officially informed of the adhesion, made a brief speech, declaring that the sacrifices he had made for the country ought to convince not only the capital, but the entire nation, that his consecration to its service could no longer recognize any limits, and that he should know how to respond to the mark of confidence with which he had been honored. General Lombardini had issued a general order to the troops congratulating them on the change that had taken place, and an illumination of the city had been directed. It was supposed that the official proclamation of the Empire would take place on the 19th of December, and that the new Emperor would take the title of Antonio I. The financial and general condition of the country is represented as being very deplorable. Three Commissioners had been appointed to consider propositions made by the American Minister for a settlement of the pending differences concerning the Mesilla Valley and the Garay Grant.——A company of about forty men left San Francisco in October, and landed at La Paz in Lower California on the 4th of November. They took possession of the town, driving out the few Mexicans who opposed them and taking the Mexican Governor prisoner. They then went through the formality of declaring the independence of the country from Mexico, and of electing their leader, Captain Walker, President of the new Republic. Later advices state that on the 8th they re-embarked with the intention, as was supposed, of taking refuge at Guyamas, and awaiting re-enforcements expected from San Francisco. This invasion of their territory has created a good deal of excitement in Mexico. It is reported that the Government of the United States has sent orders to the U. S. officers in California to be vigilant in preventing any further departures, and in punishing those who had thus violated the neutrality laws of the country.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Eastern question seems to engross the chief share of public attention in England. The latest intelligence received up to the time of putting this Record to press, asserts absolutely that France and England have secured the co-operation of Austria and Prussia, and that the four Powers have signed a convention pledging themselves not to permit any change in the existing territorial arrangements of Europe, and to urge on the contending powers the importance of settling their disputes on some mutually satisfactory basis. Such a convention, if it has actually been concluded, is of great importance, not as promising to put a very speedy end to the war between Russia and Turkey, but as detaching Austria from the alliance with Russia, and securing her co-operation with the Western powers of Europe. This would remove all provocation and opportunity to insurrection from Hungary and Italy, and be of immense importance in preventing that general European war which has generally been apprehended as the result of the war in the East. The effect of it, however, seemed likely to be weakened by the aggression of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, which had just been reported in England at our latest dates.

The current of popular feeling in England seems to set strongly in favor of Turkey. Large public meetings have been held to discuss the subject at

Manchester and Glasgow. At the former place Admiral Sir Charles Napier made a speech, pointing to the fact that Russia, by being allowed to retain the Principalities, would be increasing her Austrian frontier, now but eighty miles, to three or four hundred; and that her next movement would be to seize on Constantinople. This would seriously endanger the English possessions in India, and ought, therefore, to be resolutely and promptly resisted by Great Britain. Too much weight should not be given to the French alliance, since she might prove faithless. The Admiral urged the importance of increasing the navy, and being prepared at all points for war.——The meeting at Glasgow, held on the 24th of November, was chiefly noticeable on account of a letter from M. Kossuth, in reply to an invitation to attend it. The chief object of the letter was to show that all the great interests, political and material of Great Britain, impelled her to sustain Turkey, not by half way measures, nor by a merely passive attitude, but by open, manly, and effective aid. The great question at stake, he said, was simply the sovereign right of every nation to manage its own concerns; and if Russia should succeed in her present attempt upon Turkey, she would exercise an absolute predominance over the whole of Europe, and England would lose irrecoverably her position of a first-rate power. The dispute about the Greek Church, the asylum afforded to political exiles, and the wounded dignity of the Czar were only trifling matters, and had nothing to do with the main issue. The real object of Russia was to obtain supremacy in Europe—to make herself a great maritime power, and this could only be done by acquiring possession of Turkey. M. Kossuth adds, that Austria dare not take ground against the Czar, for if she should, he could by a single word raise the Sclavonic population of the empire against her—and he declared that the Hungarians would join with Russia rather than submit to Austria, whenever the choice should be offered. The Turkish empire, he said, could have no more valuable ally in its present struggle, and no better guarantee against future encroachments than the Hungarian nation. At a meeting of the Polish Revolutionary Committee in London, a brief but stirring letter from Mazzini was read, declaring his unyielding devotion to the cause of liberty, and exhorting the people of England to war, as absolutely necessary to decide whether Europe is to be given over forever to despotism, or whether it shall be free, orderly, and peacefully progressive.——Another indication of an awakening interest in the movements of the day on the part of Poland, is found in an address issued to his countrymen by Prince Czartoryski, who has been, since the downfall of his country, a resident of Paris. It is able and dignified. Its main object is to inspire the Poles with the belief that the hour of their redemption will arrive, that patience, calmness, and above all, confidence and union are essential to final success; that the excesses of revolution are to be avoided, and that obedience to his directions, as their rightful head, is more than ever essential. Prince Czartoryski represents the aristocratic party, and has no sympathy with those who desire popular institutions with independence.

The Record of the month comprises few domestic incidents of special interest in Great Britain. The Dublin Exhibition was closed on the 1st of November, by the Lord Lieutenant, in the presence of over 20,000 persons. The ceremonies were very brief.——Lord Mayor's day was celebrated in London on the 9th of November, with even more than usual display. At the banquet in Guildhall, the Earl of Aberdeen declared the policy of the Ministry to be a policy of peace, but intimated that a time might arise when war could not be honorably avoided.——Mr. Roebuck, being invited to attend a *soirée* of the Mechanics' Library at Sheffield, declined because, being anxious to get back to Parliament, he had been advised to avoid all scenes of excitement; but he took occasion to declare his approval of popular education, and his censure of those who would obstruct it on account of religious differences. He looked upon mechanics' institutions as neutral ground, and as one of the chief means of educating the people.——At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held on the 14th of November, Captain Inglefield and Lieutenant Cresswell made an official communication of the discoveries of Captain McClure, reported in our last Record. In commenting upon them, Sir Roderick Murchison expressed his belief that Sir John Franklin had gone through Wellington Straits to the North, and that he might have been frozen in by the pack of ice, and thus been unable to return. But not only Sir John Franklin, but Captain Collinson also is now in the Northern seas, and he thought that something should be done for his rescue. Captain Inglefield thought that another effort should be made to find Franklin, and said he would be glad to take an expedition to explore the Northwest passage by way of Nova Zembla and the coast of Siberia, and so to the North of Spitzbergen. It was resolved that the Admiralty should be solicited to send out another expedition in the summer of 1854.——The Presbytery of Edinburgh recently applied to Lord Palmerston, asking whether government intended to appoint a national fast day on account of the cholera. His Lordship replied in the negative, saying that it was the duty of man to attend to those laws by which Providence has connected health with the absence of those noxious gases which proceed from over-crowded human beings, or from decomposing substances; and that the recent visitation of the cholera is an awful warning that those laws have been disregarded. He suggested, therefore, that the best thing they could do, would be to take measures for a sanitary reform—to get rid of those sources of contagion which would breed pestilence, in spite of the prayers and fastings of a united but inactive nation. When man has done his utmost for his own safety, then is the time to invoke the blessing of Heaven to give effect to his exertions.

THE CONTINENT.

Beyond the events noticed elsewhere, but few incidents of importance have occurred on the Continent. The trial of thirty-three persons, charged with conspiracy against the Emperor, closed on the 22d of November. The plot embraced two secret societies, and was designed to end in Louis Napoleon's assassination, which seems, moreover, to have been nearly accomplished at the Opera Comique, in July. One of the parties who had agreed to shoot him, on a given signal, succeeded in getting within two or three feet of him, and did not execute his purpose simply because he did not receive the signal. It is stated that the object of the assassination was to proclaim the Republic, and make Blanqui dictator. Of the prisoners, three were condemned to eight years' banishment; seven to transportation; one to ten years' detention; three to seven years, and three to five years' detention; one to imprisonment for five, and another for three years. A num-

ber of political arrests have since been made at Tours and Dijon. An imperial decree has recently been issued reducing the duty on foreign coals and iron.——In *Rome*, Father Babola, a Pole, who was put to death by Russian officers in 1657, has been promoted to the Calendar of Saints. The ceremony was sumptuously performed by the Chapter of St. Peter's. All Roman Catholic subjects of the Czar residing in Rome, received a private admonition from the Russian embassy that they would do well to abstain from attending.——The Queen of *Portugal* died on the 15th of November in childbirth. Her eldest son, Don Pedro, is sixteen years old: as by law, he can not discharge the functions of royalty until he is eighteen, his father Ferdinand has been declared regent. The Queen was thirty-four years old.——In *Sweden*, the King opened the Diet on the 24th of November in person. The only noticeable passage in his speech is one proposing a system of defense, which he says is imperatively called for, in order to place the country in a position to preserve its independence.——In *Prussia* the Chambers were opened by royal commission on the 28th of November. The speech from the throne referred to the war in the East as full of importance to Europe, but gave the emphatic assurance that, while sincerely and actively desirous of peace, the efforts of the king should be guided by an exclusive regard to the interests of the country, which are inseparable from those of the throne.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The protracted dissensions between these two powers have at last resulted in war. The Turkish Sultan took the initiative, declaring the occupation of the Danubian Principalities by the troops of Russia to be an act which left him no alternative. On the 1st of November the Czar issued a counter proclamation, announcing that in occupying the provinces he had indulged the hope that the Porte would acknowledge its wrong-doings, and accord the satisfaction demanded. In this, however, he had been disappointed; even the chief powers of Europe have sought in vain by their exhortations to shake the blind obstinacy of the Ottoman government. It had responded by a declaration of war, by a proclamation filled with lying accusations against Russia, and had commenced hostilities on the Danube. Russia had no other course left but to oppose force to force.—At the same time a circular note was addressed by Count Nesselrode to the diplomatic agents of Russia in other countries, protesting that the rash obstinacy of the Sultan had in no wise changed the pacific disposition of the Czar—that he was still willing to evacuate the Principalities the moment he should obtain satisfactory guarantees—and that he would act on the defensive until forced to abandon the limits within which he wished to confine his present action. It would entirely depend on other powers not to widen the limits of the war, and not to give it any other character than that which he designed to leave it. Nor would the existence of hostilities place any obstacle to the continuance of negotiations.—Military operations were commenced by the Turks who crossed the Danube in four places between the 28th of October and the 4th of November. The first detachment, consisting of 12,000, crossed at Kalafat in Lesser Wallachia, the Russians offering no serious opposition. Lower down the river a smaller division, consisting of 2,000, crossed from Rustchuck to Giurgevo and bombarded the town. The most formidable movement, however, was at Oltenitza, where they crossed from Turtukai, 18,000 strong. They were met on landing by 9,000 Russians under General Pesloff, and a battle ensued which lasted two days, and ended in the success of the Turks. The details of the battle are not known with any great degree of accuracy. The official dispatch of Omer, the Turkish commanding general, states that the 1st, 2d, and 3d of November were occupied in crossing the river and in establishing fortifications—several skirmishes taking place with the Russian troops but resulting in slight losses. On the 4th the Russian forces formed in order of battle and advanced upon the Turks, who received them with great steadiness and a heavy cannonade. The engagement lasted four hours, and the Russian loss is estimated at a thousand killed and twice that number wounded. Their lines were finally broken and they commenced a precipitate retreat. The dispatch says the Turkish loss was 106 killed. On the 13th this division of the Turkish army recrossed the Danube, mainly, as is supposed, on account of the heavy rains which have rendered the forward movement which they designed to make quite impracticable. A still more serious occurrence took place in the Black Sea on the 30th of November. The Russian admiral, with six ships of the line, chased into the harbor of Sinope seven Turkish frigates, two corvettes, one steamer, and three transports, which he utterly destroyed, with two or three thousand soldiers on board and a large sum of money. The Turkish admiral was taken prisoner. The details of this event have not yet reached us.——On the Asiatic side Selim Pacha has defeated a Russian force on the frontiers of Georgia. While out with a small detachment inspecting the ground on the 20th of October, he was attacked by a body of Russian cavalry, and very soon after a Russian corps of 15,000 assailed his army; after an obstinate conflict the Russians were routed.——On receiving news of the crossing of the Danube the French and English embassadors in Constantinople ordered twelve vessels of the combined fleet into the Bosphorus. The Sultan has announced his intention to take command of the army himself, and to make Adrianople his headquarters. The new French minister, General Baraguay d'Hilliers, presented his credentials to the Sultan on the 17th of December. In his address, he said that France was the most ancient and most disinterested of the allies of the Sublime Porte, and that her sincerity could not be called in question. France, he said, does not fear war. She desires peace, but it must be durable, loyal, and honorable for herself and her allies. The Emperor still cherished hopes that the difference with Russia might be adjusted; he would for that object afford his support to the Sultan.——The latest rumors from St. Petersburgh state that the Czar feels very keenly the reverses he has sustained, and the embarrassing position in which he is placed. Prince Menschikoff has fallen into disgrace with his imperial master. ——The domestic administration, meantime, is carried on with great rigor, and the recruiting in Poland is attended with circumstances of great hardship and severity. The Caucasian provinces show symptoms of restlessness, and threaten the Czar with revolt from that quarter. Servia seems desirous of remaining neutral. An application from the Sultan for permission to permit the passage of Turkish troops through his territories was refused on that ground. A good deal of exasperation has been caused among the inhabitants of the provinces by the exactions and severities of the Russian government.

Editor's Table.

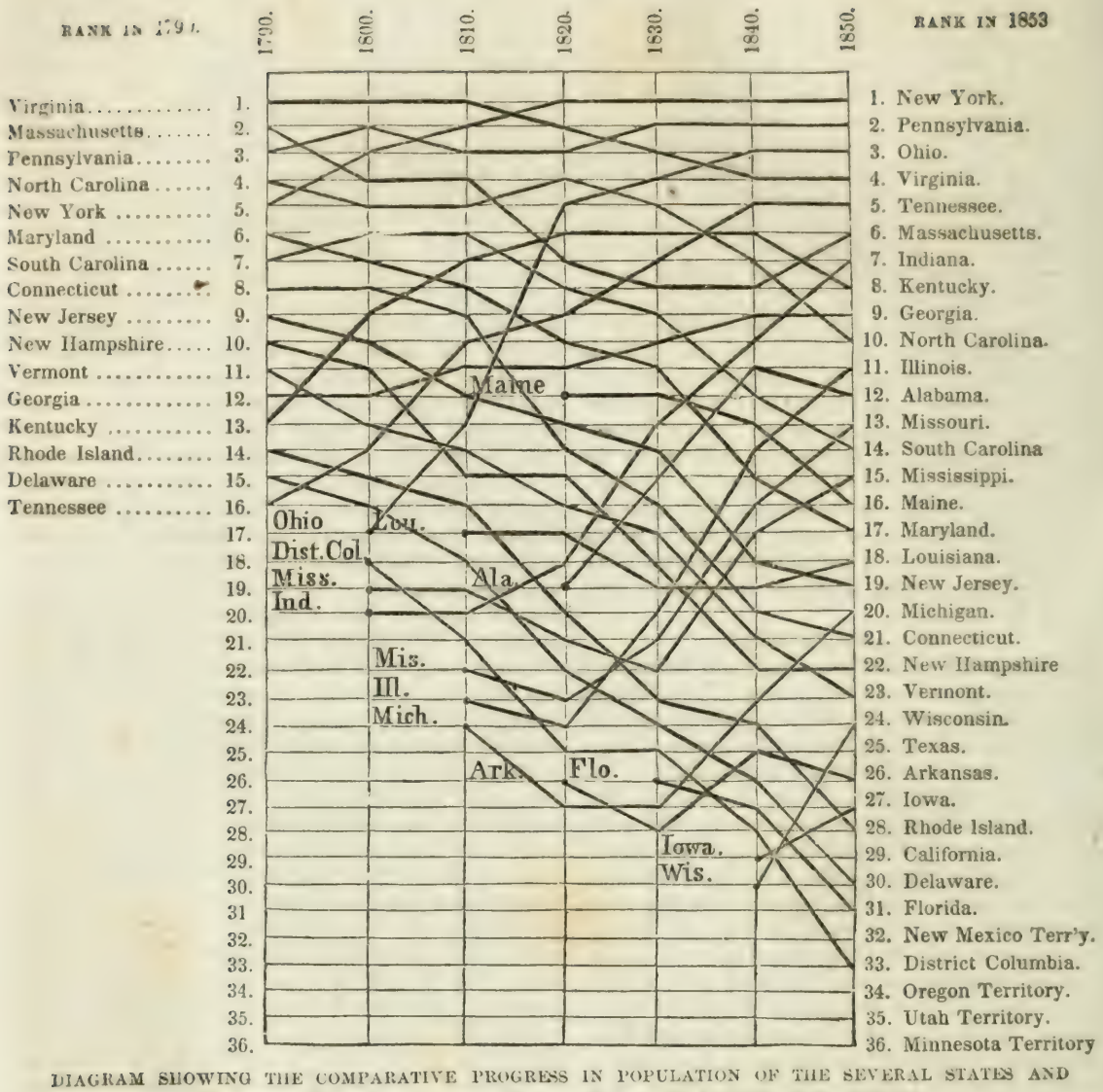


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE COMPARATIVE PROGRESS IN POPULATION OF THE SEVERAL STATES AND TERRITORIES OF THE AMERICAN UNION FOR THE LAST SIXTY YEARS.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CENSUS.

IN a previous number of this Magazine (Vol. iv., No. 22, March, 1852), we gave a very full digest of the statistical returns of the Seventh Census, prepared from the summary of that document made by the first Superintendent, and transmitted to Congress by the Secretary of the Interior. The tables of population, of emigration, extent of territory, agriculture, manufactures, &c., were then given at length, and need not now be repeated. But the publication of the large volumes containing the full returns of the Census of 1850, affords an occasion for recurring to the subject, and for directing attention to some of the striking or curious facts which this latest inventory of our national wealth has brought to light.

One of the most remarkable of these facts is strikingly presented in the diagram given above, which was prepared by Professor Gillespie, of Union College, from one of the tables in the Census returns. It illustrates the relative progress of the several States and Territories of the Union in population, during successive periods of ten years each, since 1790. In the first column, the States are arranged in the order of their relative rank at that time—Virginia being first, Massachusetts second, and Tennessee the least populous of all the States of which the Union was then composed. In the last column, the States are arranged in the order of their respective rank in 1850—New York having become first, Virginia fourth, Tennessee fifth, and Minnesota Territory being the thirty-sixth—or least populous of all the members of our Confederacy. The dark lines extending by a zig-zag course from the first column to the last, trace the *ups* and *downs* of the several States, in their relative rank, at intervals of ten years each, during the sixty years that have elapsed. Thus Kentucky, which stood *thirteenth* in 1790, rose to be *ninth* place during the first period—to be *seventh* during the next—to be *sixth* during the third, and held that point until 1840, when she began to decline, and in 1850 she was the *eighth* State in point of population. Massachusetts again, commencing *second*, stood *fourth* in 1800—*fourth* in 1810, *seventh* in 1820, *eighth* in 1830 and in 1840, and in 1850 had again risen to be the *sixth*. The history

of all the States for sixty years is thus presented, in a very graphic form, at a single glance; and the remarkable results which it exhibits will abundantly reward its careful scrutiny.

What would Thomas Jefferson have said, if, as he sat in 1790 scanning the small and badly-printed pamphlet which embodied the Census' returns of that year, some one had placed this diagram in his hands as a picture of what those sixteen States would have grown to in sixty years? He was among the most sanguine of the statesmen of his time, and the future of his country rose in grander proportions before his eyes than to the less eager visions of those who acted with him; but even he would have been startled at such a prophecy, and would have classed it among the dreams of a wild enthusiasm. Even the returns of that first Census kindle glances of patriotic pride in his eyes, as he scans their record, which he can easily double in his capacious pocket. His finger has run over the seventeen States and Territories marked upon the sheet before him, and he exults in the aggregate which they present, of 3,927,827 as the entire population of his country, just redeemed from foreign domination, and enrolled youngest among the independent nations of the earth. He feels proud of his birthright as a citizen of the Old Dominion, for she has a population 300,000 greater than that of Pennsylvania, and 400,000 more than New York contained. Indeed, she alone of all the States counted the round number of one million inhabitants.

Ten years more roll away, and as Vice-President he is again surveying the returns of the Census from twenty-one States and Territories—including the District of Columbia. The Union in number has become of age, and is striding on to maturity. But still the lapse of time has not changed the relative superiority of his proud Virginia. Ten years more, having laid aside the Presidential robes, he again peruses the statistics of the Union, and he finds that New York has, in the race of increase, almost reached the Old Dominion — the former lacking about forty thousand of a million people, while the latter is but about fifteen thousand souls ahead. Pennsylvania, too, is crowding hard! Ten years more, and the last Census sheets he shall receive are lying before him in his Monticello retirement, while tears of sectional regret, but smiles of national pride, are curiously struggling on his aged face. The three great States have attained their million rank in the numeration table, but New York—the Empire State—is three hundred thousand beyond Virginia, and Pennsylvania but about fifteen thousand inhabitants in arrear. Another Census—which he has not lived to read—and his native State is now far, far behind them both. Still another, and the Empire State, whose Western march the lakes had long since stopped, is over a million souls before the Old Dominion—while Ohio, a new and powerful rival, has surpassed her also.

The year 1854 comes with its note of revolutionary import abroad, and domestic luxury and treasury surplus at home, when the Census matters no longer belong, as when they started, to the Secretary of State; a new department shelves them now. They have a special guardian for their care, who sits, as once before the sage of Monticello sat, surveying the returns. Slightly built, and pale, but of a wiry make, and with a mathematical brow, he looks through glistening spectacles—not at a mere pamphlet—that of 1790 is on the table, hard by, a curiosity to see—but at six hundred and forty thousand pages of manuscript schedules, which he knows will make, when bound, some seven or eight hundred volumes, whereof some forty-five marshals and their three thousand two hundred and thirty-one assistants are the authors. He is thinking, too, of the three thousand reams of paper which weighed an hundred tons, that all went through the leather mail-bags of a sister department. Perhaps he is trying to call to mind the name of the diligent marshal who, on the last day of August, 1850, sent the first returns to Washington: or that of the tardy official whose last national installment in the matter came to hand February 17, 1853.

What a curious hieroglyphical signature is subscribed to the crow-foot marked document before him, addressed to the Hon. R. M'Clelland, Secretary of the Interior! A curiously alliterated name it spells;—"J. D. B. De Bow." Whilom Lawyer, whilom Editor, whilom Politician; all the time and every where a 'mouser' after figures and a terrier after statistics, which are the bane of most men's lives. And can the said document belong to that huge, folio sheeted, unbound volume by its side, to which it evidently alludes, as it says, just above the signature:

"In the magnificent progress of the country within the past sixty years, so elaborately shown in this volume, in territory, in population, in industry, and in wealth—beyond all precedent in history, beyond all the dreams of enthusiasts—how much room is there for gratitude and pride in every American heart. With free institutions; with just and equitable laws, meted out with the same hand to the low and to the high; with virtue and intelligence, and energy and industry, co-working harmoniously together—the many constituting one; with power at home and character abroad—who shall question the future which is before us? The balance-sheet of the past has been made up. The record is presented here."

While the present fit of abstraction or calculation continues to the Superintendent of the Census, in his snug arm-chair, what objection can there be to our drawing near, and investigating the document of folio form?

The *Seventh* Census! The magical number attained! It shadows forth the progress of three score years and ten to a mighty Republic which, beginning with thirteen States, reverses the original figures—places the 3 before the 1—and counts for foreign information the significant thirty-one, whose stars, from the flag-ship of a brave man, dazzle Austrian eyes on the shores of the Bosphorus.

The first table which catches our eye is that embodying the different expenses of the Census from number one to number seven. There is nothing like it for increase, except the horse-shoe sum in rusty Daboll's arithmetic. How instantly the difference would be observed by the financial eye of some Wall-street *habitué*, as he surveyed the decennial periods in our Census progress. The estimates of 1790 cost forty-four thousand three hundred and seventy-seven dollars—a large sum in the eyes of those who had no tens of thousands of continental money in their chests, and about the trifle which the Aldermen of New York city expended last year in suppers and hack-hire. At 1820, the expenditure had increased to exactly five times as much. The present Census has cost $1,318,027 53—of which nearly one million has been paid to the marshals. Taking their number at 3,276 from the volume before the superintendent, and assuming all to have been paid alike, only some $400 will be found to have been

received by each one—not a very large sum to be picked from the pockets of Uncle Sam in detail.

The grand total of our population up to 1850, is 23,191,876. It is very safe to presume that the marshals understate by about half a million. At this date, then, the population of the Union is about twenty-five millions of people. New York State exceeds Pennsylvania in population above 600,000—just about the population of the city of New-York. She exceeds Virginia by a million and a half; Tennessee by two millions, and Ohio about one million—these five States being the only ones who count their souls by the figures of millions. Massachusetts came within six thousand, Indiana within twelve thousand, and Kentucky within eighteen thousand of this complement. By this time they have undoubtedly arrived at the aristocratic rank of millionaires in the numeration table. Maine and Maryland stand over their half million, and are almost tied like rival candidates in an election—the former leading the latter *by only one hundred and thirty-five souls!*

South Carolina had 100,000 and Mississippi 15,000, more slaves than whites. Louisiana with these classes was about tied. Maryland and Virginia both contained more free blacks than either Pennsylvania, Ohio, or New York. The Granite Hills do not appear to be agreeable to the negroes, for there are only 520 of these out of a population of over three hundred thousand; and about the same thing may be said of Vermont and Indiana.

On the 25th of last September, Colonel Abert of the Topographical Engineers prepared a statement for the Census Office, regarding the territorial extent of the United States, and his figures may be summed up in this form:

The territorial extent of the Republic is nearly ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France combined; three times as large as the whole of France, Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, together; one and a half times as large as the Russian empire in Europe; only one sixth less than the area covered by the fifty-nine or sixty empires, states, and republics of Europe; and of equal extent with the Roman empire, or that of Alexander, neither of which is said to have exceeded 3,000,000 square miles.

From the tables of congressional apportionment it appears that with 31 states in 1850 the House of Representatives has eight less members than it contained in 1830, when there were twenty-six states. Then New York had forty members; now thirty-three, and one less than she had in 1820! Virginia has six less congressmen than she was allowed as soon as she came into the Union. Thus the larger states have been kept from disproportionately overshadowing the smaller ones, while the "House" itself has since 1820 contained about the same number of members.

The extent to which our population has been increased by emigration from abroad is a topic of a good deal of interest, and has been one of some controversy. The most careful investigation fixes the aggregate number of immigrants arriving in the United States from 1790 to 1850, a period of sixty years, at 2,759,329, or an average of 45,988 annually; and the estimated natural increase of these immigrants is 1,590,405—making the total number added to our population by foreign immigrants and their descendants at 4,350,934. Of these, those from Ireland constitute the largest proportion, the Germans coming next. Indeed Ireland, Germany, England, and British America are the only countries of the world who have sent us their emigrants by the hundred thousand, the first contributing nearly a million, the second a trifle over half a million, and England and British America together not quite that number. Next comes Scotland to the tune of 70,550; then France, with 54,069; then Wales, with 29,000, and all other countries under 15,000 each. The Celestial Empire contributes 158 of her subjects to the Eastern United States, while some 660 were registered in California. We had 106 Turks and 86 Greeks; while Central America contributed 141—including, we suppose, the genuine as well as the counterfeit Aztecs.

Besides the changes that are constantly produced in our population by this emigration from abroad, others no less marked are due to the migrations of our people from one section of the Union to another. This also is governed by fixed laws, which a careful inspection of the Census returns will develop, and which are of a good deal of importance in forming any intelligent estimate of the growth of our new states and territories. In regard to the New England States, the Census shows that out of 2,857,823 persons born there, only 2,101,324 of them still live within their limits—750,499, or *twenty-five* per cent. of the existing generation born in New England, have migrated to other States. It is not easy to trace with accuracy the cause of this large emigration; much of it has doubtless been simply from one New England State to another. To New York, however, the migration from New England has been about 206,630, and to the Northwest 162,707. Very few New Englanders are to be found in the Southern States—the returns giving only 16,000 as the whole number in *ten* of the Southern States, and of these *one-fourth* were in the city of New Orleans alone. From New York, out of 2,698,414 persons born there, 547,218 or *twenty* per cent. have emigrated, mainly to the Northwestern States. Thus Ohio has received from New York, 83,979; Michigan, 133,756; Indiana, 24,310; Illinois, 67,180; Wisconsin, 68,595; Iowa, 8,134; making 385,954 as the contribution of New York alone to the population of these Northwestern States. From Virginia and the two Carolinas, out of 2,548,946 persons born on their soil, 858,315, or *thirty-three* per cent have emigrated, and of this number 294,380 can be traced to the Ohio Valley, including Southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee, and 202,480 to Southern States directly west of the parent States themselves.—Ohio, young as she is, contributes largely to the growth of still newer States, for of her 1,514,885 native population, 295,453, or nearly *twenty* per cent., have left her limits, and have mainly gone directly West. These statements show beyond dispute that the internal emigration of the country moves almost exclusively *upon the same parallel of latitude*; and this law will be found to be very nearly universal. It is doubtless due to the fact that in changing their abodes men seek, as nearly as possible, to preserve the climate, habits, and social institutions to which they have become accustomed. Applying this law to the future growth of our country, it indicates that the tide of emigration from all the Northern and Western States will sweep westward, in a solid column, till it reaches the Pacific; that from the Southern States is now to Texas and Arkansas, and if it needs more room, it will inevitably overflow into Mexico.

The superintendent can not recommend his tables of births, deaths, and marriages, and he mildly reproves his national constituency by saying, that

Against all reasonings, the facts have proved that people will not, or can not, remember and report to the census taker the number of such events, and the particulars of them, which have happened in the period of a whole year to eighteen months prior to the time of his calling. It might be possible to obtain the facts for a single month. All this shows that a birth or a marriage is but a nine days' wonder!

Upon the subject of the deaths no one can be deceived by the figures of the Census, since any attempt to reason from them would demonstrate a degree of vitality and healthfulness in the United States unparalleled in the annals of mankind—would overthrow the best established principles of statisticians, and, in coming down to details as well as in the aggregates, contradict all science and experience. The truth is, but a part of the deaths have been recorded.

Taking our population now at 25,000,000, and the number of dwellings at 4,000,000, we have about six persons to every house, which is a very fair proportion for families. The report on this head is thus explicit:

The total number of dwellings of the free inhabitants of the United States is shown to be 3,362,337, and there can be no hesitation in admitting the figures to be correct, as the marshals numbered from door to door. If to these be added, for purposes of comparison with European nations, the houses of the negroes—on the average quite as good as those of the peasants and operatives generally in Europe, and better than those in Ireland—one house for every six slaves, the total number of houses will be 3,896,385. This is a point not sufficiently adverted to in previous reports of the office. The number of houses, of every kind, in use for other purposes than dwellings, is not ascertained, but from the nature of the country must be immensely greater than is found any where else.

These figures were made without reference to the Astor and other great hotels in the city of New York. It is a nice question to moot how the marshal would have treated them. Surely every room should have been a dwelling-house; for it would have sounded like a page from the Arabian Night's Entertainment to recite in a schedule, that one dwelling-house in a large city contained and comfortably housed a thousand people.

This large document affords abundant material for the political economist, and indeed for students in every department of social and material progress. The law of growth in this country has been remarkably uniform. In sixty years it has varied but very little from 34 per cent., falling in one period—that following 1830—as low as 32½, and at two others reaching 36. Assuming 33½ as the decimal increase for the next half century, at the end of another sixty years this Republic will contain *one hundred and twenty millions* of people. The decennial increase of the white race alone has averaged 36 per cent.—that of the African race about 27, the slaves increasing at the rate of 38 per cent., and the free blacks at only 10 per cent. during each ten years. This inequality, however, between the whites and blacks, is apparent rather than real, because the whites have increased largely from emigration. Deducting this, the natural increase of the white race has been about 28½ per cent.

A close inspection of the returns will show also results interesting to the physiologist concerning the numerical relations of the sexes. Thus, in 1850 there were 47,727 more males than females under *five* years of age; 46,484 more females than males between fifteen and twenty; 160,425 more males than females between thirty and forty; and at seventy years of age the females are again largely in advance. The same fact is developed in each Census, and it reveals a very curious law which seems to be fixed in the numerical relations between the sexes at different ages.

Some curious results are also shown in regard to the density of population. The three States, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania contain less than *one third* of the population of the United States, but they contain *half* of all that live in cities. The entire growth of New York during the last ten years has been in the city class—some of its best agricultural districts having, in fact, diminished. The rural population of Pennsylvania and Ohio is nearly equal, but in cities the former is 300,000 ahead. Virginia, the oldest of the States, has only *seven* per cent. of her population in cities, while Ohio has *fourteen*, and Pennsylvania *twenty-five*. The growth of some of the American cities has been astonishingly rapid. Thus, in the last thirty years, New York has increased 500 per cent.; Philadelphia, 400; Baltimore, 200; Cincinnati, 1600; St. Louis, 1800; Cleveland, 4000; and New Orleans, 350. The general density of population varies considerably in different sections. In New England there are 45 inhabitants to the square mile; in New York, 67·3; in Pennsylvania, 50·2; in Virginia, 23·1; in Ohio, 49·5. Thus Ohio is more densely settled than New England; while Virginia has only *half* the density of New England, and *one third* that of New York. Denmark has 40, England 300, Scotland 80, and Bavaria 150 inhabitants to the square mile. At the rate of density which prevails in England, the State of New York would contain fourteen millions of inhabitants.

In the matter of churches, the Methodists have the greatest number of edifices; next the Baptists; next the Presbyterians. The denominations of Congregational, Episcopalian, Lutheran, and Roman Catholics vary from each other by only two or three hundred, and altogether do not number as many as either the Methodists or Baptists. When it comes to church wealth, however, the Episcopalians come within three millions thereof to the Methodists and Presbyterians, exceeding the Roman Catholics by just that sum, surpassing the Baptists by about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and then exceeding any two other denominational properties taken together.

The Empire State most decidedly bears away the palm of public libraries and volumes therein, having more than one fourth of all those in the Union, and her public volumes outnumbering those of Massachusetts, with her boasted modern Athens in the bargain, three to one, and those of Pennsylvania six to one. These three States contain just about as many as all the others in the Union do.

We find there are 254 daily newspapers in the United States; 1902 weekly; 115 tri-weekly; 31 semi-weekly; 100 monthly; 95 semi-monthly; and 19 quarterly—the latter classes including periodicals. The total is, therefore, 2526. Of these, three fifths are political, and one fifth literary and miscellaneous in character—the remaining fifth being divided among neutral, religious, and scientific. New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Ohio publish nearly one half of these.

The schedules of professions, occupations, and trades are by no means reliable, as the superintendent is candid enough to say. As presented, however, they are very interesting. One would

think that the drama was not in so desperate a condition as critics depict it, for 722 is returned as the number of actors in the country. Of these, New York contains between a third and a fourth, while Connecticut supports *one*—most likely some disappointed lone star, retired into voluntary exile. Oregon is blessed with one druggist; Utah with one architect—some Martin Chuzzlewit, doubtless, full of grand designs.

The marshals must have been very severe critics, for they return but eighty-two authors in the whole Union:—perhaps the fact bespeaks the modesty of the craft in telling their occupation. Vermont has one broker; and he, it is to be hoped, has long ere this taken a den in Wall Street. The farmers show up well. They are the favorites of the marshals, who have rolled them up to over two millions, while they return the merchants at only one twentieth of that amount! Pawnbrokers appear to exist in only four States—Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. There are but thirty-three showmen returned, so that Barnum has a considerable monopoly. The important hold which the telegraph system has upon the country is evidenced by the number of operators, which is over five hundred. There are forty-six vintners in the States, of whom New York furnishes forty-one. This, of course, can not include the men who deal in logwood, and the *et cæteras* of combination—alcohol.

The details of the insane are defective; but not strangely so, when one considers how little expert the marshals must have been on this head. If they took the opinions of neighbors, many and many a person would have been returned as *non compos*. If spirit-rappings thrive under judicial pabulum as they have begun to increase, then there may be reasonable expectation of an extended crop of insane people for the Census of 1860.

The returns regarding education arouse the pride of every citizen. Four million children were attending school through the year 1850, and only about a million adults were found unable to read and write. It is not a little curious to notice how nearly equal is the number of males and females in each State attending schools—the former being in majority. But the fair sex are the most illiterate, outnumbering their gallant defenders in the table of those who can not read the papers or write their signatures. This is the case *in every State*, excepting Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and California. But the Golden State had, in 1850, very few women at all. Five million people take newspapers and periodicals, being one fifth of the population; and the circulation of these reaches nearly five hundred million. In New York State, just one-half of the population are subscribers. Would it not have been the climax to have stated how many paid the printer?

There were over four million horses in the United States, being about one for every five inhabitants. Why should there be complaints and riots about hack-hire, with this fact staring one in the face? Over six million cows made over three hundred million pounds of butter, and about one hundred million pounds of cheese—a large portion of which, no doubt, went "over the water to Charlie," as the best and most approved Cheshire. Two hundred and fifty million pounds of cane sugar were made and thirty-four millions of maple sugar. Two hundred and twenty-one thousand gallons of wine were produced—how many *manufactured*, the wags of the marshals did not state. How many headaches and acid stomachs those Catawba wines produced, are left to the imagination. One hundred and eight million of bushels of potatoes were raised; and, assuming any exported to be balanced by those imported, there would be about four bushels per year eaten by each inhabitant.

The list of counties and towns shows at a glance the confusion which overwhelms postmasters in making up their mails. There are over two thousand of these which have their doubles, trebles, and sometimes their decimals throughout the Union. Statesmen are decidedly the most popular, while authors are grudgingly remembered. There are thirty-three Adamses and ten Addisons; over one hundred Jacksons and Jeffersons, to one Irving and four Coopers. The Washingtons and Franklins each have a folio page dedicated to their especial enumeration.

The volume of the Seventh Census is the great exhibition to the world of our rank and condition as a nation. It is a Crystal Palace which can be erected upon every library table. Every page is a nave with its suitable compartments. To linger over their curiosities would require more leisure than is allowable to the Magazine reader, who takes his exit, it is to be hoped, from Census curiosities, with a desire for another and a longer visit.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE wish a happy New-Year to all the friends assembled around our Chair. You have all, probably, like the bishop, made your annual visitation, and you have wondered whether so good and venerable a custom as that of our yearly visit is to be discontinued. It is less probable that you have surmised how it ever began, for we accept the state of things into which we are born, and our wonder lies rather toward the Future than the Past. It is natural that it should be so; for the Past is irremediable, but we may somewhat control the Future.

We think of that with some sadness now; for if the Past were within our power, we should not be crawling out of the smoking and smouldering ruins of our stately Palace of Industry, and wishing you a begrimed and weary New-Year. Could we manage the Past, it should not have dealt us so fierce a blow. But since the Future is ours, we will put it beyond its power to annoy us. So much for our recent mishap. We shall try to steady our Chair upon the ruins long enough to have our monthly chat with you; but should it seem a little wavering and uncertain, you will kindly remember that our legs (our Chair's legs) are almost burned off.

No; we do not believe the venerable New-Years' habit will be discontinued, nor fall into unhonored decay. On the contrary, we are convinced that it will constantly increase and extend throughout the country, as the generous old Puritan festival of Thanksgiving is now spreading; and the foundation of our faith is not in any conviction that the Dutch (to whom we are indebted for the observance) will take more of the country than the neighborhood of New Amsterdam, as they took Holland, but because we believe so fully in the courtesy of Americans. We are the most courteous of nations. American chivalry is a theme for the poet, as it is a consolation for the philosopher.

There is a general conviction that the French are the most gallant and polite of all nations. They smirk, and bow, and prance like dancing masters, it is true, but, if you observe, their politeness is as near real courtesy as their prancing is to real grace,

and no nearer. They are wonderfully fine at a compliment. Monsieur Crapaud takes off his hat in a manner that strikes fascination into the heart of the tenderest beholder; but will he resign his seat at the opera, or in the diligence, or the omnibus? "Good heavens, madame!" he replies to such a suggestion. Bows are very graceful, and are to be had in great quantities, *gratis;* but a seat is a business matter. Bows cost nothing; but seats are worth five francs, at the very least!

A promenade along the Boulevards and a walk down Broadway throws much light upon these matters. A Frenchman's treatment of woman is based upon a consciousness of his superiority. She is an ornament—a toy—an appendage. He has not much higher reverence for her than the Turks have. Neither of them can be said to have faith in woman. She is really a slave to both. If you appeal to history, and show a Frenchman that his own country has been really swayed by women, he asks you, with a sneer, by what means that influence over kings was secured and maintained. He believes that Joan of Arc and Madame Roland were visionary enthusiasts, and considers Aspasia and Ninon de l'Enclos the most sensible of women.

The consequence of this feeling is French society and French literature. In no country is there more license; in no literature are women less noble. The *ideals* of French literature are always women of society—characters conformed to customs and standards that we can hardly appreciate. All Balzac's and George Sand's heroines are people who do not refuse to lie, and violate other moral decencies, as occasions arise.

And yet, what better literature or society could be expected in a country where marriage is an arrangement between the parents, to which the children are parties more or less involuntary? It is not until a woman is married that she has the slightest freedom of action. Until that time she is shut up in a school or convent, and is never permitted to see a specimen of the other sex except under close restriction and *surveillance.* If a young, unmarried French woman is known to have been alone with a gentleman, her character suffers a serious injury. That a gentleman should call at a house and inquire for the unmarried daughter only, would be accounted either madness or a determination to offer marriage. Even in public assemblies, he must first be presented to the duenna, or matron, as she is called in France, before he can hope to speak to the young lady, and then, having led her out to the dance, he must immediately return her to the matron's side, with no pleasant promenade or chance of gentle flirtation.

All this implies not only the conviction that every man is a designing schemer, but that every woman is sure to fall into his snare. And yet, the moment the girl is married she is at once emancipated. She steps into society without restraint. For the first time, now, when she legally belongs to one man, she has the opportunity of falling in love with another. It is easy to conclude the consequences. Girls hurry to be married, that they may have a chance at life. Is it strange that there is in the French language no word for *home?*

In comparison with this state of things it can not be denied that we are very chivalric and courteous. We do really look upon women as helpmates. We pay them an instinctive respect under all circumstances. In the cars, in the omnibus, in the steamer, we acknowledge their claims and allow them. We grumble a good deal about it; but the very harsh grumble of a man who did not surrender his seat in an omnibus to a woman who *would* get in, only shows that he feels himself to have been wrong. His withers are wrung. No man comes home and wishes men would behave themselves, and not press into the best places, and insist upon having seats. He does not do it, because he does not feel any particular obligation of courtesy toward a man; but he can not escape this consciousness toward the gentler sex, and if he does not obey his instinctive chivalry, he is angry with himself.

It is because of this innate courtesy that we believe the venerable New-Year's custom will not decline. It is rooted in our best feelings. The American has not time to attend to his social duties in detail; therefore he selects one day from all the year, and devotes it to the acknowledgment of that respect, which must usually be inferred from occasional acts rather than from a continuous service. Regard it as such, gracious ladies! Believe, however trivial it may seem, that it means something more than love of wine and cake, and the thought will help, at least, to make the new a happy year.

Have we a National Dish among us? is a question that may well be asked, and which is often propounded to us, sitting in our Chair. It is certainly quite time that we employed this distinction in common with other and older nations. England has its roast beef, France its frogs, Holland its cabbage, Italy its maccaroni, Turkey its coffee. Even Esquimaux have their train oil, and Sandwich Islanders, if Sidney Smith may be believed, have a weakness for cold clergymen: (Of which weakness they will be rapidly cured, when they are made part of a country which likes its clergymen as ardent as possible.)

If we look into the matter a little, it will appear that there is a certain philosophy in these national predilections. Have you never observed the relation between the national character and the national dish? Has John Bull nothing bovine in his nature? Does not Johnny Crapaud smirk, and prance even as frogs would, could they mingle in good society? Do our placid Dutch friends ever make us darkly to understand what may be meant by the term "Cabbage-head?" The analogies and resemblances might be more finely pursued, but we have not the time to be very philosophical in our Easy Chair meditations.

Yet to hang upon the thread of logic, and to consider what would naturally be our national dish, shall we not easily reach it? Are we not in some degree still loyal to old England? Do we not acknowledge our sympathy with the land where Shakspeare was born, and which Cromwell governed? which gave us our language and many of our laws, and much of our manners? Are we not prouder of being the sons, though in a far remove, of England, than we should be if we had France to our father? What, then, is the dish we seek? The Yankee says Indian corn is near the mark. The dweller on the seaboard asks slyly if you will have half a dozen upon the half shell? The Southerner sends a bag of hominy and rice, and the Western man invites you to hear his porkers celebrate their own praise. But they are not quite right yet. Will you have it rare or well-done? Shall it be a porter-house? Will you have it plump, and juicy, with plenty of gravy? Now you know; now you perceive that savory scent, that fine broiled odor, that hissing delight. What is our national dish but *beefsteak?* From Portland to St. Louis, and from the Green

Mountains to Florida, the most usual repast—the sure accompaniment of each returning table is beefsteak. It is a matter of course. The servant takes your plate, and says a "bit of steak?" as he asks if you will take tea or coffee. We may say that it is much more universal than any other nation's peculiar dish. We all eat it here. But how many Englishmen eat "the roast-beef of old England" in the course of their lives? Only French epicures and gourmands eat frogs; but beefsteak to an American is like maccaroni to Neapolitans, or candy to a Turk's harem. It is universal. There are men who do not eat oysters. We have even seen individuals very near our Chair who did not like Johnny-cake, but never have we heard of one who did not seat himself to a beefsteak with happy gusto, and a consciousness of propriety.

And yet if you have traveled much through the country, you must have observed the grim silence in which it is eaten, the sullen gravity with which this pleasant morsel is consumed. A Chinese philosopher, if he should visit our shores, and observe as acutely as Goldsmith did in London, could not fail to believe that the company assembled at an American country tavern to eat dinner, were congregated for some religious worship. The ranks of eager eaters who vouchsafe no word to their neighbors, and who "pay attention to it"—as the condemned convicts at Newgate may be supposed to listen to their own funeral sermon—he would regard as the enthusiastic devotees. While the waiters slapping down upon the table the plates full of smoking meat, would be considered, by that Chinese philosopher, as the great high priest of the ceremony. Look around you when you next find yourself dining at a country inn, and see if you do not observe this spectacle; and then say if you are surprised that we are such a lantern-jawed, cadaverous, sad, and sickly-looking race. Why should the people who are surer of a good dinner every day in the year than any other people in the world, take it with less apparent pleasure than those who have only oatmeal porridge to dine upon?

There is one other point that must not be omitted in this "sermon of beefsteak," as a reverend gentleman whom we esteem would call it. It is much to be regretted that the coming-in of cooking-stoves threatens to be the going-out of *broiling*. Now, candid reader, what is a beefsteak which is not broiled? We hardly like to soil this page with the statement of the unpleasant truth, that in many interior places the national steak is—*fried!*

We venture to say that nobody has the right to fry a beefsteak. To boil a turkey—to hash a goose—to stew mutton—to serve rice-pudding, warm, are all most venial offenses compared with this grand error. And to sit down in the solemn silence we have described, with that party of convicts, for criminals could not be stiller—and consume with frightful celerity great pieces of fried beefsteak—*that* makes us pause. On the whole, we would prefer to attend to some dish less exclusively national, if we could have it served with the sweet sauce of agreeable conversation, and the ornament of decorous manners.

Notwithstanding these plain facts, we have the assurance to call Dickens to account for misrepresenting us in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. And yet no man who has had much experience of public eating in this country, can deny that he has only drawn the very fact as it appears all around us. It would be sometimes worth while, instead of flatly denying an accusation, to see if it were true. We spring at every little fault-finding by foreigners, as if we had not our great land, and our wonderful history, and our triumphant spirit to support us so well in all the essentials of life and manners, that we might well afford to confess the justice of their strictures upon the details. We follow invectives upon other nations with delight, and we are not slow to make them; but when the shaft is turned toward us, it rankles. We listen to the assertion of the inferiority of others in every way, with satisfaction, as Addison may have heard with smiles the splendid satire of Pope, so long as he did not suspect it to be directed against himself. But the revulsion of our feeling is as sudden as his may have been.

"Who would not smile, if such a man there be,
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!"

We were just speaking of American courtesy, and it is but a very few days since that a crowd came swarming about our Easy Chair, to hear our opinion about an incident which had happened upon their way down town. The omnibus was full, and a woman hailed it; the passengers shouted to the driver, in chorus, that he was full; but the sixpence that he saw before him he could not relinquish, and spite of the protest, he drew up to the sidewalk. The woman appeared at the door, and, truth to tell, she was neither young nor beautiful; there was no material of a heroine in her appearance. "No one budged," as our informant expressed it; every man sat as firmly as a Frenchman sits in his "stall" at the opera, for which he has paid money. Most of them looked sternly at the woman, as if to impress her with an awful sense of her delinquency; but the weaker hearted tried to turn their heads and look out of the window, for they could not quite reconcile it to their sense of honor to be comfortably sitting while a woman stood.

Yet the intruder betrayed no dismay, and looked placidly along the rows of gentlemen, as if to say, "Very well, where is my seat?"

At length old Brightly, the banker, who had made the most frantic exertions to look out of the window, suddenly arose, and offered his seat to the lady, as if he had only been warming it until she arrived. She slid into it without a word, and wedged the gentlemen very closely together by so doing, for we have hinted that she was no sylph. Mr. Brightly stumbled along to the door of the omnibus, for it was not high enough, nor was there room enough for him to stand, and stood upon the step behind clinging to the door; but, unfortunately, it was a damp, drizzly, wintry day; the street was full of mud, and the step was very slippery. After enduring several shocks very gallantly, the good Mr. Brightly (who is universally known as the Cheeryble of Wall Street) was wiping his brow with a handkerchief—mopping up, as it were, the moisture of victory—when suddenly there came a very hard bump; he lost his foot-hold, and took a very soft seat in Broadway.

Our friends were highly indignant.

"It is outrageous."

"It is indecent."

"It is ill-bred."

"It is an imposition."

"We won't submit."

"We don't pay for stray women.

"We have a right to our seats."

"It is abusive."

"She is a shrew."

"She is a vixen."

"She is a virago."

"She is no lady."

Cried they all together, flourishing their arms and handkerchiefs.

"She is a woman," said Brightly, quietly, as he stood before the fire, and dried the mud upon his clothes into dust.

They all blew their noses in chorus, and remained in sudden silence.

"You had precisely the same right to your seats for which you paid sixpence, gentlemen," said Brightly, "that you have to your houses for which you pay sixty thousand dollars. My action was a matter of charity and courtesy. It was more agreeable to me even to sit in the mud, than that a woman should stand while we were all comfortable. If she was indecent, why should I be impolite? If she was rude, why should I be uncourteous? The discomfort of standing was much less annoying to me than the ease of sitting, under the circumstances, would have been. That she had forgotten to be a lady was no excuse for my forgetting to be a gentleman. And those of you who kept your seats seem to me pretty much like the woman, except that she had the advantage of you in keeping her temper. I am satisfied, and as you see, not at all angry."

"Oh! of course."

"Well, if you are satisfied!"

"It's none of our business."

"It's rather odd."

"You're too easy."

"It's a bad precedent."

"But, then," cried all together, again; and they were just about leaving the office, with a humane pity for poor Brightly, who must have been so much victimized, they were sure, during his life, when we called them back, and said,

"Gentlemen, Mr. Brightly's courtesy needed only the reply of our old country friend, Laureltop, to have been perfect. He was riding comfortably in a railway car; and as a party of women entered with bales, and bundles, and bandboxes, he rose and resigned his seat. It was instantly taken by one of the women (courtesy does not compel us to say, *lady*), who settled herself, and her shawls, and baskets, and looked hard at the gentleman opposite, as if to say, that he might get up and give his seat to her companion; but he went on reading the newspaper, and observed nothing.

"Meanwhile, Laureltop remained standing by the side of the woman to whom he had given his seat, as if waiting for something. She did not observe him for a long time, but he continued to regard her steadily. At length, becoming conscious of his look, she turned to him; and, after a moment, said:

"'Have you left something?'

"'No, madam,' replied he.

"She turned away, but Laureltop remained; and, as if offended by his not going to another part of the car, she said to him, a little tartly,

"'What are you waiting for?'

"'I am waiting to hear you say, thank you,' replied Laureltop, with all the gentle gravity of Sir Roger de Coverly.

"Now, gentlemen, we may not all have the ability of saying such a thing, although we shall probably have opportunities enough; but we can all conduct ourselves in such a manner under similar circumstances, that our courtesy shall be the sharpest censure of the ill-breeding with which it is received.

"Good morning, gentlemen!"

They left our office without saying any thing more; but in the course of the day there came a summons to dinner at old Brightly's, and the first toast, you may depend, was—"Laureltop, and American chivalry!"

There is a great deal of conversation about our Chair upon the Russian and Turkish war. It depends, of course, upon the daily accounts and changing rumors, and would not be very interesting in our monthly chat. In a period of daily newspapers, the details of politics and news are very dull three or four weeks after the circumstances; but the great point of the Russian aggression is always important and interesting. Since the days of Peter the Great it has been the determination of the Czar to stretch his realm to the Mediterranean. The whole history of the wars and treaties between the two powers has been this simple story.

But it is curious to observe that the shores so ardently sought has always been a Siren, wooing nations to destruction. Imperial Rome came and laid her head in the lap of the seducer, and found the soft climate and the sunny sea to be what Samson found Delilah, and Mark Antony Cleopatra. In Constantinople Rome breathed its latest life away. Then the fierce Turcomans, the barbarians of the East, with whose mighty onset history yet trembles, when once they crossed the Ægean, paused; the wave of incursion was rolled back from Austria, the Circe of the South lapped them in luxury, and sheared the hair of their strength, until at last, in the slaughter of the Janisaries, who alone preserved the genuine Turkish traditions, the essential Turk was destroyed, and a nation left no less effete than the Romans of the Eastern empire.

Is it by some law of historical culmination and development, which forces nations to a certain destiny, that Russia is drawn to the South? Does it not fear the fate of the splendid corses that consecrate that shore? or has the fullness of time arrived that the fierceness of the White Bear must be tamed by that enervating air, and the fountains of its life wasted? The stern Viking, who would land from his icy seas and play the voluptuous Sardanapulus, is already seized with mortal madness. It may be easy to vanquish a crumbling nation—to trample the Crescent in the mire beneath the fanatic rush to St. Sophia. It may not cost a tedious war to change the name of the Greek Constantinople and the Turkish Istamboul into the Russian "City of the Czar;" but it is in that spot that Greek and Turk ceases to be.

Beside, the war is only ostensibly between the Turk and the Czar. Really, it is the affair of England and Russia. England knows that when Russia has reached the Mediterranean, it has taken the first great step toward India. Long ago the philosophical observer has seen that the great struggle of the East will be between the Lion and the Bear, for the possession of India. If this is remembered, it will be easily understood why Russia has proffered to Dost Mohammed reasons for rising against English rule. It is a great and terrible game, and the more terrible because it seems to imply the limitation of one of the great powers of the world. There can be no doubt upon which side American sympathy will be. England is our friend, when the question is against Russia; for who does not see that Russia represents that spirit of life and government which is diametrically opposed to our own! The old Egyptian fable of Osiris and Typhon, one of the oldest in the world, will undoubtedly find its illustration in the very last events of human history.

We have not without reason called our seat an

Easy Chair, for we desire to set easily, and look gently, and prose kindly in every direction. Therefore we have said little about the great Woman's Rights question, which assembles conventions and gets off eloquent discourses, and is reported at length in the newspapers. We can not, indeed, but have a high respect for whatever claims a judicious public attention. But the audience that listens to our Easy Chair chat is an after dinner audience, a quiet, gentle, railway audience, that wishes to go smoothly on the rails and through the Magazine, and not suffer from sudden jolts of differing opinions. Therefore we speak of pleasant things; therefore we find fault with them on our own account, without gathering complaints from our amiable partner at home. You see we have you, gentle reader, at advantage. Let us suppose, for instance, that you are one of the surly, solemn beefsteak eaters. Well, we begin to rail at you for your bolting food.

You cry "pish! pish!" You may turn the page and turn away. But you do not. On the whole you are curious to see what this Easy Chair moralizing amounts to. So you read on. Perhaps you "pish" again. When you are done, perhaps you think "well, there is something in it."

But in the matter of Woman's Rights you are inflexible. You do not care to hear about that, unless the Easy Chair agrees with you, and if it does not, you hurry on. Besides, if it should not agree with the Conventions and the "Women," what would become of us. How could we be sure that our Chair would not suddenly be seized by a special committee, converted into a three-legged stool, and brandished about our heads? That is not the pleasantest use to which a chair can be put. And we will persist in making it as easy a chair as possible.

We have alluded to this matter because Nathan Golightly has just returned from a little tour, and came running in with a broad smile upon his face, and exclaiming that he had stopped at a hotel where there were female waiters.

"You needn't have gone further than Eighteenth Street," we answered, "for there are, or were, female waiters at the Clarendon."

But he dashed on to describe his sensations when he found himself actually served by women.

"Well, Oriental luxury is nothing to it! Talk of woman's rights! why I never felt the divine image of Eve so debased in my life, as when I saw a range of patient, meek women, with very rosy arms, and very large hands, and, to say truly, very pretty faces, standing behind a row of sad-faced, solemn men, who were eating the national beefsteak with such celerity. They sat at ease in elbow-chairs, and the females (I can not call them nymphs or sylphs) hastened, as if their feet were shod with silence (Nathan Golightly is a poet), and brought apidly and in good order whatever was desired.

"It was odious. I could not bear to sit and be waited upon by them. It touched my chivalry that the offices of courtesy seemed to be reversed. It was my instinctive feeling to spring up, and say 'I beg a thousand pardons,' and offer the damsels my seat. I am sure Don Quixote would have done so.

"Besides, I don't believe that the women who can be had for waiters will ever be able to look as well as men-waiters. I mean," said Nathan, "in respect to dress. They will always be red-faced and red-handed, and, I fear, a little dowdy in their attire. It is altogether wrong. It is a woman's wrong. It is not the thing. If this is improvement —why, I am not so sure about reform."

Nathan Golightly is a dandy and a poet. He does not reflect that most of the dinners he has eaten in his life have been cooked by women—that women have swept and arranged his chamber—that women have washed his clothes—and will, one day, have all the hard care of his children. Where is his fine chivalry about his cook, and his chambermaid? The truth is that in the case of the waiter it is brought directly under his eye. But it would show a sweeter and less selfish sympathy if Nathan would think less of his "chivalry," and more of simple kindness to women who are placed in any menial situation. He is doubly bound to it, because if he treats a woman unkindly she can not knock him down as his valet can. Charles Lamb recounts with genial delight the incident of a man who helped a beggar-woman across the kennel. Nathan Golightly would have spread his cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth; would he have done as much for one of the female waiters who so moved his fine sentiments at the hotel?

THE French are always insisting upon the eccentricity of the English character: no odd freak, and no peculiarity is too grotesque or too absurd (as they imagine) to be the property of an English subject. Every theatre, play, and every *jeu d'esprit* of Cham, which hits off perfidious Albion, make endless play upon the strangeness which are native to the British soil. Of all the late extravaganzas which have illustrated English eccentricity, however, one which has a little while back appeared in the journal of the *Pays* is the wildest, and yet told with the most cruel particularity and coolness of manner.

The writer states that a strange gentleman, very distinguished in air, had frequently been observed riding upon the Champs Elysées in the company of an exceedingly beautiful lady, who uniformly wore her vail down, and who preserved piously a single posture. Report stated, as report is apt to state of unknown and *distingué* looking strangers, that he was an Englishman of high rank and great wealth.

Upon this rumor the Paris world rested, and would have been compelled to rest up to the time of the stranger's disappearance, if a discovery of his character, and of the nature of his carriage companion, had not been made in the following most singular manner.

Monsieur Esterpanz, a distinguished pianist, was one day waited upon by the stranger, and desired by him to attend at his house in the evening (giving the hour of ten) and amuse himself and a small party of friends whom he expected, with some of his choicest music.

The pay offered was large; and the curiosity of our pianist was piqued to see what manner of friends so mysterious an individual would collect around him. At ten, therefore, he punctually presented himself, and being announced by a servant in rich livery, was received at the drawing-room door by the host of the evening. The salon was large, dimly lighted by two or three wax-lights only; a faint blaze quivered upon the hearth though the night was raw and chilly; the furniture was rich, and wore an air of comfort, and many of the guests were already assembled.

With an excess of politeness for an Englishman, the entertainer presented our pianist to an elegant lady negligently reclining in a *fauteil*, naming her as his wife, Lady ——. Lady *Blank*, however, took no notice of the presentation, notwithstanding the

low salutation of the musician. The host next presented our pianist to a young lady, his sister, who was seated at a reading-table, very intent upon a recent novel. But the young lady was even less gracious than the hostess, not deigning to lift her eyes from the book.

The host, venturing a low apology for her assiduous application, made known to the pianist successively, two earnest chess-players in British military costume, and sundry other guests, who were as stolid and immovable as the first.

The distinguished stranger then conducted him to the piano, and begged him to give the company such exhibition of his musical powers as he might choose, assuring him, that though they were all passionately fond of music, they would be equally delighted with either Auber or Donizetti.

Our pianist took his place so as to command as far as possible the features of the hostess, in order in some degree, to judge of his success by the play of her countenance, for of any fuller token of applause he now despaired. Piece after piece was gone through in his usual admirable manner without a word, a smile, or even a whisper from any of the party. Startled by the unearthly stillness he broke into a gay and noisy air; a bit of music fell to the floor, and in stooping to recover it his hand, by accident or intention, touched that of his silent hostess.

The mystery was solved. the hand was icy cold. He uttered an exclamation of terror and rose from his place. The host hurried toward him, and after partially quieting him, explained the matter thus;

He had no wife to be sure, but was a widower; the figure he beheld was a faithful transcript of her person and her features in—wax! His sister—long since dead—was modeled by the same artist. His friends, the chess-players, were very dear friends; they were still dear to him—in wax. He had them always about him; he was never, indeed, without friends—in wax. His lady had been fond of driving; she still drove—in wax. His lady had been fond of music and of traveling; he loved to gratify her old tastes so far as it was in his power. He had prepared cases in which his dear wife, and sister, and the chess-players were carefully packed whenever he made long journeys; but on his arrival at any considerable town he restored them to freedom, and invited them to places in his salon. It was a great pleasure to him to look on their faces, and to feel their presence. To be sure it compelled him to keep cool rooms; otherwise the wax would melt—still it was a pleasure to him.

Very odd Englishman to be sure!

And what is odder yet, there are French people, of sane minds on other things, who will believe unhesitatingly even so absurd a story of the eccentricities of the perfidious natives of Albion.

Speaking of France and Albion reminds us to drop a note about the seeming concord which just now seems to draw the counsels of the two nations together; and to express a further wonder as to how long that concord will last, and how sincere it truly is. So nearly do the national friendships of Europe just now depend upon the tidings of a day, that it would be the height of folly to hazard a prediction upon the possible events of the winter. At the date of our writing, the news has not long reached us of the retirement of the Turkish army, after gaining some decided advantages over the Russians, to the southern side of the Danube, where, the peace-papers say and trust, they will wait until spring opens a new campaign, or ends trouble by intervening diplomacy. At the same date, or nearly so, the Emperor of the French was stag-hunting in the forest of Fontainebleau, to which forest-fête he had invited the chief personages of the diplomatic corps, besides an elegant cortège of his personal friends.

It is clear that the new Emperor, whatever may have been his democratic predilections at an earlier day, is earnestly bent upon reviving the dignity and the magnificence of the old kingly times; and is making the rich halls of Fontainebleau resound with such wassail as has not before waked the royal rafters since a Louis hunted in the park, and coquetted in the boudoirs of the regal Fontainebleau.

A prettier place for such imperial sport, as Louis Napoleon is now reviving, there can not indeed well be imagined. The palace itself is vast, and beautiful in its equipments; the richest of French frescoes decorate the walls, and lordly suites of apartments stretch around a dozen of airy and open courts. The little town sleeps quietly on one side, and around both sweeps the great forest, with a radius of some thirty miles, filled with heavy timber glades, and stocked with such variety and profusion of game, as would astonish even a shooter of prairie-hens upon the flatlands of Wisconsin. Among other guests at this hospitable palace just now, is reckoned the Turkish embassador; and it is commented on by the Paris journals (in view of the absence from the same fête of the Russian envoy) as an indication of the warm state of feeling which the Emperor is disposed to encourage toward his neighbor of the Bosphorus, the turban, and the hundred wives.

Indeed there are stories, not even hinted at in the journals, for fear of trespassing too much on the prerogatives of the ministerial organs, that the newly appointed embassador to the court of Constantinople has far more matters in his diplomatic bag to negotiate than he seems to have, or even than the English embassador imagines. For instance, it is bruited—and we set down here what comes to us in a very "tongue and ear" manner—that possibly the ambitious Napoleon may be desirous of arranging the terms of a *French Protectorate* of the interests of the Sultan, in virtue of which a snug little harbor in the eastern end of the Mediterranean will be fitted up as a sort of retiring place for a few of the new and fine French war-steamers; and the navy of his Imperial Majesty have thus a sort of Gibraltar make weight upon the Orient side of the mid-land ocean.

It is certainly a pretty enough matter for a paragraph; and so we have put it down.

We may make another paragraph, since we have given this stray dash at the Turkish matters, about the bravery with which the descendants of Saladin, and Heaven only knows how many great conquerors, have met the Russians in Wallachia, and pushed them back upon their fortified places. Turkish blood is just now most certainly at a premium; and the reported courage of the troops is said even to have effected the negotiations for the new Turkish loan.

For many a long year past the Turks all over Europe, where they have appeared, have been looked on as the picturesque specimens of a dead nation; serving not much other purpose of civilization than to serve as studies of costumes—to smoke long pipes, and to have their names set down with an Ef, or a Rechid, or a Pascha, in diplomatic papers. But things have changed the position of the turbaned specimens of our race. He is received more as an equal; he has given startling and very powder-

smelling evidence of "pluck;" he is not to be cut down, trodden down, pushed into the sea, dragged out of his harem, without having a fair and a deadly shot at his despoilers. France has observed it, and takes him graciously by the hand; England has observed it, and believes it, the *Times* to the contrary notwithstanding; and even unbelieving Russia sees it, and invokes (wickedly) God to bless her against the Infidel who sets the Crescent up instead of the Cross, and worships ten wives instead of one.

Punch has some funny things about the talk of these matters in the English cabinet, which our readers will surely look up for themselves.

We have given place to an absurd extravaganza about British oddity, which springs from the ingenious conceit-finding of a French *feuilletoniste*, but a really odd thing comes now to our hand out of the English newspapers themselves; it is nothing less than the marriage of an English heiress, not only against her will, but absolutely without her knowledge! This is the way the affair runs: Mademoiselle *Une Telle* (as the French say) was very rich, and as a consequence (which follows in most parts of the world) had very many and very earnest suitors. To all these she showed such measure of favor as stimulated their assiduity, multiplied their bouquets, and equipped their sonnets with accumulative tenderness; but she invariably ended with giving them a pretty and plaintive *congé*. Matters stood thus, when the whole world (of her admirers) was startled, on a blooming day in October, with the intelligence that she was at length captured; not, indeed, by a stranger of wealth and distinction, or even by a deserving one from among themselves, but by an indifferent coxcomb of a man, twenty years her senior, who was without money, family, or talents. The engagement was followed very suddenly by a marriage in a country village, with but few witnesses, and strangest of all, her attorney had prepared no marriage settlements.

A week after marriage, however, the lady-subject of this extraordinary wedding appeared at her solicitor's in London, and desired that immediate steps might be taken to secure for her a divorce. She represented, at the same time, that she never voluntarily engaged herself to the monster who now claimed her as his wife; that she was utterly unable to deny his advances in relation to the ceremony; that, in short, she was placed by his arts in a magnetic state, and was, during a certain time, entirely subject to his will; and that now being recovered, she desired redress, and exemption from the bonds.

The report mentions that the queer case was coming before the courts. Should the honorable court declare in her favor, there is no knowing how many hapless wives will be bringing forward a similar plaint; it is certain enough that an unfortunately large number—both wives and husbands—do thrust their necks into the noose while under a sad state of infatuation, which amounts frequently to a kind of animal magnetism, whose results they would be very glad to abjure in a couple of weeks thereafter.

While we are speaking of bad marriages (a very fruitful topic) we can not forbear allusion to a terrible case of crime, which has within the last month come up for trial before the imperial court of Bourges, in France.

Antoinette, a young and pleasing girl of only seventeen or eighteen, married some six years ago, very much against her wish, a man much her senior, and singularly unpleasing in his appearance. Her father, for pecuniary reasons, insisted upon the union.

What made the matter doubly severe for the bride, was a previous attachment to a young fellow of fitting age, who was the son of an adjoining *proprietaire*, called Tugy. Three years passed off without special trouble; the bride living in the same town with her father, and narrowly watched by her friends, as well as by the relatives of M. Morny, her husband. At this date, however, owing to pecuniary embarrassments, M. Morny was compelled to sell his house, and to occupy a very inferior one of a neighboring town. Madame Morny removed from the influence of those nearest to her, and provoked, it may be, by the alteration of her fortunes, encouraged her old penchant for M. Tugy, who was still unmarried; and through the medium of an indiscreet acquaintance, she secured clandestine meetings.

This scandal came at length to the ears of the husband, who refused Tugy admittance to his house, and denied to his wife all communication with the lover of her young days.

Quarrels frequent and bitter were the consequence. Finally, not more than two months since, upon a morning of September, Madame Morny aroused her neighbors at a very early hour, with the tale that her husband had quarreled with her in more angry mood than was his custom, and had left the house in a rage, threatening to commit suicide She begged them to seek his body.

The neighbors searched a coppice near the house, after which, *guided* by her suggestions, they dragged a fish-pond, upon the edge of which they had found traces of recent steps. After repeated trials they succeeded in recovering the body of M. Morny, with only a single, slight wound, insufficient to have caused death, and in due time the funeral and burial followed.

Suspicion, however, was kindled against the wife, in view of her hatred of M. Morny and of her attachment to M. Tugy. In virtue of these suspicions the body was disinterred, and there was found, upon closer examination, undoubted evidences of strangulation. Madame Morny, accused and confined, after many denials and endless confusion of story, avowed that he had been murdered in her presence by the agency of M. Tugy. The lover, confounded by this evidence of treachery, has retorted upon the unfortunate woman; and in this state the case now comes before the criminal court.

Whatever may be the result, it surely offers a crying example of the malignity which governs vast numbers of the French *forced* matches, by which youth is tied to the decrepitude of age, and the worst sorts of vice nourished under the cover of domestic endearment. It may be worth while to inquire (for those who write essays in the soberer part of our journal) if the New York marriages of money and convenience may not be nourishing the same sort of criminal tendencies?

Another story of more agreeable, and yet of a soft tragic hue, is running the round of the Paris papers.

Mademoiselle X——, five years ago, was a gay-spirited worker in a garret of the *Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin;* she bound ladies' shoes, by which she earned wherewith to help out her *ménage*, and on

Thursdays and Sundays she gave her joyousness play at the ball of the Jardin Mabille. She soon became known here as one of the most graceful and liveliest of the grisettes; she gained an immortal *soubriquet*, and was the toast for all the wine-drinkers in the garden cabinets.

Under this reign over student hearts she was observed by a wealthy German baron (the Germans are all barons), who carried his admiration to the Quixotic, or to the rational, extent of marrying Mademoiselle X——, who thenceforth kept her carriage, and was known (more or less) in the polite world as the Baroness ——. Rumor said of her, that in this situation she wholly reformed her life, devoted herself to the happiness of the baron, did frequent deeds of charity, and was constant in her attendance at the church of the Madeleine.

One day the Baron died. The Baroness showed a grief which had the rare merit (in widows) of being unfeigned. She continued her offices of charity clad in weeds; attended constantly at the church, until—only a month after her Baron's death—she died of grief! The Paris papers make a wonder of the story, as indeed they well may; and no stranger tomb inscription could be put in *Père la Chaise* than that of a Mabille grisette, who, for the love of a *husband*, grieved herself to death!

Dipping our pen here into coloring of a more joyous hue, we may tell our readers somewhat of the changes which are just now coming upon the Paris world of—dress. For even this matter is not forgotten in the clamor of war, and in the splendid record of the stag-hunts of Fontainebleau. But singularly, and yet naturally enough, the Turkish tendencies and the war talk are having their insensible influence upon fashions, both of men and women.

First—Turbans are coming in vogue; and a certain modiste of the Chaussée d'Antin is said to have made her name and her fortune together, the month last past, by showing in her window the most piquant head-dress imaginable, thoroughly *à la Orientale*. Indeed, we rejoice in this pretty change, and hope it will not be one merely of the hour. Nothing can be more becoming to a rich face of eighteen, or even of eight-and-twenty, whether it have Turkish darkness, or the light-colored surroundings which give zest to the Georgian or Circassian beauties, than a deep, rich turban, intertwined with golden tissue, and splendid with some gorgeous hue.

The Oriental patterns of dress-stuff are, moreover, thoroughly *à la mode;* and even the fashionable book-binders are putting up their covers in *Arabesque*. Little girls and boys are toddling about in loose pantaloons, and who knows but a new and more effective Bloomerism may grow up out of the Turkish war.

As for men, swords, and breeches, and cocked hats are in order as court suit for the winter; and, without doubt, many an ambitious American diplomatist will worry greatly over the new orders of Secretary Marcy, when he finds himself in simple, old-fashioned black, beside all the elegant costumes which the war-spirit and the Imperial pride are reviving. Not only is this old costume to be the court rule, but there is very serious talk of introducing it —*minus* the sword—in private circles; and there are sly hints dispatched that the new managing control of the *Opéra des Italiens* will commend to all gentlemen frequenters of the *loges*, breeches, knee-buckles, cocked hats, and straight collars.

In the mean time, there is great demand for crimson cloth caps of Turkish or Greek fashion; and we are in momentary expectation of finding our adventurous Genin or Knox lighting up their windows with full head-suits from Stamboul, and issuing advertisements in the name of Allah or Mohammed the Prophet!

Pipes retain position in the mouths of the cultivated, as heretofore. The only change to be noted is a wonderful elongation of stem, and not infrequently, a quirk or a twist through a dish of Cologne.

Yet another phase this Turkish mania is assuming, which it may be worth while to set down. A noted caterer for the public amusement in Paris, satisfied that the Byzantine capital could be turned to account, and render good per centage, has sent on orders to the Eastern capital for a troupe of native artistes to report themselves directly at his bureau in Paris, and to enter at once upon such feats of athletism, singing, or other mode, as might be most agreeable or easy for them; the chief point being to exhibit them in native costume, and to show to all Paris what manner of men the Russians were entered upon battle with. The reply to the summons of the manager was to the effect that not a score of Turks of sound wind and limb were to be found in Constantinople; but, should an armistice occur, it might be possible to secure the loan of twenty Turks for two months, from the camp of Omar Pascha, together with, if thought desirable, sundry native Moldavians and Wallachians, male and female, dancers and singers; and it is needless to say that this desirable result is looked forward to with anxious interest.

Yet one more extravagance growing out of the Eastern war remains to be noted, which will have its interest for those who, like ourselves, are occupied with the driving of quills, and with watching the cobwebby aspect of changes, moral and political, which drift past our office solitude. A corps of indefatigable writers of all nations have set off for the scene of hostilities, each one bent upon rendering the most vivid and graphic account of dress, manners, battle, blood, floods, and negotiation, which it is possible to render on paper. At least, such is the representation of all those journals who have *special* correspondents upon the ground, or, indeed, within five hundred miles of it. There is reason to fear, however, that very much of this speciality of correspondence is made up from the consultation of a good map, long cramming in old travelers, and a dexterous use of fancy, and a free sweep of the quill. We have some thought of venturing upon the ground ourselves, without, however, the inconvenience of stepping out of doors in this harsh wintery season; and we make no manner of doubt that we could, with a little effrontery, a little vigorous reading of Turkish travels, and the *Zeitung*, make up as good a letter from Stamboul as any man in the town.

What a medium of news and notions, by-the-by, this letter-writing for the papers is becoming! What an immense population is growing up, with no ostensible means of support save only letter-writing! What a literature of letters is deluging our papers! The time was when it was a distinguished mark of ability and successful management for a journal to have a regular and special correspondent even at the seat of government. Now, that distinction is vulgar. The journal is an exception to journals which has not a writing editor in all the great capitals of the world, and occasional correspondents in every village of the United States. We never stir out of our office, nowadays, without expecting to meet a correspondent. In our last summer's jaunt

through New England, we fancied every man in a black coat a correspondent. The railway cars are full of them. There was a time when it was a distinction—not, perhaps, an enviable one, but yet a distinction—to correspond with a journal that put your words in type. The distinction has gone by. We know of few men who do not write letters to the papers, or who, at least, have not, at some time in their lives, written such letters. We almost despair of meeting again the old-fashioned men who did not write, and who never thought of writing, and who therefore felt a degree of respect for our kith and kin of the journals.

We might even recommend to many of our brethren that they retire and secure respect and distinction. We feel satisfied it is their surest way of winning either.

We have dropped a hint of the easy way in which letter-writing may be carried on from any part of the world, without much regard to the *locum in quo* of the writer. We propose, for the nonce, to give a bit of sample of this mode of keeping up special communication, and will even venture to predict that our own letter-writing, here in the dusty office, with Franklin Square steaming in our eye under the melting snows of December, will compare fairly enough with the transatlantic correspondents of half of our journals.

Thus, dating from Constantinople in the last of November, we should say: Mr. Editor—You can hardly form an idea of the excited state of the city through the three weeks last past. The war has begun; the joint fleets have entered; the winter is pushing down from the north. But I must be more particular. You know the rabid feeling which all the street folk of Constantinople have throughout entertained in respect to the Russian aggression, and the urgency with which they have insisted upon active measures being pursued. The Greeks indeed, or rather the Greek Turks, are so far in the minority among street people, that they make no show of a counter opinion, and have been very content to stick to their country and their attar of rose, trembling mean time lest the disciples of the Prophet should become worked up to such a pitch of indignation as to pillage their houses and cut their infidel throats. Indeed, through all the later part of summer, the Christians, whether native or foreign, have felt a little catching of the breath at sight of every bonfire blazing on the heights of Pera; and no sight has been so welcome to them as the present entry of the conjoined fleets of England and of France. They feel now the consciousness of protection, by the force, if need be, of Christian arms.

The bonfire among the infidels is a sort of demonstration equivalent to our Bowery meetings, and is a warm manifestation of disapproval of such measures as the Divan may decide upon. Thus, if the disappointed office-seekers of New-York were Turks, they would undoubtedly, before this, have lit a tar-barrel, and thrown an effigy of the President into the blaze.

But, *revenons à nos moutons;* which means, I will get back to the news. An armed vessel of war from beyond Gibraltar is, you know, the rarest of all sights in the Brazen Horn; the consequence has been, that all the world hereabout has been agog during the week with looking on wonderingly at the great fleet which swims in the Eye of Stamboul. But though your Turk is as eager to see things strange and wonderful as the rest of the world, he does not indulge in extravagant expressions; and the most you will see in the turbaned groups which collect upon the points of observation is a stolid intentness of gaze, and a heavier whiff of the burning scarfalatti; and the most you will hear will be a steadily and sturdily uttered oath in the name of Allah, and of his prophet, who is Mohammed!

Yet beneath the exterior of calm there is a very burning reservoir of enthusiasm, which is wildly enough displayed in the bulletins which come to hand from the seat of war. They are brimming with hope, bravado, and contempt of the infidel dogs. It is needless, perhaps, to say that the masses of the people know nothing of the war except what they gain from the Imperial bulletins; and even strangers, your correspondent among them, are obliged to consult such stray French journalism as they can lay their hands upon in the counting-rooms of the English and Greek merchants. In the face of the great dearth of papers, we wander about whole days, not unfrequently, with not an inkling of the whereabouts of either army, or even (unless it be in sight) of the allied fleet.

As a casual token of the old leaven of animosity which lies between French and English, I may mention, what has not crept into the journals, that no little ill-feeling grew up between the sailors of the two fleets about the entry of the first ships through the Straits. The English, as you are aware, led off, and the French (a few discontented ones) claim that it was effected by a cheatery, which they are not disposed to forget. Opinion here is various about the active operations of the allied fleet, though it is now generally affirmed and believed that if the Russians pass an army over the Danube, though only by a day's march, that the ships will lead on into the Black Sea. If this come about, they will surely make deadly work among the Russian shipping and shore towns.

The new French embassador has arrived, and with his brilliant military staff, quite throws the civic state of Lord Redcliffe into the shade. It is mooted, even, if he do not as much surpass his British compeer in the arts of negotiation, now that diplomacy has got the aid of guns and epaulettes.

Trade, as you may readily imagine, is at a very dull stage. Ships of grain abound, but the relays of *voyageurs* who used to bask the winter out in their *caiques* on the soft waters of our Brazen Horn (a charming strait it is!) are nowhere now to be found. The fat and greasy Turks can no longer impose their attar of roses with unctuous words and action on misguided tourists. The brilliant things are packed off for Paris, and turbans, and pipes, and slippers are bought better (the papers tell us) on the Boulevard.

A company or two of Russian captives are, they say, in the city, or, rather, across the Horn at Pera. They are kept quietly confined, but enjoy the Saracen hospitality of coffee and pipes!

We are sure this letter contains nothing but truth, and we appeal to our readers if it has not an air of *vraisemblance.*

If, again, we were to undertake a letter from Italy, it would be in this strain:

My dear ——. (This air of privacy has a good effect. It seems to have been intercepted, and, of course, is more to be relied upon.)

Here we are at length in the old tumble-down city of Bologna; a dirty, lumbering place, with long, dark galleries under the houses, unfinished brick-fronted churches, and two tall red towers, that look as if to-morrow would be their last day, and we struggling at supper-time under the mortar fragments.

Italy, to tell truth, has very much the same air with the twin towers of Bologna, and leans all askew, threatening to come down with a great crash one of these odd times, and bury whoever is beneath.

I have but a scurvy respect for Papal officials, and a *douceur* of a couple of pauls (twenty cents our money) carried me safely through the hands of a terrific-looking official, with long mustache and sword to match, who presided over the Dogana of the Church. Only one contraband article gives the dignitaries much trouble, and that is information; by which I mean such information as is printed in journals and books. The Pope, it would seem, has a grievous fear of books which contain any; and if a man could write a book without containing any, he might supply, I am sure, the whole Papal dominions. Can't you get Mr. R—— to turn his hand that way? I really believe he would succeed; if not, his conversation certainly belies him. But a truce to jokes, least of all about friends.

Every traveler is full *ad nauseam*, you know, of the begging pests of Italy, so I will spare you that topic, merely saying that H——'s account is not strained (which is a wonder). At the very outposts, before we had scaled Mount Cenis, they came upon us—men, women, children—with papers and without; with eyes and without; with legs and without; with souls and without; and—would you believe it?—they even begged on horseback; and in Venice, begged in boats!

The cookery we are getting used to, though Tom has not altogether smoothed his temper yet to the oil with which they insist on stewing even the fresh eggs which we find at the road-side inns. As for wines, they are execrable; and though you may, perhaps, have heard as much through the papers, a strange disease has got among the vines throughout Italy, and even in France the farmers are rooting up their vineyards by the acre; and in ten years from now, if the disease be not stayed, there will be no more Falernian (a disgusting, sour wine, by-the-way) drank on the Seven Hills, or any where in that neighborhood. What the disease is, or how to cure it, nobody knows; and it is making as much talk in the scientific corner of the journals as the potato rot does with us.

As for political content, about which, being a Soft Shell, I would be glad to have information, there is very little of any sort. The world hereabout seems too poor, and miserable, and fagged out with some three thousand years of life, to know what content is; and they seem to be waiting restlessly, with hands and mouth open, for the world to come to an end. Whatever they do nowadays, whether in the way of architecture, engineering, gardening, book-making, preaching, or dancing, is done barrenly, and as if no crop was looked for, however much seed is spent.

Yet the meadows are fat, and the white cattle of Clitumnus, about which Macaulay or somebody has made a poetic hit, are well-fed animals, very sleek, and with a capital *feel* (I tried them) for the butchers.

Terni (tell E—— about it) is a fairish waterfall, especially after rain, and the trees thereabout are picturesque; beside which, there is a charming view from the heights over as sweet a plain as you would see any where in—Virginia.

Assassinations keep up their old average in Italy, although all weapons of defense or offense are liable to seizure wherever they may be found. Tell any of your pugnacious friends, who may be traveling this way from the yellow fever region, that their bowie knives will be incontinently ravished from them. We have just now heard of an American lady who had the taste (bad or good, as you may think it) to select an antique stiletto at a Paris shop for a paper cutter, and who lost the same at the hands of the police so soon as she arrived in the Austrian territory. She was informed, however, in very polite German, that the stiletto should remain at the *bureau* of the authorities, subject to her *réclamation* whenever she was ready to quit the country. A book with a liberal opinion in it (as I have already hinted) is as bad as a dirk.

The poets (you, my dear fellow, among them) have given us prosy people a very absurd hankering after Italy, which nowadays, at any rate, falls far short of the programme. It is, upon the whole, a very melancholy region; quite full of distressed and beggarly people, who grope about under the shadows of the old ruins, and under the lee of church walls, like so many ghosts in steeple hats. The life, and fire, and bustle which keeps an American soul awake, and which furnishes him with breakfast, dinner, and tea, does not show its hand in any corner of the Peninsula. Even the artists, whom Tom is inclined to make exceptional, are a sleepy set of fellows, in great cavernous studios, whited with marble dust, and ghostly as the rest.

American ladies latterly have bred quite a new reputation for us on this side of the Leghorn Gulf. You know the magnificent (you called her) Margaret Fuller was here for a time; and there have been since other writing ladies and artist ladies, who, with plenty of genius, have shown a little Bloomer-like independence in their action; from all which it has come about that the ladies of our troop were looked upon with a little wonderment, and the stares of the Italians seemed to express a surprise that they were not in long boots, or with a man's hat!

The ladies were not flattered.

The patrol is just now passing under the window The Papal soldiers—they are the only well-dressed men we see, saving all the while our courier, who is a pattern of a fellow, and will to-morrow mail you this, charging me the postage, and leaving it for you to pay. It is his way. Adieu.

We commend our friend's letter to the lovers of recent news and of foreign correspondents, satisfied that they will find in him a wakeful observer, and one possessed of the best opportunities.

We may possibly take occasion to renew, from time to time, our letters from various parts of the world, as the whim may take us, trusting that our readers will keep in grateful regard the energy which enables us to secure so efficient and extensive a corps of foreign correspondents.

A story or two of the French capital are hanging in our pen nib, but we dash them back into our ink-pot, where they shall have a month of the sable pickle, and then, please the pen, shall be stretched on the canvas of our page.

It may be serviceable to drop a hint to such voyaging Americans as may be planning pleasure trips down the Danube and into the East the coming (i. e., present) season, that the inconveniences thrown in the way, even in the event of peace remaining undisturbed, will make the trip any thing but one of *agrémens*. Even now, the Inquisition is almost on a war-footing for those traveling in Lombard Italy; as a friend writes us that even his letters were not suffered to escape, but submitted to such investigation as a Germanized Italian official could give.

We quote a paragraph or two from his letter:

"The officials one meets with in Lombardy, are for the most part renegade Italians; that is to say, men who have sold their souls for Austrian money, and who do such ignoble works for their Imperial master and patron, as even the Austrians themselves would disdain to do. You can readily imagine in what loving regard these officials are held by the great body of Lombard subjects, and with what impertinent inquisition and despotism they retort the silent, but expressive contempt of their countrymen.

"The Austrian (born) officials are, when met with, much less scrutinizing, and in a general way, better bred men; the officers (military) are fine-looking, exceedingly well dressed, and have the air of gentlemen. The sub-officers are indeed full of airs, and seem to take a delight in startling old women and starvelings, by thrashing their swords along the pavements of the Milan streets, and frowning upon all the world.

"I need hardly say that there exists no sort of familiar intercouse between the best bred of the Lombard people—either men or ladies—and the Austrian officers. By common consent, these last are thoroughly tabooed in the salon; and it is striking to note their isolation both in the theatre and upon all the public promenades. The Austrian ladies who have followed the fate of their husbands, to their provincial establishments, are very few in number, and, as usual, exceedingly unattractive in appearance.

"In Venice, as being nearer the Imperial capital, more, of course, are to be found; and there are quite enough, in connection with the sympathizing Russian ladies, to make up German-talking coteries of their own. Russians, and Russian families abound in Venice. It would appear that Nicholas is confident that under Austrian rule, his good subjects will listen to no dangerous liberalism of sentiment, and be thrown in contact with very few of the disciples of progress. As a consequence, he 'grants permission' to sundry 'princely families' to pass a year in the Lombard cities, on condition that they go no farther, and that their intercourse be always conducted (under the *espionage* of Russian officials) with proper regard to the precedents, and instructions of their father Emperor. One can not avoid calling to mind again, and again, in view of the present fraternization of Eastern European monarchs, and the increasing rigor of their despotism, the old prophecy of Napoleon, that Europe would be Cossack, or Republican, within the century.

"The slowness, and lack of vigor, which characterize every work of internal improvement, whether telegraph, railway, or steam communication of any kind, give countenance to the idea of a relapse; not indeed, that improvements are not in progress, but they maintain such poor relation to progress otherwhere, that they seem no progress at all.

"For example, a railway between Milan and Venice, projected I think as early as 1839, and certainly commenced as early as 1840, is still no more than half complete; and this notwithstanding the route traverses a perfectly level country, with but two short tunnels throughout its entire length of some 200 miles. The rate of speed upon the parts completed, is, as you may suppose, in good keeping with the energy of its general direction—rarely reaching twenty miles the hour, and averaging fourteen or fifteen. First class passengers are allowed 10lbs. of luggage; and pay for the overplus at the rate of from two to three cents a pound! *Vive la bagatelle!*

"But I wish you could step over under this glowing sky for a month, if it were only to watch the blue shadows in the hills, and to treat yourself to a moonlight gondola ride across the glittering lagoon. Then and there you might forget Austria and Austrians, and the ignoble state of the forlorn country, and grow into the memory of the old things, which once made a Royalty of every dependence of the floating city; and which (if you have read him) have crazed the eloquent Ruskin, into his monomania about Venetian Stones!

"Pack your portmanteau, call a cab, drive to the East River, drop into a Mediterranean fruiter, smoke your pipe quietly over seas, knock out the ashes on the rock of Gibraltar, hum Italian songs (if you know any) along the South Coasts of olives and wine, bare your head to the soft Simoon, sleep to the rustle of the Southern waves, and I will meet you on the Quay at Leghorn!"

Alas, for us in our office solitude, in our office drudgery, with the first snows of winter dampening every inch of paving-stone, and the stern east winds whistling over the Bowery wastes, this pleasant talk of other climes seems like the hap-hazard note of our canary, that swings over our window in the little breakfast room;—just as gentle, just as unattainable, just as winged!

But courage! If we have toil, and piles of journals, and dusty cobwebs in our office corner; if we have the chill of north winds beating eagerly for entrance at the window chinks, and wet streets, and cold sky, and long nights, and ever-renewing days of battle against winter, and battle against work, we have with it all, the consciousness of forming part of a people who direct their own affairs, who come and go, whither and when they will, who mete out plenty to the suffering, and instruction to the hopeful, and contentment to all honest endeavor.

The Americans are, to be sure, guilty of a great deal of empty self-glorification; very much of which a good, round of European advancement in the more delicate and refined arts of civilization, may prune away, and subdue. But we pity the man, who even in the sight of all that is most grand and imposing in Continental art, or of all that adaptiveness of Parisian habit, to make every day a holiday,-and every year a fête of pleasure, can forget to be proud and joyous, in view of his part and duty, in carrying out that noble experiment of self-government, which is just now, on this side the water, devolving its blessings of plenty, and energy, and wealth, upon twenty millions of native and of foreign-born citizens.

And with this much of patriotic exuberation of temper and ink, we stick our pen in its stand, and throw ourselves back in our Chair for another month of outlook (through the windows of our journals) upon the world here and abroad.

Editor's Drawer.

"'Tis Winter! and the rain rains cold,
With frost and snow on every hill;
And Boreas, with his blast so bold,
Is threatening all the kye to kill!"

Yes; Burns is right. Winter is indeed among us. Long evenings have come upon us; friends gather together around the social fire-sides in the great city: in the country, now, the piles of beech, hickory, and maple wood, roar up the wide-backed chimney; in the corner there is a willow basket of toothsome apples, vari-colored, but all "good;" the

Newtown pippin, the Pearmain, the Spitzenbergh, the Rhode Island; in the other corner of the fireplace there is a pitcher of nice sweet cider; father is reading; mother is knitting, and you can hear the "covered sound" of her needles, "nip-nip, nip-nip;" and only now and then she "drops a stitch;" "the boys" are making a hand-sled for to-morrow's fun in the snow, or to draw in "wood and chips" at night. All right with "the girls," too, who are making clothes for the little folks or themselves. Now take "Harper's Magazine," and sit down, when you are a little tired, and see what good things are provided for you, both to please the eye and to amuse the mind.

At one time, after the Trollopes, and the Basil Halls, and "the likes of them" had been telling their abusive stories about this country and its sovereigns, there was nothing that gave an American wag a greater pleasure than to mislead the itinerant English cockneys who chanced to be traveling among us. "These are nice 'ills," said one of these to a passenger on the deck of a Hudson-river steamboat, as they were passing the West Point Highlands; "w'ats the name of 'em?"

"Ben Cro'nest and Ben Anthony," answered the interrogated passenger.

"Thenk-ye," said our cockney tourist; and down went the new titles of the old mountains. Ben Lomond and Ben Nevis made it all right to *his* mind. He pursued his inquiries:

"Where does the 'Udson river empty into?" said he.

"Into Hudson's Bay"—and down went a memorandum to that effect.

It isn't four years since a similar wag made a kindred tourist believe that the remains of the horse that General Jackson rode at the battle of New Orleans was buried beneath the site of the present Bowling-Green fountain!

But of all the *connected* exaggerations ever put upon an Englishman, we regard the story of the Yankee to the cockney in a London and Liverpool rail-car, as the richest "specimen" we have yet encountered—in fact, a regular "*nugget*." He had been boasting of the great speed on the English rail-roads; and while the engine-bell was ringing, on approaching a station, it suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" he inquired, with an air of innocent ignorance.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman; "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yaes, we've got bells, but we can't use 'em on our rail-roads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the seound. 'Taint no use; the seound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact!" said the Yankee: "yaes; had to give up bells. Then we tried thest eam-whistle—just as bad. *I* was on a locomotive when a whistle was tried—goin' at a most *tre*-mendous rate—had to hold my hair on with both hands. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track abeout five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on, screechin' like a trooper. I screamed awfully, but it wan't no use. Next thing *I* knew, I was a-pickin' myself out of a pond by the road-side, and the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon, and a dead engineer, lying beside me. Jest then the whistle come along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I'd heerd the engineer rip eout when he first see the horses. Poor fellow! he was dead afore his voice got to him!

"Arter that we tried *lights*, expectin' that they would travel faster than seound. We got some that was so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the line of the road when we come by, supposin' it was morning. But the old locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness, with the light clust on to it behind. Folks petitioned ag'in it; they couldn't sleep with so much light in the night time.

"Finally, we had to station electric telegraph poles along the road, with signal-men to telegraph when the train was in sight; I *have* heerd that some of the *fast* trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes in every forty miles. But I can't say as *that* is true, exactly—the *rest* I *know* to be so."

The "mental reservation" as to the *last* "fact" stated, probably disarmed suspicion as to the character of the previous statements.

In most of the Indian romances of modern time—and they have increased until nearly every reader is heartily tired of them—the "red man" is the wise man, the deep, the successful; and "not to be caught" in the last result. It is refreshing to find even one story, in which there is a different denouement.

In a sketch that found its way into the "Drawer" many a long month ago, in which an Indian warrior is introduced, in all his bravery of paint and feathers, silence, and guttural exclamations, the ensuing scene occurs. In this case the Yankee hunter seems to have had the "best of the bargain."

* * * "Do you expect to find Black Ralph?" he asked, significantly.

"Prairie-Wolf is called brave in war," he answered. "He never turns his back upon the enemy. He never returns to his village without the scalps of his enemies, to hang up at the door of his lodge."

"You may be a great warrior, but I reckon Black Ralph will live longer 'n you. The same sun that'll shine on your dead face, will shine upon that onac countable critter a livin' man."

A slight change passes over the features of the Indian. He appears to feel that there is something prophetic in the words of the trapper. His adversary goes on:

"It strikes me, Red-skin, that you won't see the smoke of your wigwam no more. Suthin' seems to tell *me* that the silent steps of Death are arter *you!* It's my 'pinion the sun won't 'rise and set' three minutes afore there'll be a leetle hole in your left breast, just over your heart."

The Prairie-Wolf made no reply.

"It's a mighty easy way, tew, of gettin' out of the world. It's my 'pinion that a critter that goes under in that a-way never knows what hurt him."

"The heart of the Prairie-Wolf is very big," saio the Indian, gravely.

"Yaes, but not big enough for him you're arter,' replied the trapper. "You'd better pass the time in singin' your death-song, if you know any, or you may be obleeged to go to the celebrated huntin' grounds without music."

The reader will please to infer that there was "no mistake" about the accomplishment of this threat; that there was a "leetle hole" drilled through the

Prairie-Wolf, "big" as his heart was; and that the wily Indian had for once encountered an adversary, even in a modern romance, who knew about as much as himself of the stategy of "bush-fighting."

BEAUTIFUL, says one who loved little children, beautiful is an infant, in whatever way we picture it to ourselves; beautiful upon a parent's knee; beautiful awake or asleep; beautiful at play, in the corner of the room, or under the shade-tree before the door; beautiful as a lamb in the SAVIOUR'S arms. Beautiful at the fount of baptism—beautiful even beneath the coffin-lid; in the loveliness of death—with hands cross-folded on its little breast—with brow like moulded wax—with eyes closed forever in an eternal sleep!

If infants make so prominent and lovely a feature in our earthly homes, what must they be in our Heavenly home?

* * * * * *

They crowd around me now, the silent, solemn, forms of myriad mourners! Ye who have counted the stars of Heaven and the sands of the sea, draw near and tell me the number of those RACHELS in whose shrine, deep and lonely, the "sweet sorrow" for the infant dead! Where is the family that is not divided—part on earth, and part in Heaven? Where is the parent who does not visit with tears some little mound under the willow? Where is the parent that does not, in some lonely hour, look up to Heaven with folded arms, and exclaim, half in sorrow, "*Can* I bring my dear one back again? I shall go to him, but he will never return to me!"

Among the almost countless little graves that swell up in the beautiful cemetery of Greenwood, there is a charming, graceful monument, of purest white marble, bearing the following touching and appropriate description. It rises over the remains of a little boy of rare beauty and intelligence, the son of Mr. WILLIAM OKELL, of this city

> "Our GOD, to call us homeward,
> His only SON sent down;
> And now, still more to tempt our hearts,
> Has taken up our own."

Beautiful and consoling is the thought of infants in Heaven!

A GOOD story has recently been told of a characteristic trick performed upon his sister, the Princess Amelia, by that "hard case," the roué Duke of Cumberland:

"His sister one day took him to task, arraigned his dissipated conduct, and said she would never be instrumental to it. He assured her that the money he then solicited he wanted to complete an improvement in Windsor Park, where it was well laid out in employing the surrounding poor; and to convince her of the truth of this statement, he proposed to take her down to inspect the works. He had at that time nearly five hundred men digging a canal. She went to the lodge, and he drove her around the park in a one-horse chaise, and had so contrived it with the manager that, as she passed from one place to another, the same set of men, as in a theatre, removed to another spot, which, when she was brought to were seen planting trees; at another, five hundred men (the same!) were found grubbing hedges.

"'Well,' said she, 'brother, I had no conception of this: you must employ near two thousand people.'

"'True,' said the *noble* Duke; 'and if I were to take you to the other side of the park, I could show you as many more!'

"'It is not necessary,' said the Princess; 'I am satisfied that your money is better expended than I had apprehended.'"

And the unsuspecting Princess loaned him the ten thousand pounds he wanted. The story is entirely authentic, being derived from an old servant of the rowdy Duke, who was privy to the deception, and aided his master in carrying it out so success fully.

Perhaps if so shabby a *ruse* had been practiced on *this* side of the water, and by an American, the English papers would have united in denouncing the transaction as a villainous "*Yankee* trick."

"Likely as not!"

A YOUNG lady is said to have asked a gentleman at the table of a hotel "down East" to pass her the "hen fruit." She pointed to a plate of eggs. An Eastern editor suggests "Shanghai berries" as a more fastidious term.

WHEN the California steamers come in, bringing their million or two of gold, every month, people begin to be agog again for the far-off Eldorado; and the steamers, when they return, are crowded with anxious and eager treasure-seekers. But when the *return*-boats bring from eight hundred to a thousand passengers, it would appear that not a few of these same treasure-seekers are coming "back agen," and *some* of them, it is said, singing with great unction the following parody:

> The green-horns came down,
> Like the wolf on the fold,
> To the land that was said
> To be teeming with gold;
> And the gleam of their wash-pans,
> Like comets or stars,
> Flashed bright o'er our "gulches,"
> Our "canons," and "bars!"
>
> Like the leaves of the forest,
> When summer is green,
> That host, in the month
> Of October, was seen;
> Like the leaves of the forest,
> When autumn hath blown,
> That host in December
> Was scattered and strown.
>
> For the "Fiend of the Storm"
> Spread his wings on the blast,
> And rain, at his bidding,
> Came sudden and fast;
> And the waters were raised,
> Till each creek was a flood,
> And provisions went up
> On account of the mud.
>
> And there lay the tools
> They had bought upon trust,
> Each wash-pan and crow-bar
> All covered with dust;
> And there lay each green-horn
> Coiled up in his tent,
> His pork-barrel empty—
> His money all spent.
>
> And the victims themselves
> Were quite loud in their wail,
> And the merchant who sold
> Upon credit, grew pale;
> And those who prayed hardest
> For rain at the first,
> Were now by their comrades
> Most bitterly cursed.
>
> In vain they "prospected"
> Each dreary ravine;
> In vain they explored
> Where no white man had been
> The riches they fondly
> Expected to clasp.

Like a will-o'-the-wisp,
Eluded their grasp.

And *some* of the green-horns
Resolved upon flight,
And "vamosed the ranch"
In a desperate plight;
While those who succeeded
In reaching the town,
Confessed they were "done"
Most exceedingly "brown."

We gave in a late "Drawer" some rather startling economical statistics; here are a "few of the same sort," although rather incidentally stated:

"How any one can look at the human foot, composed of one hundred and forty-four bones, any quantity of cartilage, a gill and a half of lubricating oil, and ten thousand other arguments for first-class kicking, and still believe it to be a duty to receive an insult without making a man 'smell leather,' is one of those eccentricities connected with the human mind which we could never fathom!"

This anti-peace argument is a very ingenious one, and seems to leave the "original destination" of the human foot out of the question.

"*Our Honey-Moon*," in Punch, who has wisdom as well as wit, contains an excellent lesson, very forcibly illustrated, which is well worth the heed of all young married people—and old ones, too, for that matter:

"Last night I was about to make a little difficulty—and as Fred says, difficulties are the worst things people *can* make, they so improve with practice—I was about to object to something, when Fred suddenly desired me to watch and learn of *Prince*, our landlady's dog, that had come into the room.

"The evening sky had been overcast; the dog lay at my feet; suddenly the sun shone, and a little patch of sunlight brightened the corner of the carpet. Immediately *Prince* got up, and with a wise look trotted to the bright place, and laid himself down on it.

"'There is philosophy,' said Fred; 'only one patch of sunlight in the place, and the wise, sagacious dog walks out of the shadow and rolls himself round in the sunshine.

"'Now, my dear Letty,' he continued, 'there is a lesson for folks who love to make difficulties. Be instructed, dear, even by a lapdog. Whenever there shall shine one patch of sunlight, then make it out, and do all your best to enjoy it. The easiest of all trades is to make difficulties.'"

At a Western barbecue, held in a flourishing town in Mississippi, the following terrific incident occurred. It was related to a Western contemporary by one who was almost an eye-witness of the fact:

"The barbecue was attended by most of the beauty and fashion of the town and the surrounding country. Among the guests was a young lady, a Miss M——, from one of our Eastern cities, who was on a visit to her relations in the neighborhood. She was gay and fashionable, and although abundantly endowed with womanly spirit and courage, she yet had a mortal fear and dread of snakes, in so much that she scarcely dared to walk any where except in the most frequented places, for fear of encountering them. Every effort was used, but without avail, to rid her of her childish fears; they, however, haunted her continually, until at last it became a settled conviction in her mind that she was destined to fall a victim to the fangs of a rattlesnake. The sequel will show how soon her terrible presentiment found a solution

"Toward the close of the day, while the company were keeping time to merry music in the dance, and all were in full tide of enjoyment, a loud scream was heard from Miss M——, followed by the most agonizing cries for help.

"The crowd gathered around her instantly, and beheld her standing, the perfect image of despair, with her hands grasping a portion of her dress with the tenacity of a vice. It was some time before she could be rendered sufficiently calm to tell the cause of her alarm, and then they gathered from her broken exclamations that she was grasping the head of a snake among the folds of her dress, and dreaded to let go her hold for fear of receiving the fatal blow.

"This intelligence caused many to shrink from her; but the most of the ladies, to their honor be it told, remained with her, determined not to leave her in her direful extremity. They besought her not to relax her hold, as her safety depended upon it, until some one could be found who had the courage to seize and remove the terrible animal. There were none of the ladies, however, who had the courage to perform the act, and her condition was becoming more and more critical every moment. It was evident that her strength was failing very fast, and that she could not maintain her hold many minutes longer.

"A hasty consultation among the calmest of the ladies was held, when it was determined that Dr. T——, who was present, should be called to their assistance. He was quickly on the spot, and being a man of uncommon courage, he was not many moments within the circle of weeping and half-fainting females, until he had caught the tail of the snake and wound it firmly around, told Miss M—— that she must let go at the moment that he jerked it away; and to make the act as instantaneous as possible, he told her that he would pronounce the words, 'one, two, three,' and that at the moment he pronounced the last word, she must let go her hold, and that he doubted not that he could withdraw the snake before it could have time to strike."

It seems to be wrong, almost, after having raised the fears of readers to the highest point, to state, that the whole thing finally turned out very different from what was naturally expected. A new Parisian invention, an improvement upon the exaggerated and exploded "bustle," calculated to make the light dress set out from the bottom of the waist, had become loose, and this had occasioned all the wild terror of the wearer, and the alarm of her friends. It had so shifted its position, and was in such a shape, that it was very naturally mistaken for one among the most venomous of reptiles!

The following epitaph upon a tombstone in the church-yard of Glastonbury, Conn., has occasioned many an involuntary smile from those who have perused it:

"HERE LIES ONE WHOS
LIFES THREADS CUT
ASUNDER; SHE WAS
STRUCK DEAD BY A CLAP
OF THUNDR."

The facts in this case, as stated by a correspondent, are somewhat singular:

"In June, 1719, the individual was standing in the wide, old-fashioned fire-place, during a severe thunder storm, when the chimney was struck by lightning, and a brick was thrown upon her head, by which she was killed on the spot. The brick was laid and kept upon her grave; and what is

remarkable, it still remains there, at the distance of one hundred and thirty-four years from the time when it was first deposited there."

We can only say that, in any grave-yard of this great bustling metropolis, the body itself, let alone the brick which wrought its destruction, would scarcely have remained unmolested for half that length of time.

THIS characteristic anecdote of a colored preacher is stated to have had its origin in a meeting-house for colored worshipers in the village of Whitestown, in this state:

"The black minister was closing up his prayer, when some white boys in the corner had the ill-manners to laugh, so that the sable suppliant heard them. He had said but a moment before, and very earnestly, 'We pray dat de LORD will bress all flesh dat is human,' when the laugh occurred; and commencing again, just before the 'Amen,' the pious old negro said:

"'O LORD, we are not in de habit ob adding pose-scrips to our prayers, but if de 'spression, 'Bress all dat is human,' *won't take in dese wicked white fellars*, den we pray dat de LORD will bress some dat *ain't* human, also, besides!'"

A LECTURER, who was contending, at a tiresome length and great tautological perplexity, that "*Art* could not improve *Nature*," was startled "half out of his boots" by the question, in a deep, sonorous voice, by one of his audience:

"How do you think you would look *without your wig?*"

The question was a "poser"—the argument a "*non sequitur!*"

THERE is not a more common offense against the laws of common courtesy (we might say, oftentimes, of common decency) than is practiced by a certain class of lawyers nowadays in the examination of witnesses upon the stand. Now and then, however, an impertinent lawyer "gets it back" in such a way that he is fain to "call the *next* witness." Of such was the following, not as yet "put down in the *books*," but well worthy of being transferred from "the *papers*:"

"At a late term of the Court of Sessions a man was brought up by a farmer, accused of stealing some ducks.

"'How do you know they are your ducks?' asked the defendant's counsel.

"'Oh, I should know them *any* where,' replied the farmer; and he went on to describe their different peculiarities.

"'Why,' said the prisoner's counsel, 'those ducks can't be such a rare breed; I have some very like them in my own yard.'

"'That's not unlikely, sir,' replied the farmer; 'they are not the *only* ducks I have had stolen lately!'

"'Call the *next* witness!'"

Is there not, in these three stanzas (TENNYSON'S "*Bugle Song*") the very *echo* of an echo? Can you not almost hear, with your actual living ears, the echo of the strain, "dying, dying" away in the farthest distance? Let no poor joker hint that it would require long ears to do this, or suggest that a mule would have the advantage over us in listening for the "dying fall:"

"The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits, old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying

"O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing
Blow; let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying

"O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river,
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying."

LET our farmer-readers, in all the vast region where the "Drawer" is circulated and perused, feel proud to have bound up in their Magazine this beautiful tribute to their noble calling by EDWARD EVERETT:

"The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that, by the law of the land in which he lives, he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, feels more strongly than another the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of GOD, and upheld by HIS power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is *his*—his from the centre to the sky! It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home.

"Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home, but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit-tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village-school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath-bell, which called his fathers to the house of GOD; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when *his* time has come, he shall be laid by his children.

"These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words can not paint them—gold can not buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the very life-springs of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character."

THE meaning of "*support*" in both of the instances which ensue, is curiously twisted. Time, about the period of election:

"Do you support General Pierce?"

"No."

"Do you support General Cass?"

"No."

"What! do you support Van Buren?"

"No, *sirrr!*—I support my wife Betsy and the children; and I tell you it's mighty hard screwing to get along at that, with corn only twenty cents a bushel, and pork six."

"A lady was asked the other day why she chose to live a single life? She very naively replied,

"'Because I am not able to *support* a husband!'"

Quite the same idea as "supporting a carriage," or other luxury. There is a point of satire in the

reply which it is a great pity is altogether of too wide an application.

In a former number of the "Drawer" we exhumed a fragment from the experiences of the Physician of a Lunatic Asylum, in which we quoted some extracts from the "compositions" of some of the inmates of the institution. *Apropos* to this, is the subjoined, which is illustrative of the many freaks which insanity suggests, and the ridiculous phases which it assumes:

"There is a patient in the State Asylum at Utica, who has been at work for the last two years in getting up a steam-boat, the engine of which is to be worked with Epsom salts!

"Another gentleman, in an adjoining room, proposes to put elliptic springs under the cataract of Niagara, in order to 'ease the water when it jumps!'

"A third is busily engaged in getting out the timber for a 'Six-bladed Horse,' and a 'Leather Frying-pan.'"

The philosopher who said that the only reason why crazy people differed from other people, was because they were more largely imaginative than "the generality of mankind in general," was not so far out of the way as many people who are not exactly "crazy" may imagine.

What is our Crystal Palace Fair?—our Exhibition of the "Industry of all Nations?" What was the "World's Fair" of London, which brought into that Leviathan of cities peoples of every kindred, and nation, and province, and "tongue," under the whole heaven! What was the Dublin Exhibition, that munificent "Tub," thrown to the "whale of discontent" in the sea of misery and want, in which floats the Green Isle?—A boon mainly from the pocket of one noble Irishman. The London Palace was immense; the New York Palace unapproachable in airiness, grace, and beauty; the Dublin Show, most honorable to all concerned in its erection. But what, sixty years ago, were *all* who have had any hand in either? *Babies*, every mother's son of them; high as they may very properly "hold up their heads" now—yet *babies* all!

A cheer for babies then; and a good word from all for a new Baby Fair:

"For the '*smartest*' baby, not more than twenty months' old, a prize of a cap, a pair of shoes, and a medal.

"For the *prettiest* baby, of the same age, an embroidered apron and a medal.

"For the *best-natured* baby, of the same age, a stick of candy, and a medal.

"Committees to be composed of Grandmothers.

"No old maid or bachelor will be admitted without paying twice the admission price.

"Other particulars, as, for example, to 'the cleanest baby,' 'the baby that obeys its nurse without the least singing or talking to,' will be settled before the opening of the proposed Fair."

The ensuing conundrum would, perhaps, be better understood in England than in this country; but notwithstanding the London flash terms employed, the cockney phrases explain themselves:

"What two persons did Robinson Crusoe meet when he first landed on the lovely island of Juan Fernandez?"

"A 'Heavy Swell' on the beach, and a 'Little Cove' running up into the land!"

All cockneydom in London "had but one mouth," wide open for a laugh, when this was first "punched" forward upon the great community.

A very clever burlesque is given in the following, of the squabbles, which were much more common on former occasions than now, between certain far-western editors and politicians, in the "pistol, club, and bowie-knife regions," as Mr. Alfred Bunn would call them:

"It had been thought, it had been stated publicly, that B—— would 'whip us on sight' the moment he arrived; but although we thought a conflict probable, we had never been very sanguine as to its terminating in this manner.

"Coolly we gazed from the window of the office upon the 'New Town' road. We descried a cloud of dust in the distance; high above waved a whip lash; and we said, 'B—— cometh! and his driving is like that of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously!'

"Calmly we seated ourselves in our 'arm-chair,' and continued our labors. A step—a *heavy* step—was heard upon the stairs—and B—— stood before us!

"In shape and gesture proudly eminent, he stood like a tower! Deep scars of thunder had intrenched his face, and care sat on his faded cheek; but under brows of dauntless courage sat considerate pride, waiting for revenge!

"We arose with dignity, and, in unfaltering voice, said:

"'Well, Judge, how do you do?'

"He made no reply, but commenced taking off his coat.

"We removed ours—also our cravat. . . . . .

"The 'sixth and last round' is described by the pressmen and compositors as having been fearfully scientific. We held B—— down over the press by our nose (which we had inserted between his teeth for that purpose), and while our hair was employed in holding one of his hands, we held the other in our left, and with the 'sheep's-foot' brandished above our head, shouted:

"*Let go all!*" probably; for his *own* piece of the narrative strangely ends. But judging from the 'position of the parties,' we should infer that 'quarter' must have been the next thing asked for by the editor; although to judge merely from his *description* of the scene, the reader might easily fancy that he had his antagonist entirely at his mercy!

The following story, although latterly related of "a distinguished Southern gentleman, and former member of the cabinet," was formerly told, we are *almost* quite certain, of the odd and eccentric John Randolph of Roanoke, with certain omissions and additions. Be that as it may, the anecdote is a good one, and "will do to keep:"

"The gentleman was a boarder in one of the most splendid of the New York hotels; and preferring not to eat at the *table d'hôte*, had his meals served in his own parlor, with all the elegance for which the establishment had deservedly become noted.

"Being somewhat annoyed with the airs of the servant who waited upon him—a negro of 'the blackest dye'—he desired him at dinner one day to retire. The negro bowed, and took his stand behind the gentleman's chair. Supposing him to be gone, it was with some impatience that, a few minutes after, the gentleman saw him step forward to remove his soup:

"'Fellow!' said he, 'leave the room! I wish to be alone.'

"'Excuse me, sah,' said Cuffee, drawing himself 'stiffly up,' 'but *I'se 'sponsible for de silver!*'"

SOME good-natured bardling, who, perhaps, at *that* "present writing" wanted the amount, thus sings the praise of "*A Dollar or Two:*"

"With cautious step as we tread our way through
This intricate world, as other folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two;
For an excellent thing is a dollar or two,
No friend is so true as a dollar or two;
Through country and town,
As we pass up and down,
No passport's so good as a dollar or two.

'Would you read yourself out of a Bachelor crew,
And the hand of a female divinity sue?
You must always be ready 'the handsome' to do,
Although it should cost you a dollar or two.
Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two,
And affection is gained by a dollar or two.
The best aid you can meet
In advancing your suit,
Is the eloquent chink of a dollar or two."

WE believe it is Sir Walter Scott who used to tell a story of a woman whom he met somewhere in the Lowlands of Scotland, who, in summing up the misfortunes of a "black year" in her history, said:

"Let me see, sir: first, we lost our wee bairn; and then Jenny; and then the good man himsel' died; and then the cow died too—poor hizzy!—but, to be sure, *her* hide brought me fifteen shillings!"

We should like to have heard Scott tell this anecdote, with his broad Scotch *burr*, and the twinkle of his eye, as he "placed his *accent*."

THE spirit of Ben Franklin must have "rapped" the following through some modern "medium." It puts an essay of "Poor Richard" in his almanac "into an egg-shell:"

"Suppose you had six eggs to live upon daily. Now if you eat all the eggs every day, it is clear that you will never have any ahead to depend upon; but if, by self-denial, you can save one of those eggs to-day, or this week, and another next day, or next week, you can soon have, besides your six eggs daily, one, two, or three dozen eggs, instead of the half dozen you had at first. You will not suffer in any respect from the little self-denial necessary at first; and when once you set in train the egg-producing influence, it goes on itself, as it were. The one egg saved, gives you a hen which produces indefinitely; and *then*, if you choose, you can eat your half-dozen eggs daily, and still be gaining from the first right-doing."

LET us hope that printers—who love plain manuscript "copy," and can't "abide" illegible "spider-tracks"—will give a wide circulation to the following:

"A man owned a building situated on land belonging to the Michigan Central Railroad. The Superintendent, who writes a very illegible hand, wrote to him, ordering him to remove the building forthwith. The house, however, was not removed; and three months after the Superintendent met the man, and began to 'rate' him for not removing the 'nuisance,' as he had been ordered to do; when it turned out that the man had received the note, but not being able to make it out, supposed it to be a *free pass over the road*, and had been riding back and forth all summer on the strength of it'"

THAT there is very much in "*little things*," is well exemplified in these simple, but forcible lines:

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

"And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity!

"So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above'"

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE DRAWER

PRESSURE upon our crowded pages compels us to omit until another number an excellent and interesting "*Letter from Mr. Timmins*," with other communications. The following cluster of brief anecdotes, from a Cincinnati correspondent, is all for which we can at present make room:

"A LITTLE incident that happened here a week or two ago is too good to be lost, and I therefore give it to you.

"A druggist here (I am not going to tell you his name is Flood, for fear of an action for slander), a man pretty well gone in years, lately took it into his head to change his single for double blessedness, and married a woman with whom he agreed in one essential point, if in no other—viz., each wanted to be boss of the shanty.

"One fine morning, his face divine, gave unmistakable evidence of the lady's desire to that effect, his dexter eye was ornamented with all the colors of a darkly-shaded rainbow. Unwilling to hide this display of his better half's dexterity from the admiration of the public, he introduced himself and lady to a discerning crowd, presided over for the time being by our Judge of the Police Court. Mrs. F., it proved, on investigation, practiced the noble art of self-defense without a license, and the Judge, in consequence, claimed from her a certain sum as payment for the right and privilege of having so tellingly used her 'bundle of fives.' Her liege lord and husband had the satisfaction of seeing her mulcted to the tune of $5—and costs. 'That is a mighty poor tale!' you will say; and so should I, if it were not for the sequel which gives point to it, thus: The lady confessing herself without funds, her loving partner had to pay (whether willing or not, this deponent saith not) in open court the fine and expenses!

"The following two little anecdotes, or rather conversations, will scarcely be known by any of your readers:

LADY.—"'You can not imagine, captain, how deeply I feel the want of children, surrounded as I am by every comfort—nothing else is wanting to render me supremely happy.'

CAPTAIN O'FLINN.—"'Faith, ma'am, I've heard ó' that complaint running in fam-milies; p'raps your mother had not any childre either?'

STUDENT.—"'Doctor'! being on the point of leaving college, I come to express my warmest thanks for the pains you have taken with me. All I know, I owe to you!'

DOCTOR.—"'Pray, sir, do not mention *such trifles!*'"

Literary Notices.

THE elegant library edition of the *British Poets*, published by Little, Brown, and Co., in its most recent issues, comprises the works of MILTON, BUTLER, COWPER, COLLINS, and PRIOR, with appropriate biographical sketches, and brief explanatory notes. Under the careful supervision of Professor CHILD, of Harvard University, this edition possesses the best guarantee for an accurate text, and for such critical aids as may afford the most valuable service to the reader. It is intended to embrace in this collection all that is of general and permanent interest in English poetry, from Chaucer to Wordsworth.

Another desirable edition of the *British Poets*, issued by D. Appleton and Co., is commended to the lover of tasteful copies of favorite authors, by the beauty of its typographical execution, its legible type, which is friendly even to the oldest eyes, and its substantial white paper, as well as by the Introductory Essays and Critical Notes from the pen of the celebrated Scottish litterateur, the Rev. George Gilfillan. His notices of MILTON, and THOMSON, whose poems are among the volumes already published, are agreeable pieces of composition, and less strongly characterized by extravagance of imagination, and exuberance of diction, than most of the previous productions of the author.

The Bloodstone, by DONALD MACLEOD (published by Charles Scribner), is the title of an exciting story in the form of an imaginative autobiography, relating a succession of wild scenes and adventures in German life, most of which are founded on the experience of the writer in one of the secret revolutionary societies of a German University, of which the symbol was a Maltese cross of bloodstone. In spite of the essential incredibility of the incidents which compose the staple of the volume, it possesses a strange, weird attraction, and is written with undeniable originality and power. The introductory portions, describing several familiar scenes in the vicinity of New York, contain frequent passages of quiet beauty, and will, we think, be most pleasing to the generality of readers.

Hot Corn; or, Life Scenes in New York Illustrated, by SOLON ROBINSON, is a series of sketches and stories drawn from the lower strata of city life, many of which have already attracted a large share of the public attention, as they appeared in the columns of the *Tribune* daily newspaper. The author evidently possesses an active imagination—the incidents of daily life receive a fresh and vivid coloring from his glowing pen—the materials which are always furnished by the purlieus of wretchedness and vice in an overcrowded city, assume a poetical shape under his plastic hand—while his pictures repose upon a sufficient basis of facts to insure their essential fidelity. The tendency of the volume is to impress the reader with a profound sense of the tragic effects of intemperance, and its kindred vices—to awaken a lively sympathy with the fallen and degraded—to illustrate the ineffaceable features of humanity even under the most revolting conditions—and to inspire the philanthropist with renewed zeal and brighter hope in the discharge of his mission to the outcasts and pariahs of society. In point of literary merit, this work may be praised for its dramatic power, and its vigor of description—which are often quite extraordinary—while its diction, though careless and unstudied, is usually effective by its terseness and racy freedom. (Published by De Witt and Davenport.)

An Index to Periodical Literature, by WM. FRED. POOLE, A.M. (Published by Charles B. Norton.) Next to the possession of a retentive memory, a copious and accurate index to the different branches of literature is the most indispensable condition of success in the pursuit of knowledge. Let not the original thinker undervalue such aids in the progress of general intellectual cultivation. The architect can not do without a scaffolding. He who arranges the treasures of knowledge in their proper departments, and furnishes the key to their contents, is second only to the primary discoverer, who enriches the world with the fruits of his toil. English literature, however, less marked by extent of erudition than the German, is comparatively poor in means and appliances of this kind. The present work fills up a gap in the literary apparatus of the student, entitling the author to his heartfelt gratitude. With the amplitude of learning and of intellect that has been devoted to periodical literature for almost half a century, its productions form an important branch of study, while they present conspicuous land-marks to the inquirer in every department of research. In this volume, which has been prepared at the cost of years of labor, a complete guide is afforded to the principal periodicals both of America and Great Britain. Its practical utility to the general reader can scarcely be overrated. Besides its copious references to the contents of the leading periodicals of the age, it contains the names of the writers, as far as they could be ascertained—a gratifying service to the curious student of literary history.

Up the River, by F. W. SHELTON. (Published by Charles Scribner.) In this volume we have a collection of the racy letters from the country, which for some months past have given such a charming zest to the correspondence of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. They are pervaded by an air of reality which presents an admirable balance to the vein of sentiment in which the author loves to indulge, toning down the effusions of his fine imagination to harmonize with the experience of every-day life. Indeed, no details of the household, the garden, the poultry-yard, the frog-pond, or the road-side, are too homely in his eyes to furnish materials for rich poetical description. He betrays the sure instinct of genius in idealizing the commonest minutiæ of affairs—casting a "glory and joy" around the field and the home stead—and ever appealing to the universal sympathies of humanity. Blended with his truly picturesque sketches, we find a genial overflow of humor which is never forced, and a thread of sweet and pensive reflection which is never tiresome. The author is utterly free from the affectation and false sentiment which is so often the cleaving taint of this kind of composition. He has nothing morbid or whining in his temperament. With his cheerful love of nature, and his fresh sympathies with human life, his writings have the effect of a pure mountain breeze, healthfully stirring the current of the blood, and inspiring a warmer love for all created things. Mr. Shelton's style forms the natural expression of his thoughts, fitting them as closely as the body is fitted with its skin. Such a ripe, juicy diction as flows spontaneously from his pen, could alone do justice to his rich and jocund fancies.

Liberia; or, Mr. Peyton's Experiments, by Mrs. SARAH J. HALE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In the form of a fictitious narrative, although evidently founded on facts, Mrs. HALE here brings her practiced pen to the illustration of the difficulties experienced by the colored people of this country in the attainment of social position and prosperity. The incidents which she adduces may perhaps be a little too highly colored, but no one can deny that they have a basis in reality. From the obstacles which American civilization places in the way of the African race, the author argues in behalf of the colonization enterprise, as affording the most effectual remedy for the acknowledged evils of the case. Her views are presented with a spirit of moderation —they appeal to no local or party prejudices—are not intended to injure or provoke any existing interests—but address themselves to the sound reflection and common-sense of the reader. Enlivened with a variety of incident and spirited description, her volume is a perfectly readable production, apart from the mass of valuable information it contains on the subject of which it treats.

Little Ferns for Fanny's Little Friends (published by Derby and Miller), is the latest production of a new literary aspirant, whose native humor and frank cordiality of expression have won for her a brilliant success in the field of American authorship. The volume now issued is intended for juvenile reading, though it is so brimful of vivacity and quaint felicities of conception, that it can not fail to attract the attention of "children of a larger growth." We are sure that many papas and mammas will find themselves peeping into its fascinating pages, at the expense of loud impatience on the part of its young owners, to whom it has just been presented by the bounteous Santa Claus. Fanny Fern's success as a writer, both for children and grown folks, consists in her intense naturalness; she never puts on any stilted airs—uses no big dictionary words—looks on things as they are—is not afraid to speak right out—and hence will always reach the heart while "grass grows and water runs." We rejoice to see of late many specimens of this style of writing, and regard their warm reception by the public as a token that a taste for the stiff and crusty formalities of literature is on the decline.

A Month in England, by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. (Published by Redfield). This unique volume of travels will find a worthy place among the productions of popular tourists, with which the American press is swarming. Mr. Tuckerman wisely avoids the beaten track of description and statistics, and selects a point of view to which his habitual tastes and his elegant accomplishments eminently qualify him to do justice. His book is principally devoted to the scenes in England which are associated with the presence of her great authors. Around these he throws a fresh charm by his genial literary enthusiasm, reviving our recollections of old localities by his happy selection of incidents, and enriching the details of geography with a profusion of personal anecdotes that reproduce the objects of our early intellectual admiration. One of the most interesting chapters in the volume is occupied with the account of "A Trip to Windsor." The suburban retreats on the road from London reminds the author of scenes where Horace Walpole gossiped, Johnson moralized, and "little Burney" gleaned the material of her once famous novels—where "stern Cromwell kept his head-quarters, elegant Gibbon was born, and noble Pitt expired"—where Thomson used to lean from his window to listen to the nightingales, and Collins bids us "oft suspend the dripping oar, and bid his gentle spirit rest"—where Walpole indited his airy epistles, and Pope his tuneful couplets. On arriving at Windsor, he recalls the image of Surrey, "the gallantest man, politest lover, and most perfect gentleman of his time;" the spire of the church at Stoke, beside the church-yard which inspired Gray's "Elegy," awakens a fresh sympathy with that gifted mind; while a street in the old town suggests the comic individualities of Shakspeare's creation. He instinctively looks around, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of Bardolph's nose; is tempted to inquire for Anne Page's house, hopes to meet Evans, the Welsh parson, or Dr. Caius, the French physician, going their rounds, and, as the smiling landlady ushered him into the best parlor of her neat little hostel, is on the point of calling her Mrs. Quickly, and expects to find old Jack with Nym and Pistol, quaffing ale by the fire. But the poet's castle soon disappears as he finds the nineteenth century in the engravings of Victoria and Albert on the wall, and the puffing of the locomotive on the opposite side of the street, while the maid of the inn, a kind of faded Anne Page, in pocketing his sixpence, gives a roguish tip of the head, and trips away. "A Day at Oxford," "Castles and Shakspeare," "London Authors," are the titles of other very agreeable chapters, and give the reader a foretaste of the enjoyment he will meet with in the perusal of the volume.

Harry's Ladder to Learning (published by Harper and Brothers) is a collection of world-famous nursery ditties and legends, presenting a tempting bait to the young idea as it begins to shoot. Its endless profusion of pictorial illustrations, executed in a most effective style, make it an overflowing cornucopia of delight to young eyes.

The *Poetical Works of George P. Morris*, in the beautiful illustrated edition recently issued by C. Scribner, forms a welcome memorial of a favorite American poet, and will hold a cherished place among the literary treasures of the countless families to whom the author has become endeared by the magic of his song. At this late day, it is superfluous to say a word in commendation of the lyrics of Morris. They are the spontaneous effusions of warm and generous feeling. Pure, natural, fresh, and sparkling, they remind us of the melody of the woods in June, warbling a music in harmony with the sweetest and most elevated affections. In this edition, which is magnificently illustrated by the pencil of Weir and Darley, they are presented in a form worthy of their rare intrinsic merits. The volume will be promptly selected by persons of taste as an appropriate and precious gift-book.

A new collection of the *Clovernook* sketches, by ALICE CAREY, is issued by Redfield, consisting, like the former series, of life-like pictures of society and experience in a rural neighborhood. They present numerous touches of nature, show a large and ready sympathy, and a quick eye for the apprehension of the many-colored aspects of actual life The prevailing tone of the volume is of a pensive cast, though relieved by frequent passages of quiet humor. Without ever falling into dullness, the style is more sedate and less exaggerated than some of the previous efforts of Miss Carey, and, to our thinking, is better adapted to win a genuine fame to the author. In the concluding chapter she pleads, in defense of the too sombre expression of the first series of this work, that "her days have been passed with the humbler classes, whose manners and experiences she has endeavored to exhibit in their

customary lights and shadows, and, in limiting herself to that domain to which she was born, it has never been in her thoughts to paint it as less lovely or more exposed to tearful influences than it is." Her apology is gracefully put, and will no doubt tend to soften the flinty hearts of critics. Indeed, the whole chapter to which we allude has a simple and pathetic beauty which must touch every refined and susceptible reader.

The Golden Link, by WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE (published by C. Scribner), is the latest work of one of our most discreet and effective writers for the moral instruction of children. It consists of original pieces in prose and verse, written with unpretending simplicity, breathing the purest religious spirit, and in every respect adapted to produce a pure and healthful impression on the juvenile mind. The most fastidious parent can anticipate nothing but a salutary effect in placing the writings of Mr. Bourne in the hands of his children.

GRIMM'S *Popular Stories*, famed the world over for their manifold attractions, are issued with numerous illustrations by C. S. Francis and Co.

Poems for the Gentle and Loving, by JAMES MCKELLAR. (Published by Lippincott and Co.) The poetry of this little volume is distinguished for its sweetness, simplicity, and ease of versification. Many of the pieces are pervaded by a deep religious spirit, and all breathe the atmosphere of pure and tender domestic affection. We can not doubt that they will become familiar to lovers of unpretending verse around many an American hearth-stone.

The Hundred Boston Orators, by JAMES S. LORING (published by Jewett and Co.), has passed to a second edition—a well-merited compliment to a peculiar and interesting work. It consists of copious selections from the discourses of a large number of celebrated orators on occasions of municipal and patriotic interest in the city of Boston, arranged in the order of their chronology. Connected with these specimens of Massachusetts eloquence, Mr. Loring has brought together a variety of historical details, illustrative of the times of the Revolution, personal sketches of eminent Bostonians, and a rich store of curious antiquarian reminiscences. His volume abounds in proofs of the intimate connection of Boston and of the eloquence of Faneuil Hall with the general liberties of the country, and will be read with a fresh glow of feeling by the scattered sons of the Pilgrims every where.

Christ in History, by ROBERT TURNBULL, D.D. Following the example of Müller, and other German historians of high authority, the author of this work considers the ministry of Christ as the central fact even in secular history. He enters into an elaborate exposition of the historical antecedents of Christianity, and the influence of its revelations on the progress of the race. A great amount of rare erudition is brought to the illustration of the subject, although its general treatment is of a popular character. The volume is adapted to increase the high reputation of the author for learning, research, and independent thought. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.)

January and June, by BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR. (Published by Samuel Hueston.) A volume of the Ik Marvel school, although betraying no direct imitation of that favorite writer. Indeed, it gives no proofs that the author was even acquainted with the productions referred to, when these effusions had their birth; but he has fallen into a similar vein of fancy and feeling, we should judge, from his own spontaneous impulses. There seems to be something in the practical, go-ahead tendency of the times, and in the predominant business habits of our countrymen, to urge a certain order of minds to the opposite extreme, inspiring them with a dread of the hard, coarse realities of life, and a passion for a certain gentle and dream-like sentimentalism. In such feelings the present volume doubtless had its origin. It unfolds the interior aspects of life, the deeper and more pathetic passages of human experience, in a vein of pensive moralizing, which is not without a beauty of its own, and which will touch the hidden sympathies of many hearts. The writer possesses a graceful command of a quaint and often forcible diction, evidently dipping his pen in the heart, and produces a succession of sketches which, though somewhat abrupt, and, in the long run, monotonous, will engage a large class of readers by their pensive tenderness and sweet fancies.

The *Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi*, by JOSEPH G. BALDWIN (published by D. Appleton and Co.), consists of a collection of truly vigorous sketches of life in the Southwest, of which the materials are chiefly derived from recollections of the Alabama and Mississippi Bar. Interspersed with the fancy-pieces which compose the staple of the volume, are several biographical notices of distinguished characters, among which a notice of Prentiss the celebrated speechifier, holds a prominent place. The season has produced few more spirited or entertaining works.

Health Trip to the Tropics, by N. PARKER WILLIS (published by C. Scribner), is a welcome memorial of a tour, which, in spite of the intimations on the title-page, betrays no marks of having proceeded from the pen of an invalid. On the contrary, the narrative sparkles with the splendor and luxuriance of tropical life, is fresh as a new-blown rose wet with the morning dew, and is fragrant as the breeze that wafts sweet odors from the islands of spices. We have not for a long time met with more lively incidents of travel than are recorded in this fascinating work, which will not only sustain, but increase the author's fame as a writer of dainty and delightful narrative.

The Blackwater Chronicle (published by Redfield), is a humorous account of a trip into the interior of Virginia, of which our readers have already had some inklings in the last number of this Magazine. Teeming with vivacity and fun, and quaintly embellished with characteristic designs, it has all the elements of a wide popularity.

Western Characters, by J. L. MCCONNELL (published by Redfield). In this volume we have a series of descriptive sketches by a Western writer, who has already won distinction by several able fictitious compositions. He has struck out a new path in the present work, but with the same success as in his former productions. Baring certain dashes of exaggeration, which were inevitable in the plan of his volume, it is highly creditable to his power both of observation and description.

Apropos of the article in our last number, entitled "A Pilgrimage to Plymouth," we take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a highly meritorious steel engraving of Sargent's Painting of the Landing of the Pilgrims, from the burin of ELIJAH HOBART, Esq. We cheerfully recommend every descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers to purchase a copy of this beautiful and interesting engraving. Its size is conveniently adapted for framing. For sale at Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth.

The *London Athenæum* has a kindly notice of *The American Aboriginal Portfolio*, by MRS. MARY H

EASTMAN, of which it says, "with no apparent artifice or design of making pictures, these illustrations are pictorial because they are probable—as in the case of the fancied 'Landing of De Soto, Tampa Bay, Florida;' or else interesting because true—as in the three groups of Indian women 'Gathering wild Rice,' 'Spearing Fish from a Canoe,' and 'Guarding the Corn Fields.' Out of such materials and 'notions'—such literal and unambitious transcripts of the real life of field and forest, will and should the artists of America draw that essential spirit of individuality; lacking which, they need never hope to rank as creators in Art or Literature."

Mr. FLAGG'S recent work on *Venice* receives favorable attention in the London journals. We extract from one of them the following:

"VENICE has long been so familiar a word in men's mouths, that almost every one fancies he has been there and knows it; whereas so much sentimental nonsense has been twaddled about it, and so many erroneous descriptions have been given of it, that a distinct idea of its real lineaments and actual position is present to few minds. Sickened of sentimentalism, and weary of tourists who prate about Tadmor, and Tyre, and Nineveh, and Carthage, and other places whose ruins no more resemble Venice than Holborn-hill resembles the Palatine, we took up these volumes on Venice by a Consul of the United States, in the hope of meeting with something real, downright, and matter-of-fact; nor have we been disappointed. Mr. Flagg, though by no means insensible to the romantic charms of Venetian history and the poetry of her very stones, has here given the untraveled reader a description of Venice, whereby he may form a clearer idea of what that singular city really is than any we have ever read; and also opens an interesting chapter of Venetian history, namely, its siege by the Austrians in 1848–9, which has hitherto been sealed. Mr. Flagg, as is only natural in a citizen of the United States, cordially sympathizes with Italian aspirations for liberty; but his keen sagacity has detected their incapacity to cope with despotic Austria, which may be designated dull and leaden, as she truly is, but, nevertheless, has that concentrated force which Italy wants."

The *Athenæum* has certain amusing remarks on the connection of American men of letters with the Government:

"Another instance of the way in which certain matters are managed in America, comes to us in the shape of a report that Mr. Hiram Powers, the sculptor, has received the lucrative appointment of commercial agent of the United States at Florence. The men of Washington have caught the knack of turning genius to account: they got a noble biography out of their Spanish minister plenipotentiary, Washington Irving; Mr. Stiles has repaid them for his Vienna appointment by a solid book on the state of Germany; Mr. Edmund Flagg, their consul in Venice, has written a work on the 'City of the Sea,' of which American critics speak in glowing terms. Bancroft was sent to England to protect the interests of his countrymen, and complete his studies of his country's history at the river-head, and Mr. Hawthorne is now in Liverpool, observing customs on a scale somewhat larger than those so wonderfully daguerreotyped by him at Salem, 'the place of rest.'"

A new poet has just made his appearance in England, named FREDERICK TENNYSON, a younger brother of the celebrated Laureate. A volume by him is announced for publication in a short time. Here is an extract from one of his poems, published in the last number of *Fraser:*

HARVEST-HOME.

Come, let us mount the breezy down,
And hearken to the tumult blown
Up from the champaign and the town

Lovely lights, smooth shadows sweet,
Swiftly o'er croft and valley fleet,
And flood the hamlet at our feet;

Its groves, its hall, its grange that stood
When Bess was Queen, its steeple rude,
Its mill that patters in the wood;

And follow where the brooklet curls,
Seaward, or in cool shadow whirls,
Or silvery o'er its cresses purls.

The harvest days are come again,
The vales are surging with the grain
The merry work goes on amain;

Pale streaks of cloud scarce vail the blue,
Against the golden harvest hue
The Autumn trees look fresh and new.

Wrinkled brows relax with glee,
And aged eyes they laugh to see
The sickles follow o'er the lea;

I see the little kerchief'd maid
With dimpling cheek, and boddice staid,
'Mid the stout striplings half afraid;

Her red lip and her soft blue eye
Mate the poppy's crimson dye,
And the corn-flowers waving by

I see the sire with bronzed chest;
Mad babes amid the blithe unrest
Seem leaping from the mother's breast

The mighty youth, and supple child
Go forth, the yellow sheaves are piled,
The toil is mirth, the mirth is wild!

Old head, and sunny forehead peers
O'er the warm sea, or disappears,
Drown'd amid the waving ears;

Barefoot urchins run, and hide
In hollows 'twixt the corn, or glide
Toward the tall sheaf's sunny side

Lusty pleasures, hob-nail'd fun,
Throng into the noonday sun,
And 'mid the merry reapers run

Draw the clear October out;
Another, and another bout,
Then back to labor with a shout!

The banded sheaves stand orderly
Against the purple Autumn sky,
Like armies of Prosperity.

The close is still more like the accents of the elder brother:

Yet, when the shadows eastward seen
O'er the smooth-shorn fallows lean,
And silence sits where they have been,

Amid the gleaners I will stay,
While the shout and roundelay
Faint off, and daylight dies away

Dies away, and leaves me lone
With dim ghosts of years agone,
Summers parted, glories flown;

Till day beneath the West is roll'd,
Till gray spire and tufted wold
Purple in the evening gold.

Memories, when old age is come,
Are stray ears that fleck the gloom,
And echoes of the Harvest-home.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XLV.—FEBRUARY, 1854.—Vol. VIII.



THE STEPPES OF WALLACHIA

FROM BELGRADE TO BUCHAREST.

THE mists lay heavily over the lake-like expanse of water formed by the junction of the Save and the Danube, as we took our way across the marsh which lies between the town and the port of Semlin. The Austrian steamer which had brought us thus far on our way, had just put off on her voyage down the Danube. We heard the booming of the salute which she fired in passing Belgrade, and could distinguish the guns punctiliously returned from the Turkish fortress, which lay behind the misty vail. We paused awhile before stepping on board the little boat whose sturdy rowers were waiting to ferry us across the river which still nominally forms the boundary between the noisy, stirring West, and the still, slumberous East. Semlin and Belgrade, though not a cannon shot apart, are virtually at as great a distance as though the whole breadth of the Atlantic rolled between. The black shadow of the Plague is a barrier as broad as three thousand miles of space. It is assumed that the pestilence always prevails in the Turkish town, and a quarantine, lasting from a fortnight to the full forty days which the term imports, must be undergone by any one who has become "compromised" by contact with any living thing from the opposite shore.

It was a beautiful sight that presented itself as the mists rolled up the hill side, like the rising of the curtain in a theatre, and gave to our view the old city of Belgrade. Flattened domes and slender minarets rose from among the dark cypresses and round-headed walnut trees. Over all domineered the fortress, with its bastions and bulwarks looking imposing enough in the distance.

Breasting the strong current, our boatmen soon landed us among a chattering group of Servian women up to their knees in the water, busied in washing a quantity of very commonplace looking linen. We hardly looked for so tame an opening to our experiences of Turkish life. We might have gazed reverently at them had they been engaged in purifying the huge bags which have for so many centuries encased the nether limbs of all true believers. The idea of a Turk somehow seems inseparable from those bifurcated petticoats, of the very pattern of those worn by the Prophet himself—those blessed Breeches, which, as the story goes, now form the sacred standard, only to be unfurled when some urgent summons calls all the faithful to war against the infidel. The big breeches and the voluminous shawl about the waist, filled with pistols and hangers, are necessary to our idea of the Turk. In the reformed Ottoman, clad in the tight coat and scanty trowsers of the Frank, we can not recognize that valiant race who rushed like a torrent from the central table-lands of Asia; overwhelmed Persia and Asia-Minor; hewed their bloody way into Europe, as the steel cleaves the wood; annihilated the Byzantine Empire; penetrated into Hungary and Poland, Germany and Italy; who withstood successfully the Tartar Napoleon, the lame Timour; and treated on terms of superiority with Charles V. and Louis XIV. in their proudest days.

In the ages of history the years seem but few since this feeble Ottoman Empire, shored up for the moment by the jealousies of Christendom—none of whose powers are willing to see it fall a prey to the others—was the the leading force in the civilized world. The seeds of empire

had been sown for more than half a century upon our American shores when the Turkish hosts encamped for the last time before Vienna. When they were driven back by John Sobieski, so great was thought the deliverance, that the preacher was not esteemed guilty of irreverence who for the text of his triumphal sermon took the words, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

We landed at the foot of the hill, and made our way up what had once been the steps of a stone stairway. But that was a century and a quarter ago, before Prince Eugene, the fiery Savoyard, had battered them down from the opposite bank. Of course they have not been repaired, and never will be, so long as the Crescent floats over the fortress above.

We scrambled up the steep and slippery ascent, among a crowd of men and mules, donkeys and women. Bipeds and quadrupeds were loaded with sheepskin bottles filled with water from the river. We were followed by a train of meagre, diminutive Moslems. They were dressed in faded and dingy raiment; their legs were bare, and their naked feet thrust into *papooshes* or slippers. It was a mystery to us how they contrived to keep them on their feet through the sticky clay. But they did manage it somehow. Every people has it special capability. Nobody but a Chinaman can eat rice with two pen-handles; a South American *llaño* or *vaquero* only can learn to use the lasso; the American woodman alone knows how to wield the narrow-bladed ax, victorious over the forests of a continent; and nobody but a true Osmanli can master the mystery of wearing a *papoosh* through the mud.

The grim-looking Osmanlis who, not many years ago, bore the traveling gear of "Eothen" up this same ascent, with an air as though they were inly debating whether or not to cut his throat, have all died out, and have left no successors. They were the last of the Big-Breeches. The motley train that followed us had no anatomical ideas beyond that of reducing our luggage to "potencies," that would have delighted the heart of Hahnemann. But there is a limit to the divisibility of half a dozen portmanteaus and traveling bags Those who could secure the hold of a corner did so. The rest followed, with a sort of indefinite anticipation of possible *backshish*. It was the first time that we had heard that cry which resounds through the whole East. Beggary is the plague-spot of a people; it is the slight swelling under the armpit which shows it marked for destruction. A nation of robbers may be civilized. Pickpockets transplanted to Botany Bay have mastered the metaphysical distinction between "mine" and "thine," and have become pillars of society. But when a whole people betakes itself to beggary as a profession, it is past recovery. The world has no further use for it; and the sooner it takes itself off the better.

We were soon threading our way through the Moslem quarter of Belgrade, along narrow, uneven, unpaved lanes, walled in by windowless houses, choked by heaps of rubbish, made up of abominations of all sorts, the deposits of generations; heaps of consolidated Plague—of solid Pestilence; no wonder that the yellow quarantine flag floats evermore on the opposite shore. Wolfish dogs were stretched out, lean and gaunt, upon the heaps of rubbish. As we passed each raised his head and gave a few sharp angry yells, then relapsed into sullen silence. A running fusilade of barks and yells and growls greeted us the whole length of the street. Long-necked cranes and solemn storks peered at us from the low roofs, with an air of grave unconcern. We could hardly believe that we were traversing a city inhabited by living men.

From this old Turkish town we passed into the modern portion of the city, the Belgrade of the newly independent Servia. It was like emerging from a mouldy vault into the broad sunlight. The streets were filled with a gayly attired crowd. Staid old Servians of the days of Czerni Djordji passed along in the long national pelisse, fur-lined and braided. Young Servia resplended in crimson shalwars and gorgeous jackets laced with gold and silver. The prevailing head-dress was the red fez, or the Russian cap. The latter, the distinctive emblem of the Russian party—for the Russian consul holds here what may be called an opposition court—being by far in the minority. All, how-



BELGRADE, FROM THE RIVER

ever, wore a silken sash about the waist, from the folds of which peeped out the handles of a brace or two of pistols. The Servians have not yet forgotten the long and desolating war by which their independence was won; and they look forward to new conflicts with their old Moslem antagonists.

There are public buildings here with the gloss of newness upon them, contrasting vividly with the old-time air of the Turkish quarter. The Greek Church, erected by the first Prince of Servia, the Swineherd Milosch, would have done no discredit to the capital of a much more considerable state. A handsome building of three lofty stories, bore gilded signs, in German and Slavonic, announcing that within was a coffee-house, billiard-room, and theatre; while the tri-color flag floating over one extremity, signified that Monsieur Dupeyron, the French Consul, held his residence there. A huge structure, a little further on, which a stranger would imagine to be the residence of the Prince, bore upon its roof a gigantic statue of Vulcan. It was the likeness of its projector, a scheming engineer from the Fatherland, who, having made a fortune as a pig-merchant, had the ill luck to lose it, like so many other speculators, in a bad investment in stone and mortar. It is something, at all events, to see men ruining themselves by enterprise. It shows that there is life; and where there is life, there is hope.

The maps, indeed, still represent Servia as a portion of the Ottoman Empire, as they do the kindred state of Herzegovina, and the Principalities of the Lower Danube. But it is as nearly independent as a state with only a million of inhabitants can well be, with two such amiable neighbors as Austria and Russia, each striving to strengthen its "legitimate influence" over it. The only remaining mark of Turkish supremacy is the claim to a small tribute; and the only evidence of the suzerainty of the Porte is the garrison holding the dilapidated fortress of Belgrade, and a few *karaouls*, or watch-towers, along the borders. This independence was hardly won by a sanguinary war of thirty years, the story of which must remain to a great degree among the world's unwritten history. A rude people enacts history long before it can write it. Yet the name of Czerni Djordji—Black George—will not soon die out of the Slavonic heart.

Thirty years ago the world was too full of the great wars of Napoleon to know that a small band of shepherds and swineherds, in one corner of the Ottoman Empire, were maintaining a successful revolt against the Porte. While the Great Captain was organizing the invasion of Russia, policy demanded that the Muscovite should be at peace with his ancient Turkish foe, and the Servian insurgent was sacrificed to the policy of the hour. Russian intrigues sowed dissensions among this simple people; Czerni Djordji was outlawed, and his country delivered up again to Moslem rule. More than three hundred of his followers were at one time impaled in the public place at Belgrade, and the famous tower of skulls, bears witness to this day, with what severity the work of suppression was carried on. When all was lost, Black George fled across the Austrian borders, where he lay concealed, biding his time.

The atrocities of the victors soon provoked a new revolt, at the head of which was the Swineherd Milosch. To suppress it exceeded the power of the Porte; and after a long contest Milosch was recognized as Sovereign Prince of Servia, a tributary of the Padishah, with the rank of Vizier. This is the simple policy of the Porte toward all successful rebels, as has since been exemplified in the case of Mehemet Ali in Egypt.

About this time arose that mysterious association, the Hetæria, whose ramifications were spread throughout the whole Hellenic population of Turkey. Its ultimate object was to unite all the Christian subjects of the Porte in a vast combination to expel the Osmanlis from Europe, and found a new Greek Empire, with Byzantium as its capital. From this organization proceeded the impulse which resulted in the Greek revolution.

We must not judge of the grandeur of this scheme from its actual success. By a miserable blunder on the part of the powers of Europe, its results were limited to the establishment of the petty kingdom of Greece, with but a million of inhabitants, under the government of a stupid Bavarian prince, alien alike in race and faith. The designs of the Hetæria looked to the foundation of a great Christian state in Eastern Europe, which would at this day have numbered five-and-twenty millions of subjects. Never was a scheme more practicable; never a revolution which could have been effected at a less cost of blood. Had not the scheme been miserably thwarted, the vexed "Eastern Question" would have been settled a quarter of a century ago, and an effectual barrier would have been placed against the advance of the Russians upon Constantinople.

Black George bore with him into exile a hatred of the Ottoman rule, as undying as that which the great Carthaginian vowed against the Roman name. The leaders of the Greek Hetæria saw in him an efficient coadjutor, by whose influence their Slavonic co-religionists might be brought to take part in their scheme. He was the first of his people who was inducted into the mysteries of the association, and returned to his country to carry out its objects.

But Milosch was jealous of this new enterprise. He was secretly advised of the movements of Czerni Djordji, though not probably aware of their ultimate purpose. Hardly had the Servian Hetærist crossed the borders before he was assassinated. His head was embalmed and sent to the Turkish Pasha of Belgrade, who transmitted it to Constantinople. The Ottoman capital was all ablaze to cele-

brate this great event; yet it is doubtful whether the Porte was aware how great a deliverance it actually was. It is quite probable that this assassination, like that of Henry IV. of France, changed the course of European history for half a century. The revolt was limited to the Hellenic race in one corner of the empire, instead of embracing the entire Christian population. And now all Europe is again summoned to the fruitless task of trying to draw water in broken sieves from empty wells; of making brick without clay, with which to build a bulwark against Russia.

Thinking men are now beginning to perceive that the essential idea of the Hetæria must be adopted as the only alternative in Napoleon's famous prophecy. The miserable makeshift of bolstering up a worn-out empire, too feeble to defend itself against its own subjects, must sooner or later be abandoned. It costs too much to maintain the million of Turks who have squatted down in Europe. They have held dominion over its fairest portions for four centuries, and the monuments of their sway are undrained morasses, rivers choked with sand; uncultivated plains, broad and fertile enough to feed the famishing millions of the over-populated west of Europe; great cities with the grass growing rankly in their market places; deserted villages, broken arches, and crumbling fortresses. Their barren dominion can not sustain itself. It must come to an end. Four centuries of failure are enough. The earth belongs to those who can use it. If, as a permanent thing, the alternative lay between Russian and Turkish sway over these countries, every instructed friend of progress would choose the former. And if at the present juncture the civilized world is bound to uphold the Porte against the Czar, it is because the rule of the former, though the greater evil, is the easier to be got rid of.

Milosch retained his power till 1839, when his government becoming insupportable, he was forced to resign in favor of his son Michael, who three years after was quietly set aside, in favor of the present prince Alexander, son of Czerni Djordji, who was chosen in opposition to the intrigues of Russia. He has thus far shown himself not unworthy of his parentage. His present attitude in respect to Russia and Turkey shows precisely to how much the nominal supremacy of the Porte amounts. It seems hardly possible that the powers of Europe can commit the blunder of permitting him to be driven from his position of neutrality.

The Pasha of Belgrade still holds his shattered fortress; but he sits there as harmless as Bunyan's age-worn giant at the mouth of his cave. Selim, the Pasha at the time of our visit, we found to be a worthy old Osmanli, with dignified manners, and a beard of orthodox length. We were indebted to him for an audience, a cup of unexceptionable coffee, a fragrant chibouck, and a *teskereh* or letter of introduction to the Ottoman functionaries on our route; of which, however, we found but little occasion to avail ourselves. I see by the last "Almanach de Gotha" that the pashalik is now filled by another. What has become of Selim I do not know. Perhaps he has been gathered to his fathers. Peace to his ashes if he has departed; or to those of his pipe if he yet smokes in the land of the living.

Two very humble citizens of the Model Republic, making their way on business from St. Petersburg to the Crimea, wishing in the meanwhile to take a turn through so much of European Turkey as time and circumstances would permit, could not long maintain their incognito in a country where the blessings of the passport system have been introduced.

In the first place, we had to present ourselves before the worshipful Herr Oberstlieutenant Theodor von Radossavlievics, consul for his Kaiserliche Königliche Majestät, Franz-Josef-I.-Karl, the young gentleman whose interminable string of titles we are accustomed to abbreviate into "the Emperor of Austria." The said consul stroked a mustache as long and as bristly as his unpronounceable name. He studied the verbal daguerreotype of our persons contained in our passports, and then looked keenly at us. He seemed struck by the likeness; height and figure, nose and mouth, hair and eyes, chin and forehead corresponded. Let alone the Russian police for describing a man. We were then requested to write our names. We had undergone some rough experiences in traveling, and our nerves were a little shaken. The first letter of Brown's name seemed to me to lack its usual graceful curve; while I should never have paid a note that bore a signature so little like my ordinary one as that which I now produced. The consul, however, was satisfied. It was "*sehr gut.*" As our personal identity was now established, we hoped it would be taken for granted that we were not runaway subjects of his Imperial Majesty, whose dominions, as far as we were aware, did not happen to include any Yankee provinces.

But the gentleman with the mustaches and the long name still seemed dubious about something. A certain correspondence between Chevalier Hulsemann and "Herr Veb-stare" had just appeared, and was said to have ruffled the Imperial mind. Can it be possible, thought I, that the Emperor has annexed "the States" to his dominions, and we have heard nothing about it? And are we about to be claimed as Austrian subjects? Whatever the consul's dubitations were, they at length were solved. He took a lenient view of the case, and suffered mercy to temper justice. Our passports showed that we were harmless merchants,

> Busy in the bristle trade
> And tallow line:

they were, moreover, countersigned by General Shach, the commandant at Semlin, where we had stopped for a couple of days. The consul

pocketed his fee with a gracious smile; and his signature was added to the interesting series of autographs borne upon those invaluable documents, our passports. Had this pleasant interview chanced to have occurred subsequent to the "Koszta Affair," the result might possibly have been different.

We next had to pay our respects to the Servian police and the Turkish official, for what special purpose we could not divine, unless it were to give us an opportunity of acquiring proficiency in certain little transfer operations always practiced on such occasions. We were then at liberty to set off as soon as we pleased.

There are but two modes of journeying through these provinces. One is is for the traveler to avail himself of a *kavaas*, a sort of government courier, or bearer of dispatches, who has authority to demand horses at the various post-stations. The other is to employ a *kiraidji*. These are men who convey merchandise and escort travelers throughout the country, furnishing horses, for a very moderate compensation. We decided to adopt this latter mode.

It soon became known that a couple of "Gospodins Americanski" wished to employ a kiraidji. Half a dozen years since, there were not perhaps half a score of persons in all Belgrade, besides the foreign consuls, who had ever heard of the Americans. But the revolutionary events of late years have disseminated a deal of useful information in unlooked-for places. Hardly had our determination been formed, when a good looking young fellow, in crimson shalwar, with a sash-full of pistols at his waist, announced himself as a kiraidji, at our service.

His name, he said, was Stefan. He had heard of the Gospodins Americanski, and of their great Voïvode, Vaszingtoni Djordji, who had driven out the Inglees, as Czerni Djordji had driven the Osmanlis from Servia, and as the Servians would yet drive out the Schwab (Austrians) and the Rouss (Russians) and make their state what it was in the days of their great Kral, Stefan Douschan—may his soul rest in peace—who was styled Emperor of Rascia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Albania.

There was not a bridle-path from Belgrade to Adrianople which he did not know. He had been to the great fair at Serajevo, and had seen the castle where the wild Bosnians stayed the triumphal march of Prince Eugene. He had threaded the defiles of Rascia. His camp-fires had smoked on the table-lands of Mœsia. He had seen the wild mountaineers of Montenegro, whom all the power of the Osmanlis could not tame in their rocky fastnesses. He had attended the great fair of Usunji, where a hundred thousand traders, coming on horseback and on mules, on asses and camels, in the Tartar hexamoba and the Turkish araba, bivouac in the open air. And as for the route from Nissa to Sophia, through the Balkan defiles of Bulgaria to Shumla, he could traverse it blindfolded, "as easily as he could the road from Belgrade to Kragouejevatz, over which every body knew that a child might drive a carriage in the darkest night. And as for robbers, bah! what were these for?" pointing proudly to the pistols in his sash.

"A horse?" certainly. The Gospodin should have a steed the like of which was not to be found in all Servia. No common kony; but the far-famed Selim, the son of the great something or other; and he launched out into a genealogy of the wonderful beast. I am no great proficient in genealogy, whether human or equine. But it seemed to me that Stefan ran through a longer list than could have existed in a direct line between Selim and the patriarchal pair that munched their corn in the ark.

He had bought Selim on his last trip, far down in Thrace—famous of old for noble horses. His former master was an old Arnout Klepht, who, having grown infirm, was sorely put to it for a livelihood. Rather than part from Selim he had kept him till both were half-starved And when he had finally accepted Stefan's piasters, and saw his favorite about to be ridden away, he dashed the purchase money on the ground, as though it were the price of blood, and tore his gray beard in the most edifying manner. Selim was as faithful as a dog, as bold as a lion, as gentle as a lamb, and as stout as a buffalo. He could climb Mount Komm, and dash down again at full speed without making a single false step. He could run like a deer, swim like a fish, and fly like a— No, he could not fly, said the honest kiraidji, checking himself, with a conscientious air; but any thing that could be done without wings, Selim could do. He would eat any thing that any living creature ate, with but two exceptions: he would not touch fish or cheese. The objection to fish, Stefan thought might lie in the bones, which he had no means of picking out. But as for cheese, that must be sheer caprice, and so far a fault. But it was his only one.

Surely Stefan was the prince of kiraidji, and Selim the pearl of horses.

Perhaps neither quite came up to their recommendations. Few things do in this world. Honest Stefan was sometimes a little at fault when the roads were intricate. He abated much of his swashing bearing when we got among the wild Pandours and Haiducs. When we encountered some group of lordly Osmanlis, his favorite station was between Brown and myself, as we rode along in single file—that he might protect us both, he used afterward stoutly to aver—for was he not responsible for the safety of both the Gospodins? Still he knew the country well enough to take us as directly as we cared to travel. If he lost the path he always found it again; or at least found another, which answered the purpose exactly as well. And as for fighting, a couple of Yankees, each with a light rifle slung over his shoulder, a brace of revolvers in his belt, and a few other "documents" at hand, were able to do quite as much

of that as there was any probability of being required under ordinary circumstances. Moreover, Stefan proved to be a tolerable cook, and a capital caterer—both important considerations in a country where the khans seldom provide the traveler with any thing beyond naked walls and a sack of straw, so abundantly stocked with vermin that he is much more likely to be eaten than to eat; and where, furthermore, the peasantry are such conscientious Christians that they will not become accessory to the ruin of the stranger's soul, by supplying him on fast-days with any thing beyond the lenten fare which the Church allows. Now, as the fast-days in the Greek Church number one hundred and eighty-five in the year, it is a little more than an even chance that on any given day flesh will be prohibited.

As for Selim, I was at first sight a little disappointed in his appearance. He was barely twelve hands high; it was certainly many years since he was a colt, and his bare ribs showed evident traces of the scanty fare of his old Arnout master. But his large tremulous nostril, bright eye, clean limbs, delicate head, and arching neck, showed that he had good blood in him.

"Haidee, Gospodin!" shouted our kiraidji in the court-yard, on the morning fixed for our departure. It was hardly daybreak; but he was accustomed to bivouac in the open air, which is apt to make men early risers.

"Hallo, Colonel!" cried Brown in my drowsy ear, giving an American equivalent, though in a somewhat free translation, for Stefan's salutation.

Stefan was awaiting us in the court-yard, with the horses and an extra beast or two loaded with provision-bags, cooking utensils, and sleeping rugs. We had each procured a *kabanitza* or coarse mantle, like those worn by the kiraidji—the shepherds and swineherds wear them of sheepskin—which, with an India-rubber cloak for wet weather, made us nearly independent of storms. These were thrown over our great Tartar saddles, by way of cushions, and off we started.

For a while our way lay parallel with the Danube. Here were evident attempts at cultivation, proofs that it had been discovered that the earth was capable of being made something more of than a pasture ground. Agriculture, however, has not yet become the strong point of the Servians. Their plow is the same rude implement used in the immortal days of old; the grain is trodden out by buffaloes and oxen tethered to a stake driven in the ground of the threshing floor. But the staple grain is one of which Hesiod never dreamed. The broad blades of Indian corn every where met our eyes, and the golden ears of last year's crop reminded us pleasantly of our Western homes. The Old World is indebted to the New for something besides free institutions. The standing food of the people on those days when the Church prescribes lenten fare, is the meal boiled into a thick porridge, and eaten with milk. They call it "mamolinga," but we had known it of old as "hasty-pudding" or "mush." The mysteries of "Johnny-cake," "hoe-cake," "pone," and "dampers," to say nothing of the thousand appetizing forms in which the ebony Dianas and Venuses of the South serve up this noble grain, have not yet been mastered by the simple Servians.

Before long we entered the great Servian forest, which covers half of the Principality. We might have supposed that we were traversing a country just discovered. The villages are mere collections of slight huts; the roads but bridle paths. The great road from Belgrade to Alexinitz, on the frontiers of Bulgaria, is indeed said to be practicable for carriages in fine weather; but I doubt if any living man has passed it in this way. Every peasant is his own wheelright, and the model of his rude vehicle seems to have undergone no change since the time when the old Phrygian first invented the four-wheeled cart.

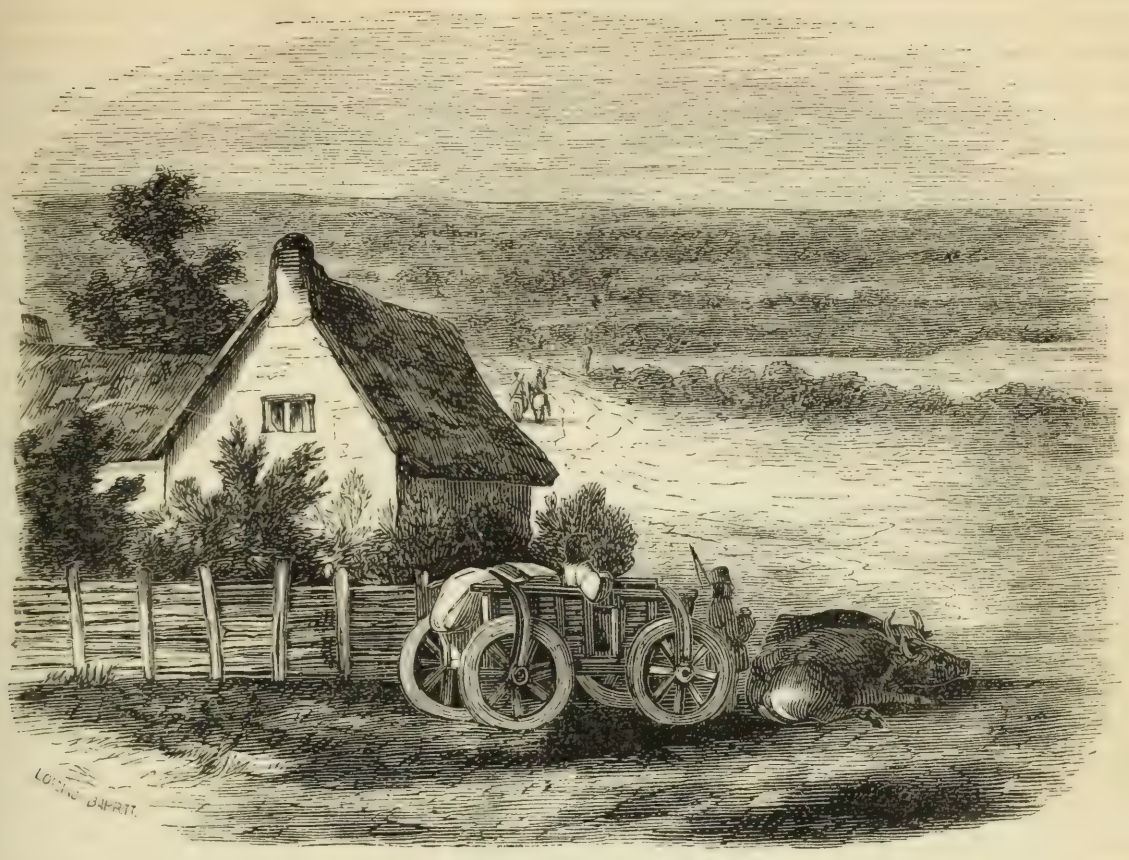
It is hard to judge of the condition of one people from the standpoint of another. Comfort is a variable term. Jack Ketch thought it very "comfortable" for a man to be hung alone upon a scaffold that would "accommodate" two culprits. With us comfort implies at least a tight roof over one's head, and smooth walls and floors. His house is a matter of great indifference to the Servian. Not unfrequently it consists merely of an excavation in a hillside, wattled up in front. A house wholly above ground, built of boards, is comparatively rare. If their dwellings were to be taken as a criterion, we should have thought the Servians in a state of more deplorable povery than the Irish peasantry.

Yet we were accustomed to see the occupant of one of these primitive dwellings stalk out of it gayly attired, armed to the teeth, with crimson sash about his waist filled with silver-mounted pistols, the long Arnout gun slung over his shoulder, quite unconscious that there was any incongruity between his attire and his habitation. In fact, a house is a very secondary affair to a Servian. Wrapped in his stout kabanitza he sleeps, from preference, in the open air for half the year.

I asked Stefan, as we rode along, why the Servians did not build more comfortable dwellings, since they were so well able to do so.

"The Osmanlis would burn them again in the wars that are coming," he replied. "Wait till we have driven them out of Bulgaria, and Bosnia, and Mœsia, as they have been driven out of Servia and the Black Mountains:—till Moldavia and Wallachia, and all the dominions of the great Kral, Stefan Douschan—on whom God have mercy—are free from the Osmanli, the Schwab, and the Rouss, and then we will build houses."

The wealth of Servia now consists in a great



SERVIAN DWELLING

degree in its vast herds of sheep and droves of swine. Pig-raising is the most respected occupation. The Prince is said to be the first pig-jobber in the country. This is not to be wondered at, when we remember that the great forest affords such abundant means of feeding the unclean animal at a mere nominal expense. There are precedents, classical and others, which should abate any tendency to ridicule this primitive occupation. The wisest of the Greeks who sailed for Troy, was a great pig-breeder in his day. The stout thanes, who so strenuously upheld their Saxon strain when England was overswept by the Norman deluge, were great proprietors of swine. The wise Alfred could not have been unskilled in their care.

Ah, those were white-letter days when we rode from dawn till dusk through the great Servian forest. Perhaps our children will traverse it by railroad. We had wisely adopted the large deep Tartar saddle, with short stirrups. The saddle is to the Tartar what his house is to the Englishman; and depend upon it each knows how to secure the greatest amount of comfort. A slight experience taught us to eschew the khans, except on very stormy nights, preferring to camp out, as the kiriadji always do. When we reached one of their camping grounds, usually at a spot where some pious Moslem had erected a fountain over a spring bubbling among the old trees—blessings on his beard therefor; it is one of the few things for which the world has to thank him—the saddles were taken from our beasts; a fire was quickly kindled, and the game which had hung at our saddle-bows was soon broiling upon the embers. Our coffee-pot was not long in sending forth its fragrant steam. Then, after a contemplative smoke, while the cool stars twinkled through the leaves overhead, each wrapped himself in his kabanitza, with his feet to the fire, and slept till early dawn. Hardly is the east gray when the kiraidji are all astir. Each sends forth a sharp shrill cry, when his docile kony, who had been browsing in the forest, runs up to his master, and receives his expected caress and taste of corn. The pack-saddles are again strapped on, and the chance-met company separates, amid a profusion of half-oriental compliments, leaving their fire smouldering for the accommodation of the next comers.

Such was our mode of life day after day. Of course it is only practicable in the summer and autumn months. In the winter, when the snow lies deep on plateau and in mountain defile, and in spring, when the melting snow swells each tiny rivulet to a torrent, and transforms the pathways to beds of mortar, deep enough to swallow horse and rider, all intercourse is at an end.

Yet summer skies are not always cloudless, and more than once were we compelled to exchange these pleasant pic-nics for the bare walls of the flea-infested khan. Night overtook us once as we were winding along the rugged sides of Mount Jouor. A tempest of sleet came hurtling down from the snow-clad Bosnian Mountains. The path became a quagmire, growing deeper and deeper every hour. Stefan's pony could hardly keep his feet, and brave Selim

showed tokens of weariness. The darkness closed in long before we had reached the khan where we hoped to find shelter and fire, if nothing more. At last our kiraidji declared that our horses would give out in half an hour if we attempted to ride them, and that we must relieve the weary animals by walking. So we dismounted, and depositing our soaked kabanitzas upon the saddles, trudged wearily on through the sleet and darkness and mire. It must have been three hours before our eyes were gladdened by the glimmering of light from the solitary khan. But we were not the only company whom the tempest had driven to seek the friendly shelter. As we peered through the window it seemed that there was not an inch of space about the cheery fire for our storm-drenched party. But we must make the attempt; and pushed in amidst the groups of kiraidji and haiducs, and swineherds. Nothing is quite so hopeless as it seems. "Dobro jutro, Gospodins!"—Good-evening to your Excellencies, shouted the rough-looking fellows, making room for us in the warmest corner. Had we the hundred hands of Briareus with a correspondence of mouths and stomachs, we could not have availed ourselves of all the fragrant coffee, and raki, and chiboucks that were pressed upon us. Our drenched garments soon added another column of steam to those before arising around the fire. Honest Stefan, ably seconded by the punchy little Khanyi, bustled about, and concocted a posset which he declared would infallibly counteract all the ill-effects of our exposure. Well it might; for so fiery a decoction of red pepper and roasted onions was surely never before poured down human throat.

Not long after we reached the little town of Alexinitz, the border town of Servia, close to the frontiers of Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Upper Mœsia. Here is established the Servian quarantine. A huge palisaded inclosure, containing stables and sheds and huts, guarded by a troop of Pandours. At this point converge the various lines of traffic between Turkey and Servia; and here every one passing from the Ottoman to the Christian state must perform a quarantine of from five to forty days. A few days more or less seems to make no difference in this part of the world. Every body seems to have little to do, and plenty of time to do it in. Though there would not be the least difficulty in evading the quarantine station by taking a circuitous route over the hills, nobody seemed to have thought of doing so. The motley group shut up inside of the palisade, bivouacked around the fires in the centre of the space, with the most perfect good will, quite careless whether they were detained five days or as many weeks.

We had hoped to have extended our trip westward through Upper Mœsia and Rascia, which lie like a wedge between Servia and the semi-independent states of Herzegovina and Montenegro; and then to have diverged southward into Macedonia and Albania, whose Mussulman inhabitants constitute the only real strength of the Turkish empire in Europe. But we had mentally based our calculations upon the rate of progression known in countries where roads exist; with the chance of an occasional lift by railway. Add to this, that Stefan's pepper-posset was not quite the specific he had warranted it to be. A slow fever had settled upon my comrade, which though not actually disabling him from keeping the saddle, we foresaw would before long demand an interval of repose. And as we knew that we must perform quarantine on entering Wallachia, we determined to push forward as rapidly as might be, before his strength utterly failed, and thus turn the detention to good account as an interval of rest.

So we concluded to spur on through Bulgaria, along the defiles of the Balkan, by way of Nissa and Sophia, to Shumla.

Nissa was the first considerable Turkish city we had seen, and its fortunes may stand as a type of those of all. It was a populous city in the dim ages before myth was separated from history; before Phenician Cadmus brought the alphabet to Greece; when Athens and Lacedæmon and Thebes were not. Long ages after, Philip of Macedon, with a keen eye to its military position, commanding the passes leading into his territories, drove out the first possessors of Nissa, and established a military colony. Here was born Constantine the Great, who built stately temples and palaces in the place of his birth. These all have passed away, and in their place are the narrow streets, low, filthy dwellings, petty shops, and the encircling cemetery, which characterize a Turkish town. Czerni Djordji, in the midst of his insurrection, undertook the capture of Nissa as the means of shutting the Turks out of Servia, but was unsuccessful. The loss of this place would be a fatal blow to the Ottoman power. Shumla itself is scarcely more essential to the safety of Constantinople. The ancient splendors of Nissa are passed away; and in the little village of Tatar, close by, stands almost the only structure raised by the Turks, which the traveler will care to see. It is the famous pyramid in which are set, in ghastly mosaic, the skulls of the Servians who fell in the fierce battles during the early part of their war of independence. The four sides of the pyramid are encrusted with these horrid trophies. Popular report says that there were originally thirty thousand of them. This is doubtless a great exaggeration; but there still remain thousands, though many have been stealthily removed and honored by the rites of sepulture.

This ghastly monument is said to have been erected to overawe the more timid Bulgarians, by showing them the consequences of revolt against the Sublime Porte. But like many another attempt at intimidation, it has failed of its purpose. In 1838, and the three years following, this portion of the empire was the

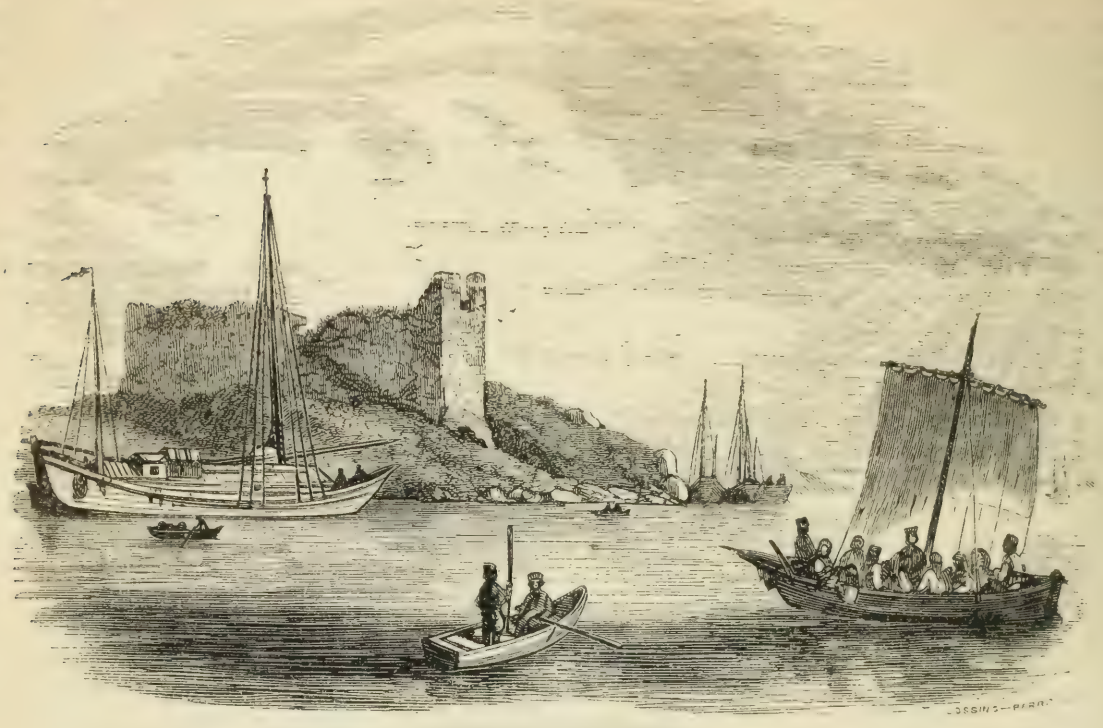
scene of one of those revolts which have so often shaken it to its centre. The Bulgarians are an agricultural rather than a pastoral people; and hence are less easily aroused to rebellion than any other portion of the empire. They have always been wonderfully patient under the extortions of the tax-gatherers, to whom the vicious financial system of the empire has subjected them. But they possess one virtue—using the word in its old etymological sense—without which there is no hope for a people. They honor and respect their women. The nephew and adopted son of the Pasha of Nissa seized upon a beautiful rayah girl, and dragged her off to his harem. This outrage was the finishing stroke. The whole population was aroused; every mountain defile was filled with the mustering hordes of the insurgents. A grim old follower of Black George was placed at their head. The Pasha was closely besieged in his citadel. The revolt spread through Macedonia and Thessaly. Stamboul itself was not safe. Diplomacy at last intervened and saved the empire. The Patriarch of the Church, a Fanariot of Constantinople, a creature of the Porte, lent his spiritual influence against the insurgents. Their moral power was sapped. Gradually they returned to their homes; and the rebellion died out.

This is but one of the insurrections which are of constant occurrence in the Ottoman empire, and which, whether successful or unsuccessful, waste it away. Province after province falls away. Forty years ago it was Servia; ten years later it was Greece; ten years after Wallachia and Moldavia were detached, in all but the name. Then came the great Bulgarian revolt; then the war in Herzegovina and Bosnia; then, in 1850, a new Bulgarian revolt, of which Widdin, far up the Danube, was the centre; to quell which the gallant Croat renegade, Omer Pasha, who now commands the Turkish forces on the Danube, was called from Bosnia, which he had barely succeeded in pacifying. In fact, it may be safely assumed that there is no moment in which some portion of the rayahs of the empire are not in actual revolt.

Leaving Nissa we struck into the great pass of the Balkan leading to Sophia, the ancient Serdica, once the chief town of the Romans in Thrace; now the capital of Bulgaria. It stands in the centre of a vast plain, girdled by the craggy summits of the Balkan. Long before we reached the city the lofty domes and slender minarets of the great mosque appeared drawn sharply against the sky. But Sophia is a city of the past. The broad cemetery which encircles it on every side is more populous than the city of the living. The dogs snarled at us as we rode among the turbaned pillars which mark the resting-place of the true believers. We crossed the Great Isker, by a dilapidated wooden bridge, and took up our abode in the great Khan, once the most magnificent structure of the kind in all the provinces of the Danube. In its palmy days, a thousand travelers were wont to find shelter within its walls. In old Serdica the Bulgarian Krals, who bore the title of "Kings of all the Bulgarians and Greeks," built the famous temple of Sophia—the Divine Wisdom—dedicated to the Holy Trinity. So famous was this temple, that the name of the city that it glorified was changed from Serdica to Sophia: which name it bears to this day. Like its namesake at Constantinople, this temple has been converted into a mosque. The Sophia of the Turks is but a miserable town, a



GREAT KHAN AT SOPHIA.



RUINS AT GIOURJEVO.

maze of narrow, filthy streets, lanes, and alleys; a breeding place of the plague and the cholera, by which, within less than a score of years, the population has been reduced from forty thousand to less than half that number.

From Sophia, we threaded the Balkan gorges, through deep glens and dark forests, over broad plateaus, crossing winding streams; passed Ternova, the ancient capital of the old Bulgarian monarchs, nestled among groves of lindens and chestnuts; and arrived, worn and exhausted, at the great fortress of Shumla, once held to be the key of the Balkan, and the safeguard of Adrianople and Stamboul.

We had now reached the quarter whither the events of the last few months have turned the eyes of the whole civilized world. For Shumla is the central point of that series of operations by which the Porte is striving to fling back the advance of the Russian forces.

Two years ago even, Shumla presented rather the aspect of a vast fortified camp than of a peaceful town. It sits in a deep gorge where the steep hills sweep around and cover it on three sides. To the north, looking toward the Danube, lies a marshy plain upon which an attacking army must encamp. Three times have the Russians, when marching upon the capital, sat down before Shumla, and as often have they failed in its capture. In their last war the idea seemed to strike them that, if they would not trouble Shumla, it would not trouble them. So old Diebitsch turned aside, and crossing the mountains at another point, won for himself the title of Sabalkansky—Transcender of the Balkan—and marched upon Adrianople, thus dispelling the prestige of invincibility which had so long rested upon this range; and showing, when the time came, how easy it would be for the Czar to lay his hand upon Stamboul.

The twenty leagues between Shumla and Rustchuk are a part of the great alluvial plain of the Danube, after that of the Volga the most extensive in Europe. Here we would have parted with honest Stefan; but the faithful fellow would not leave us till he had seen us safely ensconced in quarantine on the Wallachian side of the Danube.

From Rustchuk a rude boat, with a huge sail and a half score of bare legged rowers, threading the marshy islands which stud the stream, soon ferried us across the Danube, and landed us at the foot of the steep bank, over which rises the dismantled walls of the old Wallachian fortress of Giourjevo. Here we parted from our trusty kiraidji who pressed our hands to his forehead, in Oriental fashion, crying "Mirre Dioi Gospodins Amerikanski"—Good-by, your American Excellencies. We stood upon the bank watching the return of the boat across the river, and so long as it was visible, there stood honest Stefan upon the stern, waving his adieus.

At Giourjevo we performed quarantine for the first time—unhappily not for the last. Hitherto our progress had been the right way. Except in the case of those who come from places deemed extra-hazardous, the Turks do not assume that all travelers are infected. But every one entering a Christian from a Moslem country, is presumed to bear with him the plague and all manner of evil spirits to be exorcised only by the most strenuous fumigation. It happened fortunately that there had, for a wonder, been no recent cases in the direction from which we had come, so that we got off

with eight days, instead of the sixteen or twenty-four to which we might have been doomed. For the first four-and-twenty hours after entering the quarantine station, we stumbled about in the long calico wrappers and slippers which were provided for us, while our own garments were fumigated with all sorts of villainous drugs. Our clothing underwent a course of assafetida and the fumes of muriatic acid; our papers were smoked with sulphur; while money and watches escaped with a soaking in vinegar. Shut up in narrow and filthy cells, which would be sure to develop any lurking seeds of pestilence; watched over by sentinels whose challenges through the night were by no means calculated to inspire cheerful meditations; bug-bitten and flea-bitten, musquito-stung and gnat-stung, nobody but one who has gone through the dreary process, can tell how we longed for the day of our liberation. However, there are compensations in all things. Brown's fever certainly left him during our quarantine. Perhaps it was owing to the copious phlebotomizing to which he was subjected by these unlicensed practitioners. At last we were summoned before the director. Upon the table before him lay a Testament, a Hebrew Bible, and the Koran, for the accommodation of Christians, Jews, and Moslems. Upon the first of these we took a solemn oath that we had not violated the quarantine regulations; that, being free from the plague when we entered, to the best of our knowledge we had not taken it during our detention; whereupon we were discharged.

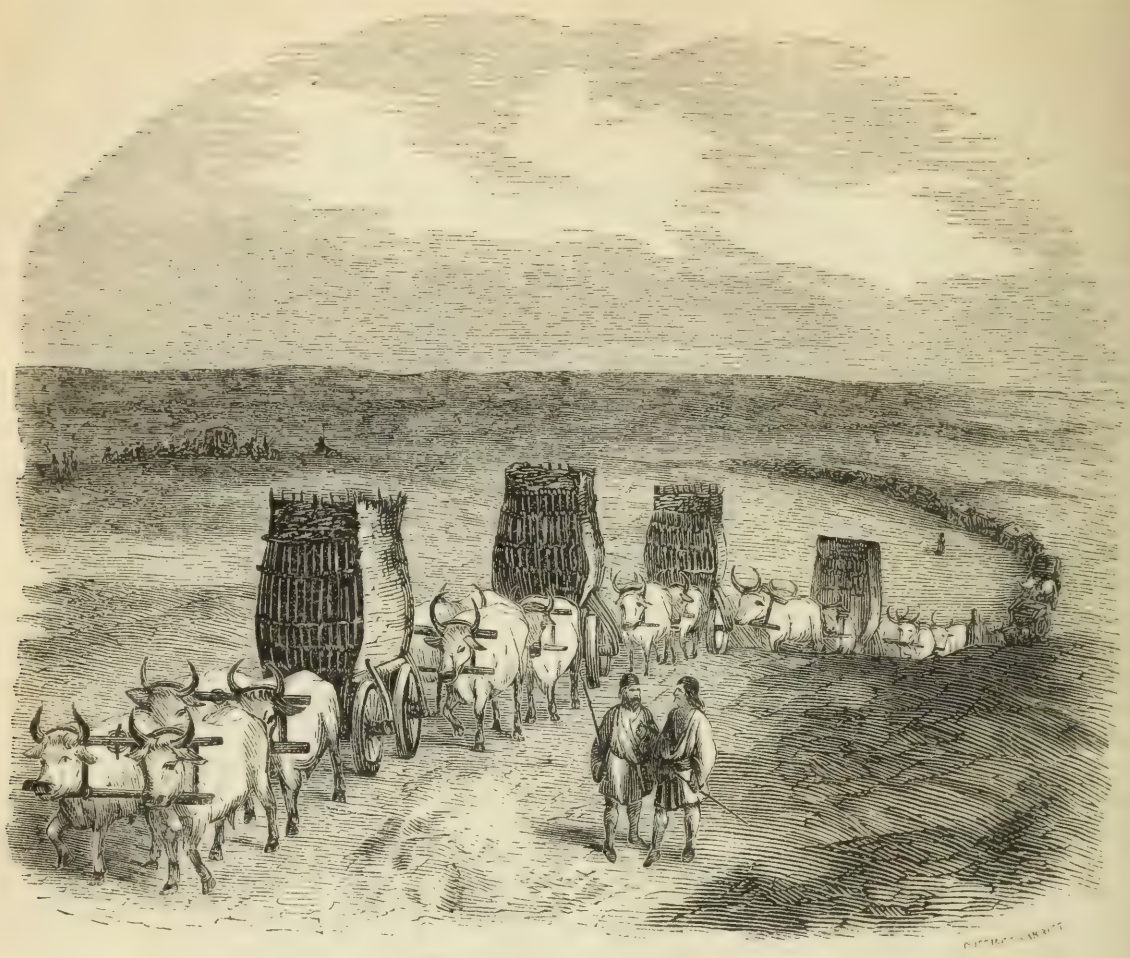
The first use we made of our liberty at Giourjevo, was to proceed to the post-station in search of a conveyance to Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, a score of leagues or so toward the north. Could we have anticipated that it would so soon become the scene of a combat, in which the Turks would manifest such unexpected bravery, we might have looked with more interest upon the old fortress which the Turks dismantled in 1829, when, to all appearances, they finally abandoned the northern bank of the Danube. The town is a confusion of shapeless ruins and new edifices. Smoking seems to be the principal occupation of the inhabitants. As we were obliged to spend a night there, we were glad enough to see a number of signs indicative of hotels, giving us a hope of being able to make amends for our quarantine privations. But alas for the vanity of human wishes! Our anticipated supper dwindled to a cup of sherbet and a loaf of bread: and the only thing resembling a bed to be had, was a billiard-table.

Meanwhile we proceeded to the post-station, knocking over, as we went, a few of the more troublesome dogs, who seemed inclined to institute a series of experiments as to the edibility of our calves. But we soon found that it is not so simple a matter to obtain post-horses in Wallachia. First we had to appear before the Aga, who demanded our names and residences, whence we came, whither we were going, what we were going for, and how long we meant to stay. As there seemed no lurking treason in our replies, he decided, after grave deliberation, that we could have horses. A *podorojnaia*, or permit, was then made out, which we were directed to show to the master of the post at each station: this was delivered to us upon paying the price for the whole journey. We were then informed that the equipage would be ready by daybreak next morning.

In the gray dark our equipage made its appearance. Imagine a trough some five feet long, two feet wide, and about as high, mounted upon four wooden wheels, with wooden axles, without a particle of iron in its composition. This trough was half filled with mouldy straw, upon which we were to sit, crouching upon our haunches, clinging desperately to its sides, as John Gilpin clung to his horse's mane. To this magnificent vehicle were attached a half score of little shaggy horses, scarcely larger than po-



TRAVELING IN WALLACHIA.



WALLACHIAN OX-WAGONS.

nies. However, as we found, they were tough, spirited little fellows. The harness was worthy of the carriage. It consisted of a couple of slender ropes, serving as traces, united across the chest by a leather strap, which, passing over the neck, served the purpose of a collar. Another rope, twisted about the head, completed the harness, for no bit or bridle was used. They call this vehicle a *caroussi*. Three postillions were mounted upon as many of the animals; and few enough they were to urge the vehicle over such a tract as we found we had to pass.

The gray dawn had become morning by the time we cleared the town, and a more desolate prospect can scarcely be conceived than presented itself. The inhabitants of the Principality long harassed by the marauding incursions of the Turks across the Danube, finally left a tract of half a dozen leagues in width a perfect desert. No trace of a definite path existed upon this broad level plain, over which our horses whirled us at full speed; but a perfect net-work of wheel-ruts was spread in every direction. The postillions, perched upon their high saddles, might have passed for madmen. First one would utter a long unearthly shriek, at the very top of his lungs; when his breath failed, the next took it up; then the third took his turn. By this time the first had recovered his wind, and was ready to bear his part again. All this time they were swinging their whips about their shoulders, gesticulating frantically. The horses, meanwhile, as they plunged through the patches of the tall grass of the steppe, snatched at the herbage as though their lives depended upon every mouthful. Every now and then we came to some muddy ravine, hollowed out by a sluggish stream. Here our carriage would stick fast. Then the cries of the postillions became deafening; all shrieked and flourished their whips in unison, till finally, with a lurch, the machine would emerge from the mud, leaving a long black trail behind. Nothing could exceed the unvarying monotony of the scenery. As far as the eye could reach, appeared an unbroken plain, destitute even of a tree or shrub; the unvarying line of the horizon was broken only by a tall well-pole, drawn blackly up against the sky. These wells occurred at short intervals. They were all of the simplest construction. The trunk of a large tree, hollowed out, lines the interior, preventing the loamy soil from clogging the excavation. The bucket, attached to the pole, is formed of a smaller hollowed trunk.

As we followed no regular path, we seldom saw any habitation. We might have passed very near the dwellings of the peasantry without perceiving them, for they rarely rose much above the surface of the ground, and were rudely built of poles and clay, covered with thatch. Whenever we reached a post-station, the horses unharnessed themselves by withdrawing their heads from the strap which served as a collar.

The postillions would then tug away for a few moments at the ears and forelocks of the exhausted animals, by way of refreshing them. It seemed as though they must lose their ears; yet they seemed to enjoy it vastly: perhaps on the same principle that Napoleon's servants loved to have their auricular organs pulled by the Imperial fingers.

Although our *podorojnaia* embodied a receipt for our fare, we were not long in discovering that the amount of our *bacchis* exercised no small influence upon the rate of our progress. "Bacchis," "Pour-boire," "Trinkgelt," "Drinking-money" are convertible terms, whose significance every traveler soon learns. They denote a sort of lubricating compound applied to the throat of your postillion, in order to diminish the friction of the carriage-wheels; somewhat as Sir Kenelm Digby used to anoint the sword instead of salving the wound. If the bacchis was satisfactory, the post-captain, as we set out, would give the word, "*Mestge currint!*" "Go ahead with a rush;" otherwise it would be simply a *Mestge,*" "Goahead;" involving a very different rate of speed. However, as a Prussian *Zwanziger,* worth some sixteen cents, was esteemed a very munificent bacchis, there was no great reason for complaint.

The monotony of the ride across the great steppe is sometimes broken by some vast object moving slowly along the verge of the horizon. Another and another makes its appearance. Hardly have you discovered that these are a train of enormous Wallachian ox-wagons, before you hear the harsh creaking of the wooden wheels, grating upon their ungreased axles with a noise which for a time overpowers even the shouts of your postillions. These great vehicles travel in vast caravans, and are not unfrequently weeks upon the road; their conductors all the while bivouacking in the open air. Their main employment is conveying the heavy products of the country, especially to Brailow, on the Danube, the chief port of the Principality.

"One should not speak ill," says the proverb, "of the bridge which has carried him safely over;" and as a parting word for our wild equipage, I am bound to confess that it made good time. Night had not fallen before we had accomplished our sixty miles, and Bucharest appeared stretching far away in the distance before us. Its many-colored roofs, and the lofty towers of its sixty churches, rising from among masses of foliage, presented a grateful contrast to the wearisome monotony of the broad steppe we had been traversing.



STREET IN BUCHAREST.



WALLACH AND GIPSY MALE COSTUMES.

Our first step, after establishing ourselves, was to inquire for the baths, which are as famous as those of Damascus. They are situated in one of the most miserable portions of the city, on the banks of the Dombovitza. We paced around the establishment more than once, without being able to discover the entrance. A tall figure, or rather one that would have been tall, had it not been for a stoop which seemed acquired by perpetually assuming an attitude of humility, suddenly stood before us. We had observed him following us at a short distance. It needed not the broad-brimmed hat and long rusty gown to assure us that he belonged to the race of Israel. No sooner did he perceive our perplexity than he was by our side. He divined our wishes at once, and showed us a low door which we had overlooked. It was like the entrance to a cave, and in we went.

I am not about to describe an Oriental bath. Put together all that you have read about those of Damascus and Constantinople—the boiling and the baking, the scrubbing and the lathering, the kneading and the squeezing:—the tortures of the process and the ineffable luxury of the results, when you find yourself lying upon the soft divan, wrapped in the most downy of sheets, smoking the most fragrant of narguilés, sipping the water of the Dombovitza, rose-flavored and freshly iced—that water of which the Wallach proverb says, *Dombovitza, apa dulee, quine o bea nu be maï duci*—"Dombovitza sweet water, of which whoso drinks will never leave it:"—put all this together, and write Bucharest in lieu of Damascus, and yet the truth is but half told.

Bucharest covers ground enough for a city of thrice its population, which somewhat exceeds a hundred thousand souls. Of these perhaps the *Boyards* or nobles may number 12,000; the Europeans 5000; the Jews as many; the Gipsies 10,000. There are some 1500 priests and monks, so that the spiritual interests of the people are well cared for. The common people retain to a great extent their national costume; the Boyards affect Russian fashions; though here and there a grave old noble is seen with voluminous kalpack and flowing beard, as they wore them under the Turkish rule. But Young Wallachia, presents a decidedly Russian aspect. The Gipsies are mainly employed in the capital as household servants. But there are large num-

bers of them throughout the country who lead a nomadic life, exercising their national callings of fortune-telling, tinkering, and begging. The Jews are the most active, eager, and stirring of the population, though in a small way.

Bucharest presents an ambitious appearance. Not a few of the buildings make attempts at splendor, but they are built of such fragile materials that even when new, they present a dilapidated appearance, in spite of their multifarious ornaments. The streets are unpaved, and from the nature of the soil are always choked either by dust or mud.

The two Principalities, Wallachia and Moldavia, have suddenly assumed an importance in the world's eye, which two years ago was hardly to have been anticipated. At the commencement of our era, we find these Principalities peopled by those fierce Dacians so often mentioned by the great Roman satirist. Trajan first brought them under the sway of the Roman eagles. The column upon which is recorded the pictorial history of his triumphs, contains sculptured effigies of the ancient Dacians, which might pass for portraits of the Wallachs of to-day. Marching down the Danube, he flung across it the famous bridge—the master-piece of the Rhodian architect—the remains of which are yet visible beneath the water, after a lapse of seventeen centuries and a half. Colonies were sent to people the new province. Their descendants, mingling with the remnants of the vanquished Dacians, took the name of Romans. They were the ancestors of the Wallachian people, who still call their country *Tsara Roumaneska*—the Roman Land, and themselves *Roumann*—Romans.

During the great barbarian irruptions, Dacia was alternately overrun by the Goths and Huns, the Gepidi, the Lombards, and the Avari. When these successive waves had rolled by, the Slavonians crossed the Danube, and took possession of the fertile lands on the northern bank, which they divided among themselves, as the Normans parceled out England. They came into the country as conquerors, and their descendants are the Boyards—the possessors of the soil, and the sole depositories of political power.

In the course of time, two separate states were formed, which, sometimes coalescing, sometimes apart, now constitute the Principalities



WALLACH AND GIPSY FEMALE COSTUMES.



PORT OF BRAILOW.

of the Danube. They have never been fully incorporated into the Ottoman Empire. In 1520, the Sultan deposed the Voïvode of Wallachia, and imposed a tribute upon the country. Twenty years later formal possession was taken of a part of the territory, and a few fortresses were erected on the northern bank of the Danube, which were garrisoned by Turkish troops. Still their possession was contested with varying success. The Principalities became involved in the contests between Russia and Turkey, during the reign of Peter the Great. The Sultan thereupon deposed and executed the Voïvode of Wallachia, and in 1740 sent in his place Nicolas Mavrocordato, a Greek of Constantinople, under whom the country enjoyed a few years of peace.

At three different periods, previous to the present, since that time, the Russians have held military possession of the Principalities. The last was during the war of 1828 and 1829, when they were retained for a number of years after peace had been proclaimed. The Russians gave up possession of them at this time under stipulations which reduced the Turkish supremacy to a mere claim of annual tribute. The Turkish garrisons were to be wholly withdrawn, and no portion of the territory could be occupied by Turkish forces. The Hospodar, or Prince of Wallachia, was to be chosen for life by an extraordinary assembly of the Boyards; and after having been approved by the Czar was to receive investiture from the Sultan. By a later convention, the Hospodar was, for a certain time, to receive appointment for only seven years. Legislative power is exercised by a General Assembly, of which the Hospodar and the Metropolitan of Bucharest are *ex-officio* members; the other members being chosen by the Boyards. The entire system of jurisprudence is based upon the principles of European law.

It will thus be seen that Wallachia occupies an anomalous position. It is certainly in no proper sense a part of the Turkish empire, whose only claim upon it is for a tribute of something less than a hundred thousand dollars annually, together with the right of investing the Hospodar. Neither is it a province of Russia, whose only formal and recognized right is that of protection. Still less is it an independent state, burdened as it is by the "protection" of two hostile powers.

Such an anomalous position can not long continue. The fate of the Principalities must be decided in the settlement of the "Eastern Question" which can be no longer postponed. Every man who has smoked a chibouck supposes himself to have imbibed the wisdom for settling this vexed question. What my own opinion is, has been elsewhere indicated. It is perhaps to be regretted that the question should have been necessarily mooted in respect to these Principalities, from the fact that the population is divided into a governing and a governed class; one of which, luxurious and dissipated, aping foreign customs and manners, are the proprietors of the soil; while the other, poor and enervated, are not bound together by those bonds of local, patriarchal, and municipal government, which are so strong in the portions of Turkey inhabited by the Slavonic races—institutions which have kept society alive during four centuries of Ottoman rule; and which a few years of peace would readily develop into a constitutional government.

LIFE IN PARIS.—SKETCHES ABOVE GROUND AND BELOW GROUND.

WHO fails to notice in the streets of Paris those long, lugubrious processions of ark-like coaches, blacker within and without than ravens, drawn by heavy black horses, with coal black harness and plumes, and guided by drivers in the same sombre livery; the *tout ensemble* affording the greatest conceivable contrast to the brilliant equipages so rapidly circulating about them. As they trail through the streets, with slow and solemn pace, they appear to be so many clumsily carved masses of jet, overspread with palls, and animated with just sufficient life to grope their way blindly back to the dark mine whence they issued. In their presence the sunlight seems to scowl and shine askant. The gay crowd look at them as birds of evil omen; but respectfully make, as they pass, the only bows that do not call for a return. Yet at all hours they are to be seen, sometimes singly, standing like solitary crows in a cornfield, before the entrance of some poverty-marked habitation. At others in long and pompous files stretching from before a church door draperied with the costly tokens of death, far down the neighboring street. In the first instance a poor man has died, and the undertaker for a few francs only undertakes to give only a few francs' worth of conventional respect to the mortal remains he unceremoniously hurries to its cheap grave. Not so in the second instance. A rich man may not have died, but the deceased has left enough to pay for the pompous funeral, which law and custom force the family to accept from the sole company that has the monopoly of interment for the city of Paris. It is rightly called the service-general of the "*Pompes Funèbres.*" It pays largely for its privilege, and enjoys in return the right to make dying a very expensive affair in Paris. The corpse belongs, not to friends, but to this company, until the worms claim their prerogative. With us a funeral is a simple, inexpensive affair, left, as all other individual matters very properly are, to the dictates of the judgment or affection of those who are most interested.

Not so here. A funeral, like every other ceremony, domestic or public, in France, must be converted into a spectacle. A dismal spectacle they make of it. Their black is an intensified black, and their cross and skull bones of the most appalling patterns and colors. All that can make a funeral chilling and hollow is liberally provided. If to the present mercenary tokens of grief they would add the Polynesian custom of paid wailing, in addition to the rivulets of tears, the spectacle would be more perfect of its kind.

I may be considered as too severe on the system of funerals; but I have before me an official tariff of charges, which shall be my evidence. Although nearly as large as one page of a penny newspaper, it embraces only the items for the third class of interments, that most commonly in vogue. In all there are seven classes, the last and most expensive of which requires an outlay of not less than ten thousand francs for the journey from the church to the cemetery.

This tariff is in the shape of a printed bill, with the price affixed to each article or person required, with blank spaces for the sums total.

The department of religious ceremonies is divided into thirty-one distinct charges, embracing a total of two hundred and eighty-one francs for the church. The first item is the "*Droit curial,*" six francs—the presence of the curé costs twelve francs—vicars, three francs, and priests, two francs and a quarter each—the "serpents," clerks, chanters, and red-capped boys all cheaper. Then come all the minor employées of the Church—beadles, *Suisses,* carriers of the cross, &c., these receive a franc and a half each. A deacon and sub-deacon, twelve francs—a grand mass is cheap at three francs, but the extras swell it to a sum total in which the original charge is quite lost—a gift to the altar, twelve francs—two priests to go with the corpse to the cemetery, sixteen francs—candles, ninety-six francs—ornaments, censers, etc., at the altar and steps, including carpets and cross, holy water and candlesticks, forty-two francs—tolling the bells, five francs. This is for an ordinary funeral. It will be seen that the church thrives, and drives a good bargain with the dead.

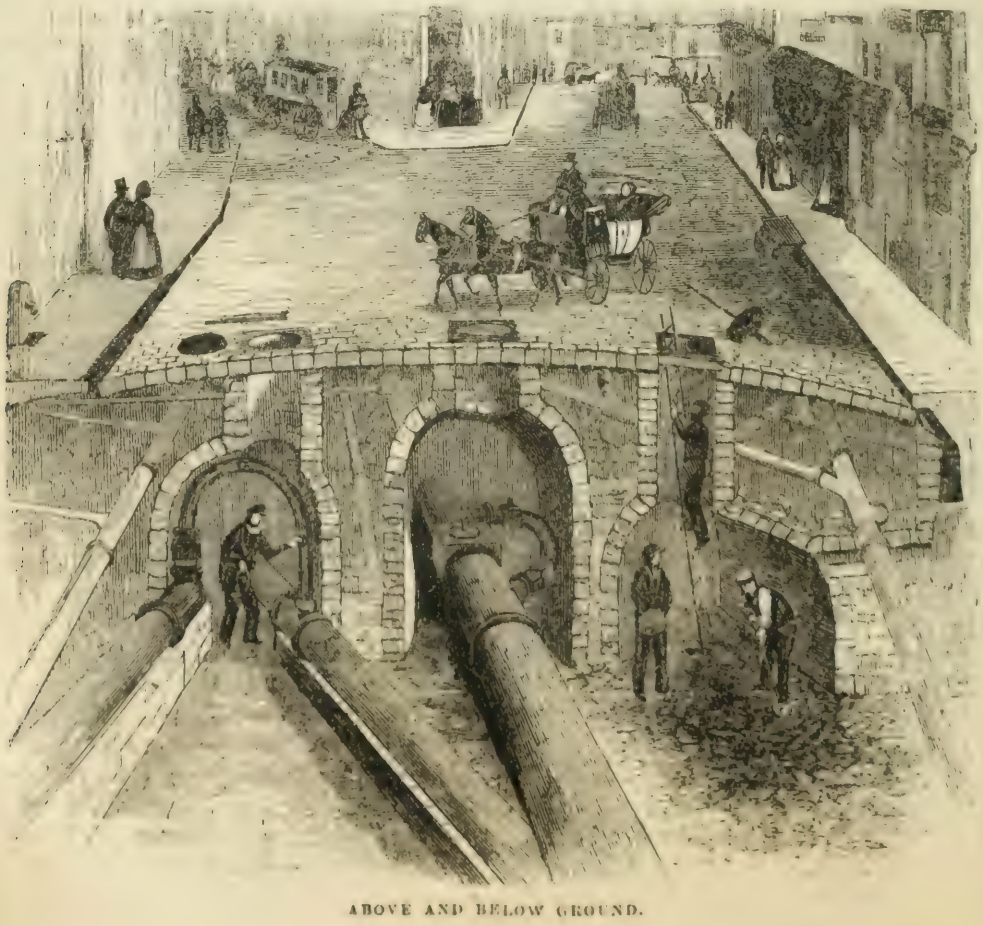
Next we come to the lion's share, or the company's. This complete amounts to one thousand two hundred and thirty-four francs, divided as follows: Expenses to the dead-house, one hundred and fifteen francs—to the church, seven hundred and fifteen—for the cortège, four hundred and four. Some of the items of these charges sound singularly enough in a bill. For instance, the black cloth over the entrance to the house pays ten sous the yard. Thirty mourning chairs pay each one franc and a half. A black foot carpet, ten sous the yard. Eight men in mourning, eight francs each. Twelve torches, three francs each. The hearse, with the mourning for the horses, fringed with silver, plumes, etc., is charged at one hundred and twenty francs, and each black coach fifteen francs.

There are twenty-nine distinct charges at the dead-house, of from one franc to fifty, embracing candles, sepulchral lamps, antique drapery, curtains, fringes, stand for the holy water, a portable altar, a cricket to kneel upon in velvet embroidered with silver, and a variety of other articles difficult to translate into Protestant English. Among the church and cortège charges are trophies of standards, candelabras, four allegorical statues representing Religion and the theological Virtues—these cost two hundred francs; cockades, grand liveries, a war-horse, equerries for war-horse, dress for domestics, *a pair of weeping women in fine linen, ditto in fine crape, ditto in common,* escutcheons and ciphers

in velvet and silver, crowns and bouquets of orange flowers, cloth for the poor, and a long list of other articles to swell the expense and pageantry. These last, however, are supplementary, and at the option of the family.

It is cheaper to live than to die in Paris; for however dear may be the living to their friends, the dead are sure to be dearer, for a short period, at all events. For a stranger in a furnished apartment, the affair is still worse. The landlord claims the right to refurnish and refit the chamber at the expense of the deceased. In an instance that came to my knowledge of an American gentleman who died, leaving two young daughters as it were unprotected, the landlord brought in an exorbitant bill for new furniture, paper, and paint, and seized the corpse for payment as it was leaving the house for the cemetery. It is well, therefore, in a lease, to have the expense of dying agreed upon. Though if it were not for the natural sentiment of respect to the dead, it would be a just retribution to leave in the hands of such a harpy, a security which would not improve in keeping.

Paris above ground is an ever-changing panorama, which any one can view by paying for it; sometimes the coin is simply money, or cheaper and better yet, a little enterprise or exercise; but too often it is a sight draft upon either health or morals. It is my endeavor to show it as it is, neither better nor worse, that those who visit it may go forewarned, while those who see it only through my telescope shall have cause to praise the clearness of its glasses. Few, however, think of glancing at subterranean Paris; that mighty labyrinth of streets beneath ground, seen but rarely by human eyes, but without which Paris above ground would be an unhabitable morass, or a generator of pestilence. There is nothing here for show, but all for use. Built to endure for ages, and to subserve the necessities of millions of human beings, performing in the material economy of social life functions as important and as indispensable as the veins and arteries in physical life, they are worthy of a glance, at all events, that we may learn the labor and expense involved in lighting, watering, and cleaning a modern capital. These indispensable offices are all moving quietly on in their prescribed paths, unseen and almost unknown by the millions of noisy feet above them. Yet, should any derangement ensue, the health and comfort of the city is at once in jeopardy. Were the Tuileries consumed by fire, and the Arch of Triumph ingulfed in an earthquake, the Parisians would simply have two fine monuments the less. But were the drains, water, and gas of Paris to be suddenly arrested, the city would become uninhabitable, and the ancient marshes of Lutèce would regain their lost empire. It was not, however, until the commencement of the last century that a regular system of drainage was established. Jean Beausire was the architect first charged with these useful works. The system has been continually improved upon, until it has rendered Paris the cleanest and best lighted capital in the world. To free the Seine,



ABOVE AND BELOW GROUND.

within the city limits, from the rivers of filth that are being continually discharged into its stream, it is proposed to construct on each bank two mammoth drains which shall receive the contents of all the minor ones, and running parallel with the river, discharge their contents into it below the city. This would involve a prodigious outlay, but would contribute greatly to the comfort of the numerous bathing and washing establishments, and possibly might induce some Parisians to try the virtues of river water occasionally as a beverage.

Among the good things of Paris, there is none which appeals more kindly to the stranger than the regularity and dispatch of the postal arrangements. Surely no one will grudge the trifling gift at New-Year, expected by the postman, who so faithfully and promptly has delivered your letters the past twelve months, seeking you out perhaps in the remotest quarter of the city. He is a man of uniform, and tinged with a slight air of importance; always on the move and always with a smile to spare if he be able to respond to your eager expectations.

Another convenience, and an ornamental one, recently adopted, are the pretty cast-iron boxes in the shape of ornamental columns placed about the city to receive the contributions for the general post-office. Their contents are emptied several times a day by the postal agents. But where the French post-office is unequalled perhaps by any other, is in the elegance and convenience of its ambulatory arrangements.

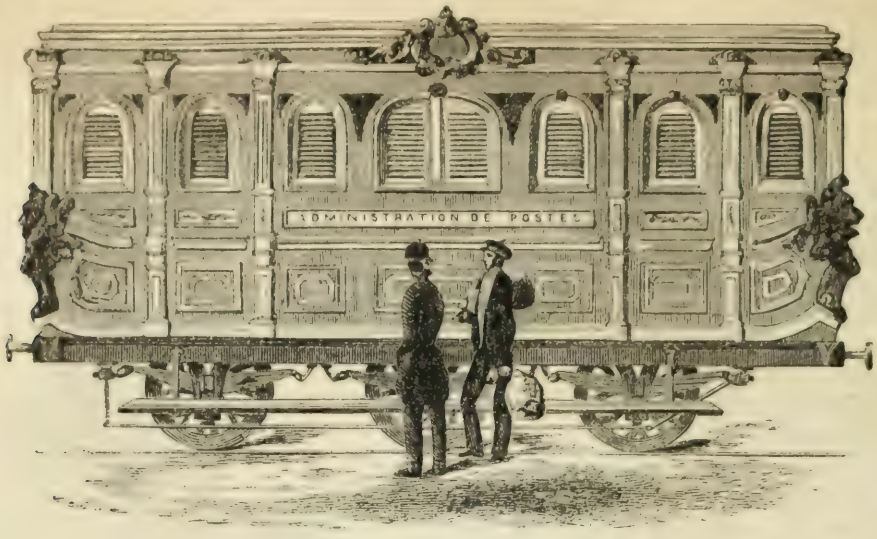


THE POSTMAN.

The moving post-office is an elegant car attached to the express trains, in which the postal service goes on as quietly and as uninterruptedly while traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour, as if stationary in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau. The mails are made up, letters received, weighed, stamped, and dispatched *en route*. The cuts upon the following page best illustrate this admirable economy of time and distance.



LETTER-BOX.



POST-CAR.

The beautiful and the disgusting, the natural and the exaggerated, the true and the false, the useful and the showy are so intermingled in Paris, that it often takes but a step to precipitate one from one extreme to the other. Yet it is this mixture in which every art or passion finds an appropriate place, that gives this capital its unrivaled attractions. Every taste can be gratified, and every humor amused. Lessons of wisdom or texts for many a useful discourse are developed in rapid succession. Neither to a reflective or thoughtless mind need there be any approach to ennui. The very stones and shop windows protest against it, while in the varying multitude there is a novelty for every minute. The art is to catch and apply the wit or moral as it floats rapidly past. To classify or arrange would be an impossible task; or, if possible, it would make the picture as rigid and uninviting as one of Cimabue's Holy Families. Better by far catch the manners as they rise—for one day's experience is no sure guide for its successor. If I glance hastily from one topic to another, blame not me, reader mine, but the variety that knows no end in the streets of Paris. I long ago thought I had exhausted the humorous fancies of the retail wine-dealers in their shops, from broad silver counters, to be measured by the square *mètre*, with walls presenting an unbroken line of mirrors, and ceilings sumptuous in gold and fresco, down to the meanest of the red-republican dram-shops, whose customers find a tonic in dirt and tobacco-smoke. But one morning I stumbled upon one, the walls of which were lined with rows of various sized kegs and casks, the heads of each of which were *looking-glasses*. By this fancy the customer was sure to see in advance the image of himself in the cask which perchance was destined to ingulf him, soul and body. One of the strolling theatres of the lowest character, on a fête Sunday at St. Cloud, had for a sign, large pictures on canvas representing the Descent from the Cross and the Raising of Christ. What rendered this the more extraordinary, was the fact that, in general, their



INTERIOR OF POST-CAR.



NIL ADMIRARI.

external attractions are very fair representations of the species of exhibition to be witnessed within.

Humbug has a veritable organization at Paris, with its directors, agents, tariff of prices, and machinery complete to elevate or depress an artist, author, or actor, as may be agreed upon with the parties interested. It even pervades the shops, the patronage of many of which is controlled by a species of advertising *claquery*, exceedingly diverting to the initiated, but expensive to the over-credulous. It is somewhat annoying, too, after having been plunged into ecstacies by the perusal of some much-talked of and greatly lauded literary work, christened with some famous name, to have a less verdant friend tell you that the only acquaintance that the author in question has with it is the title page and perhaps the preface, for affixing his name to which he pockets the price named in the contract as the equivalent of his reputation in the sale. But the greatest imposition upon the good-nature of the public, and upon their ears also, arises from the organized bands of *claqueurs* which invade every place of amusement, and levy formidable contributions upon directors, actors, and authors alike.

After one has been led by the contagious force of example to join in a round of uproarious applause, with which some favorite actor or piquant speech has been greeted, and perhaps been simple enough to add a bouquet to the pile cast at the feet of a pretty actress, whose emotions of gratitude, too powerful for speech, can only be expressed by a well-studied pantomine. it is as killing to sentiment as frost to flowers, to hear a cynical Frenchman beside you, with a latent smile at your greenness just discernible on his otherwise polite features, coolly remark, "That cost fifty francs." You turn to him and ask an explanation. Monsieur is always happy to enlighten strangers, even when the information conveys no compliment to his own institutions. In the first place, he tells you never to take a seat in the centre of the parquette, just under the chandelier. You wonder at this, as it is really the best place in the house to see the stage and audience, but after the explanation you avoid it as you would one of the plagues of Egypt. It is the locality of the "claqueurs." Remark that group immediately under the chandelier, some fifty persons, they are called "*Les chevaliers du lustre.*" See how periodically they



LES CLAQUEURS.

applaud; how well they are drilled; a hundred hands clapping in perfect unison. They are like soldiers, and have their corporals and cap-



A BAS.

tains, whose motions they follow with all the regularity that a flock of geese follows its leader. There stands the "chef," the Napoleon of claqueurs. He has his receptions, his court, and is a sort of fate to the corps dramatic, who must fee him well if they would not be forgotten in the distribution of applause and "*encores.*" As it is reasonable to suppose when a French audience has a mercenary band to execute gratis for them all the clapping, stamping, and shouting, they do not trouble themselves much with such fatiguing ceremonies. If they are so far carried out of their dignified contempt for the claqueurs as to join in applause, it must be by something decidedly good in their estimation.

By this system of claquery—for such I call it, for want of a better word—almost every piece, however indifferent, is sure to have a career of fifteen or twenty representations. The chief marshals his forces to "*chauffer*"—warm up—the actors and the public. The degree of warmth he applies depends, of course, upon the price he receives. As the purse descends on one side of the scale, the applause rises in another. Bouquets, jewelry, and involuntary ecstacies, judiciously brought in from stage-boxes, are supplementary; but there are few, if any, actors or actresses independent of this species of clap-trap. The newspaper critics are as little to be depended upon for truth as the stunning homage of the claqueurs. I have not been able to learn where and how this system originated. At present it is in full force, and the only hope of its extinction is in its increasing abuse. The "*chef de claque*" realizes not only power, but a tolerable fortune, in a few years from this black-mail. He not only guarantees the success or damning of a piece—for which, also, he has his instruments—but he contracts with directors for the nights' receipts, paying, perhaps, fifteen hundred francs, and realizing two thousand, if he be successful in his manœuvres. Decidedly one should either know much, or know nothing, to enjoy any



THE DOOR OF THE THEATRE.



NEW THEATRE.

thing at Paris. A half-way initiation, alternating between faith and skepticism, is of all moods the most miserable.

The doors of the theatres are beset by another species of agents, scarcely less annoying in their degree. If you arrive a little late, you are assailed by venders of billets at less than the regular rates. They arrest your progress at each step, and with an eloquence and impudence that would do credit to a New York hackman, endeavor to force their tickets into your hands. Should you leave the house before the entertainment is over, your path is even more perilous. "Will Monsieur sell his check?" is shouted, in every key, by a dirty gang, from whose clutches one gladly escapes by throwing at them the object of their pursuit. If, however, he be more tenacious, he can realize a trifling portion of the original price of his billet—a practice quite common with Frenchmen who do not stay out the afterpieces.

The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties is a trite adage; but few take notice of the difficulties attending some kinds of pleasure. I never realized this more forcibly than the other evening at the Théâtre Française, on one of Rachel's nights. Ascending the staircase, I noticed a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, attracted by some manœuvre which greatly interested them. Joining the group, I became an equally interested spectator at once. Before them was a lady, richly dressed, of the circumference, moderately speaking, of a wine-pipe—in short, square, huge, fleshy, and clumsy; a figure much as would appear two of Rubens's Flemish divinities, if run into one body. There was a step of about six inches' elevation for her to surmount, to enter her box. This she was utterly unable to do, unassisted. The door was little less than a pattern. However, she had come to see Rachel, and was not disposed to give it up. The gentleman attending her, not particularly slight himself, backed into the box, and took hold of each of her hands. A stout female servant placed herself on all-fours underneath the most accessible part of the stout dame, and gradually lifted her, by rising on her hands and feet, as a sort of lever, as the gentleman pulled. For a little while it was uncertain whether the lady would succeed in passing through the door, or fall back and exterminate the panting servant beneath her; but her flesh being pliant, and the woman strong, with a final pull and bout all together, she at last passed in. A more ridiculous sight no comedy could have afforded; yet French politeness was proof against a change of countenance during the operation, beyond a slight expression of amazement at the novelty of the hoisting arrangement. An English crowd would have laughed and cheered.

With all the rage for amusements that pervades the French metropolis, the theatrical en-

terprise is a very uncertain one. Without the aid of the government the large theatres and operas could not subsist on their present scale of magnificence. Few of the minor ones pay. The most successful is the Fenambules, which owes its popularity to the prince of low fun—Pierrot—who is to France what Pulcinello is to Italy. The Vaudeville, which cost 3,467,000 francs, was sold in 1832 for 1,100,000 francs; yet its gains the past winter from one play, *La Dame des Camelias*, alone were one hundred thousand francs.

M. Barthélemy, a young man of science and fortune, has constructed, at his own expense, an immense theatre on an altogether new model. His object is to moralize the masses by combining instruction with amusement, particularly in bringing upon the stage historical pieces. As yet his success is uncertain, as the hall has been used only for concerts. It holds about thirty-five hundred persons, and is a vast semi-elliptic of a cupola, with three rows of boxes and galleries of a novel and daring architecture. It is so constructed for music that smaller orchestras, and less powerful singers, produce better effects than those of other theatres—the sounds not being lost in the hot air above, as elsewhere. The orchestra is placed *above* the stage, so that the attention of the public is not distracted from the stage by the movements of the musicians and their huge instruments. There are no foot-lights, but the hall is brilliantly illuminated by an ingenious light made to imitate the rays of the sun, and so suspended that it does not inconvenience the eyes of the spectators. The aim of M Barthélemy, in reforming the stage, both in a moral and architectural view, deserves the countenance of the government. Better, still, were they to close to the public their school of depravation of manners, and petrifying of the kindly sympathies of the heart. The daily exhibition at the Morgue of the naked corpses of the criminal dead, or victims of despair, attracts a constantly changing crowd of young and old of both sexes, who, with cold curiosity, examine the lifeless bodies, exciting in each other laughter by emulous jokes, and even obscene remarks. Perhaps a mother, with grief too deep for utterance, recognizes, on the cold marble, the graceful form of a daughter, who, with a smile of temporary farewell on her lips, left her but a few hours before. A mortal accident has overtaken her, and she now lies there dead, and stripped to the very verge of indecency. The spectators acknowledge no relationship with either the mourned or the mourner. "Ah! how unfortunate so handsome a girl should drown herself!" exclaims one. "What a beautiful carcass she makes!" says another, still more rudely. The children press between the adults to see the sight, listen to the comments of their elders, and then retire, having taken their first lesson in the school of inhumanity.

Unfortunately human nature is more susceptible to evil than to good impressions, otherwise the pernicious influences of the Morgue might be more than counteracted by the daily exhibition of a charity whose zeal and purity admit of no earthly alloy. None can question the claim of the Sisters of Charity to these qualities, when it is remembered that theirs alone, of all the institutions of the Catholic Church, went through the Revolution of 1789, not only unmolested, but sustained and respected. In every age since their institution, and among all nations that they have visited, they have proved themselves angels of mercy. They have nursed the sick, comforted the afflicted, dispensed to the needy of every rank or nation, not only the gifts of charity, but performed by the bedside of loathsome pestilence or repulsive poverty those last offices from which relationship fled appalled, and which none but woman, who borrows her



SISTER OF CHARITY.

inspiration from those of her sex who were last at the cross and first at the grave can perform. As they were generations since so are they now, the same devoted soldiers of humanity, whether amid Canadian snows or tropical heats; constant at the bedside of disease and death, carrying help and hope across the threshold of poverty, comforting and taming maniac violence or criminal desire, by that principle whose soft answers and heavenly deeds turn away wrath, and bring alike all human passion submissive and hopeful at the feet of a Saviour. French wit, philosophy, skepticism, and revolutions have equally respected the Sisters of Charity. Infidels and atheists, republicans and imperialists, enemies and friends of Rome, have each in their turn acknowledged their services to humanity, as they in turn have been ministered to by them. Their rule is that of universal brotherhood, their sacrifice the entire renunciation of the world, and their faith is that active charity which is the bond of peace and good-will among men. True it is that among the Protestants there are many sisters whose charity and faith equal theirs, and whose good works, done in secret, are not known from the right hand to the left. Theirs is the unorganized charity of the heart—the spontaneous offering of individual piety. But while distinctions and organizations exist among mankind, the humble garb of the Sisters of Charity, as they pass silently and quietly through the streets of Paris on their errands of mercy, will serve to remind both the Protestant and Catholic that the religion that visits and comforts the widow and fatherless still exists in the world. It would be well for their souls were they to go and do likewise.

Let not Protestants suppose that the old, disappointed, or afflicted—those only to whom the world offers but little—are to be found in their ranks. On the contrary, the young, comely, and accomplished have their representatives. Theirs is not either an oath of seclusion or of perpetuity. On the contrary, they see daily the outer world in all its brightness and attractions. They mingle in its throngs, and they pass from their plain cells or the bedsides of squalor and disease to the homes of affluence. The contrast between a life of worldly enjoyment and self-renunciation is constantly before them. Moreover, they are free at any time to leave the sisterhood and join again the circles they have forsaken. Under these circumstances, can there exist a doubt of their sincerity and purity? Parisian levity, which spares nothing else, sacred or profane, spares them. They never have to blush at false charges and insinuated scandal. The Popes have endeavored to introduce them into Italy, there being no counterpart among the Italian orders to theirs. As yet Italian women have failed to imitate their purity and devotion. A few French sisters have been induced to establish themselves at Naples, where their good works are no less acknowledged and appreciated than at Paris. I shall never forget the impression made upon me in conversing with a still young and fair sister in the sacristy of the chapel to the Hospital of the Insane at Avignon. She had taken us there to show a wonderful object of art, in the form of a dead Christ upon the cross, cut out of a single piece of ivory, exhibiting on one side of the face an expression of agony and on the other calm resignation. She spoke of her own situation with an accent of sorrowful satisfaction — sorrow that there was so much wretchedness, and satisfaction that she could labor for its consolation. She was free to go back to her friends, yet she preferred to live there, as she had already for thirteen years, performing the most menial offices for the insane. "The work is hard and constant," said she, "because there are but few of us to perform it for more than one hundred patients, yet we shall continue to do it while we live." As we dropped some pieces of money into the cup placed to receive them, she quietly remarked, "You know this is not for us, but for the poor insane whom we nurse; it all goes to them." There was an air of calm piety and unobtrusive meekness, combined with grace and intelligence, about her, that made me feel that such a nurse at a sick bedside would prove at once a physician for the body and a missionary to the soul. In requesting a glass of water, her hospitality insisted upon our making use of the communion wine, apologizing for its not being of better quality. I took leave of her with increased respect for the order to which she belonged, and regret that the Church of Rome was not as purely represented in all its institutions and ministers; not without, I may as well confess it, a twinge of compunction at the unfruit-



PICKPOCKET.

fulness of my own life in good works and self-renunciation, as compared with hers.

Statistics are to the taste of but few readers, but I must be pardoned a few, for it is a Raphael alone who can paint a perfect portrait without employing a straight line. I am not sure that the Madonna del Seggiola alone of all his divine works has that rare merit. At all events, to write of the condition of a people, and omit to give their numbers, wealth, poverty, and the figures that show plainer than the most lively description their virtues and their vices, would be like painting a landscape without a groundwork, or trying to set up a human figure without the framework of bones. America has had the equivocal compliment to lend her name in Europe to more than one species of dissipation or crime, indicating thus the source from which it has been borrowed. Any species of robbery requiring peculiar *finesse* is called "*un vol à l'Américaine;*" and there is a gambling game—shades of our Pilgrim fathers close your ears!—known in Europe simply as "Boston." It is to be devoutly hoped that no such an accomplishment derived its origin from that city of "steady habits." The most quiet and unsuspicious of robberies is that performed by means of false hands, the operation of which the preceding cut shows better than can be described in words. The English have the reputation of being the most adroit in this species of theft, for the exercise of which omnibuses afford a very convenient field.

The refuse population of Paris, either too poor to be reputed honest, or too criminal to have any pretensions to such a reputation, is estimated by M. Frégier at 63,000; but it is unnecessary to suppose that all these are actively engaged in evil doing. The average number of the imprisoned for all causes in France at one time is about 50,000, and during the year 200,000. The expense of their detention is 20,000,000 francs, a legal tax which crime levies annually upon society, independent of the indirect contributions in the shape of thefts and robberies, the amount of which there is no means of estimating. Great as this may be, it falls far short of the contributions exacted by mendicity and poverty. The French are not, as the Italians, a race of beggars. With the latter it is a profession, but with the former simply a necessity. There is too much fiery self-respect and genuine politeness in Gallic nature to produce a race of mendicants. Besides, the government discountenances it by severe measures so effectually that a stranger who glances superficially at Paris may doubt, as did Sir Francis Head, if there are any wretchedly poor. They are effectually concealed in stone mansions and narrow streets, the external appearance of which, how much it may contrast with the brilliant Boulevards, but indifferently gauges the depths of misery within them. Besides, the mendicity, which is able occasionally, in despite of the police, to show its head in some one of its Protean shapes, is of that reckless, swindling character, which either amuses by its cunning or chills by its impudence. In 1656, so great was this evil, that it was forbidden under the penalty of a heavy fine to give to beggars in the street under any pretext whatsoever, or to receive them into lodging-houses. The official number of "mendiants" in France is 4,000,000, or one in nine of the entire population. As many more are supposed to require more or less assistance from charity each year. If the destitution of France among its poorer classes assumes a magnitude that to the citizens of the United States would seem of gigantic proportions, public and private charity swells in a corresponding ratio. There is nothing in which France appears to better advantage than the scale on which she organizes her benevolence. It bespeaks a sensitiveness to the sufferings of humanity which does her high honor, and shows that in the Christian rule of good works she has made rapid progress, whatever she may lack in sound faith. The gifts and legacies to the hospitals and benevolent institutions from 1800 to 1846 have amounted to upward of 122,000,000 francs, increasing largely in the later years. This is exclusive of other charities, which are estimated at as much more, making a total of 45,000,000 of dollars. The official budget of charity for 1844 appropriates twenty-five millions of dollars for this object, but this includes the regular revenues of the hospitals, which amount to nearly two thirds of that sum. The property belonging to the 1388 hospitals of France is valued at one hundred millions of dollars, producing a net income of about two million five hundred thousand dollars, and the number of sick received annually not far from five hundred thousand. The inhabitants of the large towns



THE POLICE AND MENDICANTS.

absorb nearly all the revenues of the hospitals, the thirty millions of the peasantry being left almost destitute. The hospitals in the cities are so liberally provided for, that it has been seriously questioned whether they did not augment public distress by diminishing private responsibility. M. Moreau Christophe, after stating the enormous amount which it annually costs to support beggary, makes the very significant inquiry whether a less sum, wisely expended, would suffice to extinguish it entirely.

These expenditures, heavy as they are and must be, when we are informed that, in 1836, of the deaths in Paris, between one half and one third took place in the hospitals, give but a faint idea of the extent of the benevolence of the French nation, for there are in Paris alone more than 180 private charitable societies and institutions. But in spite of all this array of charity, there is a fearful amount of suffering and destitution in Paris. The public statistics show that the number who die annually from sheer starvation is by no means too inconsiderable to be overlooked in the bills of mortality.

While speaking of the charitable institutions of France, we must not omit to mention one, the utility of which is more than questionable, although there can be no doubt as to the benevolent motives in which it had its origin. We refer to the Foundling Hospital. Any parent to whom the birth of a child is a shame, or its maintenance an inconvenience, has but to repair to the gate of the hospital, deposit the infant in a "*tour*," or box turning upon a pivot, ring a bell which summons a porter, and the care for the life of the young being, which nature has so strictly devolved upon those who gave it birth, is at once and forever thrown upon strangers. The strongest argument urged in favor of this institution is that the lives of many children are preserved, who would otherwise have been murdered before or directly after birth. But when we take into account the fearful mortality of the infants thus given into the charge of hired nurses, there is good reason to apprehend that the institution occasions a greater loss of life than it saves. We have not at hand the hospital statistics of the last few years; but according to those of the latest year within our present reach, out of 28,942 births, 4792 were abandoned by their parents and sent to the hospital. Any institution which enables and induces the parents of one sixth of the children born in the capital of a Christian country, with perfect impunity and without fear of detection, to abandon their offspring almost immediately after birth, must be productive of far more evil than it prevents. The great law of nature, that the mother must have charge of her infant, can not thus be set aside with impunity; nor, we apprehend, is the facility with which infants may thus be disposed of without a very important bearing upon the vast proportion which the illegitimate births in Paris bear to the legitimate ones. In the same year of which we have spoken above, quite one third of the births were of the former character.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

MOSCOW.

WE have not deemed it necessary to encumber these pages by referring to authorities to establish facts which are admitted by all historians. The prominent events of Napoleon's career need no longer to be proved. The campaigns of Italy; the expedition to Egypt; the march to Austerlitz, Friedland, and Wagram; the war in Spain, and the invasion of Russia, are established facts which call only for narrative. The questions respecting which there is any room for controversy are few. Did Napoleon *usurp* power? Having obtained power, did he trample upon the rights of the people? Is he responsible for the wars in which he was incessantly involved? What judgment must history pass upon the "massacre at Jaffa," the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, and the divorce of Josephine?

Upon these controverted points the author has endeavored to be particularly explicit. Upon these subjects he has scrupulously given his authorities to establish the facts which he has recorded. As to *opinions* respecting Napoleon, the world has been deluged with them. These *facts, with their documentary proof,* are presented to the only impartial tribunal which can now be found, on earth, to pronounce judgment upon Napoleon—to the American people.

England dares not, even now, do justice to Napoleon, lest the popular feeling should be aroused against the aristocracy, still so dominant in that land. The Bourbon party in France, with its wealth, its rank, and its many intellectual resources, combines with all in that land who are hostile to the government of Louis Napoleon, in casting obloquy on the reputation of his renowned uncle. And in our own country there are the remains of former party enmities, which render it very difficult for many persons to contemplate the character of Napoleon without bias.

But the masses of the American people constitute an unprejudiced tribunal. They can look at *facts*, regardless of the *opinions* which others have expressed. In view of these facts they will form an independent judgment, unbiased by the party differences of their fathers, and uninfluenced by the conflict between aristocracy and democracy, which again is beginning to agitate Europe. To this tribunal the author presents the record of what Napoleon, by universal admission, *did*. To this tribunal he presents the *explanations*, which no one will deny, *that Napoleon uttered*. He also, to aid in judgment, gives, on all important points, the testimony of those who were co-operating with Napoleon, and the admissions and severe de-



nunciations of his foes. The most careful and thorough investigation of facts has led the writer to the conviction, notwithstanding the intense prejudices of his earlier years, that Napoleon was one of the noblest of men. He feels no disposition to withhold this avowal. Even obloquy encountered in the defense of those whom we believe to be unjustly assailed brings its own reward. When Napoleon saw a hospital wagon passing by, laden with the mutilated bodies of his friends, he did but give utterance to the heart's noblest impulses in saying, "We can not refrain from wishing to share the wounds of those brave men."

The Emperor left Dantzic on the 11th of June, and on the 12th arrived at Konigsberg. He had here collected immense stores for the supply of the army during its advance into the barren wastes of Russia. The indefatigable mind of the Emperor attended to the minutest details of these important operations. "The day," says Segur, "was passed in dictating instructions on questions of subsistence and discipline, and the night in repeating them. One general received six dispatches from him in one day, all displaying the most anxious solicitude." In one of these dispatches Napoleon wrote: "For the masses we are about to move, unless proper precautions be adopted, the grain of no country could suffice. The result of my movements will be the concentration of four hundred thousand men upon one point. Little, therefore, can be expected from the country. We must carry every thing with us."*

* "The next war, the one with Russia, grew out of the irritation of the latter at the great accession of territory to the French empire, and from the fear that Napoleon would attempt to reinstate Poland. Leaving aside all other ostensible and real motives, the war would doubtless have been prevented had Napoleon consented to the demand of Russia, '*that the kingdom of Poland should never be established, and that her name should be effaced forever from every public and official act.*' There were other causes of grievances on both sides, but not enough to have disturbed the peace of Europe could this have been guaranteed. Napoleon consented 'to bind himself to give no encouragement tending to its re-establishment,' but he would not go a step further. The slight of the Emperor's sister, by abruptly breaking off the negotiation of marriage, and the swallowing up of the possessions of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, his brother-in-law, were among other incitements to hostility; but the fear that this Colossus, who strode with such haughty footsteps over Europe, might yet lay his hand on Poland, and wrest from him his ill-gotten possessions, was at the bottom of the warlike attitude which he assumed. This fact, which can not be denied, shows that Napoleon had done nothing that could sanction Russia in breaking that alliance, offensive and defensive, formed at the peace of Tilsit. But France needed but little provocation to justify her in assailing a power that, with short intervals, had so long waged an unprovoked war against her. Removed so far from the theatre of hostilities, Russia had been able to inflict severe troubles on France, while the latter could do nothing in return

The Grand Army was now every where in motion. It consisted of about four hundred and twenty thousand men. It was divided into thirteen corps, exclusive of the Imperial Guard. The first corps was commanded by Davoust; the second by Oudinot; the third by Ney; the fourth by Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy; the fifth by Poniatowsky; the sixth by Gouvion St. Cyr; the seventh by Regnier; the eighth by Jerome, King of Westphalia; the ninth by Victor; the tenth by Macdonald; the eleventh by Augereau; the twelfth by Murat; the thirteenth by the Austrian prince, Schwartzenberg. The Imperial Guard, about seventy-five thousand strong, advanced in three overwhelming columns, headed by the Marshals, Lefebvre, Mortier, and Bessières. This enormous host of nearly half a million of men, among whom were eighty thousand cavalry, in all the splendor of military array, accompanied by six bridge equipments, one besieging train, several thousand provision wagons, innumerable herds of oxen, thirteen hundred and sixty-two pieces of cannon, twenty thousand carriages and carts of all descriptions, and the unprecedented number of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand horses employed in the artillery, the cavalry, and the conveyance of baggage, now approached the gloomy forest which every where frowns along the inhospitable banks of the Niemen.*

It was midsummer; the weather was superb; "the fields were green and the skies were blue." Every bosom in that mighty host was glowing with enthusiasm. The glittering eagles, the waving banners, the gleam of polished helmets and cuirasses, the clash of arms, the tramp and neighing of horses, the winding of bugles and horns from thousands of martial bands, and the incessant bustle and activity, presented a spectacle of military splendor which earth has never paralleled. It was war's most brilliant pageant, without any aspect of horror. In three divisions the army approached the river, to cross the stream at points about a hundred miles distant from each other. Masses so immense could not without confusion traverse the same route. They were all directed to meet in the city of Wilna, about one hundred miles from the Niemen. About two hundred thousand men were with the Emperor.

On the evening of the 23d of June, 1812, as the departing twilight was shrouding in gloom the immense forests of firs and pines which darken the banks of this wild and solitary river, these vast columns pressed to the margin of the stream. At two o'clock in the morning Napoleon reached his advanced posts in the neighborhood of Kowno. The banks were savage and desolate. He galloped forward, accompanied by a single aid, to select a favorable spot to cross the stream. Not an individual was to be seen upon the opposite shore. Not the gleam of a single camp-fire revealed the presence of a hostile force. The Russians, conscious of their inability to resist such an army, had adopted a desperate measure of defense, which could only be possible with a semi-barbarian people, and with a government of utter despotism. Alexander had resolved that Russia should not yield to the conqueror of Europe. He had therefore given directions that his army, three hundred thousand strong, should retire before the invaders, that they should blow up behind them every bridge, destroy the cities and villages, remove all the necessaries of life, and leave behind them to their famishing foes but a desert waste.*

Napoleon immediately threw three bridges over the river, and, before the morning dawned, his troops were rapidly defiling across the Niemen. Napoleon took his stand near one of the bridges, and encouraged the men as they passed, by his presence and exhortations. The heavens were rent with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" as the dense battalions crowded past their beloved chieftain. For two days and two nights the impetuous torrent rolled across the stream. Napoleon, anxious to overtake the retreating Russians, urged his columns forward with the utmost celerity. They soon came to a rapid river, whose flood, swollen and impetuous from recent rains, seemed to arrest their progress. A squadron of Polish light horsemen recklessly plunged into the turbid stream to swim across. The torrents swept them like bubbles away. A few struggled to the opposite shore. Many per-

but crush her armies."—*The Imperial Guard of Napoleon*, by J. T. HEADLEY, p. 302.

* "The army was disposed in the following manner in front of the Niemen. In the first place, on the extreme right, and issuing from Galicia, was Prince Schwartzenberg, with thirty-four thousand Austrians. On their left coming from Warsaw, was the King of Westphalia, at the head of seventy-nine thousand two hundred Westphalians, Saxons, and Poles. By the side of them was the Viceroy of Italy, with seventy-nine thousand five hundred Bavarians, Italians, and French. Next came the Emperor, with two hundred and twenty thousand men, commanded by the King of Naples, the Prince of Eckmuhl, the Dukes of Dantzic, Istria, Reggio, and Elchingen. These advancing from Thorn, Marienwerder, and Elbing, on the 23d of June had assembled in a single mass a league above Kowno. Finally, in front of Tilsit was Macdonald, with thirty-two thousand five hundred Prussians, Bavarians, and Poles, composing the extreme left of the Grand Army."—*General Count* PHILIP DE SEGUR.

Other accounts vary from this, but not materially. General Gourgaud estimates the French army when it crossed the Niemen, 325,000 men; 155,400 of these being French troops, and 170,500 those of the allies.

* "The political grandeur of that expedition (to Moscow) will not hereafter be judged from the wild triumph of his enemies, nor its military merits from the declamation which has hitherto passed as the history of that wondrous though unfortunate enterprise. It will not be the puerilities of Labaume, of Segur, and their imitators, nor even the splendid military and political essay of General Jomini, called the Life of Napoleon, which posterity will accept as the measure of a general who carried four hundred thousand men across the Niemen, and a hundred and sixty thousand men to Moscow. And with such a military providence, with such a vigilance, so disposing his reserves, so guarding his flanks, so guiding his masses, that while constantly victorious in front, no post was lost in his rear, no convoy failed, no courier was stopped, not even a letter was missing; the communication with his capital was as regular and certain as if that immense march had been but a summer excursion of pleasure. However, it failed, and its failure was the safety of the Peninsula."—NAPIER'S *Peninsular War*, vol. IV p. 14.

ished, but even in sinking they turned their last looks to the Emperor, who, with deep emotion, was watching them from the bank, and shouted "Vive Napoleon." Here Napoleon waited three days, till his army was gathered around him. Having established hospitals and garrisons, he marched for Wilna, about one hundred miles from Kowno. He arrived there with his advanced guard on the evening of the 27th, having traversed a savage country of firs and pines, and having encountered no enemy. Wilna was the capital of those provinces which Russia had wrested from dismembered Poland. Napoleon had made it the head-quarters of his army. Alexander was dancing at a ball in the castle of one of his nobles, when intelligence was brought to him that the French were crossing the Niemen. He immediately withdrew, and gave orders for a retreat, first setting fire to his provisions and stores, that they might not fall into the hands of the French.

At noon of the 28th of June, Napoleon, surrounded by his guard of Polish lancers, made his public entry into Wilna. The Poles regarded him as their liberator. Amid shouts of joy the national banner was unfurled. Young men embraced each other in the streets, and wept for joy. The aged dressed themselves in the ancient Polish costume. The National Diet met, and declared the re-establishment of Poland, and summoned all their countrymen to rally around the banner of the conqueror. The enthusiasm was so great that Poland furnished Napoleon for the campaign no less than eighty-five thousand men. A deputation was sent to Napoleon imploring his aid toward the restoration of the plundered and dismembered kingdom. "Why," said the petitioners, "have we been effaced from the map of Europe? By what right have we been attacked, invaded, dismembered? What have been our crimes, who our judges? Russia is the author of all our woes. Need we refer to that execrable day, when, in the midst of the shouts of a ferocious conqueror, Warsaw heard the last groans of the population of Praga, which perished entirely by fire and sword? These are the titles of Russia to Poland. Force has forged them. Force alone can break their fetters. We implore the support of the hero to whose name belongs the history of the age, and who is endowed with the might of Providence. Let the great Napoleon pronounce his fiat that the kingdom of Poland shall exist, and it will be established."

Napoleon had but to utter the word, and a nation of twenty millions would have sprung into being, and would have rallied around his banner. But that same word would have also repelled from his alliance Prussia and Austria, who would have joined their armies to those of the Czar, and would have exasperated to tenfold intensity the hostility of Russia. The answer of Napoleon reveals his embarrassment. He was willing to encourage the *Polish provinces of Russia*, but he was bound by treaty to do nothing to encourage revolt among the subjects of his allies. "If I had reigned," he said, "when the first, second, or third partition of Poland took place, I would have armed my people in your behalf. When I conquered Warsaw I instantly restored it to freedom. I approve of your efforts. I will do all in my power to second your resolutions. If you are unanimous, you may compel the enemy to recognize your rights. But in these widely-extended regions, so remote from France, it is mainly through your united efforts that you can hope for success. Let the Polish provinces of Russia be animated by the same spirit which I have witnessed in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and Providence will crown your efforts with success. I must at the same time inform you that *I have guaranteed the integrity of the Austrian dominions, and can sanction no movement which may endanger the peaceable possession of her Polish provinces.*" These last words Napoleon wrote with anguish. They awoke a responsive emotion of grief from every Polish heart. Strongly as he desired the alliance of regenerated Poland, the congenial alliance of a nation who would have shaken off feudal despotism and who would have espoused with ardor the political principles of revolutionized France, he was still shackled, beyond the possibility of extrication, by his engagement with Austria and Prussia. The supplies of his troops, the advance of his re-enforcements, his communications with France, and his retreat in case of disaster, all depended upon their sufferance.*

Napoleon was now fourteen hundred miles from his metropolis, in an uncultivated country of almost boundless wastes. Strong as was the provocation he had received, and weighty as were the motives which led to the war, the impartial mind is embarrassed in either condemning or justifying the invasion. It is true that Alexander had enacted hostile decrees against France; it is true that he had entered into an alliance with the most formidable and most implacable foe of France; it is true that Napoleon could in no possible way, but by excluding English goods from the Continent, *hope* even to bring England to consent to peace. It is true that the refusal of Russia to fulfill her treaty in this respect left Napoleon exposed without resource to the blows of England. Admitting all this, still it may be said that it does not justify Napoleon in his war of invasion. It was his

* Napoleon is alike denounced by his enemies for what *he did* and for what he *refrained from doing*. He has been condemned, with merciless severity, for liberating portions of Italy and the Duchy of Warsaw; and he is condemned for not doing the same thing to Russian and Austrian Poland. "He more than once," says Alison, "touched on the still vibrating chord of Polish nationality, and, by a word, might have added two hundred thousand Sarmatian lances to his standards; but he did not venture on the bold step of re-establishing the throne of Sobieski, and by the half measure of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, permanently excited the jealousy of Russia, without winning the support of Poland."—ALISON'S *History of Europe*, vol. iv. p. 90.

terrible misfortune to be thus situated. Russia was an independent kingdom, and had an undoubted right to exclude French goods from her dominions, and to introduce English merchandise, without regard to the salvation or the destruction of republicanized France. While, therefore, many will condemn Napoleon for the invasion of Russia, no one can refrain from sympathizing with him in that almost resistless temptation which led to the enterprise. Alexander, however, had no right to complain. He had already twice abandoned his own country to attack Napoleon, without having received any provocation. He was now violating his most solemn treaty; and had again, and as a token of hostility, entered into an alliance with Napoleon's most implacable foe. But with tenfold severity must the voice of History condemn the cabinet of Great Britain for its unceasing warfare against the elected monarch of France. To crush Napoleon, to reinstate the Bourbons, and to retain her proud dominion of the seas, the government of England organized coalition after coalition, and deluged the Continent with blood. Napoleon made every effort, which a monarch could make, consistently with self-respect, to promote peace with England. All his efforts were unavailing. The crime of the English aristocracy, in instigating these sanguinary wars, from nearly all the miseries of which England was protected in her sea-girt isle, is immeasurably increased by the attempt, so ignoble, to throw the blame of these wars upon the heroic, but finally immolated victim of St. Helena.

Napoleon remained for eighteen days at Wilna, attending to the innumerable wants of his army, organizing the government of the conquered, or rather, the liberated provinces, and awaiting the arrival of supplies for his almost countless hosts. Before the middle of July ten thousand horses had died from hunger and fatigue, and though not a battle had been fought, more than twenty-five thousand patients encumbered the hospitals. Alexander, alarmed at the magnitude of the invasion, in order to gain time to effect his retreat, and to obtain reenforcements, sent an envoy to Wilna, under pretense of opening negotiations for peace. Napoleon received Count Balachoff with kindness, and expressed the liveliest regret that there should have occurred a rupture between himself and the Russian Emperor. The envoy stated that if the French army would repass the Niemen, Alexander would consent to negotiate. Napoleon instantly rejected the proviso. "I will treat here on the field at Wilna," said Napoleon. "Diplomatists will come to no conclusion when the exigencies of the case are removed. Let Alexander sign admissible preliminaries, and I will at once repass the Niemen, and thus render peace certain." Alexander, now entangled with a coalition with England, declined this proposition. He was concentrating his troops at the intrenched camp of Drissa, about one hundred and fifty miles further in the interior. The various corps of Napoleon's army were pursuing the retreating monarch. Two or three partial actions had ensued between the advanced guard of the French and the rear guard of the Russians. The path of the retiring foe was marked by every species of barbaric devastation—the ruin of towns and villages, the flames of burning corn-fields, and the mutilated bodies of the murdered Poles. As the French advanced, the Czar hastily evacuated his position at Drissa, and ascending the Dwina, re-established himself at Witepsk, a hundred miles further into the heart of the country.*

On the 16th of July Napoleon left Wilna, visiting the various posts of his widely-extended army, and, with caution which never slept, superintending every movement. Early in the morning of the 27th, before the first rays of the sun had appeared in the east, he reined in his horse upon the summit of a hill which commanded a wide sweep of the valley, where, in the midst of fertile fields, the town of Witepsk reposed in beauty. Far off in the distance, he saw the Russian army encamped in great strength. They were upon the other side of the Dwina, which here, broad and deep, seemed to protect them from their invaders. All the approaches to the city were guarded by formidable intrenchments. The assured aspect of the Russians, and their strong position, led Napoleon to believe that they meant to give battle.

The French army now began rapidly to make its appearance. The order of march had been laid down by Napoleon so clearly, and with such marvelous skill, and it had been executed with such precision, that the various divisions, having left the Niemen by different routes, and at different periods, and having traversed three hundred miles of a wild and hostile country, were re-assembled at their appointed rendezvous, near the walls of Witepsk, on the same day and at the same hour. As these mighty masses of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with all the cumbrous machinery of war, came pouring down over the hills, a scene of apparently chaotic confusion ensued. But the energies of a single mind guided every footstep. The intermingling currents gradually separated, and flowed off in clearly defined channels. Perfect

* "One great fear of the Russians was, that their slaves would rise up and throw off their bondage; and it was, therefore, an object to prevent their having any communication with the French. They made use of the most improbable and disgusting fables, to excite their terror and hatred—and of their ignorance and degradation, to perpetuate that ignorance and degradation. It was their dread that the doctrines of the Revolution might loosen their grasp on the wretched serfs who composed the population of the country, that first made them send their barbarous hordes against the French territory; the consequence of which now came back to themselves, to their infinite horror and surprise, in the shape of an invasion which might produce the same effects. Napoleon should have availed himself of the offers that were made him, to detach the serf from the proprietor and the soil."—HAZLITT'S *Life of Napoleon*, vol. iii. p. 57.

harmony emerged from the confusion, and as the evening twilight came on, all these vast battalions were encamped in order, and the profoundest calm succeeded the tumult of the day. Napoleon had concentrated in a single day, one hundred and eighty thousand men from their wide dispersion. The rest of his vast army were either established at posts in his rear, or were in the hospitals.

In the morning a bloody battle ensued, or, rather, a series of sanguinary conflicts, as the French drove their foes from post to post, and approached the city. Night, dark and gloomy, separated the combatants. During the day the masses of the Russians had been accumulating. They were so strong in numbers, and in position, that Napoleon had no doubt that the dawn of the morning would usher in a decisive conflict. "To-morrow," said he to Murat, "you will behold the 'Sun of Austerlitz.'"

Before the break of day Napoleon was on horseback, preparing for the strife. Soon, however, he found, to his great disappointment, that the foe had again retreated. The Russians had retired during the night so skillfully and silently, and with so much order and precipitation, that scarcely a trace could be discovered of the route they had taken. Napoleon unopposed entered the city. It was desolate. All the provisions had been destroyed or carried away. The inhabitants, formerly Poles, had either fled or had been driven from their homes by the retreating army. Napoleon was in great perplexity. He was in the midst of a sterile and dismal country, of apparently boundless extent, abandoned by its inhabitants, and destitute of supplies. His horses were dying for want of forage, and his troops were perishing of famine. He had already penetrated those illimitable wastes, nearly five hundred miles beyond Tilsit, and yet knew not where to look for a foe. It was now the height of summer, and yet in reality nothing had been accomplished. He called a council of war. The majority advised that the army should halt until spring. To this advice the Emperor could not listen with patience. It was necessary that something should be done, to maintain the glory of the imperial arms, and to revive the confidence of the soldiers.

Napoleon now learned that Alexander had assembled his forces at Smolensk, a strong walled city about one hundred miles further into the interior. On the 13th of August Napoleon again put his forces in motion, marching by several different routes to attack the Russians, and to cut off their retreat. Crowds of Cossacks fled before the invaders, destroying all the provisions and forage which could be found in the line of march. The heat was intense, and the sufferings of the French dreadful. Their path was marked by the bodies of the dying and the dead. On the evening of the 16th Napoleon arrived before the walls of Smolensk. The Emperor ascended an eminence to reconnoitre. As he saw the immense columns of men gathered within and around the city, and distinguished the long array of glittering arms, he could not refrain from expressing his satisfaction. "At length I have them," he exclaimed. The walls were thick and high, and strongly flanked by towers and bastions. A day of hard fighting ensued, during which the Russian commander-in-chief dispatched a strong corps from the city to cover the flight of the inhabitants. Night darkened over the unhappy town, and the conflict was still sullenly continued by the exhausted combatants. Soon after midnight thick columns of smoke, pierced by pyramidal flames, were seen bursting from all quarters of the city. These soon met and mingled, enveloping dwellings, magazines, and churches in one wild ocean of smoke and fire. The day had been hot and sultry, the night was serene and beautiful. The Emperor sat in front of his tent surrounded by the carnage and the wreck of battle, gazing in gloomy silence upon the awful conflagration. "The spectacle," said Napoleon, "resembled that offered to the inhabitants of Naples by an eruption of Vesuvius."

About two o'clock in the morning of the 18th, a division of the French army succeeded in penetrating within the walls. They found that the Russians had evacuated the city, which they had set on fire, leaving their dead and wounded in the midst of the burning ruins. Napoleon entered, over huge heaps of mangled bodies, blackened by smoke and flame, many of whom still retained life and consciousness. The French soldiers were horror-stricken at the revolting spectacle. The first cares of the Emperor were devoted to the suffering wretches, who had been thus cruelly abandoned by their comrades. A pacific overture was dispatched from this city, by Berthier, to the Russian general, which was concluded by the following remarkable words:

"The Emperor commands me to entreat you, that you will present his compliments to the Emperor Alexander, and say, that neither the vicissitudes of war, nor any other circumstance, can impair the friendship which he entertains for him."

As soon as the light of the morning dawned, Napoleon ascended an ancient turret, from an embrasure of which, with his telescope, he discerned in the distance the retreating Russians. The army had divided, one half taking the road to St. Petersburg, the other, under Bagratian, that toward Moscow. Napoleon ordered a vigorous pursuit, which was confided to Ney, to be made in the direction of Moscow.

A Russian priest had heroically remained in the blazing city, to minister to the wounded. The venerable man had been taught that Napoleon was a fiend incarnate, recklessly deluging the world in blood and woe. He was brought before the Emperor, and, in fearless tones, he reproached Napoleon with the destruction of

the city. Napoleon listened to him attentively and respectfully.

"But," said he to him at last, "has your church been burned?" "No, sire!" the priest replied, "God will be more powerful than you. He will protect it, for I have opened it to all the unfortunate people whom the destruction of the city has deprived of a home."

"You are right," rejoined Napoleon, with emotion. "Yes! God will watch over the innocent victims of war. He will reward you for your courage. Go, worthy priest, return to your post. Had all the clergy followed your example, they had not basely betrayed the mission of peace they have received from Heaven. If they had not deserted the temples, which their presence alone renders sacred, my soldiers would have spared your holy edifices. We are all Christians. Your God is our God."

Saying this, Napoleon sent the priest back to his church with an escort, and some succors. A shriek of terror arose from the inmates of the church, when they saw the French soldiers entering. But the priest immediately quieted their alarm. "Be not afraid," said he, "I have seen Napoleon. I have spoken to him. O, how have we been deceived, my children. The Emperor of France is not the man he has been represented to you. He and his soldiers worship the same God that we do. The war that he wages is not religious; it is a political quarrel with our Emperor. His soldiers fight only against our soldiers. They do not slaughter, as we have been told, women and children." The priest then commenced a hymn of thanksgiving, in which they all joined with tearful eyes.*

The enemy were soon overtaken and attacked with fearful slaughter. The retreat and the pursuit were continued with unabated vigor. Napoleon, though in the midst of uninterrupted victories, was still experiencing all the calamities of defeat. A ravaged country, plunged into the abyss of misery, was spread around him. Provisions were with great difficulty obtained. His troops were rapidly dwindling away, from exhaustion and famine. Fifteen large brick buildings, which had been saved from the flames in Smolensk, were crowded with the sick and wounded. Large numbers had also been left behind, at Wilna and at Witepsk. The surgeons were compelled to tear up their own linen for bandages, and when this failed, to take paper, and finally, to use the down gathered from the birch trees in the forest. Many deaths were occurring from actual starvation. The anguish of the Emperor was intense, and the most melancholy forebodings overshadowed the army. To retreat, exposed Napoleon to the derision of Europe. To remain where they were, was certain destruction. To advance, was the dictate of despair.

Alexander had left his army and hastened to Moscow. It was a weary march of five hundred miles from Smolensk to this renowned capital of Russia. Napoleon resolved, with his exhausted and half-famished troops, to press on. He supposed that in Moscow he should find food and rest. He had not thought it possible that Alexander would burn the dwellings of a city containing three hundred thousand inhabitants.

Alexander remained in Moscow but a few days. Arrangements were made for the conflagration of the city, should Napoleon succeed in taking it. The Czar then hastened to St. Petersburg, where "Te Deums" were sung in the churches for the *constant victories* obtained by the Russian troops. When Napoleon was informed of this circumstance, he exclaimed, "*Te Deums!* they dare then to lie, not only to man, but to God."

On the 28th of August, Napoleon resumed the pursuit. It was a march of awful suffering. Day after day, and night after night, the exhausted army pressed on, encountering every obstacle, and occasionally engaging in bloody skirmishes, until the evening of the 4th of September. They then found an hundred and twenty thousand Russians, strongly intrenched, on the broken and rocky banks of the Moskwa, near the village of Borodino. General Kutusoff had here accumulated all his forces, in the most advantageous positions, resolved to make a desperate stand in defense of the capital. Six hundred pieces of heavy artillery were ranged in battery. A vast redoubt was thrown up, upon a height which commanded the whole plain. Side batteries were also placed, by their cross fires, to mow down any advancing foe. Behind these formidable field-works 170,000 men were arrayed to meet the shock of battle.

The French army, numbering 120,000 men, in three great columns, approached the field. Napoleon rode forward, to an eminence in front of his advance guard, and carefully scrutinizing the position of the foe, with his accustomed promptness instantly decided upon his point of attack. Immediately issuing the necessary orders to his generals, he retired to his tent and dictated the following proclamation to his troops:

"Soldiers! the battle is at hand which you have so long desired. Henceforth the victory depends upon yourselves. It has become necessary, and will give you abundance. Conduct yourselves as you did at Austerlitz, Friedland, Witepsk, and Smolensk. Let the remotest posterity recount your actions on this day. Let your countrymen say of you all, 'He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'" These words were received with enthusiasm, and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur," rolled along the lines.

The night was cold and dark. Heavy clouds obscured the sky, and a drizzling rain began to fall upon the weary army. A chill autumnal wind moaned through the forests, and swept the bleak heights of Borodino. The bivouac fires

* Segur's History of the Expedition to Moscow, vol. 1. p. 233.

of the Russians flamed in an immense semicircle, extending for many miles. The French troops, as they arrived and took their positions, also kindled their fires. Napoleon pitched his tent in the midst of the squares of the Old Guard. His anxiety was so great during the night, lest the enemy should again retreat, that he could not be persuaded to give himself any repose. He was continually dictating dispatches until midnight, and was sending messengers to ascertain if the Russians still held their ground. It was a gloomy hour, and gloom overshadowed the soul of Napoleon. The penumbra of his approaching fate seemed to darken his path. Tidings of disaster rolled in upon him. A courier brought the news of the fatal battle of Salamanca, and of the occupation of Madrid by Lord Wellington.*

He had just been informed that Russia had made peace with Turkey, and that a powerful Russian army, thus released, was hastening to attack him from the mouths of the Danube. He also learned that Bernadotte, with treason which has consigned his name to infamy, had allied the armies of Sweden with those of the great despot of the North.† He read some of the proclamations of Alexander to his people. In the bitterness which inspired them, and in the reckless acts of destruction with which Alexander was resisting the approach of his foe, he saw indications of malignity on the part of his old friend, for which he knew not how to account. As he caused these proclamations to be read over to him again and again, he exclaimed,

"What can have wrought such a change in the Emperor Alexander! Whence has sprung all the venom which he has infused into the quarrel! Now there is nothing but the force of arms which can terminate the contest. War alone can put a period to all. It was to avoid such a necessity that I was so careful, at the outset of the contest, not to implicate myself by any declarations in favor of the re-establishment of Poland. Now I see that my moderation was a fault."

In the midst of these melancholy reflections, a courier arrived, bringing him a letter from Maria Louisa, and the portrait of his idolized son. The dawn, which was to usher in a bloody and perhaps a decisive battle, was approaching. It was supposed that the Emperor would postpone opening the box, containing the lineaments of his child. But his impatience was so great, that he ordered it immediately to be brought to his tent. At the sight of the much loved features of his son, Napoleon melted into tears. The royal infant was painted, seated in his cradle, playing with a cup and ball. The affectionate father wished that his officers, and even the common soldiers, whom he regarded as his children, might share his emotions. With his own hand he conveyed the picture outside of his tent, and placed it upon a chair, that all who were near might see it. Groups of war-worn veterans gathered around, and gazed in silence, upon the beautiful picture of happy, peaceful life. It presented a strong contrast to the horrid scenes of demoniac war. At last Napoleon said sadly to his secretary, "Take it away, and guard it carefully. He sees a field of battle too soon."

Napoleon entered his tent, and retired to that part where he slept, which was separated, by a partition of cloth, from the portion which was occupied by the aids in attendance. Fatigue and anxiety had brought on a feverish irritation and violent thirst, which he in vain endeavored to quench during the night. His anxiety was so great that he could not sleep. He expressed great solicitude for the exhausted and destitute condition of his soldiers, and feared that they would hardly have strength, to support the terrible conflict of the next day. In this crisis, he looked upon his well trained guard, as his main resource. He sent for Bessières, who had command of the guard, and inquired, with particularity, respecting their wants and their supplies. He directed that these old soldiers should have three days' biscuit and rice distributed among them, from their wagons of reserve. Apprehensive lest his orders might be neglected, he got up, and inquired of the gren-

* "During the course of the evening, intelligence was received at head-quarters of the disastrous battle of Salamanca. Napoleon, though on the verge of fate himself, showed, on this occasion, no indulgence for the faults of his lieutenant, and bitterly inveighed against the rashness of Marmont, which had endangered all his successes in Spain."—ALISON'S *History of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 561.

Respecting this event Colonel Napier thus writes: "Napoleon had notice of Marmont's defeat as early as the 2d of September, a week before the battle of Borodino. The news was carried by Colonel Fabvier However, the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont), suffering alike in body and in mind, had excused himself with so little strength or clearness, that the Emperor, contemptuously remarking that the dispatch contained more complicate stuffing than a clock, desired his war minister to demand why Marmont had delivered battle without the orders of the king? Why he had not made his operations subservient to the general plan of the campaign? Why he broke from the defensive into offensive operations, before the army of the centre joined him? Why he would not wait even two days for Chauvet's cavalry, which he knew were close at hand. 'From personal vanity,' said the Emperor, with seeming sternness, 'the Duke of Ragusa has sacrificed the interests of his country, and the good of my service; he is guilty of the crime of insubordination, and is the author of all this misfortune.' But Napoleon's wrath, so just, and apparently so dangerous, could not, even in its first violence, overpower his early friendship. With a kindness, the recollection of which must now pierce Marmont's inmost soul, twice in the same letter he desired that these questions might not even be put to his unhappy lieutenant, until his wounds were cured and his health re-established."—NAP. vol. iii. p. 336.

† "In this great contest between Aristocracy and Democracy, the ranks of the former were joined by one who had been its most determined enemy. Bernadotte, being thrown almost singly among the ancient courts and nobility, did every thing to merit his adoption by them, and succeeded. But his success must have cost him dear, as, in order to obtain it, he was first obliged to abandon his old companions and the authors of his glory in the hour of peril. At a later period he did more; he was seen marching over their bleeding corses, joining with all their, and his former enemies, to overwhelm the country of his birth, and thereby place that of his adoption at the mercy of the first Czar who should be ambitious of reigning over the Baltic."—COUNT PHILIP DE SEGUR.

adiers on guard, at the entrance of his tent, if they had received these provisions. Returning to his tent, he fell again into a broken sleep. Not long after, an aid, having occasion to speak to the Emperor, found him sitting up in his bed, supporting his fevered head with both of his hands, absorbed in painful musings. He appeared much dejected.

"What is war," he said sadly. "It is a trade of barbarians. The great art consists in being the strongest on a given point. A great day is at hand. The battle will be a terrible one. I shall lose twenty thousand men."

He had been suffering during the preceding day excruciating pain. When riding along he had been observed to dismount frequently, and resting his head against a cannon, to remain there, for some time, in an attitude of suffering. He was afflicted temporarily with a malady* induced by fever, fatigue, and anxiety, which perhaps more than any other, prostrates moral and physical strength. A violent and incessant cough, cut short his breathing.

As soon as the first dawn of light was seen in the east, Napoleon was on horseback, surrounded by his generals. The energies of his mind, triumphed over his bodily sufferings. The vapors of a stormy night were passing away, and soon the sun rose in unclouded brilliance. Napoleon smiled, and pointing toward it exclaimed, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz." The cheering words flew, with telegraphic speed, along the French lines, and were every where received with enthusiastic acclamations. Napoleon stood upon one of the heights of Borodino, scrutinizing the field of battle, and the immense columns of Russian troops, in long black masses, moving to and fro over the plain. Though accompanied by but a few attendants, in order to avoid attracting the enemy's fire, he was observed by the Russians. The immediate discharge of a battery, broke the silence of the scene, and the first shot, which was to usher in that day of blood, whistled through the group.

Napoleon then gave the signal for the onset. A terrific peal of echoing thunder, instantaneously burst from the plain. The horrid carnage of horrid war commenced. Three hundred thousand men, with all the most formidable enginery of destruction, fell upon each other. From 5 o'clock in the morning until the middle of the afternoon, the tides of battle rapidly ebbed and flowed in surges of blood. Davoust was struck from his horse by a cannon ball, which tore the steed to pieces. As he was plunged headlong and stunned upon the gory plain, word was conveyed to the Emperor, that the marshal was dead. He received the disastrous tidings in sad silence. But the wounded marshal soon rose from the ground, mounted another horse, and the intelligence was sent to the Emperor that the Prince of Eckmuhl was again at the head of his troops. "God be praised," Napoleon cried out with fervor.

* Dysuria.

General Rapp received four wounds. A ball finally struck him on the hip and hurled him from his horse. He was carried bleeding from the field. This was the twenty-second wound which General Rapp had received. Napoleon hastened to see his valiant friend. As he kindly took his hand, he said, "Is it always then your turn to be wounded?"

Napoleon had with him a young officer, to whom he was strongly attached, Count Augustus Caulaincourt, brother of Caulaincourt, the Duke of Vicenza. During the anxious night before the battle this young man did not close his eyes. Wrapped in his cloak, he threw himself on the floor of his tent, with his eyes fixed upon the miniature of his young bride, whom he had left but a few days after their marriage. In the heat of the battle Count Caulaincourt stood by the side of the Emperor, awaiting his orders. Word was brought that General Montbrun, who had been ordered to attack a redoubt, was killed. Count Caulaincourt was immediately instructed to succeed him. As he put spurs to his horse, he said, "I will be at the redoubt immediately, dead or alive."

He was the first to surmount the parapet. At that moment a musket-ball struck him dead. He had hardly left the side of the Emperor ere intelligence was brought of his death. The brother of the unfortunate young man was standing near, deeply afflicted. Napoleon moved to his side, and said in a low tone of voice, "You have heard the intelligence. If you wish, you can retire." The Duke, in speechless grief, lifted his hat and bowed, declining the offer. The mangled remains of the noble young man were buried in the blood-red redoubt on the field of Borodino.

Thus all day long, tidings of victory and of death, were reaching the ears of the Emperor. With melancholy resignation he listened to the recital of courier after courier, still watching with an eagle eye, and guiding with unerring skill, the tremendous energies of battle. From the moment the conflict commenced his plan was formed, and he entertained no doubt whatever of success. During the whole day he held in reserve the troops of the Imperial Guard, consisting of about 20,000 men, refusing to allow them to enter into the engagement. When urged by Berthier, in a moment of apparently fearful peril, to send them forward to the aid of his hard pressed army, he replied calmly, "No! the battle can be won without them. And what if there should be another battle tomorrow?"

Again in the midst of the awful carnage, when the issues of the strife seemed to tremble in the balance, and he was pressed to march his indomitable guard into the plain, he quietly replied, "The hour of this battle is not yet come. It will begin in two hours more."

The well-ordered movements of Napoleon's massive columns pressed more and more heavily upon the Russians. Each hour some new bat-

tery opened its destructive fire upon their bewildered and crowded ranks. The Russians had commenced fighting behind their intrenchments. The French, more active and perfectly disciplined, rushed upon the batteries, and trampling their dying and dead beneath their feet, poured like an inundation over the ramparts. Gradually the surges of battle rolled toward the great redoubt. At last all the fury of the conflict seemed concentered there. Behind, and upon those vast intrenchments, one hundred thousand men were struggling. Dense volumes of sulphurous smoke enveloped the combatants. Incessant flashes of lightning, accompanied by a continuous roar of deafening thunder, burst from this cloud of war. Within its midnight gloom, horsemen, infantry and artillery, rushed madly upon each other. They were no longer visible. Napoleon gazed calmly and silently upon that terrible volcano, in the hot furnace of whose crater fires, his troops, with the energies of desperation, were contending. The struggle was short. Soon the flames were quenched in blood. The awful roar of battle abated. The passing breeze swept away the smoke; and the glittering helmets of the French cuirassiers gleamed through the embrasures, and the proud eagles of France fluttered over the gory bastions.

The sun was now descending. The Russian army sullenly commenced its retreat, but with indomitable courage disputing every inch of ground. The carnage would have been far more dreadful, had Napoleon let loose upon the retreating foe, the terrible energies of his guard. But influenced by the united dictates of prudence and humanity, he refused. In a military point of view he has been very severely censured for this. He said at the time to General Dumas and Count Daru.

"People will, perhaps, be astonished that I have not brought forward my reserves to obtain greater success. But I felt the necessity of preserving them, to strike a decisive blow in the great battle which the enemy will probably give to us in the plains in front of Moscow. The success of the action in which we have been engaged, was secured. But it was my duty to think of the general result of the campaign, and it was for that I spared my reserves."

Sir Archibald Alison, who is not unfrequently magnanimous in his admissions, says truly—"Had the guard been seriously injured at Borodino, it is doubtful if any part of the army of which it was the heart, and of which, through every difficulty it sustained the courage, would have repassed the Niemen. It is one thing to hazard a reserve in a situation where the loss it may sustain may very easily be repaired; it is another and a very different thing to risk its existence in the centre of an enemy's country, at a distance from re-enforcements, when its ruin may endanger the whole army."

Napoleon, with his accustomed generosity, took no credit for this extraordinary achievement to himself. He ascribed the victory to his soldiers and his generals. "The Russian troops," said he, at St. Helena, "are brave, and their whole army was assembled at the Moskwa. They reckoned 170,000 men, including those in Moscow. Kutusoff had an excellent position, and occupied it to the best advantage. Every thing was in his favor—superiority of infantry, of cavalry, and of artillery, a first-rate position, and a great number of redoubts—and yet he was beaten. Ye intrepid heroes, Murat, Ney, Poniatowski, to you belongs the glory. What noble and brilliant actions will history have to record. She will tell how our intrepid cuirassiers forced the redoubts, and sabered the cannoneers at their pieces. She will recount the heroic devotion of Montbrun and of Caulaincourt, who expired in the midst of their glory. She will tell what was done by our cannoneers, exposed upon the open plain, against batteries more numerous, and covered by good embankments; and she will make mention also of those brave foot soldiers, who, at the most critical moment, instead of requiring encouragement from their general, exclaimed, 'Have no fear; your soldiers have all sworn to conquer to-day, and they will conquer.' What parallels to such glorious deeds can future ages produce? Or will falsehood and calumny prevail?"

The evening of victory was not an evening of exultation. Napoleon was silent, and appeared absorbed in melancholy thought. Every one around him had to mourn the loss of a brother, a relative, or a friend. Forty-three generals had been either killed or wounded. Thirty thousand of the soldiers had also been struck down by the sabres or the shot of the enemy. These were dreadful tidings to send back to Paris, to the widows and to the orphans. The victory of Borodino shrouded France in mourning. The loss of the Russians was still more dreadful. Fifty thousand were stretched upon the field, weltering in blood.

The sun had not yet gone down, and the sullen roar of the retreating battle was still heard in the distance, when Napoleon mounted his horse to ride over the field, which was strewed with the wounded and the dead. The horror of the scene no imagination can depict. An autumnal storm had again commenced. The clouds hung low and dark in the gloomy sky. A cold and chilling rain drenched the gory ground, and the wounded struggled with convulsive agony in beds of mire. A violent wind moaned through the sombre firs and pines of the north. Villages, converted into heaps of blackened and smouldering ruins, deformed the plain. Every where was to be seen only the aspects of ruin, misery, death. Soldiers, blackened with powder and spotted with blood, were wandering over the field, in the increasing darkness of the tempestuous night, picking up the mutilated bodies in which life was not yet extinct, and seeking for food in the haversacks of

the dead. No songs of victory were heard, no shouts of triumph. Great numbers of the wounded were found in the ravines and gullies, where they had dragged themselves to escape the tempest of shot, the trampling of iron hoofs, and the crush of artillery wheels. Mutilated horses, maddened with pain, limped over the ground, or reared and plunged in dying agonies. From every direction a wail of woe filled the ear. The field of battle extended over several miles of hills, and forests, and wild ravines. Many of the wretched victims of the strife lingered upon the ground, deluged by the cold storm, for many days and nights before they were found. Not a few must have perished from the prolonged agonies of starvation. Some of the wounded were seen straightening a broken limb by binding a branch of a tree tightly against it, and then, with the fractured bones grating, hobbling along in search of help. One poor creature was found alive, and actively conscious, with both legs and one arm shot off. A wounded Russian lived several days in the carcass of a horse, which had been eviscerated by a shell. His only food was what he gnawed from the inside of the animal. It is a duty to record these revolting details, that war may be seen in its true aspect.

"Amid the heaps of slain," says Count Segur, "we were obliged to march over, in following Napoleon, the foot of one of our horses came down upon a wounded man, and extorted from him a last sign of life and suffering. The Emperor, hitherto silent, and whose heart was oppressed at the number of the victims, shrieked at the sight. He felt relieved in uttering cries of indignation, and lavishing the attentions of humanity upon this unfortunate creature. To soothe his feelings, some one remarked, that 'it was only a Russian.' He replied with warmth, 'After victory there are no enemies, but only men.' He dispersed the officers of his suite to succor the wounded, who were heard groaning in every direction. Napoleon devoted the same care to the wounded Russians which he bestowed upon his own soldiers. In the midst of these scenes it was announced to him that the rear-guard of Kutusoff was about to advance upon the important town of Mojaisk. 'Very well,' Napoleon replied; 'we will still remain some hours longer with our unfortunate wounded.'"*

The Russians continued slowly to retreat toward Moscow, establishing their batteries wherever they could make a stand, even for a few hours. They drove before them the wretched serfs, blew up the bridges behind them, burned the towns, as they passed along, and carried away or destroyed all the provisions and forage. For seven days, the French, emaciate and desponding, with tottering steps pursued their foes over the dreary plains. They were every where victorious, and yet they obtained no results from their victories. Rostopchin was making effectual preparations for the conflagration of the capital, and was urging, by every means in his power, the evacuation of the city by the inhabitants.

About noon of the 14th of September, Napoleon, cautiously advancing through a country of excessive monotony and gloom, from the summit of a hill, descried in the distance the glittering domes and minarets of Moscow. He reined in his horse, and exclaimed, "Behold! yonder is the celebrated city of the Czars." After gazing upon it, through his telescope, for a few moments in silence, he remarked, "It was full time!"

The soldiers, thinking that their sufferings were now at an end, and anticipating good quarters and abundant supplies, gave way to transports of exultation. Shouts of "Moscow! Moscow!" spread from rank to rank, and all quickened their pace to gain a view of the object of their wishes. They approached the city. To their amazement, they met but silence and solitude. The astounding intelligence was brought to Napoleon that the city was utterly deserted. A few miserable creatures, who had been released from the prisons to engage in the congenial employment of setting fire to the city as soon as the French should have taken possession, were found in the streets. They were generally intoxicated, and presented a squalid and hideous spectacle. Napoleon was amazed at the entire abandonment of the city. Rumors of the intended conflagration reached his ears. Such an awful sacrifice he had not supposed it possible for any people to make. None but a semi-barbarian nation, under the influence of an utter despotism, could be driven to such an act. More than a hundred thousand of the wretched inhabitants—driven by the soldiery from the city, parents and children—perished of cold and starvation in the woods. Other countless thousands, who had attached themselves to the army of Kutusoff, perished from fatigue and exposure. Napoleon, as if anxious to avoid the sight of the desolate streets, did not enter Moscow. He stopped at a house in the suburbs, and appointed Mortier governor of the capital.

"Permit," said he, "no pillage. Defend the place alike against friends and foes." The soldiers dispersed through the city in search of provisions and quarters. Many of the inhabitants had left in such haste, that the rich ornaments of the ladies were found on their toilets, and the letters and gold of men of business on their desks.

Napoleon was now more than two thousand five hundred miles from Paris. The apprehension of some dreadful calamity oppressed his mind. He threw himself upon a couch for repose, but he could not sleep. Repeatedly during the night he called his attendants, to ask

* "Napoleon," says General Gourgaud, "is, of all generals, whether ancient or modern, the one who has paid the greatest attention to the wounded. The intoxication of victory never could make him forget them. His first thought after every battle was always of them."

if any accident had occurred. In the morning he removed his head-quarters to the gorgeous palace of the Kremlin, the imperial seat of the ancient monarchs of Russia. Napoleon, according to his custom, wrote immediately to the Emperor Alexander, proposing terms of peace. A Russian officer, who was found in the hospital, was made bearer of the letter.

"Whatever," wrote Napoleon, "may be the vicissitudes of war, nothing can diminish the esteem felt by me for my friend of Tilsit and Erfurth." It will be observed that Napoleon reiterated these assurances of friendly feelings, for he supposed that Alexander was forced into hostile measures by the Queen-mother and the nobles.

The day passed in establishing the army in their new quarters. The soldiers wandered through the deserted streets, and established themselves in the most gorgeous palaces. Some twenty thousand men and women, of the lowest class, fierce and revolting in aspect, gradually stole from their hiding-places and mingled with the French troops. Ten thousand prisoners, whom Rostopchin had liberated, were stealthily preparing to convert the magnificent metropolis into a vast infernal machine for the destruction of the French army. Immense magazines of powder were placed beneath the Kremlin, where Napoleon and his staff were quartered, and beneath other large palaces which would be filled with soldiers. Shells and other destructive engines of war were secreted, in vast quantities, in chambers and cellars, that their explosion might destroy those who should attempt to extinguish the flames. The fountains had been destroyed, the water-pipes cut, the fire-engines carried off or rendered useless. In this barbaric act, unparalleled in the history of the world, the despotic government of Russia paid no more regard to its subjects than if they had been wolves.

These preparations were secretly made, and, in the confusion of the entrance into the city, were not observed by the French. Still there were rumors of the approaching conflagration which, in connection with the strange abandonment of the city, filled the minds of the captors with undefinable dread. The day, however, passed in tranquillity.

As night approached, gloomy clouds darkened the sky, and a fierce equinoctial gale howled over the metropolis. The houses were of wood. A long drought had prepared the city for the fire. God seemed to co-operate with the Russians. Napoleon was a victor. He had marched in triumph more than two thousand miles from his capital; he had taken the metropolis of the most powerful nation on the Continent, though that nation was aided by the coalition of England, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. Europe was amazed at such unequaled achievements. They surpassed all that Napoleon had accomplished before; and yet the victor, in this hour of amazing triumph, was desponding. His mind was oppressed with the forebodings of some dreadful calamity.

It was the 16th of September, 1812. At midnight, Napoleon, in utter exhaustion of body and of mind, retired to rest. The gales of approaching winter shrieked portentously around the towers of the Kremlin. Suddenly the cry of "Fire!" resounded through the streets. Far off in the east, immense volumes of billowy smoke, pierced with flame, were rolling up into the stormy sky. Loud explosions of bursting shells and upheaving mines scattered death and dismay around. Suddenly the thunders as of an earthquake were heard in another direction. A score of buildings were thrown into the air. Flaming projectiles, of the most combustible and unquenchable material, were scattered in all directions, and a new volcano of smoke and flame commenced its ravages. Earthquake succeeded earthquake, volcano followed volcano. The demon of the storm seemed to exult in its high carnival of destruction. The flames were swept in all directions. A shower of fire descended upon all the dwellings and all the streets. Mines were sprung, shells burst, cannon were discharged, wagons of powder and magazines blew up, and in a few hours of indescribable confusion and dismay the whole vast city was wrapped in one wild ocean of flame. The French soldiers shot the incendiaries, bayoneted them, tossed them into the flames; but still, like demons, they plied their work.

Napoleon awoke early in the morning, and looked out upon the flames which were sweeping through all parts of the city. For the first time in his life he appeared excessively agitated. His far reaching mind apprehended at a glance, the measurelessness of the calamity which was impending. He hurriedly paced his apartment, dictated hasty orders, and from his window anxiously watched the progress of the fire. The Kremlin was surrounded with gardens and shrubbery, and seemed for a time to afford shelter from the flames. But mines of powder were in its vaults, with various combustibles arranged to communicate the fire. As Napoleon gazed upon the conflagration he exclaimed, "What a frightful spectacle! such a number of palaces! the people are genuine Scythians." "Not even the fictions of the burning of Troy," said Napoleon afterward, "though heightened by all the powers of poetry, could have equaled the reality of the destruction of Moscow."

During the whole of the 17th, and of the ensuing night, the gale increased in severity and the fire raged with unabated violence. The city now seemed but the almost boundless crater of an inextinguishable volcano. Various colored flames, shot up to an immense height into the air. Incessant explosions of gunpowder, saltpetre and brandy deafened the ear. Projectiles of iron and stone, and burning rafters, were hurled far off into the surrounding plain, crushing many in their fall. Multitudes, encircled by the flames, in the narrow streets, were mis-

erably burned to death. The scene of confusion and dismay has probably never been equaled. The soldiers, stifled with smoke, singed with flame, and lost in the streets of the burning city, fled hither and thither before a foe whom they were unable even to attack. They were often seen staggering beneath immense packages of treasure, which they were frequently compelled to abandon, to effect their escape. Miserable women were seen carrying one or two children on their shoulders, and dragging others by the hand, attempting, often in vain, to flee from these accumulating horrors. Old men, with beards singed by the fire, crept slowly and feebly along, and in many cases, were overtaken and destroyed, by the coils of flame that pursued them. Napoleon was indefatigable in his exertions for the rescue of his soldiers, and the remaining inhabitants.

At length it was announced that the Kremlin was on fire. The flames so encircled it that escape seemed almost impossible. The fire was already consuming the gates of the citadel. It was not until after a long search that a postern could be found, through which the Imperial escort could pass. Blinded by cinders, and smothered with heat and smoke, they pressed along, on foot, till they came to a roaring sea of fire, which presented apparently an impassable barrier; at last a narrow, crooked, diverging street was found, blazing in various parts, and often overarched with flame. It was an outlet which despair alone would enter. Yet into this formidable pass Napoleon and his companions were necessarily impelled.

With burning fragments falling around, and blazing cinders showered upon them, they toiled along almost blinded and suffocated with heat and smoke. At length the guide lost his way, and stopped in utter bewilderment. All now gave themselves up for lost. It was remarked that in this terrible hour, Napoleon was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Just then they caught a glimpse of Marshal Davoust, who with a company of soldiers was in search of the Emperor. The Marshal had signified his intention of rescuing the "hope of France," or perishing in the attempt. Napoleon affectionately embraced the devoted Prince. They soon encountered in the blazing streets a convoy of gunpowder, along which they were compelled to pass while flaming cinders were falling around. The energies of Napoleon's mind were so disciplined for the occasion, that not the slightest indication of alarm escaped him.

They soon emerged from the walls of the city, and Napoleon retired to the castle of Petrowskoi, about three miles from the burning metropolis. The Emperor as he looked back upon the city, gloomily remarked. "This foreboded no common calamity." "It was," said he, years afterward, "the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

The fire began slowly to decrease on the 19th, for want of fuel, "Palaces and temples," says Karamzin, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages long since passed, and the creations of yesterday; the tombs of remotest ancestry and the cradles of children of the rising generation, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow, save the remembrance of its former grandeur."

The French army was now encamped in the open fields around the smouldering city. Their bivouacs presented the strangest spectacle which had ever been witnessed. Immense fires were blazing, fed by the fragments of the most costly furniture of satin wood and mahogany. The soldiers were sheltered from the piercing wind, by tents reared from the drapery of regal palaces. Superb arm-chairs and sofas, in the richest upholstery of imperial purple and crimson velvet, afforded seats and lounges for all. Cashmere shawls, Siberian furs, pearls and gems of Persia and India, were strewed over the ground, in wild profusion. In the midst of all these wrecks of boundless opulence, the soldiers were famishing. From plates of solid silver, they voraciously ate roasted horseflesh, or black bread of half ground wheat, baked in ashes. The French army was now in a state of utter consternation. It was at an immense distance from France, in the heart of a savage and hostile country, and surrounded by armies brave, highly disciplined, and capable of any sacrifices. Winter was approaching, the dreadful winter of the icy north. The comfortable quarters and the abundance, which they hoped to have found in Moscow, had been devoured by the flames. More than a thousand miles of barrenness, swept by the winds, and still more mercilessly swept by Cossacks, extended between them and the banks of the Niemen. And at the Niemen they were still more than a thousand miles from the vallies of France.

A large portion of the Kremlin had escaped the conflagration. Consequently on the 19th Napoleon again established his head quarters in this ancient palace of the Czars. As he was entering the ruins of the city, he passed near the Foundling Hospital, "Go," said he to his secretary, "inquire for me what has become of the little unfortunate occupants of yonder mansion." The governor of the hospital, M. Toutelmine, an aged Russian, informed the secretary, that the building and inmates had been preserved from destruction solely through the care of the French guard, appointed by the Emperor for their protection. "Your master," said the governor, "has been our Providence. Without his protection our house would have been a prey to plunder and the flames!" The children of the hospital were introduced to the French secretary. They gathered around him

with the liveliest expressions of confidence and gratitude. Napoleon was deeply affected when informed of the scene. He desired the governor to be brought into his presence. At the interview the venerable man was so impressed with the urbanity of Napoleon, that he desired permission to write to his Imperial patroness, the mother of the Czar, and inform her how the hospital and its inmates had been preserved.

Before the conversation was concluded, flames were suddenly seen to issue from some houses on the opposite side of the river. This sight renewed the indignation of the Emperor, against Rostopchin. "The miserable wretch," said he, "to the dire calamities of war, he has added the horrors of an atrocious conflagration, created by his own hand, in cold blood! The barbarian! he has abandoned the poor infants, whose principal guardian and protector he should have been, and has left the wounded and dying, whom the Russian army had confided to his care! Women, children, orphans, old men, the sick and helpless, all were devoted to pitiless destruction! Rostopchin a Roman! he is a senseless savage."

Napoleon waited for some time hoping to receive a communication from Alexander. In the mean time he occupied himself, with his accustomed energy, in repairing the condition of the army, making arrangements for the transmission of supplies, establishing a police in the smouldering city, and issuing decrees respecting the government of France. He wished to induce a belief among the Russians, that he still intended to establish his winter quarters at Moscow, and to resume the war in the spring. On the 4th of October, no answer having been returned from the Czar, Count Lauriston was sent to the head quarters of Kutusoff as the bearer of official proposals of peace. "The Emperor," said Napoleon to the officers of his council, "is my friend. But should he yield to his inclinations and propose peace, the barbarians by whom he is surrounded might, in their rage, seek to dethrone and put him to death. To prevent the odium, therefore, that would attach in being the first to yield, I will myself offer a treaty."*

Lauriston, on reaching the Russian camp, was denied a passport. Kutusoff alleged that he had no power to grant one. He offered, however, to forward the letter himself to St. Petersburg. No answer was ever returned to either of Napoleon's communications. The great mass of the Russian people are slaves. A government of utter despotism represses every outburst of intelligence, and every aspiration for liberty. Notwithstanding the desperate exertions of the Imperial government to prevent all intercourse between the Russian serfs and the French soldiers, by burning the towns and the villages, by driving the miserable population from the line of march, by representing Napoleon as a demon and his soldiers as fiends incarnate, greedy for every outrage, the enslaved population had begun to mingle with their conquerors, and had caught a glimpse of the meaning of freedom.

Their first panic gave place to astonishment, which was soon succeeded by admiration. When they saw that Napoleon was every where victorious, and the armies of the Czar were scattered like dust before him, they thought it a favorable opportunity to strike for their own rights as men. There were, here and there among them, leading minds who roused and guided their ambition. They made repeated offers to come to the assistance of Napoleon in countless numbers, if he would guarantee their emancipation and restoration to the rights of manhood. Napoleon replied coldly to these proffers of services. He argued that such a course could only lead to a servile war, which must inevitably defer the prospect of peace with the Russian government, and which would deluge the whole country in blood. "The serfs," said he, "are unfit to be trusted with the liberty they desire. If I encourage the subjects of the Czar to rise against him, I can not hope that he will ever again become my friend."*

* "'From Smolensk to Moscow,' says Napoleon, 'there are about five hundred miles of hostile country—that is, Moskwa. We took Smolensk, and put it in a state of defense, and it became the central point of the advance on Moscow. We established hospitals for 8000 men, magazines and munitions of war, 25,000 cartridges for cannon, and considerable stores of clothing and provisions; 240,000 men were left between the Vistula and the Borysthenes. Only 160,000 men crossed the bridge at Smolensk to go against Moscow. Of these, forty thousand remained to guard the magazines, hospitals, and stores at Dorogobouj, Niazma, Ghjat, and Mojaisk. One hundred thousand men entered Moscow, twenty thousand having been killed or wounded on the march, or at the great battle of the Moskwa, where 50,000 Russians perished.

"'Not a wounded man, not a man without connections, not a courier, not a convoy was seized in this campaign on the march from Mayence to Moscow. Not a day passed on which we did not hear news from France, nor was Paris a single day without receiving letters from the army. At the battle of Smolensk 60,000 cannon shots were fired, and thrice that number at the battle of the Moskwa. The consumption of ammunition was considerable in the less important combats, also; and yet, on leaving Moscow, each piece was provided with three hundred and fifty rounds. There was such a superfluity of wagons of ammunition and provisions, that 500 were burned in the Kremlin, where we also destroyed vast quantities of powder, and 60,000 muskets. The supply of ammunition never failed, for which Generals Lariboisière and Ebla, commanding the artillery, deserve the highest praise. Never did officers of that department serve with greater distinction, or show a greater degree of skill, than in this campaign.'

"The slaves were very favorable to the French, for they expected to gain their liberty by their assistance. The *bourgeois*, or slaves who had been enfranchised, and who inhabited the little towns, were well disposed to head an insurrection against the *noblesse*. This was the reason why the Russians resolved to set fire to all the towns on the route of the army—an immense loss, independent of that of Moscow. They also burned down the villages, notwithstanding the opposition of the inhabitants, by means of the Cossacks, who also, being at enmity with the Muscovites, felt great joy in having an opportunity to do them harm."—*History of the Captivity of Napoleon*, by MONTHOLON, vol. iii. p. 202.

* "By proclaiming the emancipation of the slaves,"

Thus was Napoleon involved in embarrassments from whence there was no extrication. By refusing to re-establish Poland, he led the Poles in discouragement to withdraw from his support. On the other hand, by the attempt to re-establish Poland, he would inevitably have converted his Prussian and Austrian allies into inveterate foes. By encouraging the revolt of the subjects of Alexander, he would have rolled over that vast empire the blood-red surges of a savage revolution, and he would have exasperated to a tenfold degree every monarchical government in Europe. By refusing to cherish their longings for liberty he deprived himself of most efficient aid, and turned the knives of brutal thousands against his freezing troops. A mysterious Providence had decreed the downfall of Napoleon. No human foresight could have averted the doom. "St. Helena," said Napoleon, "was written in destiny." Sir Robert Wilson, who was present in Russia during most of the campaign, says, "that in the rejection of the offers of insurrection which were made from every quarter, Napoleon was actuated by a horror of civil war, and a humane consideration of the torrents of blood which must have deluged the land."*

Winter was now approaching, with many omens that it would soon set in with terrible severity. The Grand Army was dwindling away. That of the enemy was rapidly increasing. Napoleon's communications with France, and with the garrisons in his rear, were now becoming exceedingly precarious. Clouds of Cossacks, on fleet and hardy steeds, swept the country, preventing any provisions from being sent to the enemy; attacking the French foraging parties, and harassing the outposts on every assailable point. Under these embarrassing circumstances a council of war was called. After a long and painful conference, it was decided to abandon Moscow and return to winter in Poland.

Through this most terrific struggle which earth has ever witnessed, Napoleon directed the financial concerns of France so skillfully as to save the people from any oppressive burden of taxation. With candor, which ennobles his name, Colonel Napier, though an Englishman, and an enemy, and aiding with his sword to cut down Napoleon, thus testifies to the grandeur of the man who for twenty years held all the combined despotisms of Europe at bay.

"The annual expenditure of France," says Napier, "was scarcely half that of England, and Napoleon rejected public loans, which are the very life blood of state corruption. He left no debt. Under him no man devoured the public substance in idleness, merely because he was of a privileged class. The state servants were largely paid, but they were made to labor effectually for the state. They did not eat their bread and sleep. His system of public accounts, remarkable for its exactness, simplicity and comprehensiveness, was vitally opposed to public fraud, and therefore extremely unfavorable to corruption. Napoleon's power was supported in France, by that sense of his goodness as a sovereign, and that admiration for his genius which pervaded the poorer and middle classes of the people; by the love which they bore for him, and still bear for his memory, because he cherished the principles of a just equality. They loved him also for his incessant activity in the public service, his freedom from all private views, and because his public works, wondrous for their number, their utility and grandeur, never stood still, under him the poor man never wanted work. To France he gave noble institutions, a comparatively just code of laws, and glory unmatched since the days of the Romans. The *Cadastre*, more extensive and perfect than the Doomsday Book, that monument of the wisdom and greatness of our Norman conqueror, was alone sufficient to endear him to the nation. Rapidly advancing under his vigorous superintendence, it registered and taught every man the true value and nature of his property, and all its liabilities public or private. It was designed and most ably adapted to fix and secure titles to property, to prevent frauds, to abate litigation, to apportion the weight of taxes equally and justly, to repress the insolence of the tax-gatherer, without injury to the revenue, and to

said Napoleon, subsequently to the Senate of France, "I could have armed the greater portion of the Russian population against herself. In several villages this enfranchisement was demanded of me. But the war I made upon Russia was political. And besides, the brutality of this numerous class of the Russian people is such, that this measure would devote many families to the most horrid barbarities. This latter consideration was sufficient to induce me to refuse to employ the means offered against my enemies."

"There is no doubt," says Robert Wilson, an English writer, "that a civil war could have been fomented in Russia. And it was Bonaparte who rejected the offers of insurrection which were made to him during the time he was in Moscow."

When we reflect that England, in her conflict with the United States, did not hesitate to call to her aid "the tomahawk and the scalping-knife of the savage," we must in historical justice award to Napoleon the benefit of the contrast. He would not arm a barbarian, and consequently merciless, peasantry against their masters. He chose rather to endure the humiliation and the disasters of the retreat from Moscow.

* "Nevertheless, the military grandeur of that expedition," says Colonel Napier, "will not be hereafter judged from the wild triumph of his enemies, nor its military merits from the declamation which has hitherto passed as the history of the wondrous, though unfortunate enterprise. It will not be the puerilities of Labaume, of Segur, and their imitators, nor even that splendid military and political essay of General Jomini, called the '*Life of Napoleon*,' which posterity will accept as the measure of a general who carried four hundred thousand men across the Niemen, and a hundred and sixty thousand men to Moscow. And with such a military providence, with such a vigilance, so disposing his reserves, so guarding his flanks, so guiding his masses, that while constantly victorious in front, no post was lost in his rear, no convoy failed, no courier was stopped, not even a letter was missing. The communication with his capital was as regular and certain as if that immense march had been but a summer excursion of pleasure. However, it failed, and its failure was the safety of the Peninsula."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iv. p. 14.

secure the sacred freedom of the poor man's home. The French *Cadastre*, although not original would, from its comprehensiveness, have been, when completed, the greatest boon ever conferred upon a civilized nation by a statesman."*

THE GARROTE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

JANUARY 27, 183–.

Went to dine with Colonel A——l, the American Consul, one of the most high-toned and agreeable men I ever met. He has lost his arm. I wonder how. One must feel very lopsided without an arm. I should almost fancy that it must give a bias to the mind as well as the body, were it not that the Colonel is so just and equitable in all his notions and feelings—even as between the United States and England, which can not be said of all Americans or of many Englishmen. Perhaps it may be that he had a leaning toward America before he lost his arm, and that has righted him.

The darkest, foggiest night I almost ever saw, and yet frosty—the lamps all looking through the mist like dissipated, worn out comets. Went in a hackney-coach smelling peculiarly fusty, and jolting beyond conception. Found the Colonel, Mr. and Mrs. H—— (American), Sir Uvedale P—— and his niece (English), Mrs. W——, the charming young widow (English), and Mr. M—— M—— (American).

The latter looks quite a young man, though he must be older than he looks; for he has seen, and gained by seeing, a vast deal of the world, and been in active life during the last war of 1812. He is a very gentlemanly man, and the best teller of a story I almost ever heard. We did not sit long over our wine, but joined the ladies almost immediately. In truth, they wanted comfort, for the wind had risen in a single hour's time; and I believe they fancied it was going to blow the house down. Mr. M—— sat himself down, however, by the pretty widow—I should think he rather liked pretty widows, by his look—and began telling her stories, which not only drew her attention from the wind, but gathered most of us round him. One struck me particularly.

Memorandum: To put it down to-morrow as he told it, as nearly as possible.

I was living as quite a young man, said Mr. M——, in the principal sea-port of one of the Middle States of America, when the war between my country and yours, my dear Madam, unfortunately broke out. I need not tell you all the little incidents of this war which came under my own notice; but a rather interesting occurrence took place, in which I had a share, that I think you may like to hear, as you tell me that your mother was a lady from Havana. We had contrived to pick up a few English prisoners of war, to whom we endeavored to make captivity light; and, among other amusements, in which the officers on parole used to join us, was the good old English game of cricket. We had one French gentleman of our club, an excellent swordsman, but bad cricketer; and one day he brought with him a fellow-countryman, more to see our sports than to join in them. The latter went by the name of M. de la Rue, and he was one of the handsomest Frenchmen I ever saw, and one of the most athletic, though rather muscular than stout. Between the games, the two Frenchmen amused themselves with fencing at each other with sticks; and Monsieur de la Rue, as he called himself, threw off his coat and bared his arms, when we saw that his right arm was scarred all over with what seemed the marks of old wounds. He was a very remarkable man, and I inquired in the city who and what he was; but nobody could tell me any thing about him. His business there was undivulged, and he seemed only known to the gentleman who had introduced him to our club. I felt a little curiosity, and perhaps might have indulged in that inquisitiveness with which you people of Europe reproach us Americans; but other circumstances called off my attention, and the matter was for the time forgotten.

My father's house had at that time some very extensive transactions with Spain, and he was himself intimately acquainted with Señor O——, the Spanish minister at Washington. I was not, therefore, much surprised to be ordered by my respected parent to prepare for a voyage to Cuba, nor to find a fast-sailing Baltimore schooner chartered, and in rapid progress of equipment before I was at all aware of my destination; but I was a little surprised to be sent off in haste to Washington to confer with Señor O——, at his own request. My father could tell me nothing of what he wanted, but he showed me the letter he had received, which was merely to desire that, as the Señor had heard I was going to Cuba, I would not fail to let him see me before I sailed. As no time was to be lost, I started for Washington at once, and reached the Spanish embassy at night, about seven o'clock. Señor O—— gracefully got rid of two gentlemen who had been dining with him, and then,

* "Your system of land-tax," said Napoleon, in one of those lucid conversations, which so often excited the admiration of the Council of State, "is the worst in Europe. The result is that there is no such thing as property or civil liberty in the country; for what is freedom, without security of property? A man who has 3000 francs ($600.) of rent a year, can not calculate upon having enough the next year to exist. A mere surveyor can, by a mere stroke of the pen, overcharge you several thousand francs. In Lombardy and Piedmont there is a fixed valuation. Every one knows what he is to pay. No extraordinary contributions are levied, but on extraordinary occasions, and by the judgment of a solemn tribunal. If a contribution is augmented, every one, by applying to his valuation, knows at once what he has to pay. In France every proprietor has to pay his court to the tax-gatherers and surveyors of his district. If he incurs their displeasure he is ruined. Nothing has ever been done in France to give security to property. The man who shall devise an equal law, on the subject of the Cadastre, will deserve a statue of gold." Such was the vigilance, and the comprehensive wisdom with which Napoleon was ever studying the interests of the people of France.

to my surprise, ran out of the room himself. I had hardly time to examine a very beautiful painting of a saint, who, I must say, looked much more like a sinner, before he returned with a leathern bag in his hands tightly locked and sealed, and then opened his business. He wished me, he said, to carry that bag with me to Havana, and deliver it, the moment I arrived, into the hands of the Governor, and into no other hands but his.

The eagerness, I may almost say the nervousness of his manner, showed me at once that the contents were precious, and I doubted not at all that they were dispatches of great importance. He did not deny the fact when I put the question to him directly; and then I demurred considerably to the undertaking of the task. The English cruisers were thick in the Gulf and on the Florida coast, and I saw both danger, inconvenience, and discredit in prospect if my schooner were taken and these dispatches found in my baggage. He urged me so strongly, however, by the mutual regard existing between himself and my father, that I at length entered into a compromise with him. He agreed that if I saw any certainty of the vessel which carried me being taken, I should be at liberty to pitch the bag and its contents into the sea. I made him attach weights to it before I would receive it, however, and exacted from him written authority to dispose of the dispatches, as I have stated, in case of danger. This being arranged, he entertained me very hospitably; and on the following day I returned to the port. Every thing was ready on the following morning; but we waited till evening, in order to get out of the harbor under favor of the night. It was at that time blowing a pretty taught breeze, and the wind was favorable. The moon did not rise till nearly morning, and we sneaked out quietly without being perceived, though there were two enemy's brigs of war and a frigate within fifteen miles of us. As soon as we were in the clear, open sea, every reef of canvas was stretched to the breeze, and away we went, bowling over the waters like a ball over a cricket-ground. Day dawned without a sail in sight; but as the sun rose the wind went down, and from that moment we had, for four days, to record nothing on the log but "light winds and variable."

We had been very lucky all this time, for though we had seen a few boats of no great size, nothing in the shape of a ship of war had come across us; but just as we were running along at an easy rate by the eastern end of the Great Bahama, we suddenly descried a suspicious-looking sail to windward. How we had not perceived it before I do not know; for it seemed to me to start suddenly out of the water, and the ship, whatever she was, could not be more than ten miles off. She brought the wind with her too, for while we had nothing but light, baffling airs, she came up with every sail full, and we soon saw her signals going up, and that plaguy Union Jack, which certified her character plainly enough.

We had nothing for it but to run, and soon after we caught the wind. She sailed well, but we sailed better. The breeze, however, seemed resolved to favor her; for, as will sometimes happen in those latitudes, at least a dozen times in the following three days, during which time she chased us, she seemed to have a gale while we could not get a cupful. Twice she was near enough to send a shot after us, but we slipped away from her, and made the most curious dodging flight of it that ever I saw. I was full of anxiety about my papers, and for two whole nights kept pacing the deck with hardly a wink of sleep. During the second day's chase, when she pressed us the hardest, I stood with the bag in my hand for six whole hours, ready to drop it into the sea in case her guns begun to tell upon us with such effect as to force us to bring to. At length, however, we got into the Old Bahama channel, and, amidst the islands and banks that stud it, got off, though it was not without great risk; for there was not a man on board who had ever been there before, and our chart was a bad one.

Well satisfied was I, it must be confessed, when we got under the guns of the Moro Castle, for I did not at all like the idea of passing an indefinite time in an English prison, or on board a pontoon.

We were soon permitted to land, and I only waited to rub off the rust of voyaging before I hurried up in search of the Governor, with a black fellow to show me the way.

I only was suffered to penetrate to the anteroom, however; for there I was encountered by an aid-de-camp, who insisted upon knowing my business before he would let me pass further.

I know not whether I have any thing very murderous in my look, continued Mr. M——, with a complacent smile, in the consciousness of a fine person, but I fancy the worthy Spaniard took me for an assassin. When I insisted that my business was with the Governor, and the Governor alone, he called another head to council, an old, gray-haired gentleman, with a very hidalgoish look; but they both came to the same conclusion, that I could not be admitted.

I then entered my protest with American freedom, told them to remember that they had positively refused to admit me, although aware that I came from Señor O——, at Washington, on important business, and that I held them responsible for all the consequences. Thus saying, I left the palace and walked away.

I had not reached the house where I lodged, before I was overtaken by two Spanish soldiers, coming at a great rate, who told me civilly, but peremptorily enough, that I must go back with them to the Governor; and, accordingly, turning round, I retrod my steps. I was ushered from one chamber to another, through a long suite of rooms, till at length passing an ante-

chamber, where a number of officers were collected, comprising the two scrupulous gentlemen I had previously seen, I entered a small cabinet, where I found a little, ugly man in uniform, whose countenance and demeanor, however, at once impressed one with respect, if not with love. There was something stern, uncompromising, and even haughty in his look, but his manners had much dignified suavity in them, and, after a glance at me from head to foot, he asked me to be seated.

"I understand," he said at length, when I had taken a chair, "that my aid-de-camp, Don Ramon de Roya y Pensalar, under a mistaken impression, refused to admit you. You have something to communicate from Señor Don Alphonso de O——, I believe; what is it?"

"I undertook, your Excellency," I answered, "to deliver into your own hand these dispatches, as soon as I arrived on the island. I know they are of much importance, from the earnest recommendations to speed and secrecy which were given me by my good friend, Señor O——."

Thus saying, I handed him the bag, and he first looked at the lock, and then in my face.

"I have not the key," I said, answering his look.

"We must find one," replied the Governor, dryly; and, taking a pen-knife from the table, he deliberately slit open the bag, and took out the dispatches, which were only two in number. He read the shortest first; and, as he did so, bowed his head politely to me, saying, "Señor M——, I presume. I am very glad to see you, Sir. His Excellency's wishes shall be complied with."

He then turned to the other and longer paper, and perused it with a face full of the liveliest emotions. More than once a coarse Spanish exclamation of surprise burst from his lips, and then a look of triumph lighted up his dark flashing eyes.

"This is brave!" he said, with an exuberant burst of joy. "We shall catch them all four. I am greatly indebted to you, Sir, for your promptness. Pray, give me an account of your voyage."

I did so very succinctly, and the more so, as I saw he was musing over something else all the while, though not sufficiently abstracted to lose all that I said. He smiled at the account of our chase by the English brig of war, and said, laughing, "You need not have been so alarmed about the dispatches. The English, if they had taken them, would have forwarded them to me without loss of time. You did not know their contents; but they need be no secret now, as they have arrived in time. His Imperial Majesty, Napoleon Bonaparte, judges that Europe is not sufficiently large for his dominion, and would fain add the pleasant little island of Cuba, as a sort of summer garden, I suppose. He destines me the honor of a visit from four very distinguished officers of his army; but unfortunately, he has commanded them to come without the usual formalities, and in the guise of simple citizens. Now the Spaniards have an unpleasant habit, when they find an officer of an enemy's army within their limits, out of uniform, and with no external mark of his profession, to look upon him as a spy, and strangle him without mercy. I fear that these gentlemen put their necks in jeopardy. Don Ramon! Don Ramon!"

The aid-de-camp instantly appeared from th other room, and the Governor whispered to him some private orders, after which he introduced me formally to him as his particular friend, directed him to put the palace entirely at my disposal and to look upon my commands as his. I was too well acquainted with Spanish forms and manners not to know that this merely meant to treat me with polite attention, and I soon after took my leave to pursue the business which had called me to Havana. However I was honored the next day with an invitation to dine with the Governor, and, partly on account of having rendered him an important service in bringing him the dispatches, partly on account of the information I gave him regarding the United States, a very friendly feeling established itself between us, and he lost no opportunity of showing me kindness and attention as long as I staid on the island. He expressed great distress and regret that a war had broken out between England and the United States, and did not scruple to intimate an opinion that there had been faults on both sides, in which I could not, of course, agree, though I wished the war over as heartily as any one.

In the mean time I frequently pondered over what the Governor had told me of the contents of his dispatches; and from Don Ramon, who became a constant companion of my leisure hours, I learned something more. It seemed that the four French officers commissioned by Napoleon to land in Cuba, were instructed to enter into communication with all the discontented inhabitants of the island, and to arrange with them for a general rising against the Spanish authorities, to be supported by a large French force. I found that measures had been taken to insure that a strict examination of every stranger arriving at any of the ports should be instituted, and that all persons presenting themselves under any suspicious circumstances should be immediately sent to Havana.

"Do you think the Governor would really hang them if he found them?" I asked Don Ramon.

He nodded with a dark smile, saying, "He is not tender."

Without any very definite cause my mind reverted to the handsome and gallant looking De la Rue, who had appeared at our cricket club, and I could not help entertaining a suspicion that he was one of the adventurous men who had undertaken the Emperor's perilous commission. I held my tongue upon the subject, how-

ever, and a few days after my suspicions were strengthened by a letter from my father. He told me, after speaking of other business, that he had had a long conversation with the Spanish consul in our city regarding a Frenchman I must have seen there, a certain Monsieur De la Rue. That gentleman, he said, had chartered a small sloop to take him to Cuba, and intelligence of the fact having reached the consul—as fine a specimen of the old Castilian gentleman as ever lived—he had sent a message requesting the Frenchman to call upon him. Monsieur De la Rue had not complied, affecting to treat the request as a want of courtesy, and the consul had, in consequence, visited him. Their meeting was very cold; but after a few preliminary observations the Spaniard said, "I have thought it best, Monsieur, to attempt to dissuade you from visiting Cuba. I am prompted merely by humanity, but that impels me to tell you that the Spanish government and the authorities at Havana, have received intimation that four of your countrymen have been commissioned by your sovereign to enter the island of Cuba, for purposes dangerous to the peace of the place and to the rights of our monarch. We seek not to entrap any one—not even an enemy—and therefore I think it better to warn you that every one in Cuba is on his guard, that the whole coast is strictly watched, and that if you should be found to be one of the four persons designated to us, or in any way sharing in their designs, death—a horrible and unsoldier-like death—will be your fate as certainly as you and I now live."

Monsieur De la Rue, my father said, had thanked the consul for the interest he had expressed with a quiet and easy smile, assured him that he was entirely mistaken as to his character and views, and adding, "as my papers are, I believe, in perfect order, I shall assuredly go, without any apprehensions whatever." My father added, that notwithstanding these assurances, both he and the consul entertained strong doubts, more especially as the Frenchman had hurried all his preparations from the moment of the interview, and would probably be in Cuba before the letter reached me.

In the latter supposition he was mistaken: the sloop was detained by an accident, and did not appear at Havana for three days after the letter.

On the morning of her arrival I was walking out with a merchant of the city, and saw her sail gayly in and bring to, without the slightest attempt at concealment. But a Spanish armed boat had gone off the moment she hove in sight, having my good friend Don Ramon himself on board with a guard of soldiers. We saw the boat board the sloop, and after spending about twenty minutes alongside of her pull back toward the shore. She directed her course toward a landing, from which the general public was excluded; but I was, by this time, a sort of privileged person, on account of the favor shown me by the Governor, and feeling a good deal of interest in what was taking place I walked down uninterrupted. I soon perceived that, seated among the soldiers, there was a person in the garb of a civilian, and when the boat touched, Monsieur De la Rue was marched up to the castle between two soldiers with fixed bayonets, while one of the boatmen carried up a trunk upon his shoulders, which seemed to have suffered some very hard usage, for the bottom was broken in. Though very pale, Monsieur De la Rue's face was perfectly calm, and catching sight of me as he passed, he noticed me by a courteous bow

It did not escape the eyes of Don Ramon, who was following, and taking my arm, he said, "Come up, come up. Do you know that man?"

"He has been staying for some weeks at ——," I answered; "and he passed a day with myself and some friends at a cricket club. We could none of us make out who or what he is."

"I will tell you what he is," answered Don Ramon bitterly; "he is a spy and a traitor, and you will see him hanged before to-morrow night. This is one of the very men for whom we have been looking. He thought he had made all safe by having a double bottom to his trunk—no sliding contrivance, but tight fixed and glued together. The butt end of a musket soon opened it, however; and I have got his commission, and all his papers, in my pocket—enough to hang a score."

This was all said as we were walking on, for I did not choose to show any reluctance to accompany the Governor's aid-de-camp; and we were soon in the little cabinet, in presence of his Excellency himself. I shall not easily forget the look of bitter exultation which lighted up his dark face while, in a low voice, Don Ramon made his report, and laid the papers he had discovered and seized before him. De la Rue, as he had called himself, was in the mean while standing between the two soldiers at the other side of the room, with an air perfectly easy and graceful, though not without a certain degree of calm sternness on his countenance. The Governor eyed him from time to time, while listening to Don Ramon, and at length, raising his head, he said in a loud voice, and in French, "What is your name?"

"Armand, Baron de Boisrobin, chef d'escadron unattached in the army of his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon," replied the Frenchman at once.

The Governor quietly inclined his head, saying, "It is so;" and then whispered a word to Don Ramon. The prisoner was immediately removed from the room, and I was about to follow, but the Governor beckoned me up, and I found that Ramon had not forgotten to report the Baron's recognition of my humble self.

"What do you know of that man?" asked the Governor.

I repeated what I had told his aid-de-camp:

and he then asked me a dozen or more questions concerning him, to all which I answered as well as I could.

"Come up and pass the evening with us," said his Excellency when he had done; "we have got one of the villains, and we must make him discover the other three."

"Does your Excellency believe that any of them ever have landed?" I ventured to ask.

He slowly nodded his head, and I retired. I passed an exceedingly pleasant evening with the Governor, his family, and a small party. We had music and dancing, and very pleasant conversation. He was affable, and indeed in his family circle charming: fond of his daughters, especially the little one, almost to doting; and seeing him with them, and some intimate friends, I felt as if the words of Don Ramon—"He is not too tender"—were almost a libel. I little knew what was going on in a dungeon hard by, while we were dancing and singing in the sweet air of a Cuban evening. It has often struck me as strange, and almost marvelous, to see men, the most susceptible of kindly affections when the avenues of the heart are accidentally opened by domestic ties or old associations, shut and barricade those avenues, as if with bars of steel, against their fellow men of the general world.

I was detained at Havana longer than I expected: the business I had to transact proved more difficult than it had at first seemed; but often there were long pauses, during which I had nothing to do but to amuse myself with what was going on in the place. About this time there was a great deal of excitement. Messengers were coming and going; boats were searched very strictly, passports examined with the utmost care. Men were arrested in various parts of the island, and almost a cordon of troops was drawn round Matanzas, from some suspicion, the exact cause of which I never discovered. Of the Baron de Boisrobin no one heard any thing definite. Some people said he had been tried and strangled in prison; others that he was still alive: and Don Ramon was peculiarly mysterious, assuring me that he knew less than any one in the city—which I did not believe.

One day, however, about two o'clock, the Governor sent for me, and after delaying as long as I decently could—for it was very hot—I went up to him. I found him in his slippers and robe de chambre, puffing away a cigar, on a little low Moorish looking couch, and in a blessedly cool room. He gave me a cigar and some sugar and water, and as soon as his servant was gone approached his business, by saying, "You speak French, I think."

"Yes," I answered; "I have been a good deal in the habit of speaking it."

"As well as Spanish?" asked the Governor.

"Better, I trust," was my reply; for though I could talk Spanish fluently enough, I often made a gross blunder.

"I dare say you would like to see your acquaintance, Monsieur Boisrobin," said the Governor.

I paused ere I answered, for I was not sure what might come next, and I rather suspected that an interview with the prisoner, without being of any benefit to him, might be very painful to myself. "Our acquaintance, your Excellency, is very slight," I said at length; "and I know not whether it might be agreeable to him to see me."

"Oh, yes. He will be glad to see any body," replied the Governor. "You had better go to him; and I wish you would make him comprehend that his safety and his comfort depend upon his making the revelations I have required of him regarding the landing-place of his comrades."

I drew myself up, and answered gravely: "Any message that your Excellency chooses to send I will convey; but on such subjects I can say nothing as from myself."

He frowned a little, but he replied: "Well, well. Tell him what I say. The truth is, Ramon speaks hardly any French at all. My secretary, unfortunately, is ill; and of course it does not befit me to visit a prisoner in his cell." Then pausing for a minute, he added slowly: "I wish that he should know his fate. It is in his own hands; but it can not be much longer delayed. A clear and full confession, or—the garotte!" and he pronounced the last word from the bottom of his throat, with a guttural tone that seemed to give it tenfold bitterness; and simply replying, "I will tell him exactly what your Excellency says," I looked round for some one to guide me.

The Governor rang a little silver bell, and a fantastically dressed negro boy appeared. He was told to call somebody else; and that somebody was sent for a jailer. The latter arrived at length, and having received his orders, conducted me to the dungeons of the castle. It would take a long while to describe either my long walk to the dungeons, or the sensations which it produced. They were all very melancholy, that I know; and the sight of the barred doors and damp passages roused feelings partaking in some degree of indignation, and in some degree of sorrow. At length we stopped at a heavy door, iron bound, bolted, and barred. The jailer opened it, but at first I could hardly see any thing within. It was broad daylight without, and the passages were not very dark, but here all was dim obscurity, with nothing but a faint square patch of light, coming apparently from above, in one corner of the dungeon. I thought I could discover something like a low bed in one corner, and the figure of a man stretched upon it; but I was not sure till he spoke to me.

The jailer had been told to let me converse with the prisoner alone; and, therefore telling me he would wait near in the passage, he suffered me to enter, and closed the door behin-

me. I said that Monsieur de Boisrobin spoke to me, for his eyes, accustomed to the twilight of his dungeon, saw and recognized me at once.

"Ah, Mr. M——," he said, as the man was shutting the door, "this is very kind of you to come and see a poor prisoner."

His voice sounded faint and hollow, but I could not yet discern his features clearly enough to trace what effect confinement had wrought upon them, although he rose from the bed as he spoke, and I could hear the heavy chains clank upon his limbs.

"I must not take any credit to myself," I answered; "for the truth is, Monsieur De la Rue, the Governor has sent me to you, charged with a message, which I must deliver, though I fear it will be without effect."

"De la Rue!" he said, with a slight laugh. "Call me Boisrobin, my good friend; no use of keeping up assumed names now. They know all. But what says the Governor?"

"Pray remember," I replied, advancing and shaking hands with him, "that the words I am going to speak are the Governor's, not mine, and I only undertook to repeat them to you because it gave me a chance of seeing you. The truth is, the secretary is ill, and the Governor has no one else he chooses to trust who can speak French."

Anticipating his feelings, I was anxious to prevent him from thinking that I would strive to lead him into the betrayal of his comrades; but he answered so frankly, "Ah, go on; go on. I know the difference between an American and a Spaniard," that I proceeded to tell him, word for word, what the Governor had said.

All my precautions had not been too much. He started up like one stung by a snake, and exclaimed, "Do you speak this to me? Do you, an American gentleman, propose treason, baseness, cowardice? Let them take me to the garrote. You shall see how a Frenchman can die, rather than commit an act of treachery. *Sacre die!* do you take me for a *lache?*"

"Not in the least," I replied, well comprehending the feelings in which this burst of angry indignation originated. "Pray remember that I told you I only undertook to repeat to you the Governor's words in order to gain admission to you. I knew what you would feel, and told him I would not add one word of persuasion from myself."

"You did right—you did right!" he said, a little pacified, but yet with a good deal of heat. "Tell him for me that I say, No! If it be in his power, and if a civilized world will tolerate it, let him light a pile in the market-place and burn me alive. He shall not wring one word from my lips."

"I doubt it not, my dear Sir," I answered; "but pray be calm. I have done my errand. You have given your answer, and it I will deliver. Let us now talk of other things. Is there any thing in my power that can be done for you?"

He seated himself again on the side of the bed, and remained for a moment or two in silence. I seated myself beside him, and, with eyes more accustomed than at first to the obscurity, perceived that he was terribly emaciated.

"There is little that can be done for me in this world," he said, at length, in a sad and hollow tone. "I have but to die, and that there is no escape from. Yet, one thing. I have a wife, Mr. M——. I should wish her to know that I died like a man of honor. Whatever death they may put me to matters little. There is no dishonor really in any kind of death, but the death of a coward. I wish after I am dead that you would let her know that I died as I have lived, fearless—that I betrayed no one. Have you a pencil and paper? Let me give you her address. Can you see to write it down?"

I took out my memorandum-book and wrote what he dictated, and he then asked earnestly, "You will write to her? You will let her know?"

"On my honor I will," I answered; "but is there nothing I can do for you in life, Monsieur de Boisrobin?"

"I should wish you," he continued, pursuing the same train of thought, "to be present at my death, if they put me to a public death. Then you can testify to her that I died honorably."

"What do you mean," I asked, "by a public death? You do not surely think they will assassinate you here in prison?"

He drew a little closer to me, and said, in a low tone, "Here, feel my hand!"

I did as he asked, and found the once strong, muscular hand merely a bunch of bones; and then, speaking almost in a whisper, he added, "They are starving me to death!"

I shuddered as if a chill blast of wind had struck me; but he went on to say, "They give me nothing but a small piece of bread and that pitcher of water each day. Every night a physician comes and feels my pulse. He asks no questions of me, and I ask him none. He knows by the pulse how long it will last, and I shall know soon enough."

"Good God! this is horrible!" I exclaimed. "But they dare not carry forward such atrocity, and yet admit me to see you."

"Perhaps it may not be their intention to carry it to death itself," he answered. "I hope not, for then no one would know how I died. Probably their intention is—the base hounds!—to break my spirit—to bow my heart, in the hope of wringing from the starving prisoner the betrayal of his friends. They may think to tame me by want of food. I have heard that men tame wild beasts so. But if they do put me to death publicly, you be near the scaffold, and mark me well."

"Horrible as it must be, I will," I answered. "But now, Monsieur de Boisrobin, let me do something more for you. Let me supply you with money. Here, take my purse. I am sor-

ry there is not more in it; but I did not know for what purpose the Governor desired to see me."

Again he laughed, this time almost gayly. "Money!" he said, "what should I do with money here, mon cher ami?"

"More perhaps than you imagine," I replied; "these jailers are all to be bribed; and by giving them money, you may, perhaps, obtain some wholesome food."

He seemed to think over what I said for a minute or two, but then answered firmly, "No! It would only prolong my misery. Although there is a gnawing devil here within me, that makes my heart beat at the very name of food, yet I will not give way to the weakness. The sooner it is over, the better. I thank you from my soul for your kindness, but I will not have the money with me lest I be tempted. All I seek is a speedy death."

Just then the jailer opened the door and asked if I had done, saying doggedly that he could not wait longer.

"Two minutes more, my friend," I answered in Spanish; and then as he once more partially closed the door, I inquired if the prisoner had any thing more to say.

"No," he answered sadly; "yet I would fain have you stay with me. This solitude and the utter absence of all occupation depresses me more than even the starvation. Try and gain admission to me again. Tell them you will attempt to persuade me to what they want—and you shall, too, if you like—I will not misunderstand you again. But never let them think you have shaken me in the least—remember that. Still try to come. Oh! it is a pleasant sound, a friend's voice, and I would fain hear it once again before I die."

I could have wept, and indeed I believe I did; but I could not linger longer, and promising to do my best, I wrung his hand and left him.

Vain was the brighter light—vain was the fresh air to remove the impression of all I saw and heard in that dim, noxious cell. My heart was wrung, and all that my return to open day did was to rouse grief into feelings of anger. Had the way not been long, I should have met the Governor, as cold and haughty as himself. But I had time to reflect, that if I did so, I should deprive myself of all chance of seeing the poor captive again.

I found his Excellency in the room where I had left him, and seated on the same sofa, quietly smoking another cigar. His little daughter came in, and he patted her head and pinched her cheek. Good Heaven! can such things be? Are there such contrasts in human nature?

I told him the answer to his message, and at first he only said, "Obstinate fool!" A minute after, however, he added, "Well, he is a brave man and a man of honor. Yet he must die if he persists. It can not be tolerated that emissaries of this French usurper should roam the island, stirring up the people against their lawful sovereign, unpunished."

"Perhaps, your Excellency, if I were permitted to see him again when he has thought more of the proposal," I answered, "I might be able to persuade him."

"I think not," answered the Governor; "the same proposal was made to him before through my secretary. I offered him a free pardon, and even his liberty, if he would tell where his companions were to land, and where he now supposed them to be; and he made the same reply, only a little more fiercely than you have stated it. However, we will see. If on thinking over the matter, I judge you can help me, I will trouble you," and then he offered me hospitalities which I declined, and went home with a sad heart.

During the next four days I saw Don Ramon three times, and spoke to him very freely my opinion of starving a prisoner.

"It is for his own good," answered the young officer, "merely to bring down his stout resolution, and induce him to tell all. However, he will not be starved to death. A physician sees him every day, and as soon as it comes near death, he will be publicly executed. The Governor would fain spare him; for we all admire his almost Castilian honor, but he must either speak or die, that is clear."

I did not see the consequence; and remarked that to my mind they should either have executed him at once, in which I admitted they would have been fully justified, or having tortured him as they had done should give him his life.

Don Ramon looked upon these things easily, and merely shrugged his shoulders at my American notions.

I was never permitted to see poor Monsieur de Boisrobin in prison again; but at the end of five long days, I learned that his execution was to take place in the Plaza at noon. The platform and the pillar with its iron screw and the chair, were already there when I received the intelligence; but mindful of my promise, though with a feeling of sickening horror, I went out, and, by favor, got close to the scaffold. Don Ramon, whom I saw with the guard, told me that the prisoner had remained firm to the last; and that as the physician had pronounced he had not more than four-and-twenty hours to live without a change of diet, it had been judged better to bring the fearful ordeal to an end, and put him to death at once.

"The Governor is very much moved," he said. "I never saw him so much affected in my life. But his duty must be done, you know, and he has tried every thing to save him."

I had to wait a long while—at least the time seemed frightfully long to me; for I was in a state of nervous excitement indescribable. All sorts of passions seemed warring in my breast, and when the executioner took his place behind the chair, I felt that if I had had a pistol with

me I should have shot him. At length came the roll of a muffled drum; for in those days they performed such acts with ceremony at Havana; and being a tall man, as you see, I could descry the terrible procession winding on over the heads of the crowd. In that procession, however, there was but one figure that my eyes particularly remarked. I caught a glimpse indeed of a Catholic priest in his robes, and several functionaries; but the Baron de Boisrobin was all to me.

He was very pale and terribly emaciated. He was evidently feeble too; how could he be otherwise? But still he marched with a military air and a firm step, his head raised and erect, and his eye running over the crowd of people which nearly filled the Plaza. As he came near, his eye lighted upon me; a smile, transient but pleasant, passed over his worn features, and he slightly inclined his head. He mounted the few steps leading to the platform with as much firmness and dignity as if he had been about to take his place on a throne, and seated himself in the fatal chair without profering a word to the populace, who could not have understood much of what he said, whether he had spoken in French or in Spanish. They tied down his arms, and then the executioner fastened the hateful collar round his neck, while a priest held up the crucifix before his eyes. I could not perceive the slightest change of countenance, and the minister of vengeance took the fatal screw in his hands.

At that moment the Governor's secretary stepped up to his side, and addressed him in French in a loud voice, supposing, I imagine, that his thoughts might be confused and require arousing before he could comprehend.

"Monsieur," he said, "his Excellency the Governor is touched with your courage and your chivalrous character, and is willing to make one more effort to save you from a terrible fate. He now by my lips offers you what must do away with all scruples on the score of honor. He bids me say, that if you will state where your comrades landed, and where on your conscience you believe they are to be found, not only shall you yourself have life and liberty, but they also shall be pardoned."

Every word reached me clear and distinct, for the whole crowd kept breathless silence at that moment, and I gazed on Boisrobin's face with eager hope. I could see he was shaken. A momentary look of hesitation passed over his fine countenance; but then a stern, resolute expression succeeded.

"Tell the Governor," he said, "I thank him. When we four departed from France we swore never in any circumstances to betray each other, and to aim at our own object till death ended our efforts. They may succeed, though I have failed!"

He ceased. The secretary took a step back and made a sign. The vile screw turned; the gallant man's head fell suddenly forward on his bosom, and a fiend-like shout burst forth from the mob.

I have never been in Havana since, for the sight of that spot would be insupportable to me

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITALS OF PARIS.

THE Foundlings of Paris are an ancient community. For upward of four hundred years they have been the object of legislative enactments. Their earliest protectors were the clergy; and it was to the Bishop of Paris and the Chapter of Notre Dame that they were indebted for their first asylum. As an hospital for their reception a building was assigned them at the Port l'Evêque, which was called Maison de la Crêche; the word *crêche* originally signifying crib or manger only, but now employed to designate the general reception-room in the present hospital. That the newly-born children who were deserted by their parents might not perish from exposure in the public streets, a large cradle was established within the Cathedral of Notre Dame, accessible at all hours of the day or night, in which infants were placed, there to attract the attention of the pious. This cradle was in existence as early as fourteen hundred and thirty-one, for in that year died Isabella of Bavaria, the Queen of Charles the Sixth of France—one of the most unnatural mothers and one of the worst of wives—who bequeathed to the foundlings the enormous legacy of eight francs.

Besides being the recipients of casual charity, the foundlings of Paris had a claim upon the High Justiciaries of the capital, all of them ecclesiastics; who, according to old usage, were bound to contribute toward their maintenance. These spiritual nobles were, however, too much under the influence of earthly considerations to perform their duties faithfully; and, gradually stinting their donations, finally withheld them altogether. This was the occasion of much litigation; which was finally compromised by annual payments being compounded for by the making over two houses on the Port Saint Landry, within a stone's throw of the cathedral.

Poorly paid, and having no sympathy for their charge, the servants of the establishment of the Port Saint Landry turned the miserable little orphans to their own profit. Street beggars wanting a new-born child wherewith to move the sensibility of the public, procured one at the Port Saint Landry. If a nurse required a child to replace one that through her negligence might have died, the substitute was ready at the Port Saint Landry. If a witch needed an infant for sacrifice, she obtained one at the Port Saint Landry. The price of a child in that establishment was just twenty *sous!*

This revolting traffic became a crying scandal, even in the city of cut-purse nobles and cut-throat abbés; and it attracted the attention of the celebrated philanthropist Vincent de Paul. His first attempt to provide the foundlings with a better home, consisted in his pro-

curing for them a new hospital near the gate of Saint Victor. This was in the year sixteen hundred and thirty-eight. He placed the new establishment under the care of the Sisters of Charity; who, moved by an appeal which he made to them, lent themselves to the good work: not very effectually, however, at first; for the funds for the maintenance of the children—whose numbers fast increased—proving wholly insufficient, the administrators had recourse to a detestable expedient; they chose by lot the children that were to be provided for, and the residue were allowed to die for want of food! When Vincent de Paul learnt this, he assembled the ladies who had placed themselves at the head of the establishment, and earnestly besought them to consider the poor foundlings in the light of their own children. His eloquent pleading prevailed. But he did not stop here; he addressed himself to the King; and eventually, the Parliament of Paris issued a decree by which the High Justiciaries were compelled to pay an annual sum of fifteen thousand francs toward the maintenance of the foundlings; and a house in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, with a large quantity of ground attached to it, was bought to serve as a permanent place of asylum for the unfortunate children.

Before this last settlement was made, Vincent de Paul died. But the impulse which he had originated never afterward flagged. In the midst of his magnificence, Louis the Fourteenth issued an edict, dated June, sixteen hundred and seventy, in which was recognized the truth that "there is no duty more natural, nor more conformable to Christian piety, than to take care of poor children who are abandoned, and whose weakness and misfortune alike render them worthy of compassion;" and six years later, Maria Theresa of Austria, the wife of the magnificent monarch, laid the first stone of a new and spacious edifice for the foundlings in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, to which a church was attached. This example having been set, there was no lack, in that courtly age, of noble imitators, and large endowments were made by chancellors and presidents, and others high in authority. It was quite time; for, in a ratio that far exceeded the increase of population of Paris, the number of *enfants trouvés* was augmented. When Vincent de Paul first took up their cause in sixteen hundred and thirty-eight, the foundlings numbered three hundred and twelve; but, at the close of the seventeenth century, they had multiplied to the extent of seventeen hundred and thirty-eight Monsieur Dulaure took considerable pains to show (in his well-known History of Paris) that, during monarchical periods, the Foundling Hospital received the greatest number of inmates.

During the Republic, in consequence of the vast disproportion between the children who were deposited and those who survived, several stringent laws were enacted. One of these, dated the thirtieth Ventose, year five (March twenty-second, seventeen hundred and ninety-seven), contained, among other articles, a decree obliging all nurses who had the care of foundlings to appear every three months before the agent of their commune, and certify that the children confided to them had been treated with humanity. Those who succeeded in bringing up foundlings till they reached the age of twelve years were rewarded with a present of fifty francs.

Among the sights of Paris at the present day, the Foundling Hospital is not the least attractive. But to look for the building, where we last left it, in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, would be lost labor; neither does a subsidiary asylum which was established at the corner of the square (called the Parvis) of the Cathedral of Notre Dame still exist. Both, in fact, were combined into one, and their inmates transferred, in the year eighteen hundred, to the premises in the Rue d'Enfer, originally occupied by the Oratory, where the priests of that congregation performed their noviciate. This "Street of the Infernal Regions" owes its present designation to this simple cause: the Street of Saint Jacques, which runs parallel to it, and occupies higher ground, was formerly called the Via Superior (upper road), and the Rue d'Enfer, its lower neighbor, Via Inferior; a poetical imagination soon made the corruption.

We are not at all indebted for our knowledge of the preceding facts to the very excellent Sister of Charity who accompanied us over the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés when last we paid a visit to that establishment; but what she did relate may serve in some measure to show what is its present condition. When the moment comes we shall let her speak for herself; but our own impressions must first of all be recorded.

Before we reached the hospital we had passed the previous half hour in the gardens of the Luxembourg; and, although the flowers are not so fine nor the company so gay as are to be seen in the rival parterres and avenues of the Tuileries, both were brilliant enough to form a striking contrast to the dull, deserted, flowerless street which bears the redoubtable name already mentioned. It lay before us, gray, blank, and dreary, with nothing to relieve the monotony of its general aspect but an inscription over the gateway of a building on the right hand side, informing us that there stood the "Hospice des Enfants Trouvés." If the site had been selected expressly for the purpose of being out of the way, where no witnesses might see the trembling mother deposit her new-born child, it could not have been managed better. As we drew near the entrance, a further indication of the purposes of the building was visible in the words "Panier des Enfants," very legibly inscribed on what seemed to be the lid of a letter-box let into the wall, but which, on being raised—for it is never fastened—proved to be the children's basket, the *tour* or turning-box of the establishment. In obedience to a

heavy single knock—there is a bell-handle beside the turning-box, but that was not for our use, having no infant to deposit—the wicket-door opened with the customary squeak of the *cordon*, and we were admitted. Could we see the hospital? Willingly; would we oblige the portress by walking into the little office on the left hand, by putting down our names in a register there, and by depositing one franc apiece toward the general funds of the asylum? All these things we did with great pleasure, and the portress then rang a bell, in obedience to which summons a Sister of Charity made her appearance from a door in the quadrangle, and we were consigned to her care to be conducted over the building.

She was a quiet, grave, motherly woman, with evidently only one object in her thoughts—the duties of her profession. The Sisters of Charity soon learn what those duties are, and never fail in the performance of them. Sister Petronille—*that*, she said, was her name—conducted us across the court-yard to the door from whence she had issued, and together we ascended a lofty staircase, and passed into a tolerably large room. This was the *salle à manger*, but it was empty just then; so we proceeded to the next apartment, the "day-room" of the establishment, where we found about twelve or thirteen children, all, we were told, under two years of age, some of whom were in cradles, and the rest in the arms of nurses.

"These are the little sick ones," said Sister Petronille, "who are not kept in the infirmaries, but, for all that, require constant attendance. Those who suffer from graver maladies are in separate wards, under the care of the doctors, who come constantly to see them."

"And the healthy children, where are they?" we inquired.

A faint smile passed over Sister Petronille's pale features.

"God be thanked!" she replied; "they are all safe in the country. It was only yesterday that we sent away the last batch, all strong and hearty, and likely to live, if God permits them."

"And these little ones?"

"Ah!" she sighed, "some of these, too, may go one day into the country, we hope. But it is not probable that all will; for they are very tender, and require careful nursing."

"Then, are there none but the sick left here in Paris?"

"On the contrary; downstairs there are plenty; but they are the youngest: you will see them presently."

From the "day-room" we retraced our steps to the landing-place at the head of the staircase, and entered a long corridor which communicated with four general wards or infirmaries devoted to such of the children as were under medical or surgical treatment, or were affected by ophthalmia or measles. It was not possible that any thing could be more neatly arranged than the white-curtained cots which held the little sufferers, nor was there a token of pain or restlessness that escaped the nursing sisters who remained in the rooms to watch over them.

"And do many of these die?" we asked.

"Alas, yes!" answered our guide sorrowfully; "you see, they are principally the children of people who are the victims of poverty and sickness: and a great number bring with them the seeds of the disease of which they afterward die. The doctors study the cases closely, and give to them all their attention; but the hereditary malady is too often stronger than their skill."

"Do you know the proportion between the numbers lost and saved?"

"It varies of course: for there are maladies belonging to children which are more severe at some times than at others; but the general average throughout the Hospital is very nearly one death in four."

"And how many are admitted in the course of the year?"

This varied also, our informant said; during the time she had been attached to the Hospital, she had witnessed a great change in that respect. The first year of her service there were upward of five thousand taken in, and, gradually declining, they fell in the course of ten years to a little more than three thousand. Since that time there had been an increase; and in the last year, for example, she remembered that the new-comers were exactly four thousand and ninety-five. They were received, she said, in different ways; the lying-in hospital for the poor in the adjoining street, the Rue de la Bourbe ("Mud Street" and it well deserved the name when it was christened), sent in a great number; some were brought from the Prefecture of Police, the children of parents in the hands of justice; some came from the hospitals of Paris; but by far the greater part were abandoned by their mothers.

"But," said Sister Petronille, anxious to soften the meaning of the word, "these poor things are not entirely abandoned, that is to say, exposed, without any further thought being given to them. Such might have been the case formerly, when no certificate of birth was necessary; but whoever is desirous now, from want of means, of sending an infant to this hospital, must apply to the Commissary of the quarter for a certificate of abandonment, so that it is known to the authorities who they are that send; and the mothers also, acting openly, are more at ease with respect to their children. We find, too, that besides the certificate of the infant's birth which accompanies every deposit, mothers are careful now to add some particulars—either of name or personal description—by which, if circumstances should permit them, they may hereafter more certainly recognize their offspring."

"And are there any exceptions to this latter practice?"

"Seldom or ever, in Paris itself; but of the number born outside the walls, perhaps a hundred in the year, and these—we judge from various circumstances, but chiefly from the linen in which they are enveloped—belong to a better class than the rest. It is not for the want of the means to support them that such children are abandoned. It is the dread of their existence being known that causes it."

"Have you any means of knowing how many out of the whole amount are born in wedlock?"

The answer—given with some natural hesitation—was to the effect, that among four thousand foundlings, it was presumed only two hundred had "civil rights." During this conversation, Sister Petronille had led us through the wards, and conducted us by another staircase to the ground floor.

"Now," she said, opening another door, "you will see the most interesting part of the establishment."

This was the "*Crêche*," or general reception room. It was filled, or seemed to be full of infants of the tenderest age; there were between seventy and eighty altogether. They wore a kind of uniform—that is to say, there was a sort of uniformity in their costume—all being clothed in pink check nightgowns, and swathed with linen bands, like mummies on a very small scale; unlike mummies, however, their little tongues were not tied. To soothe their pains and calm their heavy troubles, the nurses were assiduously engaged, some in rocking them to sleep in their cradles; others, in administering to such as were strong enough to sit upright, that beverage which is, in France, the universal remedy, whether in old age or infancy. It was neither the wine nor the garlic which helped to make a man of Henri Quatre, nor the symbolical "tyrelarigot" which was given to the great Gargantua immediately after his birth—as Rabelais relates—but simply *eau sucrée*, poured out of the long spout of a china tea-pot. We know that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined;" so, in all probability, it is on account of their early introduction to sugar and water, that Frenchmen manifest, throughout their lives, so marked a propensity for the drink that neither cheers nor inebriates.

But the most attractive feature of the *Crêche* was in the centre of the room, where, directly in front of a blazing fire, on an inclined plane, covered with a mattress lay seven or eight little objects all in a row. These, who were the latest arrivals, were certainly the most comfortable lot in the apartment, and, contrasting their passive enjoyment of the fire, whose influence they felt, with the screams of the victims of *eau sucrée*,

—— "the philosophical beholder
Sighed for their sakes that they should e'er grow older."

Young as they were, however, it would have been a difficult matter to say which was the youngest, for every second hour throughout the four-and-twenty brought a new comer. One of these arrivals happened while we were on the spot. We heard a bell-ring, and at the same time saw a Sister of Charity leave the apartment. In a few minutes she returned, carrying something in a flannel bag, from which issued the semblance of a small Swedish turnip of a pinkish-yellowish hue. This was the head of a child, and when the contents of the bag were gently turned out on a blanket they proved to be the remainder of a male infant just deposited. It was immediately submitted to the process of weighing, the test which generally decides the infant's chance of life. The arbiter of its destiny was a six pound weight, and we were very sorry to see that the Foundling kicked the beam. But though the odds were against it, the nurse to whose care it was confided omitted no precaution that might prolong its existence. It was clothed and swathed like the rest, and was assigned the warmest place on the mattress; and as we left the *Crêche*, Sister Petronille, whose organ of hope was very strongly developed, expressed her belief that it would survive, for she had seen smaller children than that who had turned out something quite astonishing both as to size and strength.

We now took leave of our guide, who with some difficulty was made to accept a small gratuity, and returned to the gate of the Hospital. But before we were let out the portress suggested that we might be curious to see the registry of arrivals in the office, the blank baby having just been entered. We did so, and read the following personal description (*signalement*): —"October 4, 185–. No. 9. A male child; newly born; weakly and very small; ticket round the neck with the name of Gustave; coarse linen; red stain on the left shoulder; no other mark."

These are all the credentials necessary for the candidates for admission to the Paris Foundling Hospital.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MADAME DE STAËL.

"THE Life and Times of Madame de Staël:" what a promise of vivid interest does not the title hold forth! What a host of images and ideas start into life at the spell of that name, and silently group themselves around the central figure! Necker, the object of her life-long worship, with his grand position, his *bourgeois* intellect, and his rare integrity;—Madame Necker, the rigid mother, the tender wife, the faithful friend—puritanical, precise, *bornée*, but not ungenial;—Gibbon, at first the phlegmatic lover, afterward the philosophic friend, but always brilliant, fascinating, and profound;—Louis de Narbonne, perhaps the most perfect specimen then extant of the finished noble of the *ancien régime*, polished to the core, not varnished merely on the surface;—Talleyrand, the subtlest and deepest intellect of his time, and long the intimate associate of Madame de Staël;—Napoleon, her relentless

persecutor;—Benjamin Constant and Schlegel, her steady and attached allies;—these men form the circle of which she was the centre and the chief.

Then the "times" in which she lived? She saw the commencement and the close of that great social earthquake which overthrew the oldest dynasty in Europe, shook society to its foundation, unsettled the minds of men to their inmost depths, turned up the subsoil of nations with a deeper plow-share than Destiny had ever yet driven, and opened the way for those new social ideas and those new political arrangements which are still operating and fermenting, and the final issue, the "perfect work," of which our children's children may not live to see. Her life, though only prolonged through half a century, was coeval with that series of great events which, for magnitude and meaning, have no parallel in human history; by all of which she was more or less affected; in some of which she took a prominent and not uninfluential part. She was born while the house of Bourbon was at the height of its meretricious splendor and its reckless profligacy: she lived to see it return, after its tragic downfall and its dreary banishment, to a house that had been "swept and garnished,"—little better and no wiser than before. She saw the rise, the culmination, and the setting of Napoleon's meteor-star; she had reached the pinnacle of her fame while he was laying the foundation of his; and she, shattered and way worn, was beginning to look forward to her final rest, when his career was closed forever in defeat and exile.

But it is not of the period in which she lived that we think first or most naturally when we hear the name of Madame de Staël: it is of the writer whose wondrous genius and glowing eloquence held captive our souls in "the season of susceptive youth," of the author of the *Lettres sur Rousseau*, who sanctioned and justified our partiality for that fascinating rhapsodist—of *L'Allemagne*, from whose pages we first imbibed a longing to make the riches of that mighty literature our own—of *Corinne*, over whose woes and sorrows so many eyes have wept delicious tears; of that dazzling admixture of deep thought, tender sentiment, and brilliant fancy, which give to her writings a charm possessed by the productions of no other woman—and in truth of but few men.

Anne Marie Louise Necker was born at Paris in 1766. Both her parents were remarkable persons. Her father, James Necker, a simple citizen of Geneva, began life as clerk in a banker's office in Paris, speedily became a partner, and by skill, diligence, sound judgment, and strict integrity, contrived in the course of twenty years to amass a large fortune and to acquire a lofty reputation. While accumulating wealth, however, he neglected neither literature nor society. He studied both philosophy and political economy; he associated with the Encyclopedists and eminent literati of the time; his house was frequented by some of the most remarkable men who at that period made the Parisian salons the most brilliant in Europe; and he found time, by various writings on financial matters, to create a high and general estimation of his talents as an administrator and economist. His management of the affairs of the French East India Company raised his fame in the highest political circles, while, as accredited agent for the Republic of Geneva at the Court of Versailles, he obtained the esteem and confidence both of the sovereign and the ministers. So high did he stand both in popular and courtly estimation, that, shortly after the accession of Louis XVI., he was appointed, although a foreigner, Comptroller-General of the Finances. He held this post for five years, till 1781;—and contrived not only to effect considerable savings, by the suppression of upward of 600 sinecures, but also in some small degree to mitigate and equalize taxation, and to introduce a system of order and regularity into the public accounts to which they had long been strangers. As proved by his celebrated *Compte rendu*, which, though vehemently attacked, was never successfully impugned, he found a deficit of 34 millions when he entered office, and left a surplus of 10 millions when he quitted it—notwithstanding the heavy expenses of the American war. In the course of his administration, however, Necker had of course made many enemies, who busied themselves in undermining his position at court, and overruled the weak and vacillating attachment of the king. Necker found that his most careful and valuable plans were canvassed and spoiled by his enemies in the Council, where he was not present to defend them, and that, in fact, he had not and could not have fair play while he continued excluded from the Cabinet. He demanded, therefore, the entry of the Privy Council, and resigned when it was refused him, though earnestly requested to remain by those who knew how valuable his reputation was to a discredited and unpopular court, unwilling as they were to submit to his measures or honestly adopt his plans. Necker did not choose to be so used; and he retired to write the celebrated work on the Administration of the Finances, which at once placed him on the pinnacle of popularity and fame. Eighty thousand copies were sold; and henceforth Necker was the man on whom all eyes were turned in every financial crisis, and to whom the nation looked as the only minister who could rescue them from the difficulties which were daily thickening around them.

Then followed the reckless administration of Calonne, whose sole principle was that of "making things pleasant," and who, in an incredibly short time, added 1646 millions to the capital of the debt, and left an annual deficit of 140 millions, instead of an annual excess of ten. Brienne attacked him, and succeeded him; but things went on from bad to worse, till, when

matters were wholly past a remedy, in August 1788, Necker was recalled and reinstated. What he *might* have done, on the occasion of this second ministry, had he been a man of commanding genius and unbending will, it is useless and perhaps impossible to conjecture. Surrounded with numberless perplexities; beset at once by the machinations of unscrupulous enemies who counter worked him in secret, and by the embarrassments which every predecessor had accumulated in his path; borne into power on a tide of popular expectations which no popularity could enable him to satisfy; set down to labor at the solution of a perhaps insoluble problem; face to face with a crisis which might well stagger the most dauntless courage and confuse the clearest head; famine around him, bankruptcy before him; and all other voices gradually lost in one "which every moment waxed louder and more terrible—the fierce and tumultuous roar of a great people, conscious of irresistible strength, maddened by intolerable wrongs, and sick of deferred hopes;"—perhaps no human strength or wisdom could have sufficed for the requirements of that fearful time. Perhaps no human power could then have averted the catastrophe. What Necker might have done had he acted differently and been differently made, we can not say. What he did was to struggle with manly, but not hopeful courage, for a terrible twelve months; using his great credit to procure loans, spending his vast private fortune to feed the famishing populace of Paris; commencing the final act of the long inchoate revolution, by calling the States-General; insuring its fearful triumph by the decisive measure of doubling the numbers of the *tiers-état*, and permitting the states to deliberate in common; devising schemes of finance and taxation which were too wise to be palatable and too late to save; composing speeches for the monarch to deliver, which the queen and the courtiers ruined and emasculated before they were made public; and bearing the blame of faults and failures not his own. At length his subterranean enemies prevailed: he received his secret *congé* from the king in July 1789, and reached Basle, rejoicing at heart in his relief from a burden of which, even to one so passionately fond of popularity as he was, the weight was beginning to be greater than the charms.

The people were furious at the dismissal of their favorite: the Assembly affected to be so. Riots ensued; the Bastille was stormed; blood was shed; the Court was frightened; and Necker was once more recalled. The royal messenger overtook him just as he was entering Switzerland, with the command to return to Paris and resume his post. He obeyed the mandate with a sad presentiment that he was returning to be a useless sacrifice in a hopeless cause, but with the conviction that duty left him no alternative. His journey to Paris was one long ovation; the authorities every where came out to greet him; the inhabitants thronged around his path; the populace unharnessed his horses, and drew his carriage a great part of the way. The minister drank deeply of the intoxicating cup of national gratitude and popular applause; and if he relished it too keenly and regretted it too much, at least he used it nobly and had earned it well. It would have been far better for his own fame and happiness if he had not returned to power: it could scarcely have been worse for his adopted country. His third and last administration was a series of melancholy and perhaps inevitable failures. The torrent of popular violence had become far too strong to stem. The monarchy had fallen to a position in which it was impossible to save it. Necker's head, too, seems to have been somewhat turned by his triumph. He disappointed the people and bored the Assembly. The stream of events had swept past him, and left him standing bewildered and breathless on the margin.

If the society of few men is more interesting or instructive than that of the retired statesman, who, having played his part in the world's history, stands aside to watch at leisure the further progress of the mighty drama, and having served his country faithfully and laboriously during his years of vigor and maturity, has earned a right to repose in the decline of life; who contemplates with a mind enriched by reflection, and not soured by failure, the evolution of those great problems of human destiny *quorum pars magna fuit*, and brings the experience of the man of action to modify the conclusions of the man of thought, and who, with that serenity of soul which is the last achievement of wisdom and of virtue, and which belongs only to those who have fought the good fight, striven through the angry tempest, and reached the quiet haven, can look with a vivid interest, which has no touch of scorn, on the combatants who are still intent upon the battle, or struggling in the storm, can aid them by his counsel, and cheer them by his sympathy. On the other hand, there are few sadder spectacles than that presented by the politician cast out from power, unable to accept his fate, and sitting unreconciled, mourning, and resentful amid the ruins of his greatness. Such was Necker in his last retirement. For a long time he said he could think of nothing but the *coup de foudre* which had overthrown him. In one short year he had fallen from the pinnacle of prosperity to the depths of disgrace and neglect; and as he had relished the former more keenly perhaps than befitted a philosopher, so he felt the latter more bitterly than became a wise man or a Christian. His mortification and regret, too, were enhanced by a somewhat morbid conscientiousness; he could not shake off the idea that there was something culpable in failure; he felt that he had not been equal to the crisis, and that he had committed many errors; he could not divest himself of the dread that his own measures might have let loose that tide of national fury which was now so fearfully avenging the

heaped-up wrongs of centuries; and the annoyance of failure was aggravated by the sense of guilt. Besides all this, too, he loved France too well not to mourn over her prospects and blush for her savagery and her crimes; so he sat in his garden at Coppet, dejected and remorseful, pining over the past, and full of gloomy forebodings for the future, and deaf to the consolations of his faithful wife and his adoring daughter. Gibbon, who saw much of him at this period of his career, says that he should have liked to show him in his then condition to any one whom he desired to cure of the sin of ambition. He passed whole days in gloom and silence; all attempts to engage him in conversation were vain; he felt like a vessel wrecked and stranded: "Othello's occupation was gone."

By degrees, however, this depression left him, and he roused himself again to interest and action. He sent forth pamphlet after pamphlet of warning and remonstrance to hostile readers and unheeding ears. He offered himself to Louis as his advocate, when that monarch was brought to trial, and when his offer was declined, published a generous and warm defense of his old master. The remainder of his life was passed in the enjoyment of family affection, of literary labors, and of philosophical and religious speculations; and he died in 1804, at the age of 72, happy in the conviction that he was only exchanging the society of his cherished daughter for that of his faithful and long respected wife, who had died some years before.

On the whole, Necker was worthy of all honor and of long remembrance. History tells us of many greater statesmen, but of few better men. Without going so far as his enthusiastic daughter, who more than once declares that his genius was bounded only by his virtue, we quite admit that his weakness and indecision were often attributable to his scrupulosity, and that more pliant principles and a harder heart might occasionally have fitted him better to deal with the evil days on which he had fallen. In truth, for such a crisis as that of the French Revolution he was somewhat too much of the preacher and the prude. He was well aware of his own deficiencies. He told Louis XVI. that if moral purity and administrative skill were all that was needed in the Government, he might be able to serve him, but that if ever the times should require a genius and a will like Richelieu's, then he must resign the helm to abler hands. His portrait and his justification may be given in a single sentence: he was a good man, fallen upon times that required a great man: his failure was the inevitable one of mediocrity intrusted with a task which scarcely the rarest genius could have successfully accomplished. Disinterested almost to a fault, in a period of unexampled rapacity and corruption; stainless and rigid in his morals amid universal laxity and license; ardently and unaffectedly religious, in a howling wilderness of impiety and atheism; conscientious, while all around him were profligate and selfish; moderate, while every one else was excited and intemperate, he was strangely out of place in that wild chaos of the old and new. The age demanded sterner stuff than he was made of—other services than he could render. "To be weak (says Carlyle) is not so miserable; *but to be weaker than our task.* Woe the day when they mounted thee, a peaceable pedestrian, on that wild Hippogriff of a Democracy, which, spurning the firm earth, nay, lashing at the very stars, no yet known Astolpho could have ridden!"

Madame Necker, too, was in her way remarkable enough. The daughter of a Swiss Protestant minister of high repute for piety and talent, and herself early distinguished both for beauty and accomplishments, her spotless character and superior intellectual powers attracted the admiration of Gibbon during his early residence at Lausanne. He proposed, and was accepted; but his father, imagining that his son might well aspire to some higher connection, was very indignant, and forbade the fulfillment of the engagement. Gibbon submitted, and moralized: "I sighed as a lover (says he) and obeyed as a son, and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of the favored minister of a great kingdom, and sits in the high places of the earth." They renewed their acquaintance in after years, and remained fast friends till death. There is something, to our feelings, very touching in this lasting attachment between those who had been lovers in their youth, but who had been prevented from uniting their lots in life; and the letters of Madame Necker, many of which are preserved, give us a most pleasing impression of both her character and powers, and convey the idea of far greater tenderness and poetry of soul than, judging from other sources of information, she was generally supposed to possess. Faithfully and ardently attached to her husband, whose consolation and strength she had supplied during long years of trial, prosperity, and sorrow, and who repaid her with a fondness even more feminine than her own, she had yet much true, warm, and watchful affection to spare for her early and now famous friend.

How such a child as Mademoiselle Necker came to spring from two parents who resembled her so little, were a vain conjecture. She was from the first the very incarnation of genius and of impulse. Her precocity was extraordinary, and her vivacity and vehemence both of intellect and temperament baffled all her mother's efforts at regulation and control. Her power of acquisition and mental assimilation was immense. At twelve years of age she wrote a drama of social life, which was acted by herself and her young companions. Her remarkable talent for conversation, and for understanding the conversation of others, even at that early period, attracted the attention and excited the affectionate interest of many of the celebrated men who frequented her father's salon; and in

spite of Madame Necker's disapproving looks, they used to gather round her, listening to her sallies, and provoking her love of argument and repartee. Gibbon, the Abbé Raynal, Baron Grimm, and Marmontel, were among these *habitués* of Necker's society at that time, and we can well comprehend the stimulus which the intercourse of such minds must have given to the budding intellect of his daughter. The frivolity of French society was already wearing away under the influence of the great events which were throwing their shadows before them; and even if it had not been so, Necker's own taste would have secured a graver and more solid tone than prevailed in common circles. The deepest interests of life and of the world were constantly under discussion. The grace of the old era still lingered; the gravity of the new era was stealing over men's minds; and the vivacity and brilliancy which has never been wholly lost at Paris, bound the two elements together in a strangely fascinating union. It was a very hot-bed for the development of a vigorous young brain like that of Mademoiselle Necker. Her father, too, aided not a little to call forth her powers; he was proud of her talents, and loved to initiate her into his own philosophic notions, and to inoculate her with his generous and lofty purposes;—and from her almost constant intercourse with him, and his tenderness and indulgent sympathy—so different from her mother's uncaressing and somewhat oppressive formalism—sprung that vehement and earnest attachment with which she regarded him through life. This affection colored and modified her whole existence; it was in fact the strongest and most pertinacious feeling of her nature; and her delineation of it (in her *Vie privée de M. Necker*) is, in spite of its exaggeration, singularly beautiful and touching. It partook, perhaps, a little of the somewhat excessive vivacity which characterized all her sentiments: it seems in its impressive fervor to have resembled rather the devotion of a woman to a lover she adores, than the calm and tender love of a daughter to a cherished parent. Indeed she more than once, in her writings, regrets that they belong to different generations, and declares that Necker was the only man she had ever known to whom she could have consecrated her life.

At the age of twenty she had attained a dangerous reputation as a wit and a prodigy; she was passionately fond of the brilliant society in which she lived, but set at naught its restraints, and trampled on its conventionalities and *bienséances* in a style that was then rare, especially among young women, but which the men forgave in consideration of her genius, and the women in consideration of her ugliness. Her intellect was preternaturally developed, but her heart seems not to have been touched; she wrote and spoke of love with earnestness, with grace, even with insight—but as a subject of speculation and delineation only, not of deep and woeful experience. She made a *mariage de convenance* with as cool and business-like an indifference as if she had been the most cold and phlegmatic of women. She was a great heiress, and Eric, Baron de Staël, was a handsome man, of noble birth and good character. The consideration which appears to have chiefly decided the choice, both of herself and her parents, was that he was an *attaché* to the Swedish Embassy, was to become Embassador himself, and was expected *to reside permanently in Paris*. Parisian society had now become, what it always remained, an absolute necessity of existence to Mademoiselle Necker; and in the arrangement she now made, she married it rather than the Baron. She never seems to have dreamed of domestic happiness, or at least of any satisfaction of the heart, in this deliberate selection of a husband; nor, we are bound to say, does she ever complain of not having found what she did not seek. She probably solaced herself by the proverb—true enough, but we should have thought exquisitely sad to a young and ardent girl of twenty—"Paris est le lieu du monde où l'on se passe le mieux de bonheur." After the ceremony, we hear very little of M. de Staël, either from his wife or her friends. Sometimes circumstances separate them; sometimes reunite them; they seem to have lived harmoniously, but as comfortably when apart as when together. Her husband seems to have been tacitly ignored, except in as far as he made her "Madame l'Ambassadrice."

The three years that followed her marriage were probably the happiest of her life. She was in Paris, the centre of a varied and brilliant society, where she could not only enjoy intercourse with all the greatest and most celebrated men of that remarkable epoch, but could give free scope to those wonderful and somewhat redundant conversational powers which were at all times her greatest distinction. We can well imagine that her singular union of brilliant fancy, solid reflection, and French vivacity, must have made her, in spite of the entire absence of personal beauty, one of the most attractive and fascinating of women. The times too were beyond all others pregnant with that strange excitement which gives to social intercourse its most vivid charm. Every where the minds of men were stirred to their inmost depths; the deepest interests were daily under discussion; the grandest events were evidently struggling toward their birth; the greatest intellects were bracing up their energies for a struggle "such as had not been seen since the world was;" the wildest hopes, the maddest prospects, the most sombre terrors, were agitating society in turn; some dreamed of the regeneration of the world—days of halcyon bliss—a land flowing with milk and honey; some dreaded a convulsion, a chaos, a final and irrecoverable catastrophe; every thing was hurrying onward to the grand *dénouement;*—and of this

dénouement Paris was to be the theatre, and Necker, the father of our heroine, the guiding and presiding genius. All her powers were aroused, and all her feelings stimulated to the uttermost; she visited, she talked, she intrigued, she wrote;—her first literary performance, the *Lettres sur Rousseau*, belong to this date. They are brilliant and warm in style; but their tone is that of immaturity.

These days soon passed. Then followed the Reign of Terror. And now it was that all the sterling qualities of Madame de Staël's character came forth. Her feelings of disappointment and disgust must have been more vivid than those of most, for her hopes had been pre-eminently sanguine, and her confidence in her father's powers and destiny unbounded. Now all was lost: her father was discarded, her monarch slain, her society scattered and decimated, and Paris had lost all its charms. Still she remained; as Necker's daughter, she was still beloved by many among the people; as the wife of an Embassador, she was as inviolable as any one could be in those dreadful days. With indomitable courage, with the most daring and untiring zeal, and the most truly feminine devotion, she made use of both her titles and influence to aid the escape of her friends, and to save and succor the endangered. She succeeded in persuading to temporary mercy some of the most ferocious of the revolutionary chiefs; she concealed some of the menaced *emigrés* in her house; and it was not till she had exhausted all her resources, and incurred serious peril to herself and her children, that she followed her friends into exile. Her husband, whose diplomatic character was suspended for a while, remained in Holland, to be ready to resume his functions at the first favorable opening. Madame de Staël joined her friends in England, and established herself in a small house near Richmond, where an agreeable society soon gathered round her, consisting, besides a few English, of M. de Talleyrand, M. de Narbonne (whose life she had saved by concealing him in her house, and then dismissing him with a false passport), M. d'Arblay (who afterward married Miss Burney), and one or two female friends. Here, in spite of poverty, exile, and the mortification of failure, and the fearful tidings which reached them by nearly every post, they continued to lead a cheerful and not unprofitable life.

Their funds were not in the most flourishing condition, and the prospect of war did not favor the continuance of such remittances as they might otherwise hope to get; yet their national gayety seems to have borne them through their difficulties with considerable credit to themselves. We are told that this little party could afford to purchase only one small carriage, which took two persons, and that M. de Narbonne and Talleyrand alternately assumed the post of footman as they rode about to see the country, removing the glass from the back of the coach in order to join in the conversation of those within. The neighborhood they had chosen for their residence is one naturally beautiful, and so characteristically English as to seem racy and fresh to the eye of a foreigner; grateful to those storm-tossed spirits must have been the scenes of rural peace which there spread about them, and still more grateful the kindly English hospitality which awaited them. It was, indeed, a new element infused into the half city, half rural life, of the then courtly suburb; and almost every day some fresh-comer brought new tidings of trouble, and desolation, and narrow escapes.

The harmony of this little coterie continued without interruption—"the kindly hospitality" did not. The scandal-lovers of England began to think evil things, and to whisper evil thoughts respecting the tender friendship that subsisted between Madame de Staël and M. de Narbonne; they fancied it necessary to frown upon an affection which was alien to their national habits; and some of them, Miss Burney among the rest, began to look coldly upon the colony of foreigners, who ventured to live in England as naturally and simply as they could have done in France. There was no foundation whatever for the vulgar insinuations that were whispered about; but their existence can scarcely excite surprise. For in this country we do not understand that man and woman, unconnected by family ties, can be friends without being lovers; and what we do not understand it is our custom invariably to condemn. If we ever sanction such connections, it is on the tacit condition that the affection shall be limited in its scope, untender in its character, and reserved in its manifestations. Such devoted friendship as that which subsisted between Gibbon and Madame Necker, M. de Narbonne and Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand and Madame Recamier, are to us a mystery and offense. Yet it is impossible to read without the deepest sympathy the description of Chateaubriand, wheeled into the drawing-room of Madame Recamier, when no longer able to walk thither, but unable to forego the accustomed society where he had spent every evening for so many happy and eventful years; and of the touching attentions of his friend to cheer his sinking spirits, and sustain and stimulate his failing faculties. Madame de Staël herself has left us a picture of a somewhat similar friendship—that of the Prince Castel-forte for Corinne.

When the re-establishment of something like regular government in France, in 1795, permitted the Swedish Embassador to resume his functions, Madame de Staël returned to Paris, and passed her time very happily for the next four years, alternately there and with her father at Coppet. Then came the establishment of the Napoleonic rule, and with that ended Madame de Staël's peace and enjoyment for nearly fifteen years. Bonaparte disliked her, feared her, persecuted her, exiled her, and bul-

lied and banished every one who paid her any attentions, or showed her any kindness. He first prohibited her residence in Paris, then in France: and, exile from her native land and from the scene of her social pleasures and social triumphs, was to her almost as dreadful as a sentence of death. Of course she repaid her tyrannical persecutor in his own coin, and with liberal interest. We need not seek far for the explanation of their mutual animosity. They were antipathic in their views, in their position, in every feeling of their hearts, in every fibre of their character. Madame de Staël was a passionate lover of constitutional liberty: Bonaparte was bent upon its overthrow. The brilliancy and varied attractions of Madame de Staël's society made her an actual *puissance* in Paris; and Bonaparte hated rivalry, and could "bear no brother near the throne." He loved incense and homage; and, after the 18th Brumaire, she would render him neither. She would not flatter him, and he could not in his heart despise her as he desired to do, and as he wished it to be imagined that he did. Then, whenever they met in society she bored him dreadfully, and he snubbed her rudely. He was cold and reserved—she was vehement and impulsive. She stigmatized him as an enemy to rational freedom; and he pronounced her to be an intriguing and *exaltée* woman. They both loved influence dearly; and neither would succumb to the influence of the other. All the Emperor's power and prestige could not extort from the woman one instant of submission or applause—all the woman's weapons of fascination and persuasion were wasted and blunted on the impenetrable cuirass of the despot. Their hatred was something instinctive, and almost physical—as natural and incurable as that of cat and dog.

During her fourteen years of exile, Madame de Staël led a wandering life; sometimes residing at Coppet, ever and anon returning for a short time to France, in hopes of being allowed to remain there unmolested, but soon receiving a new order to quit. She visited Germany twice, Italy once, and at length reached England, by way of Russia, in 1812. It was at this period of her life that she produced the works which have immortalized her—De la Littérature, De l'Allemagne, and Corinne, and enjoyed intercourse with the most celebrated men of Europe. Nevertheless they were years of great wretchedness to her; the charms of Parisian society, in which she lived, and moved, and had her being, were forbidden to her; she was subjected to the most annoying and petty, as well as to the most bitter and cruel persecutions; one by one her friends were prevented from visiting her, or punished with exile and disgrace if they did visit her; she was reduced nearly to solitude—a state which she herself describes as, to a woman of her vivacious feelings and irrepressible *besoin d'épanchement*, almost worse than death. The description of her sufferings during this part of her life, which she gives in her *Dix Années d'Exil*, renders that book one of the most harassing and painful we ever read; and when we add to all that Bonaparte made her endure, the recollection of the incalculable amount of individual mischief and anguish which he inflicted on the two thousand peaceful English travelers, whom he seized in defiance of all law and justice, and detained for twelve of the best years of their life in French prisons, we are compelled to feel, that the irritating torments and privations which he was himself afterward to undergo at St. Helena —unworthy and oppressive as they were—were nothing but a well proportioned and richly merited retribution.

Several of the great men whose society she enjoyed during these memorable years of wandering, have left on record their impression of her genius and manners; and it is curious to observe how uniform and self-consistent this impression every where was. She seems to have excited precisely the same emotions in the minds both of German literati, and of English politicians—vast admiration and not a little fatigue. Her conversation was brilliant in the extreme, but apt to become monologue and declamation. She was too vivacious for any but Frenchmen: her intellect was always in a state of restless and vehement activity; she seemed to need no relaxation, and to permit no repose. In spite of her great knowledge, her profound and sagacious reflections, her sparkling wit, and her singular eloquence, she nearly always ended by wearying even her most admiring auditors: she left them no peace; she kept them on the stretch; she ran them out of breath. And there were few of them who were not in a condition to relish the piquant *mot* of Talleyrand, who—when some one hinted surprise, that he who had enjoyed the intimacy of such a genius as Madame de Staël, could find pleasure in the society of such a contrast to her as Madame Grant—answered, in that deliberate and gentle voice, which gave point to all his sharpest sayings, "Il faut avoir aimé Madame de Staël pour savourer le bonheur d'aimer une bête!"

In the more intimate relations of life, few persons were ever more seriously or steadfastly beloved. She was an excellent hostess, and one of the most warm, constant, and zealous of friends—on the whole, an admirable, lovable, but somewhat overpowering woman. On the abdication of Napoleon, she rushed back to Paris, and remained there with few intervals till her death, filling her drawing-rooms with the brilliant society which she enjoyed so passionately, and of which she was herself the brightest ornament. But she survived the restoration of the Bourbons only a short time; her constitution had been seriously undermined by the fatigues and irritations she had undergone, and she died in July 1817, on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile, at the age of fifty-one.

THE FAMILY OF MICHAEL AROUT.

BY AN ATTIC PHILOSOPHER IN PARIS.

THIS morning, while I was arranging my books, mother Genevieve came in, and brought me the basket of fruit I buy of her every Sunday. For nearly twenty years that I have lived in this quarter, I have dealt at her little fruit shop. Perhaps I should be better served elsewhere, but mother Genevieve has but little custom; and to leave her would do her harm, and cause her unnecessary pain. It seems to me that the length of our acquaintance has made me incur a sort of tacit obligation to her; my patronage has become her property.

She has put the basket upon my table, and as I wanted her husband, who is a joiner, to add some shelves to my bookcase, she has gone down stairs again immediately to send him to me.

At first I did not notice either her looks or the sound of her voice; but now, that I recall them, it seems to me that she was not as jovial as usual. Can mother Genevieve be in trouble about any thing?

Poor woman! All her best years were subject to such bitter trials, that she might think she had received her full share already. Were I to live a hundred years, I should never forget the circumstances which first made her known to me, and which obtained her my respect.

It was at the time of my first settling in the faubourg. I had noticed her empty fruit shop, which nobody came into; and, being attracted by its forsaken appearance, I made my little purchases in it. I have always instinctively preferred the poor shops; there is less choice in them, but it seems to me that my purchase is a sign of sympathy with a brother in poverty. These little dealings are almost always an anchor of hope to those whose very existence is in peril—the only means by which some orphan gains a livelihood. There, the aim of the tradesman is not to enrich himself, but to live? The purchase you make of him is more than an exchange—it is a good action.

Mother Genevieve at that time was still young, but had already lost that fresh bloom of youth, which suffering causes to wither so soon among the poor. Her husband, a clever joiner, gradually left off working to become, according to the picturesque expression of the workshops, *a worshiper of Saint Monday*. The wages of the week, which was always reduced to two or three working days, were completely dedicated by him to the worship of this god of the Barriers, and Genevieve was obliged herself to provide for all the wants of the household.

One evening, when I went to make some trifling purchases of her, I heard a sound of quarreling in the back shop. There were the voices of several women, among which I distinguished that of Genevieve, broken by sobs. On looking further in, I perceived the fruit-woman, holding a child in her arms and kissing it, while a country nurse seemed to be claiming her wages from her. The poor woman, who without doubt had exhausted every explanation and every excuse, was crying in silence, and one of her neighbors was trying in vain to appease the countrywoman. Excited by that love of money, which the evils of a hard peasant life but too well excuse, and disappointed by the refusal of her expected wages, the nurse was launching forth in recriminations, threats, and abuse. In spite of myself I listened to the quarrel, not daring to interfere, and not thinking of going away, when Michael Arout appeared at the shop door.

The joiner had just come from the Barrier, where he had passed part of the day at the public-house. His blouse, without a belt, and untied at the throat, showed none of the noble stains of work; in his hand he held his cap, which he had just picked up out of the mud; his hair was in disorder, his eye fixed, and the pallor of drunkenness in his face. He came reeling in, looking wildly round him, and called Genevieve.

She heard his voice, gave a start, and rushed into the shop; but at the sight of the miserable man, who was trying in vain to steady himself, she pressed the child in her arms, and bent over it with tears.

The countrywoman and the neighbor had followed her.

"Come! come! Do you intend to pay me after all?" cried the former in a rage.

"Ask the master for the money," ironically answered the woman from next door, pointing to the joiner, who had just fallen against the counter.

The countrywoman looked at him.

"Ah! he is the father!" resumed she; "well, what idle beggars! not to have a penny to pay honest people, and get tipsy with wine in that way."

The drunkard raised his head.

"What! what!" stammered he; "who is it that talks of wine? I've had nothing but brandy! But I am going back again to get some wine! Wife, give me your money; there are some friends waiting for me at the *Père la Tuille*."

Genevieve did not answer; he went round the counter, opened the till, and began to rummage in it.

"You see where the money of the house goes!" observed the neighbor to the countrywoman; "how can the poor unhappy woman pay you when he takes all?"

"Is that my fault then?" replied the nurse angrily; "they owe it me, and some how or other they must pay me!"

And letting loose her tongue, as those women out of the country do, she began relating at length all the care she had taken of the child, and all the expense it had been to her. In proportion as she recalled all she had done, her

words seemed to convince her more than ever of her rights, and to increase her anger. The poor mother, who no doubt feared that her violence would frighten the child, returned into the back shop, and put it into its cradle.

Whether it was that the countrywoman saw in this act a determination to escape her claims, or that she was blinded by passion, I can not say; but she rushed into the next room, where I heard the sound of quarreling, with which the cries of the child were soon mingled. The joiner, who was still rummaging in the till, was startled, and raised his head.

At the same moment Genevieve appeared at the door, holding in her arms the baby that the countrywoman was trying to tear from her. She ran toward the counter, and, throwing herself behind her husband, cried:

"Michael, defend your son!"

The drunken man quickly stood up erect, like one who awakes with a start.

"My son!" stammered he; "what son?"

His looks fell upon the child; a vague ray of intelligence passed over his features.

"Robert," resumed he; "it is Robert!"

He tried to steady himself on his feet, that he might take the baby, but he tottered. The nurse approached him in a rage.

"My money, or I shall take the child away!" cried she. "It is I who have fed and brought it up: if you don't pay for what has made it live, it ought to be the same to you as if it were dead. I shall not go till I have my due or the baby."

"And what would you do with him?" murmured Genevieve, pressing Robert against her bosom.

"Take it to the Foundling!" replied the countrywoman harshly; "the hospital is a better mother than you are, for it pays for the food of its little ones."

At the word "Foundling," Genevieve had exclaimed aloud in horror. With her arms wound round her son, whose head she hid in her bosom, and her two hands spread over him, she had retreated to the wall, and remained with her back against it, like a lioness defending her young ones. The neighbor and I contemplated this scene, without knowing how we could interfere. As for Michael, he looked at us by turns, making a visible effort to comprehend it all. When his eye rested upon Genevieve and the child, it lit up with a gleam of pleasure; but when he turned toward us, he again became stupid and hesitating.

At last, apparently making a prodigious effort, he cried out—"Wait!"

And, going to a tub full of water, he plunged his face into it several times.

Every eye was turned upon him; the countrywoman herself seemed astonished. At length he raised his dripping head. This ablution had partly dispelled his drunkenness; he looked at us for a moment, then he turned to Genevieve, and his face brightened up.

"Robert!" cried he, going up to the child, and taking him in his arms. "Ah! give him me, wife; I must look at him."

The mother seemed to give up his son to him with reluctance, and staid before him with her arms extended, as if she feared the child would have a fall. The nurse began again in her turn to speak, and renewed her claim, this time threatening to appeal to law. At first Michael listened attentively, and when he comprehended her meaning, he gave the child back to its mother.

"How much do we owe you?" asked he.

The countrywoman began to reckon up the different expenses, which mounted to nearly thirty francs. The joiner felt to the bottom of his pockets, but could find nothing. His forehead became contracted by frowns; low curses began to escape him; all of a sudden he rummaged in his breast, drew forth a large watch, and holding it up above his head—

"Here it is—here's your money!" cried he with a joyful laugh; "a watch, number one! I always said it would keep for a drink on a dry day; but it is not I who will drink it, but the young one—Ah! ah! ah! go and sell it for me, neighbor, and if that is not enough, I have my ear-rings. Eh! Genevieve, take them off for me; the ear-rings will square all! They shall not say you have been disgraced on account of the child. No—not even if I must pledge a bit of my flesh! My watch, my ear-rings, and my ring, get rid of all of them for me at the goldsmith's; pay the woman, and let the little fool go to sleep. Give him me, Genevieve, I will put him to bed."

And, taking the baby from the arms of his mother, he carried him with a firm step to his cradle.

It was easy to perceive the change which took place in Michael from this day. He cut all his old drinking acquaintances. He went early every morning to his work, and returned regularly in the evening to finish the day with Genevieve and Robert. Very soon he would not leave them at all, and he hired a place near the fruit shop, and worked in it on his own account.

They would soon have been able to live in comfort, had it not been for the expenses which the child required. Every thing was given up to his education. He had gone through the regular school training, had studied mathematics, drawing and the carpenter's trade, and had only began to work a few months ago. Till now, they had been exhausting every resource which their laborious industry could provide to push him forward in his business; but, happily, all these exertions had not proved useless; the seed had brought forth its fruits, and the days of harvest were close by.

While I was thus recalling these remembrances to my mind, Michael had come in, and was occupied in fixing shelves where they were wanted.

During the time I was writing the notes of my journal, I was also scrutinizing the joiner.

The excesses of his youth and the labor of his manhood have deeply marked his face, his hair is thin and gray, his shoulders stooping, his legs shrunken and slightly bent. There seems a sort of weight in his whole being. His very features have an expression of sorrow and despondency. He answered my questions by monosyllables, and like a man who wishes to avoid conversation. From whence is this dejection, when one would think he had all he could wish for? I should like to know!

Michael is just gone down stairs to look for a tool he has forgotten. I have at last succeeded in drawing from him the secret of his and Genevieve's sorrow. Their son Robert is the cause of it!

Not that he has turned out ill after all their care—not that he is idle or dissipated; but both were in hopes he would never leave them any more. The presence of the young man was to have renewed and made glad their lives once more; his mother counted the days, his father prepared every thing to receive their dear associate in their toils, and at the moment when they were thus about to be repaid for all their sacrifices, Robert had suddenly informed them that he had just engaged himself to a contractor at Versailles.

Every remonstrance and every prayer were useless; he brought forward the necessity of initiating himself into all the details of an important contract, the facilities he should have, in his new position, of improving himself in his trade, and the hopes he had of turning his knowledge to advantage. At last when his mother, having come to the end of her arguments, began to cry, he hastily kissed her, and went away, that he might avoid any further remonstrances.

He had been absent a year, and there was nothing to give them hopes of his return. His parents hardly saw him once a month, and then he only staid a few moments with them.

"I have been punished where I had hoped to be rewarded," Michael said to me just now; "I had wished for a saving and industrious son, and God has given me an ambitious and avaricious one! I had always said to myself that, when once he was grown up, we should have him always with us, to recall our youth and to enliven our hearts. His mother was always thinking of getting him married, and having children again to care for. You know women always will busy themselves about others. As for me, I thought of him working near my bench, and singing his new songs—for he has learned music, and is one of the best singers at the Orphéon. A dream, sir, truly! Directly the bird was fledged, he took to flight, and remembers neither father nor mother. Yesterday, for instance, was the day we expected him; he should have come to supper with us. No Robert to-day either! He has had some plan to finish, or some bargain to arrange, and his old parents are put down last in the accounts, after the customers and the joiner's work. Ah! if I could have guessed how it would have turned out! Fool! to have sacrificed my likings and my money, for nearly twenty years, to the education of a thankless son! Was it for this I took the trouble to cure myself of drinking, to break with my friends, to become an example to the neighborhood? The jovial good fellow has made a goose of himself! Oh! if I had to begin again! No, no! you see women and children are our bane. They soften our hearts; they lead us a life of hope and affection; we pass a quarter of our lives in fostering the growth of a grain of corn which is to be every thing to us in our old age, and when the harvest time comes—good-night, the ear is empty!"

While he was speaking, Michael's voice became hoarse, his eye fierce, and his lips quivered. I wished to answer him, but I could only think of commonplace consolations, and I remained silent. The joiner pretended he wanted a tool, and left me.

Poor father! Ah! I know those moments of temptation when virtue has failed to reward us, and we regret having obeyed her? Who has not felt this weakness in hours of trial, and who has not uttered, at least once, the mournful exclamation of "Brutus?"

But if *virtue is only a word*, what is there then in life which is true and real? No, I will not believe that goodness is in vain! It does not always give the happiness we had hoped for, but it brings some other. In the world every thing is ruled by order, and has its proper and necessary consequences, and virtue can not be the sole exception to the general law. If it had been prejudicial to those who practice it, experience would have avenged them; but experience has, on the contrary, made it more universal and more holy. We only accuse it of being a faithless debtor because we demand an immediate payment, and one apparent to our senses. We always consider life as a fairy tale, in which every good action must be rewarded by a visible wonder. We do not accept as payment a peaceful conscience, self-content, or a good name among men—treasures that are more precious than any other, but the value of which we do not feel till after we have lost them!

Michael is come back, and returned to his work. His son had not yet arrived.

By telling me of his hopes and his grievous disappointments, he became excited; he unceasingly went over again the same subject, always adding something to his griefs. He has just wound up his confidential discourse by speaking to me of a joiner's business which he had hoped to buy, and work to good account with Robert's help. The present owner had made a fortune by it, and, after thirty years of business, he was thinking of retiring to one of the orna-

mental cottages in the outskirts of the city—a usual retreat for the frugal and successful working man. Michael had not indeed the two thousand francs which must be paid down; but perhaps he could have persuaded Master Benoit to wait. Robert's presence would have been a security for him; for the young man could not fail to insure the prosperity of a work-shop. Besides science and skill, he had the power of invention and bringing to perfection. His father had discovered among his drawings a new plan for a staircase, which had occupied his thoughts for a long time; and he even suspected him of having engaged himself to the Versailles contractor for the very purpose of executing it. The youth was tormented by this spirit of invention, which took possession of all his thoughts, and, while devoting his mind to study, he had no time to listen to his feelings.

Michael told me all this with a mixed feeling of pride and vexation. I saw he was proud of the son he was abusing, and that his very pride made him more sensible of that son's neglect.

I have just finished a happy day. How many events have happened within a few hours, and what a change for Genevieve and Michael!

He had just finished fixing the shelves, and telling me of his son, while I laid the cloth for my breakfast.

Suddenly we heard hurried steps in the passage, the door opened, and Genevieve entered with Robert.

The joiner gave a start of joyful surprise, but he repressed it immediately, as if he wished to keep up the appearance of displeasure.

The young man did not appear to notice it, but threw himself into his arms in an open-hearted manner, which surprised me. Genevieve, whose face shone with happiness, seemed to wish to speak, and to restrain herself with difficulty.

I told Robert I was glad to see him, and he answered me with ease and civility.

"I expected you yesterday," said Michael Arout, rather drily.

"Forgive me, father," replied the young workman, "but I had business at St. Germains. I was not able to come back till it was very late, and then the master kept me."

The joiner looked at his son sideways, and then took up his hammer again.

"It is right," muttered he, in a grumbling tone; "when we are with other people we must do as they wish; but there are some who would like better to eat brown bread with their own knife, than partridges with the silver fork of a master."

"And I am one of those, father," replied Robert, merrily; "but, as the proverb says, *you must shell the peas before you can eat them.* It was necessary that I should first work in a great workshop—"

"To go on with your plan of the staircase," interrupted Michael, ironically.

"You must now say M. Raymond's plan, father," replied Robert, smiling.

"Why?"

"Because I have sold it to him."

The joiner, who was planing a board, turned round quickly.

"Sold it!" cried he, with sparkling eyes.

"For the reason that I was not rich enough to give it him."

Michael threw down the board and tool.

"There he is again!" resumed he, angrily; "his good genius puts an idea into his head which would have made him known, and he goes and sells it to a rich man, who will take the honor of it himself."

"Well, what harm is there done?" asked Genevieve.

"What harm!" cried the joiner, in a passion; "you understand nothing about it—you are a woman; but he—he knows well that a true workman never gives up his own inventions for money, no more than a soldier would give up his cross. That is his glory; he is bound to keep it for the honor it does him! Ah, thunder! if I had ever made a discovery, rather than put it up to auction I would have sold one of my eyes! Don't you see that a new invention is like a child to a workman! He takes care of it, he brings it up, he makes a way for it in the world, and it is only poor creatures who sell it."

Robert colored a little.

"You will think differently, father," said he, "when you know why I sold my plan."

"Yes, and you will thank him for it," added Genevieve, who could no longer keep silence.

"Never!" replied Michael.

"But, wretched man!" cried she, "he only sold it for our sakes!"

The joiner looked at his wife and son with astonishment. It was necessary to come to an explanation. The latter related how he had entered into a negotiation with Master Benoit, who had positively refused to sell his business unless one-half of the two thousand francs was first paid down. It was in the hopes of obtaining this sum that he had gone to work with the contractor at Versailles; he had had an opportunity of trying his invention, and of finding a purchaser. Thanks to the money he received for it, he had just concluded the bargain with Benoit, and had brought his father the key of the new work-yard.

This explanation was given by the young workman with so much modesty and simplicity, that I was quite affected by it. Genevieve cried; Michael pressed his son to his heart, and in a long embrace he seemed to ask his pardon for having unjustly accused him.

All was now explained with honor to Robert. The conduct which his parents had ascribed to indifference, really sprang from affection; he had neither obeyed the voice of ambition nor of avarice, nor even the nobler inspiration of inventive genius; his whole motive and single aim had been the happiness of Genevieve and

Michael. The day for proving his gratitude had come, and he had returned them sacrifice for sacrifice!

After the explanations and exclamations of joy were over, all three were about to leave me; but the cloth being laid, I added three more places, and kept them to breakfast.

The meal was prolonged: the fare was only tolerable; but the overflowings of affection made it delicious. Never had I better understood the unspeakable charm of family love. What calm enjoyment in that happiness which is always shared with others; in that community of interests which unites such various feelings; in that association of existences which forms one single being of so many! What is man without those home affections, which, like so many roots, fix him firmly in the earth, and permit him to imbibe all the juices of life? Energy, happiness, does it not all come from them? Without family life where would man learn to love, to associate, to deny himself? A community in little, is it not it which teaches us how to live in the great one? Such is the holiness of home, that to express our relation with God, we have been obliged to borrow the words invented for our family life. Men have named themselves the *sons* of a heavenly *Father*.

Ah! let us carefully preserve these chains of domestic union; do not let us unbind the human sheaf, and scatter its ears to all the caprices of chance, and of the winds; but let us rather enlarge this holy law; let us carry the principles and the habits of home beyond its bounds; and, if it may be, let us realize the prayer of the Apostle of the Gentiles when he exclaimed to the new-born children of Christ: "Be ye like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind."

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY

CHAPTER X.

ETHEL AND HER RELATIONS.

FOR four-and-twenty successive hours Lady Ann Newcome was perfectly in raptures with her new lodgings, and every person and thing which they contained. The drawing-rooms were fitted with the greatest taste: the dinner was exquisite. Were there ever such delicious veal cutlets, such verdant French beans? "Why do we have those odious French cooks, my dear, with their shocking principles—the principles of all Frenchmen are shocking—and the dreadful bills they bring us in; and their consequential airs and graces? I am determined to part with Brignol. I have written to your father this evening to give Brignol warning. When did he ever give us veal cutlets? What can be nicer?"

"Indeed they were very good," said Miss Ethel, who had mutton five times a week at one o'clock. "I am so glad you like the house, and Clive, and Mrs. Honeyman."

"Like her! the dear little old woman. I feel as if she had been my friend all my life! I feel quite drawn toward her. What a wonderful coincidence that Dr. Goodenough should direct us to this very house! I have written to your father about it. And to think that I should have written to Clive at this very house, and quite forgotten Mrs. Honeyman's name—and such an odd name too. I forget every thing—every thing! You know I forgot your Aunt Louisa's husband's name; and when I was godmother to her baby, and the clergyman said, 'What is the infant's name?' I said, 'Really I forget.' And so I did. He was a London clergyman, but I forget at what church. Suppose it should be this very Mr. Honeyman! It may have been, you know; and then the coincidence would be still more droll. That tall, old, nice-looking respectable person with a mark on her nose, the housekeeper—what is her name?—seems a most invaluable person. I think I shall ask her to come to us. I am sure she would save me I don't know how much money every week; and I am certain Mrs. Trotter is making a fortune by us. I shall write to your papa, and ask him permission to ask this person." Ethel's mother was constantly falling in love with her new acquaintances: their man-servants and their maid-servants, their horses and ponies, and the visitor within their gates. She would ask strangers to Newcome, hug and embrace them on Sunday; not speak to them on Monday; and on Tuesday behave so rudely to them that they were gone before Wednesday. Her daughter had had so many governesses—all darlings during the first week, and monsters afterward—that the poor child possessed none of the accomplishments of her age. She could not play on the piano; she could not speak French well; she could not tell you when gunpowder was invented; she had not the faintest idea of the date of the Norman Conquest, or whether the Earth went round the sun, or *vice versâ*. She did not know the number of counties in England, Scotland, and Wales, let alone Ireland; she did not know the difference between latitude and longitude. She had had so many governesses—their accounts differed: poor Ethel was bewildered by a multiplicity of teachers, and thought herself a monster of ignorance. They gave her a book at a Sunday-school, and little girls of eight years old answered questions of which she knew nothing. The place swam before her. She could not see the sun shining on their fair flaxen heads and pretty faces. The rosy little children holding up their eager hands, and crying the answer to this question and that, seemed mocking her. She seemed to read in the book, "O Ethel, you dunce, dunce, dunce!" She went home silent in the carriage, and burst into bitter tears on her bed. Naturally a haughty girl of the highest spirit, resolute and imperious, this little visit

* Continued from the January Number.

to the parish school taught Ethel lessons more valuable than ever so much arithmetic and geography. Clive has told me a story of her in her youth, which, perhaps, may apply to some others of the youthful female aristocracy. She used to walk, with other select young ladies and gentlemen, their nurses and governesses, in a certain reserved plot of ground railed off from Hyde Park, whereof some of the lucky dwellers in the neighborhood of Apsley House have a key. In this garden, at the age of nine or thereabout, she had contracted an intimate friendship with the Lord Hercules O'Ryan—as every one of my gentle readers knows, one of the sons of the Marquis of Ballyshannon. The Lord Hercules was a year younger than Miss Ethel Newcome, which may account for the passion which grew up between these young persons; it being a provision in nature that a boy always falls in love with a girl older than himself, or rather, perhaps, that a girl bestows her affections on a little boy, who submits to receive them.

One day Sir Brian Newcome announced his intention to go to Newcome that very morning, taking his family, and of course Ethel, with him. She was inconsolable. "What will Lord Hercules do when he finds I am gone?" she asked of her nurse. The nurse, endeavoring to sooth her, said, "Perhaps his Lordship would know nothing about the circumstance." "He will," said Miss Ethel—"*he'll read it in the newspaper.*" My Lord Hercules, it is to be hoped, strangled this infant passion in the cradle; having long since married Isabella, only daughter of —— Grains, Esq., of Drayton Windsor, a partner in the great brewery of Foker and Co.

When Ethel was thirteen years old, she had grown to be such a tall girl, that she overtopped her companions by a head or more, and morally perhaps, also, felt herself too tall for their society. "Fancy myself," she thought, "dressing a doll like Lily Putland, or wearing a pinafore like Lucy Tucker!" She did not care for their sports. She could not walk with them: it seemed as if every one stared; nor dance with them at the academy, nor attend the Cours de Littérature Universelle et de Science Comprehensive of the professor then the mode—the smallest girls took her up in the class. She was bewildered by the multitude of things they bade her learn. At the youthful little assemblies of her sex, when, under the guide of their respected governess, the girls came to tea at six o'clock, dancing, charades, and so forth, Ethel herded not with the children of her own age, nor yet with the teachers who sit apart at these assemblies, imparting to each other their little wrongs; but Ethel romped with the little children—the rosy little trots—and took them on her knees, and told them a thousand stories. By these she was adored, and loved like a mother almost, for as such the hearty kindly girl showed herself to them; but at home she was alone *farouche* and intractable, and did battle with the governesses, and overcame them one after another. I break the promise of a former page, and am obliged to describe the youthful days of more than one person who is to take a share in this story. Not always doth the writer know whither the divine Muse leadeth him. But of this be sure; she is as inexorable as Truth. We must tell our tale as she imparts it to us, and go on or turn aside at her bidding.

Here she ordains that we should speak of other members of this family, whose history we chronicle, and it behooves us to say a word regarding the Earl of Kew, the head of the noble house into which Sir Brian Newcome had married.

When we read in the fairy stories that the King and Queen, who lived once upon a time, built a castle of steel, defended by moats and sentinels innumerable, in which they place their darling only child, the Prince or Princess, whose birth has blest them after so many years of marriage, and whose christening feast has been interrupted by the cantankerous humor of that notorious old fairy who always persists in coming, although she had not received any invitation to the baptismal ceremony: when Prince Prettyman is locked up in the steel tower, provided only with the most wholesome food, the most edifying educational works, and the most venerable old tutor to instruct and to bore him, we know, as a matter of course, that the steel bolts and brazen bars will one day be of no avail, the old tutor will go off in a doze, and the moats and draw-bridges will either be passed by his Royal Highness's implacable enemies, or crossed by the young scapegrace himself, who is determined to outwit his guardians, and see the wicked world. The old King and Queen always come in and find the chambers empty, the saucy heir-apparent flown, the porters and sentinels drunk, the ancient tutor asleep; they tear their venerable wigs in anguish, they kick the major-domo down stairs, they turn the duenna out of doors, the toothless old dragon. There is no resisting fate. The Princess will slip out of window by the rope-ladder; the Prince will be off to pursue his pleasures, and sow his wild oats at the appointed season. How many of our English princes have been coddled at home by their fond papas and mammas, walled up in inaccessible castles, with a tutor and a library, guarded by cordons of sentinels, sermoners, old aunts, old women from the world without, and have nevertheless escaped from all these guardians, and astonished the world by their extravagance and their frolics. What a wild rogue was that Prince Harry, son of the austere sovereign who robbed Richard the Second of his crown—the youth who took purses on Gadshill, frequented Eastcheap taverns with Colonel Falstaff and worse company, and boxed Chief Justice Gascoigne's ears. What must have been the venerable Queen Charlotte's state of mind when she heard of the courses of *her* beautiful young Prince; of his punting at gambling-tables

of his dealings with horse-jockeys; of his awful doings with Perdita? Besides instances taken from our Royal Family, could we not draw examples from our respected nobility? There was that young Lord Warwick, Mr. Addison's step-son. We know that his mother was severe, and his step-father a most eloquent moralist, yet the young gentleman's career was shocking, positively shocking. He boxed the watch; he fuddled himself at taverns; he was no better than a Mohock. The chronicles of that day contain accounts of many a mad prank which he played, as we have legends of a still earlier date of the lawless freaks of the wild Prince and Poyns. Our people has never looked very unkindly on these frolics. A young nobleman, full of life and spirits, generous of his money, jovial in his humor, ready with his sword, frank, handsome, prodigal, courageous, always finds favor. Young Scapegrace rides a steeple-chase or beats a bargeman, and the crowd applauds him. Sages and seniors shake their heads, and look at him not unkindly; even stern old female moralists are disarmed at the sight of youth, and gallantry, and beauty. I know very well that Charles Surface is a sad dog, and Tom Jones no better than he should be; but, in spite of such critics as Dr. Johnson and Colonel Newcome, most of us have a sneaking regard for honest Tom, and hope Sophia will be happy, and Tom will end well at last.

Five-and-twenty years ago the young Earl of Kew came upon the town, which speedily rang with the feats of his Lordship. He began life time enough to enjoy certain pleasures from which our young aristocracy of the present day seem, alas! to be cut off. So much more peaceable and polished do we grow, so much does the spirit of the age appear to equalize all ranks; so strongly has the good sense of society, to which in the end gentlemen of the highest fashion must bow, put its veto upon practices and amusements with which our fathers were familiar. At that time the Sunday newspapers contained many and many exciting reports of boxing matches. Bruising was considered a fine manly old English custom. Boys at public schools fondly perused histories of the noble science, from the redoubtable days of Broughton and Slack, to the heroic times of Dutch Sam and the Game Chicken. Young gentlemen went eagerly to Moulsey to see the Slasher punch the Pet's head, or the Negro beat the Jew's nose into a jelly. The island rang as yet with the tooting horns and rattling teams of mail coaches; a gay sight was the road in merry England in those days, before steam-engines arose and flung its hostelry and chivalry over. To travel in coaches, to drive coaches, to know coachmen and guards, to be familiar with inns along the road, to laugh with the jolly hostess in the bar, to chuck the pretty chambermaid under the chin, were the delight of men who were young not very long ago. Who ever thought of writing to the *Times* then? "Bilfil," I warrant, did not grudge his money, and "A Thirsty Soul" paid cheerfully for his drink. The road was an institution, the ring was an institution. Men rallied round them; and, not without a kind conservatism, expatiated upon the benefits with which they endowed the country, and the evils which would occur when they should be no more—decay of English spirit, decay of manly pluck, ruin of the breed of horses, and so forth, and so forth. To give and take a black eye was not unusual nor derogatory in a gentleman; to drive a stage-coach the enjoyment, the emulation of generous youth. Is there any young fellow of the present time who aspires to take the place of a stoker? You see occasionally in Hyde Park one dismal old drag with a lonely driver. Where are you, charioteers? Where are you, O rattling Quicksilver, O swift Defiance? You are passed by racers stronger and swifter than you. Your lamps are out, and the music of your horns has died away.

Just at the ending of that old time, Lord Kew's life began. That kindly middle-aged gentleman whom his county knows; that good landlord, and friend of all his tenantry round about; that builder of churches, and indefatigable visitor of schools; that writer of letters to the farmers of his shire, so full of sense and benevolence; who wins prizes at agricultural shows, and even lectures at county-town institutes in his modest, pleasant way, was the wild young Lord Kew of a quarter of a century back; who kept race-horses, patronized boxers, fought a duel, thrashed a Life Guardsman, gambled furiously at Crockford's, and did who knows what besides?

His mother, a devout lady, nursed her son and his property carefully during the young gentleman's minority: keeping him and his younger brother away from all mischief, under the eyes of the most careful pastors and masters. She learnt Latin with the boys, she taught them to play on the piano; she enraged old Lady Kew, the children's grandmother, who prophesied that her daughter-in-law would make milksops of her sons, to whom the old lady was never reconciled until after my Lord's entry at Christchurch, where he began to distinguish himself very soon after his first term. He drove tandems, kept hunters, gave dinners, scandalized the Dean, screwed up the tutor's door, and agonized his mother at home by his lawless proceedings. He quitted the University after a very brief sojourn at that seat of learning. It may be the Oxford authorities requested his Lordship to retire; let by-gones be by-gones. His youthful son, the present Lord Walham, is now at Christchurch, reading with the greatest assiduity. Let us not be too particular in narrating his father's unedifying frolics of a quarter of a century ago.

Old Lady Kew, who, in conjunction with Mrs. Newcome, had made the marriage between Mr. Brian Newcome and her daughter, always despised her son-in-law; and being a frank, open

person, uttering her mind always, took little pains to conceal her opinion regarding him or any other individual. "Sir Brian Newcome," she would say, "is one of the most stupid and respectable of men; Anne is clever, but has not a grain of common sense. They make a very well-assorted couple. Her flightiness would have driven any man crazy who had an opinion of his own. She would have ruined any poor man of her own rank; as it is, I have given her a husband exactly suited for her. He pays the bills, does not see how absurd she is, keeps order in the establishment, and checks her follies. She wanted to marry her cousin, Tom Poyntz, when they were both very young, and proposed to die of a broken heart when I arranged her match with Mr. Newcome. A broken fiddlestick! she would have ruined Tom Poyntz in a year; and has no more idea of the cost of a leg of mutton, than I have of algebra."

The Countess of Kew loved Brighton, and preferred living there even at the season when Londoners find such especial charms in their own city. "London after Easter," the old lady said, "was intolerable. Pleasure becomes a business, then so oppressive, that all good company is destroyed by it. Half the men are sick with the feasts which they eat day after day. The women are thinking of the half dozen parties they have to go to in the course of the night. The young girls are thinking of their partners and their toilets. Intimacy becomes impossible, and quiet enjoyment of life. On the other hand, the crowd of *bourgeois* has not invaded Brighton. The drive is not blocked up by flies full of stock-brokers' wives and children; and you can take the air in your chair upon the chain pier, without being stifled by the cigars of the odious shop-boys from London." So Lady Kew's name was usually among the earliest, which the Brighton newspapers recorded among the arrivals.

Her only unmarried daughter, Lady Julia, lived with her Ladyship. Poor Lady Julia had suffered early from a spine disease, which had kept her for many years to her couch. Being always at home, and under her mother's eyes, she was the old lady's victim, her pincushion, into which Lady Kew plunged a hundred little points of sarcasm daily. As children are sometimes brought before magistrates, and their poor little backs and shoulders laid bare, covered with bruises and lashes which brutal parents have inflicted, so I dare say, if there had been any tribunal or judge, before whom this poor patient lady's heart could have been exposed, it would have been found scarred all over with numberless ancient wounds, and bleeding from yesterday's castigation. Old Lady Kew's tongue was a dreadful thong which made numbers of people wince. She was not altogether cruel, but she knew the dexterity with which she wielded her lash, and liked to exercise it. Poor Lady Julia was always at hand, when her mother was minded to try her powers.

Lady Kew had just made herself comfortable at Brighton, when her little grandson's illness brought Lady Anne Newcome and her family down to the sea. Lady Kew was almost scared back to London again, or blown over the water to Dieppe. She had never had the measles. "Why did not Anne carry the child to some other place? Julia, you will on no account go and see that little pestiferous swarm of Newcomes, unless you want to send me out of the world — which I dare say you do, for I am a dreadful plague to you, I know, and my death would be a release to you."

"You see Doctor H., who visits the child every day," cries poor Pincushion; "you are not afraid when he comes."

"Doctor H.? Doctor H. comes to cure me, or to tell me the news, or to flatter me, or to feel my pulse and to pretend to prescribe, or to take his guinea; of course Doctor H. must go to see all sorts of people in all sorts of diseases. You would not have me be such a brute as to order him not to attend my own grandson. I forbid you to go to Anne's house. You will send one of the men every day to inquire. Let the groom go—yes, Charles—he will not go into the house. He will ring the bell and wait outside. He had better ring the bell at the area—I suppose there is an area — and speak to the servants through the bars, and bring us word how Alfred is." Poor Pincushion felt fresh compunctions; she had met the children, and kissed the baby, and held kind Ethel's hand in her's that day, as she was out in her chair. There was no use, however, to make this confession. Is she the only good woman or man of whom domestic tyranny has made a hypocrite?

Charles, the groom, brings back perfectly favorable reports of Master Alfred's health that day, which Doctor H., in the course of his visit, confirms. The child is getting well rapidly; eating like a little ogre. His cousin Lord Kew has been to see him. He is the kindest of men, Lord Kew; he brought the little man Tom and Jerry with the pictures. The boy is delighted with the pictures.

"Why has not Kew come to see me? When did he come? Write him a note, and send for him instantly, Julia. Did you know he was here?"

Julia says that she had but that moment read in the Brighton papers the arrival of the Earl of Kew, and the Honorable J. Belsize at the Albion.

"I am sure they are here for some mischief," cries the old lady, delighted. "Whenever George and John Belsize are together, I know there is some wickedness planning. What do you know, Doctor? I see by your face you know something. Do tell it me, that I may write it to his odious psalm singing mother."

Doctor H.'s face does indeed wear a knowing look. He simpers and says, "I did see Lord Kew driving this morning, first with the Hon-

orable Mr. Belsize, and afterward"—here he glances toward Lady Julia, as if to say "Before an unmarried lady, I do not like to tell your Ladyship with whom I saw Lord Kew driving, after he had left the Honorable Mr. Belsize, who went to play a match with Captain Huxtable at tennis."

"Are you afraid to speak before Julia?" cries the elder lady. "Why, bless my soul, she is forty years old, and has heard every thing that can be heard. Tell me about Kew this instant, Doctor H."

The Doctor blandly acknowledges that Lord Kew had been driving Madame Pozzoprofondo, the famous contralto of the Italian Opera, in his phaeton, for two hours, in the face of all Brighton.

"Yes, Doctor," interposes Lady Julia, blushing; "but Signor Pozzoprofondo was in the carriage too—a—a—sitting behind with the groom. He was indeed, mamma."

"Julia, *vous n'êtes qu'une ganache*," says Lady Kew, shrugging her shoulders, and looking at her daughter from under her bushy black eyebrows. Her ladyship, a sister of the late lamented Marquis of Steyne, possessed no small share of the wit and intelligence, and a considerable resemblance to the features of that distinguished nobleman.

Lady Kew bids her daughter take a pen and write. "*Monsieur le mauvais sujet.* Gentlemen who wish to take the sea air in private, or to avoid their relations, had best go to other places than Brighton, where their names are printed in the newspapers. If you are not drowned in a pozzo—"

"Mamma," interposes the secretary.

"—in a pozzo-profondo, you will please come to dine with two old women, at half past seven. You may bring Mr. Belsize, and must tell us a hundred stories. Yours, &c. L. Kew."

Julia wrote all the letter as her mother dictated it, save only one sentence, and the note was sealed and dispatched to my Lord Kew, who came to dinner with Jack Belsize. Jack Belsize liked to dine with Lady Kew. He said, "she was an old dear, and the wickedest old woman in all England;" and he liked to dine with Lady Julia, who was "a poor suffering dear, and the best woman in all England." Jack Belsize liked every one, and every one liked him.

Two evenings afterward the young men repeated their visit to Lady Kew, and this time Lord Kew was loud in praises of his cousins of the house of Newcome.

"Not of the eldest, Barnes, surely, my dear?" cries Lady Kew.

"No, confound him! not Barnes."

"No, d—— it, not Barnes. I beg your pardon, Lady Julia," broke in Jack Belsize. "I can get on with most men; but that little Barney is too odious a little snob."

"A little what—Mr. Belsize?"

"A little snob, Ma'am. I have no other word, though he is your grandson. I never heard him say a good word of any mortal soul, or do a kind action."

"Thank you, Mr. Belsize," says the lady.

"But the others are capital. There is that little chap who has just had the measles—he's a dear little brick. And as for Miss Ethel—"

"Ethel is a trump, Ma'am," says Lord Kew, slapping his hand on his knee.

"Ethel is a brick, and Alfred is a trump, I think you say," remarks Lady Kew, nodding approval; "and Barnes is a snob. This is very satisfactory to know."

"We met the children out to-day," cries the enthusiastic Kew, "as I was driving Jack in the drag, and I got out and talked to 'em."

"Governess an uncommonly nice woman—oldish, but—I beg your pardon, Lady Julia," cries the inopportune Jack Belsize—"I'm always putting my foot in it."

"Putting your foot into what? Go on, Kew."

"Well, we met the whole posse of children; and the little fellow wanted a drive, and I said I would drive him and Ethel too, if she would come. Upon my word she is as pretty a girl as you can see on a summer's day. And the governess said 'No,' of course. Governesses always do. But I said I was her uncle, and Jack paid her such a fine compliment, that the young woman was mollified, and the children took their seats beside me, and Jack went behind."

"Where Monsieur Pozzoprofondo sits, *bon*."

"We drove on to the Downs, and we were nearly coming to grief. My horses are young, and when they get on the grass they are as if they were mad. It was very wrong; I know it was."

"D——d rash," interposes Jack. "He had nearly broken all our necks."

"And my brother Frank would have been Lord Kew," continued the young Earl, with a quiet smile. "What an escape for him! The horses ran away—ever so far—and I thought the carriage must upset. The poor little boy, who has lost his pluck in the fever, began to cry; but that young girl, though she was as white as a sheet, never gave up for a moment, and sat in her place like a man. We met nothing, luckily; and I pulled the horses in after a mile or two, and I drove 'em into Brighton as quiet as if I had been driving a hearse. And that little trump of an Ethel, what do you think she said? She said, 'I was not frightened, but you must not tell mamma.' My aunt, it appears, was in a dreadful commotion—I ought to have thought of that."

"Lady Anne is a ridiculous old dear. I beg your pardon, Lady Kew," here breaks in Jack, the apologizer.

"There is a brother of Sir Brian Newcome's staying with them," Lord Kew proceeds, "an East India Colonel—a very fine looking old boy."

"Smokes awfully, row about it in the hotel. Go on, Kew, beg your—"

"This gentleman was on the look-out for us, it appears, for when we came in sight, he dispatched a boy who was with him, running like a lamp-lighter back to my aunt, to say all was well. And he took little Alfred out of the carriage, and then helped out Ethel, and said, 'My dear, you are too pretty to scold; but you have given us all a *belle peur*.' And then he made me and Jack a low bow, and stalked into the lodgings."

"I think you do deserve to be whipped, both of you," cries Lady Kew.

"We went up and made our peace with my aunt, and were presented in form to the Colonel and his youthful cub."

"As fine a fellow as ever I saw: and as fine a boy as ever I saw," cries Jack Belsize. "The young chap is a great hand at drawing—upon my life the best drawings I ever saw. And he was making a picture for little What-d'-you-call-em. And Miss Newcome was looking over them. And Lady Anne pointed out the group to me, and said how pretty it was. She is uncommonly sentimental you know, Lady Anne."

"My daughter Anne is the greatest fool in the three kingdoms," cried Lady Kew, looking fiercely over her spectacles. And Julia was instructed to write that night to her sister, and desire that Ethel should be sent to see her grandmother:—Ethel, who rebelled against her grandmother, and always fought on her aunt Julia's side, when the weaker was oppressed by the older and stronger lady.

CHAPTER XI.

AT MRS. RIDLEY'S.

Saint Peter of Alcantara, as I have read in a life of St. Theresa, informed that devout lady that he had passed forty years of his life sleeping only an hour and a half each day; his cell was but four feet and a half long, so that he never lay down: his pillow was a wooden log in the stone wall: he ate but once in three days: he was for three years in a convent of his order without knowing any one of his brethren except by the sound of their voices, for he never during this period took his eyes off the ground: he always walked barefoot, and was but skin and bone when he died. The eating only once in three days, so he told his sister Saint, was by no means impossible, if you began the regimen in your youth. To conquer sleep was the hardest of all austerities which he practiced:—I fancy the pious individual so employed, day after day, night after night, on his knees, or standing up in devout meditation in the cupboard—his dwelling place; bareheaded and barefooted, walking over rocks, briars, mud, sharp stones (picking out the very worst places, let us trust, with his downcast eyes), under the bitter snow, or the drifting rain, or the scorching sunshine—I fancy Saint Peter of Alcantara, and contrast him with such a personage as the Incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's chapel, May Fair.

His hermitage is situated in Walpole Street let us say, on the second floor of a quiet mansion, let out to hermits by a nobleman's butler, whose wife takes care of the lodgings. His cells consist of a refectory, a dormitory, and an adjacent oratory where he keeps his shower-bath and boots—the pretty boots trimly stretched on boot-trees and blacked to a nicety (not varnished), by the boy who waits on him. The barefooted business may suit superstitious ages and gentlemen of Alcantara, but does not become May Fair and the nineteenth century. If St. Pedro walked the earth now with his eyes to the ground he would know fashionable divines by the way in which they were shod. Charles Honeyman's is a sweet foot. I have no doubt as delicate and plump and rosy as the white hand with its two rings, which he passes in impassioned moments through his slender flaxen hair.

A sweet odor pervades his sleeping apartment—not that peculiar and delicious fragrance with which the Saints of the Roman Church are said to gratify the neighborhood where they repose—but oils, redolent of the richest perfumes of Macassar, essences (from Truefitt's or Delcroix's), into which a thousand flowers have expressed their sweetest breath await his meek head on rising; and infuse the pocket handkerchief with which he dries and draws so many tears. For he cries a good deal in his sermons, to which the ladies about him contribute showers of sympathy.

By his bedside are slippers lined with blue silk and worked of an ecclesiastical pattern, by some of the faithful who sit at his feet. They come to him in anonymous parcels: they come to him in silver paper: boys in buttons (pages who minister to female grace!) leave them at the door for the Rev. C. Honeyman, and slip away without a word. Purses are sent to him—pen-wipers—a portfolio with the Honeyman arms—yea, braces have been known to reach him by the post (in his days of popularity), and flowers, and grapes, and jelly when he was ill, and throat comforters, and lozenges for his dear bronchitis. In one of his drawers is the rich silk cassock presented to him by his congregation at Leatherhead (when the young curate quitted that parish for London duty), and on his breakfast-table the silver tea-pot, once filled with sovereigns and presented by the same devotees. The tea-pot he has, but the sovereigns, where are they?

What a different life this is from our honest friend of Alcantara, who eats once in three days! At one time if Honeyman could have drunk tea three times in an evening, he might have had it. The glass on his chimney-piece is crowded with invitations, not merely cards of ceremony (of which there are plenty) but dear little confidential notes from sweet friends of his congregation. "O dear Mr. Honeyman,"

writes Blanche, "what a sermon that was! I can not go to bed to night without thanking you for it." "Do, *do*, dear Mr. Honeyman," writes Beatrice, "lend me that delightful sermon. And can you come and drink tea with me and Selina, and my aunt? Papa and mamma dine out, but you *know* I am always your faithful Chesterfield Street." And so on. He has all the domestic accomplishments; he plays on the violoncello: he sings a delicious second, not only in sacred but in secular music. He has a thousand anecdotes, laughable riddles, droll stories (of the utmost correctness, you understand), with which he entertains females of all ages; suiting his conversation to stately matrons, deaf old dowagers (who can hear his clear voice better than the loudest roar of their stupid sons-in-law), mature spinsters, young beauties dancing through the season, even rosy little slips out of the nursery, who cluster round his beloved feet. Societies fight for him to preach their charity sermon. You read in the papers. "The Wapping Hospital for Wooden-legged Seamen. On Sunday the 23d, Sermons will be preached in behalf of this charity, by the Lord Bishop of Tobago in the morning, in the afternoon, by the Rev. C. Honeyman, A.M. Incumbent of, &c." "Clergyman's Grandmothers' Fund. Sermons in aid of this admirable institution will be preached on Sunday, 4th May, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Pimlico, and the Rev. C. Honeyman, A.M." When the Dean of Pimlico has his illness, many people think Honeyman will have the Deanery; that he ought to have it, a hundred female voices vow and declare: though it is said that a right reverend head at head-quarters shakes dubiously when his name is mentioned for preferment. His name is spread wide, and not only women but men come to hear him. Members of Parliament, even Cabinet Ministers sit under him: Lord Dozeley of course is seen in a front pew: where was a public meeting without Lord Dozeley? The men come away from his sermons and say, "It's very pleasant, but I don't know what the deuce makes all you women crowd so to hear the man." "O Charles! if you would but go oftener!" sighs Lady Anne Maria. "Can't you speak to the Home Secretary? Can't you do something for him?" "We can ask him to dinner next Wednesday if you like," says Charles. "They say he's a pleasant fellow out of the wood. Besides there is no use in doing any thing for him," Charles goes on. "He can't make less than a thousand a year out of his chapel, and that is better than any thing any one can give him.—A thousand a year, besides the rent of the wine-vaults below the chapel."

"Don't Charles!" says his wife, with a solemn look. "Don't ridicule things in that way."

"Confound it! there are wine-vaults under the chapel!" answers downright Charles. "I saw the name, Sherrick & Co.; offices, a green door, and a brass plate. It's better to sit over vaults with wine in them than coffins. I wonder if it's the Sherrick with whom Kew and Jack Belsize had that ugly row?"

"What ugly row?—don't say ugly row. It is not a nice word to hear the children use. Go on, my darlings. What was the dispute of Lord Kew and Mr. Belsize, and this Mr. Sherrick?"

"It was all about pictures, and about horses, and about money, and about one other subject which enters into every row that I ever heard of."

"And what is that, dear?" asks the innocent lady, hanging on her husband's arm, and quite pleased to have led him to church and brought him thence. "And what is it that enters into every row, as you call it, Charles?"

"A *woman*, my love," answers the gentleman, behind whom we have been in imagination walking out from Charles Honeyman's church on a Sunday in June: as the whole pavement blooms with artificial flowers and fresh bonnets; as there is a buzz and cackle all around regarding the sermon; as carriages drive off; as lady-dowagers walk home; as prayer-books and footmen's sticks gleam in the sun; as little boys with baked mutton and potatoes pass from the courts; as children issue from the public-houses with pots of beer; as the Reverend Charles Honeyman, who has been drawing tears in the sermon, and has seen, not without complacent throbs, a Secretary of State in the pew beneath him, divests himself of his rich silk cassock in the vestry, before he walks away to his neighboring hermitage—where have we placed it? —in Walpole Street. I wish St. Peter of Alcantara could have some of that shoulder of mutton with the baked potatoes, and a drink of that frothing beer. See, yonder trots little Lord Dozeley who has been asleep for an hour with his head against the wood, like St. Peter of Alcantara.

An East Indian gentleman and his son wait until the whole chapel is clear, and survey Lady Whittlesea's monument at their leisure, and other hideous slabs erected in memory of defunct frequenters of the chapel. Whose was that face which Colonel Newcome thought he recognized—that of a stout man who came down from the organ-gallery? Could it be Broff the bass singer, who delivered the Red-Cross Knight with such applause at the Cave of Melody, and who has been singing in this place? There are some chapels in London, where, the function over, one almost expects to see the sextons put brown Hollands over the pews and galleries, as they do at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

The writer of these veracious pages was once walking through a splendid English palace, standing amidst parks and gardens, than which none more magnificent has been seen since the days of Aladdin, in company with a melancholy friend, who viewed all things darkly through his gloomy eyes. The housekeeper, pattering on before us from chamber to chamber was ex-

patiating upon the magnificence of this picture; the beauty of that statue; the marvelous richness of these hangings and carpets; the admirable likeness of the late Marquis by Sir Thomas; of his father, the fifth Earl, by Sir Joshua, and so on; when, in the very richest room of the whole castle, Hicks—such was my melancholy companion's name—stopped the cicerone in her prattle, saying in a hollow voice, "And now, Madam, will you show us the closet *where the skelcton is?*" The scared functionary paused in the midst of her harangue; that article was not inserted in the catalogue which she daily utters to visitors for their half-crown. Hicks's question brought a darkness down upon the hall where we were standing. We did not see the room: and yet I have no doubt there is such an one; and ever after, when I have thought of the splendid castle towering in the midst of shady trees, under which the dappled deer are browsing; of the terraces gleaming with statues, and bright with a hundred thousand flowers; of the bridges and shining fountains and rivers wherein the castle windows reflect their festive gleams, when the halls are filled with happy feasters, and over the darkling woods comes the sound of music;—always, I say, when I think of Castle Bluebeard:—it is to think of that dark little closet, which I know is there, and which the lordly owner opens shuddering—after midnight—when he is sleepless and *must* go unlock it, when the palace is hushed, when beauties are sleeping around him unconscious, and revelers are at rest. O Mrs. Housekeeper: all the other keys hast thou: but that key thou hast not!

Have we not all such closets, my jolly friend, as well as the noble Marquis of Carabas? At night, when all the house is asleep but you, don't you get up and peep into yours? When you, in your turn, are slumbering, up gets Mrs. Brown from your side, steals down stairs, like Amina to her ghoul, clicks open the secret door, and looks into *her* dark depository. Did she tell you of that little affair with Smith long before she knew you? Pshaw! who knows any one save himself alone? Who, in showing his house to the closest and dearest, doesn't keep back the key of a closet or two? I think of a lovely reader laying down the page and looking over at her unconscious husband, asleep, perhaps, after dinner. Yes, Madam, a closet he hath; and you, who pry into every thing, shall never have the key of it. I think of some honest Othello pausing over this very sentence in a rail-road carriage, and stealthily gazing at Desdemona opposite to him, innocently administering sandwiches to their little boy—I am trying to turn off the sentence with a joke, you see; I feel it is growing too dreadful, too serious.

And to what, pray, do these serious, these disagreeable, these almost personal observations tend? To this, simply, that Charles Honeyman, the beloved and popular preacher, the elegant divine to whom Miss Blanche writes sonnets, and whom Miss Emily invites to tea; who comes with smiles on his lip, gentle sympathy in his tones, innocent gayety in his accent; who melts, rouses, terrifies in the pulpit; who charms over the tea-urn and the bland bread-and-butter; Charles Honeyman has one or two skeleton closets in his lodgings, Walpole Street, May Fair; and many a wakeful night, while Mrs. Ridley, his landlady, and her tired husband, the nobleman's major-domo—while the lodger on the first-floor, while the cook and housemaid, and weary little boot-boy are at rest (mind you, they have all got *their* closets, which they open with their skeleton-keys)—he wakes up, and looks at the ghastly occupant of that receptacle. One of the Reverend Charles Honeyman's grizzly night-haunters is—but stop; let us give a little account of the lodgings, and of some of the people frequenting the same.

First floor, Mr Bagshot, member for a Norfolk borough. Stout, jolly gentleman; dines at the Carlton Club; greatly addicted to Greenwich and Richmond, in the season; bets in a moderate way; does not go into society, except now and again to the chiefs of his party, when they give great entertainments, and once or twice to the houses of great country dons who dwell near him in the country. Is not of very good family; was, in fact, an apothecary; married a woman with money, much older than himself, who does not like London, and stops at home at Hummingham, not much to the displeasure of Bagshot; gives every now and then nice little quiet dinners, which Mrs. Ridley cooks admirably, to exceedingly stupid, jolly old Parliamentary fogies, who absorb, with much silence and cheerfulness, a vast quantity of wine. They have just begun to drink '24 claret now, that of '15 being scarce, and almost drunk up. Writes daily, and hears every morning from Mrs. Bagshot; does not read her letters always; does not rise till long past eleven o'clock of a Sunday, and has *John Bull* and *Bell's Life* in bed; frequents the Blue Posts sometimes; rides a stout cob out of his country, and pays like the Bank of England.

The house is a Norfolk house. Mrs. Ridley was housekeeper to the great 'Squire Bayhams, who had the estate before the Conqueror, and who came to such a dreadful crash in the year 1825, the year of the panic. Bayhams still belongs to the family, but in what a state, as those can say who recollect it in its palmy days! Fifteen hundred acres of the best land in England were sold off; all the timber cut down as level as a billiard-board. Mr. Bayham now lives up in one corner of the house, which used to be filled with the finest company in Europe. Law bless you! the Bayhams have seen almost all the nobility of England come in and go out, and was gentlefolks, when many a fine lord's father of the present day was sweeping a counting house.

The house will hold genteelly no more than these two inmates; but in the season it man-

ages to accommodate Miss Cann, who, too, was from Bayhams, having been a governess there to the young lady who is dead, and who now makes such a livelihood as she can best raise, by going out as a daily teacher. Miss Cann dines with Mrs. Ridley in the adjoining little back parlor. Ridley but seldom can be spared to partake of the family dinner, his duties in the house and about the person of my Lord Todmarden keeping him constantly near that nobleman. How little Miss Cann can go on and keep alive on the crumb she eats for breakfast and the scrap she picks at dinner, du astonish Mrs. Ridley, that it du! She declares that the two canary birds encaged in her window (whence is a cheerful prospect of the back of Lady Whittlesea's chapel) eat more than Miss Cann. The two birds set up a tremendous singing and chorusing when Miss Cann, spying the occasion of the first-floor lodger's absence, begins practicing her music-pieces. Such trills, roulades, and flourishes go on from the birds and the lodger! it is a wonder how any fingers can move over the jingling ivory so quickly as Miss Cann's. Excellent a woman as she is, admirably virtuous, frugal, brisk, honest, and cheerful, I would not like to live in lodgings where there was a lady so addicted to playing variations. No more does Honeyman. On a Saturday, when he is composing his valuable sermons (the rogue, you may be sure, leaves his work to the last day, and there are, I am given to understand, among the clergy many better men than Honeyman, who are as dilatory as he), he begs, he entreats with tears in his eyes, that Miss Cann's music may cease. I would back little Cann to write a sermon against him, for all his reputation as a popular preacher.

Old and weazened as that piano is, feeble and cracked her voice, it is wonderful what a pleasant concert she can give in that parlor of a Saturday evening, to Mrs. Ridley, who generally dozes a good deal, and to a lad, who listens with all his soul, with tears sometimes in his great eyes, with crowding fancies filling his brain and throbbing at his heart as the artist plies her humble instrument. She plays old music of Handel and Haydn, and the little chamber anon swells into a cathedral, and he who listens beholds altars lighted, priests ministering, fair children swinging censers, great oriel windows gleaming in sunset, and seen through arched columns, and avenues of twilight marble. The young fellow who hears her has been often and often to the Opera and the theatres. As she plays Don Juan, Zerlina comes tripping over the meadows, and Masetto after her, with a crowd of peasants and maidens: and they sing the sweetest of all music, and the heart beats with happiness, and kindness, and pleasure. Piano, pianissimo! the city is hushed. The towers of the great cathedral rise in the distance, its spires lighted by the broad moon. The statues in the moonlit place cast long shadows athwart the pavement: but the fountain in the midst is dressed out like Cinderella for the night, and sings and wears a crest of diamonds. That great sombre street all in shade, can it be the famous Toledo?—or is it the Corso?—or is it the great street in Madrid, the one which leads to the Escurial where the Rubens and Velasquez are? It is Fancy Street—Poetry Street—Imagination Street—the street where lovely ladies look from balconies, where cavaliers strike mandolins and draw swords and engage, where long processions pass, and venerable hermits, with long beards, bless the people: where the rude soldiery, swaggering through the place with flags and halberts, and fife and dance, seize the slim waists of the daughters of the people, and bid the pifferari play to their dancing. Blow, bagpipes, a storm of harmony! become trumpets, trombones, ophicleides, fiddles, and bassoons! Fire, guns! Sound, tocsins! Shout, people! Louder, shriller and sweeter than all, sing thou, ravishing heroine! And see, on his cream-colored charger Massaniello prances in, and Fra Diavolo leaps down the balcony, carabine in hand; and Sir Huon of Bordeaux sails up to the quay with the Sultan's daughter of Bagdad. All these delights and sights, and joys and glories, these thrills of sympathy, movements of unknown longing, and visions of beauty, a young sickly lad of eighteen enjoys in a little dark room where there is a bed disguised in the shape of a wardrobe, and a little old woman is playing under a gas-lamp on the jingling keys of an old piano.

For a long time Mr. Samuel Ridley, butler and confidential valet to the Right Honorable John James Baron Todmorden, was in a state of the greatest despair and gloom about his only son, the little John James—a sickly and almost deformed child "of whom there was no making nothink," as Mr. Ridley said. His figure precluded him from following his father's profession, and waiting upon the British nobility, who naturally require large and handsome men to skip up behind their rolling carriages, and hand their plates at dinner. When John James was six years old his father remarked, with tears in his eyes, he wasn't higher than a plate-basket. The boys jeered at him in the streets—some whopped him in spite of his diminutive size. At school he made but little progress. He was always sickly and dirty, and timid and crying, whimpering in the kitchen away from his mother; who, though she loved him, took Mr. Ridley's view of his character, and thought him little better than an idiot until such time as little Miss Cann took him in hand, when at length there was some hope of him.

"Half-witted, you great stupid big man," says Miss Cann, who had a fine spirit of her own. "That boy half-witted! He has got more wit in his little finger than you have in all your great person! You are a very good man, Ridley, very good-natured I'm sure, and bear with the teasing of a waspish old woman;

but you are not the wisest of mankind. Tut, tut, don't tell me. You know you spell out the words when you read the newspaper still, and what would your bills look like, if I did not write them in my nice little hand? I tell you that boy is a genius. I tell you that one day the world will hear of him. His heart is made of pure gold. You think that all the wit belongs to the big people. Look at me, you great tall man! Am I not a hundred times cleverer than you are? Yes, and John James is worth a thousand such insignificant little chits as I am; and he is as tall as me too, sir. Do you hear that? One day I am determined he shall dine at Lord Todmorden's table, and he shall get the prize at the Royal Academy, and be famous, sir—famous!"

"Well, Miss C., I wish he may get it; that's all I say," answers Mr. Ridley. "The poor fellow does no harm, that I acknowledge; but I never see the good he was up to yet. I wish he'd begin it; I du wish he would now." And the honest gentleman relapses into the study of his paper.

All those beautiful sounds and thoughts which Miss Cann conveys to him out of her charmed piano, the young artist straightway translates into forms; and knights in armor, with plume and shield, and battle-ax; and splendid young noblemen with flowing ringlets, and bounteous plumes of feathers, and rapiers, and russet boots; and fierce banditti with crimson tights, doublets profusely illustrated with large brass buttons, and the dumpy basket-hilted claymores known to be the favorite weapon with which these whiskered ruffians do battle; wasp-waisted peasant girls, and young countesses with O such large eyes and cherry lips!—all these splendid forms of war and beauty crowd to the young draughtsman's pencil, and cover letter-backs, copy-books, without end. If his hand strikes off some face peculiarly lovely, and to his taste, some fair vision that has shone on his imagination, some houri of a dancer, some bright young lady of fashion in an opera-box, whom he has seen, or fancied he has seen (for the youth is short sighted, though he hardly as yet knows his misfortune)—if he has made some effort extraordinarily successful, our young Pygmalion hides away the master-piece, and he paints the beauty with all his skill; the lips a bright carmine, the eyes a deep, deep cobalt, the cheeks a dazzling vermilion, the ringlets of a golden hue; and he worships this sweet creature of his in secret, fancies a history for her; a castle to storm, a tyrant usurper who keeps her imprisoned, and a prince in black ringlets and a spangled cloak, who scales the tower, who slays the tyrant, and then kneels gracefully at the princess's feet, and says, "Lady, will thou be mine?"

There is a kind lady in the neighborhood, who takes in dress-making for the neighboring maid-servants, and has a small establishment of lollipops, theatrical characters, and ginger-beer for the boys in Little Craggs Buildings, hard by the Running Footman public house, where father and other gentlemen's gentlemen have their club: this good soul also sells Sunday newspapers to the footmen of the neighboring gentry; and besides, has a stock of novels for the ladies of the upper servants' table. Next to Miss Cann, Miss Flinders is John James's greatest friend and benefactor. She has remarked him when he was quite a little man, and used to bring his father's beer of a Sunday. Out of her novels he has taught himself to read, dull boy at the day-school though he was, and always the last in his class there. Hours, happy hours, has he spent cowering behind her counter, or hugging her books under his pinafore when he had leave to carry them home. The whole library has passed through his hands, his long, lean, tremulous hands, and under his eager eyes. He has made illustrations to every one of those books, and been frightened at his own pictures of Manfroni or the One-handed Monk, Abellino the Terrific Bravo of Venice, and Rinaldo Rinaldino Captain of Robbers. How he has blistered Thaddeus of Warsaw with his tears, and drawn him in his Polish cap, and tights, and Hessians! William Wallace, the Hero of Scotland, how nobly he has depicted him! With what whiskers and bushy ostrich plumes!—in a tight kilt, and with what magnificent calves to his legs, laying about him with his battle-ax, and bestriding the bodies of King Edward's prostrate cavaliers! At this time Mr. Honeyman comes to lodge in Walpole Street, and brings a set of Scott's novels, for which he subscribed when at Oxford; and young John James, who at first waits upon him and does little odd jobs for the reverend gentleman, lights upon the volumes, and reads them with such a delight and passion of pleasure as all the delights of future days will scarce equal. A fool, is he?—an idle feller, out of whom no good will ever come, as his father says. There was a time, when, in despair of any better chance for him, his parents thought of apprenticing him to a tailor, and John James was waked up from a dream of Rebecca and informed of the cruelty meditated against him. I forbear to describe the tears and terror, and frantic desperation in which the poor boy was plunged. Little Miss Cann rescued him from that awful board, and Honeyman likewise interceded for him, and Mr. Bagshot promised that as soon as his party came in, he would ask the minister for a tide-waitership for him; for every body liked the solemn, soft-hearted, willing, little lad, and no one knew him less than his pompous and stupid and respectable father.

Miss Cann painted flowers and card-screens elegantly, and "finished" pencil-drawings most elaborately for her pupils. She could copy prints, so that at a little distance you would scarcely know that the copy in stumped chalk was not a bad mezzotinto engraving. She even had a little old paint-box, and showed you one

or two ivory miniatures out of the drawer. She gave John James what little knowledge of drawing she had, and handed him over her invaluable recipes for mixing water-colors—"for trees in foregrounds, burnt sienna and indigo"—"for very dark foliage, ivory black and gambouge"—"for flesh-color," &c. &c. John James went through her poor little course, but not so brilliantly as she expected. She was forced to own that several of her pupils' "pieces" were executed much more dexterously than Johnny Ridley's. Honeyman looked at the boy's drawings from time to time and said, "Hm, ha!—very clever—a great deal of fancy, really." But Honeyman knew no more of the subject, than a deaf and dumb man knows of music. He could talk the art—cant very glibly, and had a set of Morghens and Madonnas as became a clergyman and a man of taste; but he saw not with eyes such as those wherewith Heaven had endowed the humble little butler's boy, to whom splendors of Nature were revealed to vulgar sights invisible, and beauties manifest in forms, colors, shadows of common objects, where most of the world saw only what was dull, and gross, and familiar. One reads in the magic story-books of a charm or a flower which the wizard gives, and which enables the bearer to see the fairies. O enchanting boon of Nature, which reveals to the possessor the hidden spirits of beauty round about him! spirits which the strongest and most gifted masters compel into painting or song. To others it is granted but to have fleeting glimpses of that fair Art-world; and tempted by ambition, or barred by faint-heartedness, or driven by necessity, to turn away thence to the vulgar life-track, and the light of common day.

The reader who has passed through Walpole Street scores of times, knows the discomfortable architecture of all, save the great houses built in Queen Anne's and George the First's time; and while some of the neighboring streets, to wit, Great Craggs Street, Bolingbroke Street, and others, contain mansions fairly coped with stone, with little obelisks before the doors, and great extinguishers wherein the torches of the nobility's running footmen were put out a hundred and thirty or forty years ago:—houses which still remain abodes of the quality, and where you shall see a hundred carriages gather of a public night;—Walpole Street has quite faded away into lodgings, private hotels, doctors' houses, and the like; nor is No. 23 (Ridley's), by any means the best house in the street. The parlor, furnished and tenanted by Miss Cann as has been described; the first floor, —— Bagshot, Esq., M.P.; the second floor, Honeyman; what remains but the garrets, and the ample staircase and the kitchens: and the family being all put to bed, how can you imagine there is room for any more inhabitants?

And yet there is one lodger more, and one who like almost all the other personages mentioned up to the present time (and some of whom you have no idea yet), will play a definite part in the ensuing history. At night, when Honeyman comes in, he finds on the table three wax bed room candles—his own, Bagshot's and another. As for Miss Cann, she is locked into the parlor in bed long ago, her stout little walking shoes being on the mat at the door. At 12 o'clock at noon, sometimes at 1, nay at 2 and 3—long after Bagshot is gone to his committees, and little Cann to her pupils—a voice issues from the very topmost floor: from a room where there is no bell, a voice of thunder calling out "Slavey! Julia! Julia, my love! Mrs. Ridley!" And this summons not being obeyed, it will not unfrequently happen that a pair of trowsers inclosing a pair of boots with iron heels, and known by the name of the celebrated Prussian General who came up to help the other christener of boots at Waterloo, will be flung down from the topmost story, even to the marble floor of the resounding hall. Then the boy Thomas, otherwise called Slavey, may say, "There he goes again;" or Mrs. Ridley's own back parlor bell rings vehemently, and Julia the cook will exclaim, "Lor it's Mr. Frederick."

If the breeches and boots are not understood, the owner himself appears in great wrath dancing on the upper story, dancing down to the lower floor; and loosely enveloped in a ragged and flowing robe de chambre. In this costume and condition he will dance into Honeyman's apartment, where that meek divine may be sitting with a headache or over a novel or a newspaper, dance up to the fire flapping his robe-tails, poke it, and warm himself there, dance up to the cupboard where his reverence keeps his sherry, and help himself to a glass.

"*Salve, spes fidei, lumen ecclesiæ,*" he will say; "here's toward you, my buck. I knows the tap. Sherrick's Marsala bottled three months after date, at two hundred and forty-six shillings the dozen."

"Indeed, indeed it's not" (and now we are coming to an idea of the skeleton in poor Honeyman's closet—not that this huge handsome jolly Fred Bayham is the skeleton, far from it. Mr. Frederick weighs fourteen stone). "Indeed, indeed it isn't, Fred, I'm sure;" sighs the other. "You exaggerate, indeed you do. The wine is not dear, not by any means so expensive as you say."

"How much a glass, think you?" says Fred, filling another bumper. "A half-crown think ye?—a half-crown, Honeyman? By cock and pye, it is not worth a bender." He says this in the manner of the most celebrated tragedian of the day. He can imitate any actor tragic or comic; any known parliamentary orator or clergyman, any saw, cock, cloop of a cork wrenched from a bottle and gurgling of wine into the decanter afterward, bee buzzing, little boy up a chimney, &c. He imitates people being ill on board a steam packet so well that he makes you die of laughing: his uncle the

Bishop could not resist this comic exhibition, and gave Fred a check for a comfortable sum of money; and Fred, getting cash for the check at the Cave of Harmony, imitated his uncle the Bishop and his Chaplain, winding up with his Lordship and Chaplain being unwell at sea—the Chaplain and Bishop quite natural and distinct.

"How much does a glass of this sack cost thee, Charley?" resumes Fred, after this parenthesis. "You say it is not dear. Charles Honeyman, you had even from your youth up, a villainous habit. And I perfectly well remember, Sir, in boyhood's breezy hour, when I was the delight of his school, that you used to tell lies to your venerable father. You did, Charles. Excuse the frankness of an early friend, it's my belief you'd rather lie than not. Hm"—he looks at the cards in the chimney glass:—"Invitations to dinner, proffers of muffins. Do lend me your sermon. O you old impostor! you hoary old Ananias! I say, Charley, why haven't you picked out some nice girl for yours truly? One with lands and beeves, with rents and consols, mark you? I have no money, 'tis true, but then I don't owe as much as you. I am a handsomer man than you are. Look at this chest (he slaps it), these limbs, they are manly, Sir, manly."

"For Heaven's sake, Bayham," cries Mr. Honeyman, white with terror; "if any body were to come—"

"What did I say anon, Sir? that I was manly, ay, manly. Let any ruffian, save a bailiff, come and meet the doughty arm of Frederick Bayham."

"O Lord, Lord, here's somebody coming into the room!" cries Charles, sinking back on the sofa, as the door opens.

"Ha! dost thou come with murderous intent?" and he now advances in an approved offensive attitude, "Caitiff, come on, come on!" and he walks off with a tragic laugh, crying, "Ha, ha, ha, 'tis but the slavey!"

The slavey has Mr. Frederick's hot water, and a bottle of soda water on the same tray. He has been instructed to bring soda whenever he hears the word slavey pronounced from above, the bottle explodes, and Frederick drinks, and hisses after his drink as though he had been all hot within.

"What's o'clock now, slavey—half-past three? Let me see, I breakfasted exactly ten hours ago, in the rosy morning off a modest cup of coffee in Covent Garden Market. Coffee, a penny; bread a simple half-penny. What has Mrs. Ridley for dinner?"

"Please, Sir, roast pork."

"Get me some. Bring it into my room, unless, Honeyman, you insist upon my having it here, kind fellow!"

At the moment a smart knock comes to the door, and Fred says, "Well, Charles, it may be a friend or a lady come to confess, and I'm off; I knew you'd be sorry I was going. Tom; bring up my things, brush 'em gently, you scoundrel, and don't take the nap off. Bring up the roast pork, and plenty of apple sauce, tell Mrs. Ridley, with my love; and one of Mr. Honeyman's shirts, and one of his razors. Adieu, Charles! Amend! Remember me!" And he vanishes into the upper chambers.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH EVERY ONE IS ASKED TO DINNER.

John James had opened the door, hastening to welcome a friend and patron, the sight of whom always gladdened the youth's eyes; no other than Clive Newcome—in young Ridley's opinion, the most splendid, fortunate, beautiful, high-born, and gifted youth this island contained. What generous boy in his time has not worshiped somebody? Before the female enslaver makes her appearance, every lad has a friend of friends, a crony of cronies, to whom he writes immense letters in vacation, whom he cherishes in his heart of hearts; whose sister he proposes to marry in after life; whose purse he shares; for whom he will take a thrashing, if need be; who is his hero. Clive was John James's youthful divinity: when he wanted to draw Thaddeus of Warsaw, a Prince, Ivanhoe, or some one splendid and egregious, it was Clive he took for a model. His heart leaped when he saw the young fellow. He would walk cheerfully to Grey Friars, with a letter or message for Clive; on the chance of seeing him, and getting a kind word from him, or a shake of the hand. An ex-butler of Lord Todmorden was a pensioner in the Grey Friars Hospital (it has been said that, at that ancient establishment, is a college for old men, as well as for boys), and this old man would come sometimes to his successor's Sunday dinner, and grumble from the hour of that meal, until nine o'clock, when he was forced to depart, so as to be within Grey Friars' gates before ten; grumble about his dinner—grumble about his beer—grumble about the number of chapels he had to attend, about the gown he wore, about the Master's treatment of him, about the want of plums in the pudding, as old men and school-boys grumble. It was wonderful what a liking John James took to this odious, querulous, graceless, stupid, and snuffy old man, and how he would find pretexts for visiting him at his lodging in the old hospital. He actually took that journey, that he might have a chance of seeing Clive. He sent Clive notes and packets of drawings; thanked him for books lent, asked advice about future reading—any thing, so that he might have a sight of his pride, his patron, his paragon.

I am afraid Clive Newcome employed him to smuggle rum shrub and cigars into the premises; giving him appointments in the school precincts, where young Clive would come and stealthily receive the forbidden goods. The poor lad was known by the boys, and called Newcome's Punch. He was all but hunchback-

ed; long and lean in the arm; sallow, with a great forehead, and waving black hair, and large melancholy eyes.

"What, is it you, J. J.?" cries Clive gayly, when his humble friend appears at the door. "Father, this is my friend Ridley. This is the fellow what *can* draw."

"I know who I will back against any young man of his size at *that*," says the Colonel, looking at Clive fondly. He considered there was not such a genius in the world; and had already thought of having some of Clive's drawings published by M'Lean of the Haymarket.

"This is my father, just come from India—and Mr. Pendennis, an old Grey Friars' man. Is my uncle at home?" Both these gentlemen bestow rather patronizing nods of the head on the lad introduced to them as J. J. His exterior is but mean-looking. Colonel Newcome, one of the humblest-minded men alive, has yet his old-fashioned military notions; and speaks to a butler's son as to a private soldier, kindly, but not familiarly.

"Mr. Honeyman is at home, gentlemen," the young lad says, humbly. "Shall I show you up to his room?" And we walk up the stairs after our guide. We find Mr. Honeyman deep in study on his sofa, with "Pearson on the Creed" before him. The novel has been whipped under the pillow. Clive found it there some short time afterward, during his uncle's temporary absence in his dressing-room. He has agreed to suspend his theological studies, and go out with his brother-in-law to dine.

As Clive and his friends were at Honeyman's door, and just as we were entering to see the divine seated in state before his folio, Clive whispers, "J. J., come along, old fellow, and show us some drawings. What are you doing?"

"I was doing some Arabian Nights," says J. J., "up in my room; and hearing a knock which I thought was yours, I came down."

"Show us the pictures. Let's go up into your room," cries Clive.

"What—will you?" says the other. "It is but a very small place."

"Never mind, come along," says Clive; and the two lads disappear together, leaving the three grown gentlemen to discourse together, or rather two of us to listen to Honeyman, who expatiates upon the beauty of the weather, the difficulties of the clerical calling, the honor Colonel Newcome does him by a visit, &c., with his usual eloquence.

After a while Clive comes down without J. J., from the upper regions. He is greatly excited. "Oh, sir," he says to his father, "you talk about my drawings—you should see J. J.'s! By Jove, that fellow is a genius. They are beautiful, sir. You seem actually to read the Arabian Nights, you know, only in pictures. There is Scheherazade telling the stories, and—what do you call her?—Dinarzade and the Sultan sitting in bed and listening. Such a grim old cove! You see he has cut off ever so many of his wives' heads. I can't think where that chap gets his ideas from. I can beat him in drawing horses, I know, and dogs; but I can only draw what I see. Some how he seems to see things we don't, don't you know. Oh, father, I'm determined I'd rather be a painter than any thing." And he falls to drawing horses and dogs at his uncle's table, round which the elders are seated.

"I've settled it up stairs with J. J.," says Clive, working away with his pen. "We shall take a studio together; perhaps will go abroad together. Won't that be fun, father?"

"My dear Clive," remarks Mr. Honeyman, with bland dignity, "there are degrees in society which we must respect. You surely can not think of being a professional artist. Such a profession is very well for your young protégé; but for you—"

"What for me?" cries Clive. "We are no such great folks that I know of; and if we were, I say a painter is as good as a lawyer, or a doctor, or even a soldier. In Dr. Johnson's Life, which my father is always reading—I like to read about Sir Joshua Reynolds best: I think he is the best gentleman of all in the book. My! wouldn't I like to paint a picture like Lord Heathfield in the National Gallery! *Wouldn't* I just? I think I would sooner have done that, than have fought at Gibraltar. And those Three Graces—oh, aren't they graceful? And that Cardinal Beaufort at Dulwich! it frightens me so, I daren't look at it. Wasn't Reynolds a clipper, that's all? and wasn't Rubens a brick? He was an embassador and Knight of the Bath; and so was Vandyck. And Titian, and Raphael, and Velasquez? I'll just trouble you to show me better gentlemen than them, uncle Charles."

"Far be it from me to say that the pictorial calling is not honorable," says uncle Charles; "but as the world goes there are other professions in greater repute; and I should have thought Colonel Newcome's son—"

"He shall follow his own bent," said the Colonel; "as long as his calling is honest it becomes a gentleman; and if he were to take a fancy to play on the fiddle—actually on the fiddle—I shouldn't object."

"Such a rum chap there was up stairs!" Clive resumes, looking up from his scribbling. "He was walking up and down on the landing in a dressing-gown, with scarcely any other clothes on, holding a plate in one hand, and a pork chop he was munching with the other. Like this" (and Clive draws a figure). "What do you think, sir? He was in the Cave of Harmony, he says, that night you flared up about Captain Costigan. He knew me at once; and he says, 'Sir, your father acted like a gentleman, a Christian, and a man of honor. *Maxima debetur puero reverentia.* Give him my compliments. I don't know his highly respectable name.' His highly respectable name," says Clive, cracking with laughter—"those

were his very words. 'And inform him that I am an orphan myself—in needy circumstances'—he said he was in needy circumstances; 'and I heartily wish he'd adopt me.'"

The lad puffed out his face, made his voice as loud and as deep as he could; and from his imitation and the picture he had drawn, I knew at once that Fred Bayham was the man he mimicked.

"And does the Red Rover live here," cried Mr. Pendennis, "and have we earthed him at last?"

"He sometimes comes here," Mr. Honeyman said with a careless manner. "My landlord and landlady were butler and housekeeper to his father, Bayham of Bayham, one of the oldest families in Europe. And Mr. Frederick Bayham, the exceedingly eccentric person of whom you speak, was a private pupil of my own dear father in our happy days at Borehambury."

He had scarcely spoken when a knock was heard at the door, and before the occupant of the lodgings could say "Come in!" Mr. Frederick Bayham made his appearance; arrayed in that peculiar costume which he affected. In those days we wore very tall stocks, only a very few poetic and eccentric persons venturing on the Byron collar; but Fred Bayham confined his neck by a simple ribbon, which allowed his great red whiskers to curl freely round his capacious jowl. He wore a black frock and a large broad-brimmed hat, and looked somewhat like a Dissenting preacher. At other periods you would see him in a green coat and a blue neckcloth, as if the turf or the driving of coaches was his occupation.

"I have heard from the young man of the house who you were, Colonel Newcome," he said with the greatest gravity, "and happened to be present, Sir, the other night; for I was aweary, having been toiling all the day in literary labor, and needed some refreshment. I happened to be present, Sir, at a scene which did you the greatest honor, and of which I spoke, not knowing you, with something like levity to your son. He is an *ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris*—Pendennis, how are you? And I thought, Sir, I would come down and tender an apology if I had said any words that might savor of offense, to a gentleman who was in the right, as I told the room when you quitted it, as Mr. Pendennis, I am sure, will remember."

Mr. Pendennis looked surprise and perhaps negation.

"You forget, Pendennis? Those who quit the room, Sir, often forget on the morrow what occurred during the revelry of the night. You did right in refusing to return to that scene. We public men are obliged often to seek our refreshment at hours when luckier individuals are lapt in slumber."

"And what may be your occupation, Mr. Bayham?" asks the Colonel, rather gloomily, for he had an idea that Bayham was adopting a strain of *persiflage* which the Indian gentleman by no means relished. Never saying aught but a kind word to any one, he was on fire at the notion that any one should take a liberty with him.

"A barrister, Sir, but without business—a literary man who can but seldom find an opportunity to sell the works of his brains—a gentleman, Sir, who has met with neglect, perhaps merited, perhaps undeserved, from his family. I get my bread as best I may. On that evening I had been lecturing on the genius of some of our comic writers at the Parthenopæon, Hackney. My audience was scanty, perhaps equal to my deserts. I came home on foot to an egg and a glass of beer after midnight, and witnessed the scene which did you so much honor. What is this? I fancy a ludicrous picture of myself"—he had taken up the sketch which Clive had been drawing—"I like fun, even at my own expense, and can afford to laugh at a joke which is meant in good humor."

This speech quite reconciled the honest Colonel. "I am sure the author of that, Mr. Bayham, means you or any man no harm. Why! the rascal, Sir, has drawn me, his own father, and I have sent the drawing to Major Hobbs, who is in command of my regiment. Chinnery himself, Sir, couldn't hit off a likeness better; he has drawn me on horseback, and he has drawn me on foot, and he has drawn my friend, Mr. Binnie, who lives with me. We have scores of his drawings at my lodgings; and if you will favor us by dining with us to-day, and these gentlemen, you shall see that you are not the only person caricatured by Clive here."

"I just took some little dinner up stairs, Sir, I am a moderate man, and can live, if need be, like a Spartan; but to join such good company I will gladly use the knife and fork again. You will excuse the traveler's dress? I keep a room here, which I use only occasionally, and am at present lodging—in the country."

When Honeyman was ready, the Colonel, who had the greatest respect for the Church, would not hear of going out of the room before the clergyman, and took his arm to walk. Bayham then fell to Mr. Pendennis's lot, and they went together. Through Hill Street and Berkeley Square their course was straight enough; but at Hay Hill, Mr. Bayham made an abrupt tack larboard, engaging in a labyrinth of stables, and walking a long way round from Clifford Street, whither we were bound. He hinted at a cab, but Pendennis refused to ride, being, in truth, anxious to see which way his eccentric companion would steer. "There are reasons," growled Bayham, "which need not be explained to one of your experience, why Bond Street must be avoided by some men peculiarly situated. The smell of Truefitt's pomatum makes me ill. Tell me, Pendennis, is this Indian warrior a rajah of large wealth?

Could he, do you think, recommend me to a situation in the East India Company? I would gladly take any honest post in which fidelity might be useful, genius might be appreciated, and courage rewarded. Here we are. The hotel seems comfortable. I never was in it before."

When we entered the Colonel's sitting-room at Nerot's, we found the waiter engaged in extending the table. "We are a larger party than I expected," our host said. "I met my brother Bryan on horseback leaving cards at that great house in —— Street."

"The Russian Embassy," says Mr. Honeyman, who knew the town quite well.

"And he said he was disengaged and would dine with us," continues the Colonel.

"Am I to understand, Colonel Newcome," says Mr. Frederick Bayham, "that you are related to the eminent banker, Sir Bryan Newcome, who gives such uncommonly swell parties in Park Lane?"

"What is a swell party?" asks the Colonel, laughing. "I dined with my brother last Wednesday; and it was a very grand dinner certainly. The Governor-General himself could not give a more splendid entertainment. But, do you know, I scarcely had enough to eat? I don't eat side dishes; and as for the roast beef of Old England, why, the meat was put on the table, and whisked away like Sancho's inauguration feast at Barataria. We did not dine till nine o'clock. I like a few glasses of claret and a cosy talk after dinner; but—well, well" —(no doubt the worthy gentleman was accusing himself of telling tales out of school and had come to a timely repentance). "Our dinner, I hope, will be different. Jack Binnie will take care of that. That fellow is full of anecdote and fun. You will meet one or two more of our service: Sir Thomas de Boots, who is not a bad chap over a glass of wine; Mr. Pendennis's chum, Mr. Warrington, and my nephew, Barnes Newcome—a dry fellow at first, but I dare say he has good about him when you know him; almost every man has," said the good-natured philosopher. "Clive, you rogue, mind and be moderate with the Champagne, Sir!"

"Champagne 's for women," says Clive. "I stick to claret."

"I say, Pendennis," here Bayham remarked, "it is my deliberate opinion that F. B. has got into a good thing."

Mr. Pendennis seeing there was a great party was for going home to his chambers to dress. "Hm!" says Mr. Bayham, "don't see the necessity. What right-minded man looks at the exterior of his neighbor? He looks, *here*, Sir, and examines *there*," and Bayham tapped his forehead, which was expansive, and then his heart, which he considered to be in the right place.

"What is this I hear about dressing?" asks our host. "Dine in your frock, my good friend, and welcome, if your dress-coat is in the country."

"It is at present at an uncle's," Mr. Bayham said, with great gravity, "and I take your hospitality as you offer it, Colonel Newcome, cordially and frankly."

Honest Mr. Binnie made his appearance a short time before the appointed hour of receiving the guests, arrayed in a tight little pair of trowsers, and white silk stockings and pumps, his bald head shining like a billiard-ball, his jolly gills rosy with good humor. He was bent on pleasure. "Hey, lads!" says he; "but we'll make a night of it. We haven't had a night since the farewell dinner off Plymouth."

"And a jolly night it was, James," ejaculates the Colonel.

"Egad, what a song that Tom Morris sings."

"And your Jock o'Hozeldean is as good as a play, Jack."

"And I think you beat iny one I iver hard in Tom Bowling yourself, Tom!" cries the Colonel's delighted chum. Mr. Pendennis opened the eyes of astonishment at the idea of the possibility of renewing these festivities, but he kept the lips of prudence closed. And now the carriages began to drive up, and the guests of Colonel Newcome to arrive.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S STORY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BEING rather young at present—I am getting on in years, but still I am rather young—I have no particular adventures of my own to fall back upon. It wouldn't much interest any body here, I suppose, to know what a screw the Reverend is, or what a griffin *she* is, or how they do stick it into parents—particularly hair-cutting, and medical attendance. One of our fellows was charged in his half's account twelve and sixpence for two pills—tolerably profitable at six and threepence a piece, I should think—and he never took them either, but put them up the sleeve of his jacket.

As to the beef, it's shameful. It's *not* beef. Regular beef isn't veins. You can chew regular beef. Besides which, there's gravy to regular beef, and you never see a drop to ours. Another of our fellows went home ill, and heard the family doctor tell his father that he couldn't account for his complaint unless it was the beer. Of course it was the beer, and well it might be!

However, beef and Old Cheeseman are two different things. So is beer. It was Old Cheeseman I meant to tell about; not the manner in which our fellows get their constitutions destroyed for the sake of profit.

Why, look at the pie-crust alone. There's no flakiness in it. It's solid—like damp lead. Then our fellows get nightmares, and are bolstered for calling out and waking other fellows. Who can wonder!

Old Cheeseman one night walked in his sleep, put his hat on over his night-cap, got hold of a

fishing-rod and a cricket-bat, and went down into the parlor, where they naturally thought from his appearance he was a Ghost. Why, he never would have done that, if his meals had been wholesome. When we all begin to walk in our sleeps, I suppose they'll be sorry for it.

Old Cheeseman wasn't second Latin Master then; he was a fellow himself. He was first brought there, very small, in a post-chaise, by a woman who was always taking snuff and shaking him—and that was the most he remembered about it. He never went home for the holidays. His accounts (he never learnt any extras), were sent to a Bank, and the Bank paid them; and he had a brown suit twice a year, and went into boots at twelve. They were always too big for him, too.

In the Midsummer holidays, some of our fellows who lived within walking distance, used to come back and climb the trees outside the playground wall, on purpose to look at Old Cheeseman reading there by himself. He was always as mild as the tea—and *that's* pretty mild, I should hope!—so when they whistled to him, he looked up and nodded; and when they said "Halloa, Old Cheeseman, what have you had for dinner?" he said "Boiled mutton;" and when they said "An't it solitary, Old Cheeseman?" he said "It is a little dull, sometimes;" and then they said "Well, good by, Old Cheeseman!" and climbed down again. Of course it was imposing on Old Cheeseman to give him nothing but boiled mutton through a whole vacation, but that was just like the system. When they didn't give him boiled mutton they gave him rice pudding, pretending it was a treat. And saved the butcher.

So old Cheeseman went on. The holidays brought him into other trouble besides the loneliness; because when the fellows began to come back, not wanting to, he was always glad to see them: which was aggravating when they were not at all glad to see him, and so he got his head knocked against walls, and that was the way his nose bled. But he was a favorite in general. Once, a subscription was raised for him; and, to keep up his spirits, he was presented before the holidays with two white mice, a rabbit, a pigeon, and a beautiful puppy. Old Cheeseman cried about it—especially soon afterward, when they all ate one another.

Of course Old Cheeseman used to be called by the names of all sorts of cheeses—Double Glo'sterman, Family Cheshireman, Dutchman, North Wiltshireman, and all that. But he never minded it. And I don't mean to say he was old in point of years—because he wasn't—only he was called, from the first, Old Cheeseman.

At last, Old Cheeseman was made second Latin Master. He was brought in one morning at the beginning of a new half, and presented to the school in that capacity as "Mr. Cheeseman." Then our fellows all agreed that Old Cheeseman was a spy, and a deserter, who had gone over to the enemy's camp, and sold himself for gold. It was no excuse for him that he had sold himself for very little gold—two pound ten a quarter, and his washing, as was reported. It was decided by a Parliament which sat about it, that Old Cheeseman's mercenary motives could alone be taken into account, and that he had "coined our blood for drachmas." The Parliament took the expression out of the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius.

When it was settled in this strong way that Old Cheeseman was a tremendous traitor, who had wormed himself into our fellows' secrets on purpose to get himself into favor by giving up every thing he knew, all courageous fellows were invited to come forward and enroll themselves in a society for making a set against him. The President of the society was First boy, named Bob Tarter. His father was in the West Indies, and he owned, himself, that his father was worth millions. He had great power among our fellows, and he wrote a parody, beginning,

> "Who made believe to be so meek
> That we could hardly hear him speak,
> Yet turned out an Informing Sneak?
> Old Cheeseman."

—and on in that way through more than a dozen verses, which he used to go and sing, every morning, close by the new master's desk. He trained one of the low boys, too—a rosy cheeked little Brass, who didn't care what he did—to go up to him with his Latin Grammar one morning, and say it so: *Nominativus pronominum*—Old Cheeseman, *raro exprimitur*—was never suspected, *nisi distinctionis*—of being an informer, *aut emphasis gratiâ*—until he proved one. *Ut*—for instance, *Vos damnastis*—when he sold the boys. *Quasi*—as though, *dicat*—he should say, *Pretœrea nemo*—I'm a Judas! All this produced a great effect on Old Cheeseman. He had never had much hair; but what he had began to get thinner and thinner every day. He grew paler and more worn; and sometimes, of an evening, he was seen sitting at his desk with a precious long snuff to his candle, and his hands before his face, crying. But no member of the society could pity him, even if he felt inclined, because the President said it was Old Cheeseman's conscience.

So Old Cheeseman went on, and didn't he lead a miserable life! Of course the Reverend turned up his nose at him, and of course *she* did—because both of them always do that, at all the masters—but he suffered from the fellows most, and he suffered from them constantly. He never told about it, that the society could find out; but he got no credit for that, because the President said it was Old Cheeseman's cowardice.

He had only one friend in the world, and that one was almost as powerless as he was, for it was only Jane. Jane was a sort of a wardrobe-woman to our fellows, and took care of the boxes. She had come at first, I believe, as a kind of apprentice—some of our fellows say

from a Charity, but *I* don't know—and, after her time was out, had stopped at so much a year. So little a year, perhaps I ought to say, for it is far more likely. However, she had put some pounds in the Savings' Bank, and she was a very nice young woman. She was not quite pretty; but she had a very frank, honest, bright face, and all our fellows were fond of her. She was uncommonly neat and cheerful, and uncommonly comfortable and kind. And if any thing was the matter with a fellow's mother, he always went and showed the letter to Jane.

Jane was Old Cheeseman's friend. The more the Society went against him, the more Jane stood by him. She used to give him a good-humored look out of her still-room window, sometimes, that seemed to set him up for the day. She used to pass out of the orchard and the kitchen-garden (always kept locked, I believe you!) through the play-ground, when she might have gone the other way, only to give a turn of her head, as much as to say, "Keep up your spirits!" to Old Cheeseman. His slip of a room was so fresh and orderly, that it was well known who looked after it while he was at his desk; and when our fellows saw a smoking hot dumpling on his plate at dinner, they knew with indignation who had sent it up.

Under these circumstances the Society resolved, after a quantity of meeting and debating, that Jane should be requested to cut Old Cheeseman dead; and that if she refused, she must be sent to Coventry herself. So a deputation, headed by the President, was appointed to wait on Jane, and inform her of the vote the Society had been under the painful necessity of passing. She was very much respected for all her good qualities, and there was a story about her having once waylaid the Reverend in his own study and got a fellow off from severe punishment, of her own kind, comfortable heart. So the deputation didn't much like the job. However, they went up, and the President told Jane all about it. Upon which Jane turned very red, burst into tears, informed the President and the deputation, in a way not at all like her usual way, that they were a parcel of malicious young savages, and turned the whole respected body out of the room. Consequently it was entered in the Society's book (kept in astronomical cipher, for fear of detection), that all communication with Jane was interdicted; and the President addressed the members on this convincing instance of Old Cheeseman's undermining.

But Jane was as true to Old Cheeseman as Old Cheeseman was false to our fellows—in their opinion at all events—and steadily continued to be his only friend. It was a great exasperation to the Society, because Jane was as much a loss to them as she was a gain to him; and being more inveterate against him than ever, they treated him worse than ever. At last, one morning, his desk stood empty, his room was peeped into and found to be vacant, and a whisper went about among the pale faces of our fellows that Old Cheeseman, unable to bear it any longer, had got up early and drowned himself.

The mysterious looks of the other masters after breakfast, and the evident fact that Old Cheeseman was not expected, confirmed the Society in this opinion. Some began to discuss whether the President was liable to hanging or only transportation for life, and the President's face showed a great anxiety to know which. However, he said that a jury of his country should find him game; and that in his address he should put it to them to lay their hands upon their hearts, and say whether they as Britons approved of Informers, and how they thought they would like it themselves. Some of the Society considered that he had better run away until he found a Forest, where he might change clothes with a wood-cutter and stain his face with blackberries; but the majority believed that if he stood his ground, his father—belonging as he did to the West Indies, and being worth Millions—could buy him off.

All our fellows' hearts beat fast when the Reverend came in, and made a sort of a Roman, or a Field Marshal of himself with the ruler; as he always did before delivering an address. But their fears were nothing to their astonishment when he came out with the story that Old Cheeseman, "so long our respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge," he called him—O yes! I dare say! Much of that!—was the orphan child of a disinherited young lady who had married against her father's wish, and whose young husband had died, and who had died of sorrow herself, and whose unfortunate baby (Old Cheeseman) had been brought up at the cost of a grandfather who would never consent to see it, baby, boy, or man: which grandfather was now dead, and serve him right—that's *my* putting in—and which grandfather's large property, there being no will, was now, and all of a sudden and forever, Old Cheeseman's! Our so long respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge, the Reverend wound up a lot of bothering quotations by saying, would "come among us once more" that day fortnight, when he desired to take leave of us himself in a more particular manner. With these words, he stared severely round at our fellows, and went solemnly out.

There was precious consternation among the members of the Society now. Lots of them wanted to resign, and lots more began to try to make out that they had never belonged to it. However, the President stuck up, and said that they must stand or fall together, and that if a breach was made it should be over his body—which was meant to encourage the Society; but it didn't. The President further said, he would consider the position in which they stood, and would give them his best opinion and advice in a few days. This was eagerly looked for, as he knew a good deal of the world

on account of his father's being in the West Indies.

After days and days of hard thinking, and drawing armies all over his slate, the President called our fellows together, and made the matter clear. He said it was plain that when Old Cheeseman came on the appointed day, his first revenge would be to impeach the Society, and have it flogged all round. After witnessing with joy the tortures of his enemies, and gloating over the cries which agony would extort from them, the probability was that he would invite the Reverend, on pretense of conversation, into a private room—say the parlor into which Parents were shown, where the two great globes were which were never used—and would there reproach him with the various frauds and oppressions he had endured at his hands. At the close of his observations he would make a signal to a prize-fighter concealed in the passage, who would then appear and pitch into the Reverend till he was left insensible. Old Cheeseman would then make Jane a present of from five to ten pounds, and would leave the establishment in fiendish triumph.

The President explained that against the parlor part, or the Jane part, of these arrangements he had nothing to say; but, on the part of the Society, he counseled deadly resistance. With this view he recommended that all available desks should be filled with stones, and that the first word of the complaint should be the signal to every fellow to let fly at Old Cheeseman. The bold advice put the Society in better spirits, and was unanimously taken. A post about Old Cheeseman's size was put up in the playground, and all our fellows practiced at it till it was dinted all over.

When the day came, and Places were called, every fellow sat down in a tremble. There had been much discussing and disputing as to how Old Cheeseman would come; but it was the general opinion that he would appear in a sort of a triumphal car drawn by four horses, with two livery servants in front, and the Prize-fighter in disguise up behind. So, all our fellows sat listening for the sound of wheels. But no wheels were heard, for Old Cheeseman walked after all, and came into the school without any preparation. Pretty much as he used to be, only dressed in black.

"Gentlemen," said the Reverend, presenting him, "our so long and respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge is desirous to offer a word or two. Attention, gentlemen, one and all!"

Every fellow stole his hand into his desk and looked at the President. The President was all ready, and taking aim at Old Cheeseman with his eyes.

What did Old Cheeseman then but walk up to his old desk, look round him with a queer smile, as if there was a tear in his eye, and begin, in a quavering, mild voice, "My dear companions and old friends!"

Every fellow's hand came out of his desk, and the President suddenly began to cry.

"My dear companions and old friends," said Old Cheeseman, "you have heard of my good fortune. I have passed so many years under this roof—my entire life so far, I may say—that I hope you have been glad to hear of it for my sake. I could never enjoy it without exchanging congratulations with you. If we have ever misunderstood one another at all, pray, my dear boys, let us forgive and forget. I have a great tenderness for you, and I am sure you return it. I want, in the fullness of a grateful heart, to shake hands with you every one. I have come back to do it, if you please, my dear boys."

Since the President had begun to cry, several other fellows had broken out here and there; but now, when Old Cheeseman began with him as first boy, laid his left hand affectionately on his shoulder, and gave him his right, and when the President said, "Indeed I don't deserve it, sir; upon my honor I don't," there was sobbing and crying all over the school. Every other fellow said he didn't deserve it, much in the same way; but Old Cheeseman, not minding that a bit, went cheerfully round to every boy, and wound up with every master—finishing off the Reverend last.

Then a sniveling little chap in a corner, who was always under some punishment or other, set up a shrill cry of "Success to Old Cheeseman! Hoorray!" The Reverend glared upon him, and said, "*Mr.* Cheeseman, sir;" but Old Cheeseman protesting that he liked his old name a great deal better than his new one, all our fellows took up the cry, and, for I don't know how many minutes, there was such a thundering of feet and hands, and such a roaring of "Old Cheeseman!" as never was heard.

After that, there was a spread in the dining-room of the most magnificent kind. Fowls, tongues, preserves, fruits, confectionaries, jellies, neguses, barley-sugar temples, trifles, crackers—eat all you can and pocket what you like—all at Old Cheeseman's expense. After that, speeches, whole holiday, double and treble sets of all manners of things for all manners of games, donkeys, pony-chaises and drive yourself, dinner for all the masters at the Seven Bells (twenty pound a head our fellows estimated it at), an annual holiday and feast fixed for that day every year, and another on Old Cheeseman's birthday—Reverend bound down before the fellows to allow it, so that he could never back out—all at Old Cheeseman's expense.

And didn't our fellows go down in a body and cheer outside the Seven Bells? O no!

But there's something else besides. Don't look at the next story-teller, for there's more yet. Next day it was resolved that the Society should make it up with Jane, and then be dissolved. What do you think of Jane being gone, though! "What! gone forever?" said our fellows, with long faces. "Yes, to be sure," was

all the answer they could get. None of the people about the house would say any thing more. At length the first boy took upon himself to ask the Reverend whether our old friend Jane was really gone. The Reverend (he has got a daughter at home—turn-up nose, and red) replied severely, "Yes, sir, Miss Pitt is gone." The idea of calling Jane Miss Pitt! Some said she had been sent away in disgrace for taking money from Old Cheeseman; others said she had gone into Old Cheeseman's service, at a rise of ten pounds a year. All that our fellows knew was—she was gone.

It was two or three months afterward when, one afternoon, an open carriage stopped at the cricket-field, just outside bounds, with a lady and gentleman in it, who looked at the game a long time, and stood up to see it played. No body thought much about them, until the same little sniveling chap came in, against all rules, from the post where he was scout, and said, "It's Jane!" Both elevens forgot the game directly, and ran crowding round the carriage. It *was* Jane! In such a bonnet! And if you'll believe me, Jane was married to Old Cheeseman!

It soon became quite a regular thing, when our fellows were hard at it in the playground, to see a carriage at the low part of the wall where it joins the high part, and a lady and gentleman standing up in it, looking over. The gentleman was always Old Cheeseman, and the lady was always Jane.

The first time I ever saw them I saw them in that way. There had been a good many changes among our fellows then, and it had turned out that Bob Tarter's father wasn't worth millions! He wasn't worth any thing. Bob had gone for a soldier, and Old Cheeseman had purchased his discharge. But that's not the carriage. The carriage stopped, and all our fellows stopped as soon as it was seen.

"So you have never sent me to Coventry after all!" said the lady, laughing, as our fellows swarmed up the wall to shake hands with her. "Are you never going to do it?"

"Never! never! never!" on all sides.

I didn't understand what she meant then, but of course I do now. I was very much pleased with her face though, and with her good way, and I couldn't help looking at her—and at him too—with all our fellows clustering so joyfully about them.

They soon took notice of me as a new boy, so I thought I might as well swarm up the wall myself, and shake hands with them as the rest did. I was quite as glad to see them as the rest were, and was quite as familiar with them in a moment.

"Only a fortnight now," said Old Cheeseman, "to the holidays. Who stops? Any body?"

A good many fingers pointed at me, and a good many voices cried, "He does!" For it was the year when you were all away; and rather low I was about it, I can tell you.

"Oh!" said Old Cheeseman. "But it's solitary here in the holiday time. He had better come to us."

So I went to their delightful house. and was as happy as I could possibly be. They understand how to conduct themselves toward boys, *they* do. When they take a boy to the play, for instance, they *do* take him. They don't go in after it's begun, or come out before it's over. They know how to bring a boy up, too. Look at their own! Though he is very little as yet, what a capital boy he is! Why, my next favorite to Mrs. Cheeseman and Old Cheeseman, is young Cheeseman.

So now I have told you all I know about Old Cheeseman. And it's not much after all, I am afraid. Is it?

THE OLD LADY'S STORY.

I HAVE never told you my secret, my dear nieces. However, this Christmas, which may well be the last to an old woman, I will give the whole story; for though it is a strange story, and a sad one, it is true; and what sin there was in it I trust I may have expiated by my tears and my repentance. Perhaps the last expiation of all is this painful confession.

We were very young at the time, Lucy and I, and the neighbors said we were pretty. So we were, I believe, though entirely different; for Lucy was quiet, and fair, and I was full of life and spirits; wild beyond any power of control, and reckless. I was the elder by two years; but more fit to be in leading-strings myself than to guide or govern my sister. But she was so good, so quiet, and so wise, that she needed no one's guidance; for if advice was to be given, it was she who gave it, not I; and I never knew her judgment or perception fail. She was the darling of the house. My mother had died soon after Lucy was born. A picture in the dining-room of her, in spite of all the difference of dress, was exactly like Lucy; and, as Lucy was now seventeen, and my mother had been only eighteen when it was taken, there was no discrepancy of years.

One Allhallow's eve a party of us—all young girls, not one of us twenty years of age—were trying our fortunes round the drawing-room fire; throwing nuts into the brightest blaze, to hear if mythic "He" 's loved any of us, and in what proportion; or pouring hot lead into water, to find cradles and rings, or purses and coffins: or breaking the whites of eggs into tumblers half full of water, and then drawing up the white into pictures of the future—the prettiest experiment of all. I remember Lucy could only make a recumbent figure of hers, like a marble monument in miniature; and I, a maze of masks, and skulls, and things that looked like dancing apes or imps, and vapory lines that did not require much imagination to fashion into ghosts or spirits; for they were clearly human in the outline, but thin and vapory. And we all laughed a great deal, and teazed one an-

other, and were as full of fun, and mischief, and innocence, and thoughtlessness, as a nest of young birds.

There was a certain room at the other end of our rambling old manor-house, which was said to be haunted, and which my father had therefore discontinued as a dwelling-room, so that we children might not be frightened by foolish servants; and he had made it into a lumber-place—a kind of ground-floor granary—where no one had any business. Well, it was proposed that one of us should go into this room alone, lock the door, stand before a glass, pare and eat an apple very deliberately, looking fixedly in the glass all the time; and then if the mind never once wandered, the future husband would be clearly shown in the glass. As I was always the foolhardy girl of every party, and was moreover very desirous of seeing that apocryphal individual, my future husband (whose non-appearance I used to wonder at and bewail in secret), I was glad enough to make the trial, notwithstanding the entreaties of some of the more timid. Lucy, above all, clung to me, and besought me earnestly not to go—at last, almost with tears. But my pride of courage, and my curiosity, and a certain nameless feeling of attraction, were too strong for me. I laughed Lucy and her abettors into silence, uttered half a dozen bravados; and, taking up a bedroom candle, passed through the long silent passages, to the cold, dark, deserted room—my heart beating with excitement, my foolish head dizzy with hope and faith. The church-clock chimed a quarter past twelve as I opened the door.

It was an awful night. The windows shook, as if every instant they would burst in with some strong man's hand on the bars, and his shoulder against the frames; and the trees howled and shrieked, as if each branch were sentient and in pain. The ivy beat against the window, sometimes with fury, and sometimes with the leaves slowly scraping against the glass, and drawing out long shrill sounds, like spirits crying to each other. In the room itself it was worse. Rats had made it their refuge for many years, and they rushed behind the wainscot and down inside the walls, bringing with them showers of lime and dust, which rattled like chains, or sounded like men's feet hurrying to and fro; and every now and then a cry broke through the room, one could not tell from where or from what, but a cry, distinct and human; heavy blows seemed to be struck on the floor, which cracked like parting ice beneath my feet, and loud knockings shook the walls. Yet in this tumult I was not afraid. I reasoned on each new sound very calmly, and said, "Those are rats," or "those are leaves," and "birds in the chimney," or "owls in the ivy," as each new howl or scream struck my ear. And I was not in the least frightened or disturbed; it all seemed natural and familiar. I placed the candle on a table in the midst of the room, where an old mirror stood; and, looking steadily into the glass (having first wiped off the dust), I began to eat Eve's forbidden fruit, wishing intently, as I had been bidden, for the apparition of my future husband.

In about ten minutes I heard a dull, vague, unearthly sound; felt, not heard. It was as if countless wings rushed by, and small, low voices whispering too; as if a crowd, a multitude of life was about me; as if shadowy faces crushed up against me, and eyes, and hands, and sneering lips, all mocked me. I was suffocated. The air was so heavy—so filled with life, that I could not breathe. I was pressed on from all sides, and could not turn nor move without parting thickening vapors. I heard my own name—I can swear to that to-day! I heard it repeated through the room; and then bursts of laughter followed, and the wings rustled and fluttered, and the whispering voices mocked and chattered, and the heavy air, so filled with life, hung heavier and thicker, and the Things pressed up to me closer, and checked the breath on my lips with the clammy breath from theirs.

I was not alarmed. I was not excited; but I was fascinated and spell-bound; yet with every sense seeming to possess ten times its natural power. I still went on looking in the glass—still earnestly desiring an apparition—when suddenly I saw a man's face peering over my shoulder in the glass. Girls, I could draw that face to this hour! The low forehead, with the short curling hair, black as jet, growing down in a sharp point; the dark eyes, beneath thick eyebrows, burning with a peculiar light; the nose and the dilating nostrils; the thin lips, curled into a smile—I see them all plainly before me now. And—O, the smile that it was! —the mockery and sneer, the derision, the sarcasm, the contempt, the victory that were in it!—even then it struck into me a sense of submission. The eyes looked full into mine; those eyes and mine fastened on each other; and, as I ended my task, the church clock chimed the half hour; and, suddenly released, as if from a spell, I turned round, expecting to see a living man standing beside me. But I met only the chill air coming in from the loose window, and the solitude of the dark night. The Life had gone; the wings had rushed away; the voices had died out, and I was alone, with the rats behind the wainscot, the owls hooting in the ivy, and the wind howling through the trees.

Convinced that either some trick had been played me, or that some one was concealed in the room, I searched every corner of it. I lifted lids of boxes filled with the dust of ages, and with rotting paper lying like bleaching skin. I took down the chimney-board, and soot and ashes flew up in clouds. I opened dim old closets, where all manner of foul insects had made their homes, and where daylight had not entered for generations; but I found nothing. Satisfied that nothing human was in the room, and that no one could have been there to-night

—nor for many months, if not years—and still nerved to a state of desperate courage, I went back to the drawing-room. But, as I left that room, I felt that something flowed out with me; and, all through the long passages, I retained the sensation that this something was behind me. My steps were heavy; the consciousness of pursuit having paralyzed, not quickened me; for I knew that when I left that haunted room I had not left it alone. As I opened the drawing-room door—the blazing fire and the strong lamp-light bursting out upon me with a peculiar expression of cheerfulness and welcome—I heard a laugh close at my elbow, and felt a hot blast across my neck. I started back, but the laugh died away, and all I saw were two points of light, fiery and flaming, that somehow fashioned themselves into eyes beneath their heavy brows, and looked at me meaningly through the darkness.

They all wanted to know what I had seen; but I refused to say a word; not liking to tell a falsehood then, and not liking to expose myself to ridicule. For I felt that what I had seen was true, and that no sophistry and no argument, no reasoning and no ridicule, could shake my belief in it. My sweet Lucy came up to me —seeing me look so pale and wild—threw her arms round my neck, and leaned forward to kiss me. As she bent her head, I felt the same warm blast rush over my lips, and my sister cried, "Why, Lizzie, your lips burn like fire!"

And so they did, and for long after. The Presence was with me still, never leaving me day nor night: by my pillow, its whispering voice often waking me from wild dreams; by my side, in the broad sunlight; by my side, in the still moonlight; never absent, busy at my brain, busy at my heart—a form ever banded to me. It flitted like a cold cloud between my sweet sister's eyes and mine, and dimmed them so that I could scarcely see their beauty. It drowned my father's voice; and his words fell confused and indistinct.

Not long after, a stranger came into our neighborhood. He bought Green Howe, a deserted old property by the river-side, where no one had lived for many many years; not since the young bride, Mrs. Braithwaite, had been found in the river one morning, entangled among the dank weeds and dripping alders, strangled and drowned, and her husband dead —none knew how—lying by the chapel door. The place had had a bad name ever since, and no one would live there. However, it was said that a stranger, who had been long in the East, a Mr. Felix, had now bought it, and that he was coming to reside there. And, true enough, one day the whole of our little town of Thornhill was in a state of excitement; for a traveling-carriage and four, followed by another full of servants—Hindoos, or Lascars, or Negroes; dark-colored, strange-looking people—passed through, and Mr. Felix took possession of Green Howe.

My father called on him after a time; and I, as the mistress of the house, went with him. Green Howe had been changed, as if by magic, and we both said so together, as we entered the iron gates that led up the broad walk. The ruined garden was one mass of plants, fresh and green, many of them quite new to me; and the shrubbery, which had been a wilderness, was restored to order. The house looked larger than before, now that it was so beautifully decorated; and the broken trellis-work, which used to hang dangling among the ivy, was matted with creeping roses, and jasmine, which left on me the impression of having been in flower, which was impossible. It was a fairy palace; and we could scarcely believe that this was the deserted, ill-omened Green Howe. The foreign servants, too, in Eastern dresses, covered with rings, and necklaces, and earrings; the foreign smells of sandal-wood, and camphor, and musk; the curtains that hung every where in place of doors, some of velvet, and some of cloth of gold; the air of luxury, such as I, a simple country girl, had never seen before, made such a powerful impression on me, that I felt as if carried away to some unknown region. As we entered, Mr. Felix came to meet us; and, drawing aside a heavy curtain that seemed all of gold and fire—for the flame-colored flowers danced and quivered on the gold—he led us into an inner room, where the darkened light; the atmosphere heavy with perfumes; the statues; the birds like living jewels; the magnificence of stuffs, and the luxuriousness of arrangement, overpowered me. I felt as if I had sunk into a lethargy, in which I heard only the rich voice, and saw only the fine form of our stranger host.

He was certainly very handsome; tall, dark, yet pale as marble: his very lips were pale; with eyes that were extremely bright; but which had an expression behind them that subdued me. His manners were graceful. He was very cordial to us, and made us stay a long time; taking us through his grounds to see his improvements, and pointing out here and there further alterations to be made; all with such a disregard for local difficulties, and for cost, that, had he been one of the princes of the genii he could not have talked more royally. He was more than merely attentive to me; speaking to me often, and in a lower voice, bending down near to me, and looking at me with eyes that thrilled through every nerve and fibre. I saw that my father was uneasy; and, when we left, I asked him how he liked our new neighbor. He said, "Not much, Lizzie," with a grave and almost displeased look, as if he had probed the weakness I was scarcely conscious of myself. I thought at the time that he was harsh.

However, as there was nothing positively to object to in Mr. Felix, my father's impulse of distrust could not well be indulged without rudeness; and my dear father was too thoroughly a gentleman ever to be rude even to his enemy. We therefore saw a great deal of the

stranger; who established himself in our house on the most familiar footing, and forced on my father and Lucy an intimacy they both disliked but could not avoid. For it was forced with such consummate skill and tact, that there was nothing which the most rigid could object to.

I gradually became an altered being under his influence. In one thing only a happier—in the loss of the Voice and the Form which had haunted me. Since I had known Felix this terror had gone. The reality had absorbed the shadow. But in nothing else was this strange man's influence over me beneficial. I remember that I used to hate myself for my excessive irritability of temper when I was away from him. Every thing at home displeased me. Every thing seemed so small and mean and old and poor after the lordly glory of that house; and the very caresses of my family and olden school-day friends were irksome and hateful to me. All except my Lucy lost its charm; and to her I was faithful as ever; to her I never changed. But her influence seemed to war with his wonderfully. When with him I felt borne away in a torrent. His words fell upon me mysterious and thrilling, and he gave me fleeting glimpses into worlds which had never opened themselves to me before; glimpses seen and gone like the Arabian gardens.

When I came back to my sweet sister, her pure eyes and the holy light that lay in them, her gentle voice speaking of the sacred things of heaven and the earnest things of life, seemed to me like a former existence: a state I had lived in years ago. But this divided influence nearly killed me; it seemed to part my very soul and wrench my being in twain; and this, more than all the rest, made me sad beyond any thing people believed possible in one so gay and reckless as I had been.

My father's dislike to Felix increased daily; and Lucy, who had never been known to use a harsh word in her life, from the first refused to believe a thought of good in him, or to allow him one single claim to praise. She used to cling to me in a wild, beseeching way, and entreat me with prayers, such as a mother might have poured out before an erring child, to stop in time, and to return to those who loved me. "For your soul is lost from among us, Lizzie," she used to say; "and nothing but a frame remains of the full life of love you once gave us!" But one word, one look, from Felix was enough to make me forget every tear and every prayer of her who, until now had been my idol and my law.

At last my dear father commanded me not to see Felix again. I felt as if I should have died. In vain I wept and prayed. In vain I gave full license to my thoughts, and suffered words to pour from my lips which ought never to have crept into my heart. In vain; my father was inexorable.

I was in the drawing-room. Suddenly noiselessly, Felix was beside me. He had not entered by the door which was directly in front of me; and the window was closed. I never could understand this sudden appearance; for I am certain that he had not been concealed.

"Your father has spoken of me, Lizzie?" he said with a singular smile. I was silent.

"And has forbidden you to see me again?" he continued.

"Yes," I answered, impelled to speak by something stronger than my will

"And you intend to obey him?"

"No," I said again, in the same manner, as if I had been talking in a dream.

He smiled again. Who was he so like when he smiled? I could not remember, and yet I knew that he was like some one I had seen—a face that hovered outside my memory, on the horizon, and never floated near enough to be distinctly realized.

"You are right, Lizzie," he then said; "there are ties which are stronger than a father's commands—ties which no man has the right, and no man has the power to break. Meet me tomorrow at noon in the Low Lane; we will speak further."

He did not say this in any supplicating, nor in any loving manner: it was simply a command, unaccompanied by one tender word or look. He had never said he loved me—never; it seemed to be too well understood between us to need assurances.

I answered, "Yes," burying my face in my hands, in shame at this my first act of disobedience to my father; and, when I raised my head, he was gone. Gone as he had entered, without a foot-fall sounding ever so lightly.

I met him the next day; and it was not the only time that I did so. Day after day I stole at his command from the house, to walk with him in the Low Lane—the lane which the country people said was haunted, and which was consequently always deserted. And there we used to walk or sit under the blighted elm tree for hours;—he talking, but I not understanding all he said: for there was a tone of grandeur and of mystery in his words that overpowered without enlightening me, and that left my spirit dazzled rather than convinced. I had to give reasons at home for my long absences, and he bade me say that I had been with old Dame Todd, the blind widow of Thornhill Rise, and that I had been reading the Bible to her. And I obeyed; although, while I said it, I felt Lucy's eyes fixed plaintively on mine, and heard her murmur a prayer that I might be forgiven.

Lucy grew ill. As the flowers and the summer sun came on, her spirit faded more rapidly away. I have known since, that it was grief more than malady which was killing her. The look of nameless suffering, which used to be in her face, has haunted me through life with undying sorrow. It was suffering that I, who ought to have rather died for her, had caused. But not even her illness stayed me. In the in-

tervals I nursed her tenderly and lovingly as before; but for hours and hours I left her—all through the long days of summer—to walk in the Low Lane, and to sit in my world of poetry and fire. When I came back my sister was often weeping, and I knew that it was for me—I, who once would have given my life to save her from one hour of sorrow. Then I would fling myself on my knees beside her, in an agony of shame and repentance, and promise better things of the morrow, and vow strong efforts against the power and the spell that were on me. But the morrow subjected me to the same unhallowed fascination, the same faithlessness.

At last Felix told me that I must come with him; that I must leave my home, and take part in his life; that I belonged to him and to him only, and that I could not break the tablet of a fate ordained; that I was his destiny, and he mine, and that I must fulfill the law which the stars had written in the sky. I fought against this. I spoke of my father's anger, and of my sister's illness. I prayed to him for pity, not to force this on me, and knelt in the shadows of the autumn sunset to ask from him forbearance.

I did not yield this day, nor the next, nor for many days. At last he conquered. When I said "Yes," he kissed the scarf I wore round my neck. Until then he had never touched even my hands with his lips. I consented to leave my sister, who I well knew was dying; I consented to leave my father, whose whole life had been one act of love and care for his children; and to bring a stain on our name, unstained until then. I consented to leave those who loved me—all I loved—for a stranger.

All was prepared; the hurrying clouds, lead-colored, and the howling wind, the fit companions in nature with the evil and the despair of my soul. Lucy was worse to day; but though I felt going to my death, in leaving her, I could not resist. Had his voice called me to the scaffold, I must have gone. It was the last day of October, and at midnight when I was to leave the house. I had kissed my sleeping sister, who was dreaming in her sleep, and cried, and grasped my hand, and called aloud, "Lizzie, Lizzie! Come back!" But the spell was on me, and I left her; and still her dreaming voice called out, choking with sobs, "Not there! not there, Lizzie! Come back to me!"

I was to leave the house by the large, old, haunted room that I have spoken of before; Felix waiting for me outside. And a little after twelve o'clock, I opened the door to pass through. This time the chill, and the damp, and the darkness unnerved me. The broken mirror was in the middle of the room, as before, and, in passing it, I mechanically raised my eyes. Then I remembered that it was Allhallow's eve, the anniversary of the apparition of last year. As I looked, the room, which had been so deadly still, became filled with the sound I had heard before. The rushing of large wings, and the crowd of whispering voices flowed like a river round me; and again, glaring into my eyes, was the same face in the glass that I had seen before, the sneering smile even more triumphant, the blighting stare of the fiery eyes, the low brow and the coal-black hair, and the look of mockery. All were there; and all I had seen before and since; for it was Felix who was gazing at me from the glass. When I turned to speak to him, the room was empty. Not a living creature was there; only a low laugh, and the far off voices whispering, and the wings. And then a hand tapped on the window, and the voice of Felix cried from outside, "Come, Lizzie, come!"

I staggered, rather than walked, to the window; and, as I was close to it—my hand raised to open it—there stood between me and it a pale figure clothed in white; her face more pale than the linen round it. Her hair hung down on her breast, and her blue eyes looked earnestly and mournfully into mine. She was silent, and yet it seemed as if a volume of love and of entreaty flowed from her lips; as if I heard words of deathless affection. It was Lucy; standing there in this bitter midnight cold—giving her life to save me. Felix called to me again, impatiently; and, as he called, the figure turned, and beckoned me; beckoning me gently, lovingly, beseechingly; and then slowly faded away. The chime of the half-hour sounded; and, I fled from the room to my sister. I found her lying dead on the floor; her hair hanging over her breast, and one hand stretched out as if in supplication.

The next day Felix disappeared; he and his whole retinue: and Green Howe fell into ruins again. No one knew where he went, as no one knew from whence he came. And to this day I sometimes doubt whether or not he was a clever adventurer, who had heard of my father's wealth: and who, seeing my weak and imaginative character, had acted on it for his own purposes. All that I do know is that my sister's spirit saved me from ruin; and that she died to save me. She had seen and known all, and gave herself for my salvation down to the last and supreme effort she made to rescue me. She died at that hour of half past twelve; and at half past twelve, as I live before you all, she appeared to me and recalled me.

And this is the reason why I never married, and why I pass Allhallow's eve in prayer by my sister's grave. I have told you to-night this story of mine, because I feel that I shall not live over another last night of October, but that before the next white Christmas roses come out like winter stars on the earth I shall be at peace in the grave. Not in the grave; let me rather hope with my blessed sister in Heaven!

UNCLE GEORGE'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

WE had devoted the morning before my wedding-day to the arrangement of those troublesome, delightful, endless little affairs, which the world says must be set in order on such occasions; and late in the afternoon we walked down, Charlotte and myself, to take a last bachelor and maiden peep at the home which, next day, was to be ours in partnership. Goody Barnes, already installed as our cook and housekeeper, stood at the door, ready to receive us as we crossed the market-place to inspect our cottage for the twentieth time — cottage by courtesy—next door to my father's mansion, by far the best and handsomest in the place. It was some distance from Charlotte's house, where she and her widowed mother lived; all the way down the lime-tree avenue, then over the breezy common, besides traversing the principal and only street, which terminated in the village market-place.

The front of our house was Quaker-like in point of neatness and humility. But enter! It is not hard to display good taste when the banker's book puts no veto on the choice gems of furniture, which give the finishing touch to the whole. Then pass through, and bestow a glance upon our living rooms looking down upon that greatest of luxuries, a terraced garden, commanding the country- –and not a little of that country mine already—the farm which my father had given me, to keep me quiet and contented at home. For the closing perspective of our view, there was the sea, like a bright blue rampart rising before us. White-sailed vessels or self-willed steamers flitted to and fro for our amusement.

We tripped down the terrace steps, and of course looked in upon the little artificial grotto to the right, which I had caused to be lined throughout with foreign shells and glittering spars—more gifts from my ever-bountiful father. Charlotte and I went laughingly along the straight gravel walk, flanked on each side with a regiment of dahlias; that led us to the little gate opening to give us admission to my father's own pleasure-ground and orchard.

The dear old man was rejoiced to receive us. A daughter was what he so long had wished for. We hardly knew whether to smile or weep for joy, as we all sat together on the same rustic bench, overshadowed by the tulip-tree, which some one said my father had himself brought from North America. But of the means by which he became possessed of many of his choicest treasures, he never breathed a syllable to me. His father, I very well knew, was nothing more than a homely farmer, cultivating no great extent of not too productive sea-side land; but Charlotte's lace dress, which she was to wear to-morrow—again another present from him—was, her mother proudly pronounced, valuable and handsome enough for a princess.

Charlotte half whispered, half said aloud that she had no fear now that Richard Leroy, her boisterous admirer, would dare to attempt his reported threat to carry her off to the Continent in his cutter. Richard's name made my father frown, so we said no more; we lapsed again into that dreamy state of silent enjoyment, which was the best expression of our happiness.

Leroy's father was *called* a farmer; but on our portion of the English coast there are many things that are well understood rather than clearly and distinctly expressed, and no one had ever enlightened my ignorance. My father was on speaking terms with him, that was all; courteous, but distant; half timid, half mysterious. He discouraged my childish intimacy with Richard; yet he did not go so far as to forbid it. Once, when I urged him to allow me to accompany young Leroy in his boat, to fish in the Channel one calm and bright summer morning, he peremptorily answered, "No! I do not wish *you* to learn to be a smuggler." But then he instantly checked himself, and afterward was more anxious and kind to me than ever. Still Richard and I continued play-fellows until we grew up, and both admired Charlotte. He would have made a formal proposal for her hand, if the marked discouragement of her family had not shut out every opportunity. This touched his pride, and once made him declare, in an off-hand way, that it would cost him but very little trouble to land such a light cargo as that, some pleasant evening, in France, or even on one of the Azore Islands, if orange groves and orange blossoms were what my lady cared about. It is wonderful how far and how swiftly heedless words do fly when once they are uttered. Such speeches did not close the breach, but, instead, laid the first foundation for one of those confirmed estrangements which village neighborhoods only know. The repugnance manifested by Charlotte's friends was partly caused by the mystery which hung to Richard's ample means. The choice was unhesitatingly made in my favor. In consequence, as a sort of rejected candidate, Richard Leroy really did lie, among us, under an unexpressed and indefinite ban, which was by no means likely to be removed by the roystering, scornful air of superiority with which he mostly spoke of, looked at, and treated us.

Charlotte and I took leave of my father on that gray September evening with the full conviction that every blessing was in store for us which affection and wealth had the power to procure. Over the green and up the lime-tree avenue, and then good-night, my lady-love Good-night, thus parting, for the very last time. To-morrow — ah! think of to-morrow. The quarters of the church clock strike half past nine. Good-night, dear mother-in-law; and, once more, good-night, Charlotte!

It was somewhat early to leave; but my father's plans required it. He desired that we should be married, not at the church of the village where we all resided, but at one distant a

short walk, in which he took a peculiar interest—where he had selected the spot for a family burial-place, and where he wished the family registers to be kept. It was a secluded hamlet, and my father had simply made the request that I would lodge for a while at a farm-house there, in order that the wedding might be performed at the place he fixed his heart upon. My duty and my interest were to obey.

"Good-night, Charlotte," had not long been uttered before I was fairly on the way to my temporary home. Our village and its few scattered lights were soon left behind, and I then was upon the open down, walking on with a springing step. On one side was spread the English Channel; and from time to time I could mark the appearance of the light at Cape Grinez, on the French coast opposite. There it was, coming and going, flashing out and dying away with never-ceasing coquetry. The cliff lay between my path and the sea. There was no danger; for, although the moon was not up, it was bright starlight. I knew every inch of the way as well as I did my father's garden walks. In September, however, mists will rise; and, as I approached the valley, there came the offspring of the pretty stream which ran through it, something like a light cloud running along the ground before the wind. Is there a night-fog coming on? Perhaps there may be. If so, better steer quite clear of the cliff, by means of a gentle circuit inland. It is quite impossible to miss the valley; and, once in the valley, it is equally difficult to miss the hamlet. Richard Leroy has been frequently backward and forward the last few evenings: it would be strange if we should chance to meet here, and on such an occasion.

On, and still on, cheerily. In a few minutes more I shall reach the farm, and then, to pass one more solitary night is almost a pleasurable delay, a refinement in happiness. I could sing and dance for joy. Yes, dance all alone, on this elastic turf! There: just one foolish caper; just one—

Good God! is this not the shock of an earthquake? I hasten to advance another step, but the ground beneath me quivers and sinks. I grasp at the side of a yawning pitfall, but grasp in vain. Down, down, down, I fall headlong.

When my senses returned, and I could look about me, the moon had risen, and was shining in at the treacherous hole through which I had fallen. A glance was only too sufficient to explain my position. Why had I always so foolishly refused to allow the farmer to meet me half way, and accompany me to his house every evening; knowing, as I did know, how the chalk and limestone of the district had been undermined in catacombs, sinuous and secret for wells, flint, manure, building materials, and worse purposes? My poor father and Charlotte!

Patience. It can hardly be possible that now, on the eve of my marriage, I am suddenly doomed to a lingering death. The night *must* be passed here, and daylight will show some means of escape. I will lie down on this heap of earth that fell under me.

Amidst despairing thoughts, and a hideous waking nightmare, daylight slowly came.

The waning moon had not revealed the extremity of my despair; but now it was clearly visible that I had fallen double the height I supposed. But for the turf which had fallen under me, I must have been killed on the spot. The hole was too large for me to creep up, by pressing against it with my back and knees; and there were no friendly knobs or protuberances visible up its smooth sides. The chasm increased in diameter as it descended, like an inverted funnel. I might possibly climb up a wall; but could I creep along a ceiling?

I shouted as I lay; no one answered. I shouted again—and again. Then I thought that too much shouting would exhaust my strength, and unfit me for the task of mounting. I measured with my eye the distances from stratum to stratum of each well-marked layer of chalk. And then, the successive beds of flint—they gave me the greatest hopes. If foot-holes could be only cut! Though the feat was difficult, it might be practicable. The attempt must be made.

I arose, stiff and bruised. No matter. The first layer of flints was not more than seven or eight feet overhead. Those once reached, I could secure a footing, and obtain a first starting-place for escape. I tried to climb to them with my feet and hands. Impossible, the crumbling wall would not support half my weight. As fast as I attempted to get handhold or footing, it fell in fragments to the ground.

But, a better thought—to dig it away, and make a mound so high that, by standing on it, I could manage to reach the flint with my hands. I had my knife to help me; and, after much hard work, my object was accomplished, and I got within reach of the shelf.

My hands had firm hold of the horizontal flint. They were cut with clinging; but I found that, by raising myself, and then thrusting my feet into the chalk and marl, I could support myself with one hand only, leaving the other free to work. I did work; clearing away the chalk above the flint, so as to give me greater standing-room. At last, I thought I might venture upon the ledge itself. By a supreme effort, I reached the shelf; but moisture had made the chalk unctuous and slippery to the baffled grasp. It was in vain to think of mounting higher, with no point of support, no firm footing. A desperate leap across the chasm afforded not the slightest hope; because, even if successful, I could not for one moment maintain the advantage gained. I was determined to remain on the ledge of flint. Another moment, and a rattling on the floor soon taught me my powerlessness. Down sunk the chalk beneath my weight; and the stony table fell

from its fixture, only just failing to crush me under it.

Stunned and cut, and bruised, I spent some time prostrated by half-conscious but acute sensations of misery. Sleep, which as yet I had not felt, began to steal over me, but could gain no mastery. With each moment of incipient unconsciousness, Charlotte was presented to me, first, in her wedding dress; next, on our terrace beckoning me gayly from the garden below; then, we were walking arm-in-arm in smiling conversation; or seated happily together in my father's library. But the full consciousness which rapidly succeeded presented each moment the hideous truth. It was now broad day; and I realized Charlotte's sufferings. I beheld her awaiting me in her bridal dress; now hastening to the window, and straining her sight over the valley, in the hope of my approach; now stricken down by despair at my absence. My father, too, whose life had been always bound up in mine! These fancies destroyed my power of thought. I felt wild and frenzied. I raved and shouted, and then listened, knowing no answer could come.

But an answer did come: a maddening answer. The sound of bells, dull, dead, and, in my hideous well-hole, just distinguishable. They rang out my marriage-peal. Why was I not buried alive when I first fell?

I could have drunk blood, in my thirst, had it been offered to me. Die I must, I felt full well; but let me not die with my mouth in flame! Then came the struggle of sleep; and then fitful, tantalizing dreams. Charlotte appeared to me plucking grapes, and dropping them playfully into my mouth; or catching water in the hollow of her hand, from the little cascade in our grotto, and I drank. But hark! drip, drip, and again drip! Is this madness still? No. There must be water oozing somewhere out of the sides of this detested hole. Where the treacherous wall is slimiest, where the green patches are brightest and widest spread on the clammy sides of my living sepulchre, there will be the spot to dig and to search.

Again the knife. Every blow gives a more dead and hollow sound. The chalk dislodged is certainly not moister; but the blade sticks fast into wood—the wood of a cask; something slowly begins to trickle down. It is brandy!

Brandy! shall I taste it? Yet, why not? I did; and soon for a time remembered nothing.

I retained a vivid and excited consciousness up to one precise moment, which might have been marked by a stop-watch, and then all outward things were shut out, as suddenly as if a lamp had been extinguished. A long and utter blank succeeded. I have no further recollection either of the duration of time or of any bodily suffering. Had I died by alcoholic poison—and it is a miracle the brandy did not kill me—then would have been the end of my actual and conscious existence. My senses were dead. If what happened afterward had occurred at that time, there would have been no story for you to listen to.

Once more a burning thirst. Hunger had entirely passed away. I looked up, and all was dark; not even the stars or the cloudy sky were to be seen at the opening of my cavern. A shower of earth and heavy stones fell upon me as I lay. I still was barely awake and conscious, and a groan was the only evidence which escaped me that I had again recovered the use of my senses.

"Halloa! What's that down there?" said a voice whose tone was familiar to me. I uttered a faint but frantic cry.

I heard a moment's whispering, and the hollow echo of departing footsteps, and then all was still again. The voice overhead once more addressed me.

"Courage, George; keep up your spirits! In two minutes I will come and help you. Don't you know me?"

I then did know that it could be no other than my old rival, Richard Leroy. Before I could collect my thoughts, a light glimmered against one side of the well; and then, in the direction opposite the fallen table of flint, and just over it, Richard appeared, with a lantern in one hand, and a rope tied to a stick across it in the other.

"Have you strength enough left to sit upon this, and to hold by the rope while I haul you up?"

"I think I have," I said. I got the stick under me, and held by the rope to keep steady on my seat. Richard planted his feet firmly on the edge of his standing-place, and hauled me up. By a sleight of hand and an effort of strength, in which I was too weak to render him the least assistance, he landed me at the mouth of a subterranean gallery opening into the well. I could just see, on looking back, that if I had only maintained my position on the ledge of flint, and improved it a little, I might, by a daring and vigorous leap, have sprung to the entrance of this very gallery. But those ideas were now useless. I was so thoroughly worn out that I could scarcely stand, and an entreaty for water preceded even my expression of thanks.

"You shall drink your fill in one instant, and I am heartily glad to have helped you; but first let me mention one thing. It is understood that you keep my secret. You can not leave this place—unless I blindfold you, which would be an insult—without learning the way to return to it; and, of course, what you see along the galleries are to you nothing but shadows and dreams. Have I your promise?'

I was unable to make any other reply than to seize his hand, and burst into tears. How I got from the caverns to the face of the cliff, how thence to the beach, the secluded hamlet, and the sleeping village, does really seem to my memory like a vision. On the way across

the downs, Leroy stopped once or twice, more for the sake of resting my aching limbs than of taking breath or repose himself. During those intervals, he quietly remarked to me how prejudiced and unfair we had all of us been to him; that as for Charlotte, he considered her as a child, a little sister, almost even as a baby plaything. She was not the woman for him: he, for his part, liked a girl with a little more of the devil about her. No doubt he could have carried her off; and no doubt she would have loved him desperately a fortnight afterward. But, when he had once got her, what should he have done with such a blue-eyed, milk-and-water angel as that? Nothing serious to annoy us had ever entered his head. And my father ought not quite to forget the source of his own fortune, and hold himself aloof from his equals, although he might be lying quiet in harbor at present. Really, it was a joke, that, instead of eloping with the bride, he should be bringing home the eloped bridegroom!

I fainted when he carried me into my father's house, and I remember no more than his temporary adieu; but afterward all went on slowly and surely. My father and Richard became good friends, and the old gentleman acquired such influence over him, that Leroy's "pleasure trips" soon became rare, and finally ceased altogether. At the last run, he brought a foreign wife over with him, and nothing besides—a Dutch woman of great beauty and accomplishments, who, as he said, was as fitting a helpmate for him, as Charlotte, he acknowledged, was for me. He also took a neighboring parish church and its appurtenances into favor, and settled down as a landsman within a few miles of us; and if our families continue to go on in the friendly way they have done for the last few years, it seems likely that a Richard may conduct a Charlotte to enter their names together in a favorite register-book.

KATE GORDON.

I HAVE but a faint, indistinct recollection of my father—a thin, pale, gentle-speaking young man, who died when I was only five years old. He was confidential clerk to a large Norwich firm, and perished prematurely in consequence of a hurt he received while aiding to extinguish a fire in his employers' premises. My mother did not often speak of him to me in words, but the far more expressive tears which instantly suffused her sweet, meek eyes, if his name chanced to be mentioned in her presence, or some trifling relic, once belonging to him met her hastily-averted glance, testified even more emphatically than the mourning garments, which, though frequently wooed to do so, she never exchanged for gayer ones—how good he was—how tenderly remembered. The firm in whose service my father may be said to have lost his life, placed his widow in business, as a stationer and bookseller, in a small but sufficient way—sufficient, that is for her few needs, of which the costliest item was the expense of my education; and life for me was without a cloud till my mother's death by malignant cholera on Christmas-eve, 1830, the year, I believe, in which the Asiatic pestilence first visited this country. It was quickly known that, although my mother's business affairs were in a solvent state, and that as long as her active life should have been spared, there would have been no danger of the breaking up of our quiet, cheerful home; still little or nothing would remain for me after every thing had been disposed of, and all claims satisfied. This was of course perfectly well known to my mother, and uppermost in her dying thoughts, dominating the natural dread of approaching dissolution, and the sharp agony by which it was preceded. In the brief intervals of respite from distracting pain, she dictated a letter to her brother, Mr. Gordon—a just, but sternly inflexible man, I had always understood, whom she had grievously offended by her marriage (he himself having wedded very advantageously, in a worldly sense, just before); John Worsley, however amiable and estimable in character, not, in his opinion, occupying a sufficiently high position in the social scale to mate himself with his, Mr. Gordon's sister. The letter so dictated, was a prayer for shelter and protection for the orphan, from whom the grave was about to sunder her forever. The solemn, thrilling eloquence inspired by a love strong as the death in whose cold grasp the utterer was vainly struggling, immortal as the life of which the grim tyrant is the harbinger and herald, reached the brother's heart through all its wrappings of pride and anger, and Mr. Gordon arrived at Norwich on the early morning of the burial-day. The terrific anguish, sharpened by remorse, which seemed to rend his frame as with corporeal agony, when this wild, burning gaze fell upon his only sister's coffin, and the touching history briefly inscribed thereon: "Ellen Worsley. Born Jan. 8th. 1798. Died Dec. 24th, 1830,"—was a terrible rebuke of the arrogant selfishness of human resentments, and by few so greatly needed as by him who for the time acutely felt its retributive power, but with whom unfortunately the impression was well nigh as transitory as for the moment profound and agonizing; but this is in some degree to anticipate my story. The inexpressible tenderness with which my uncle greeted and embraced me—eagerly perused the features and drank in the tones of a voice which he seemed delighted to recognize as those familiar to him in the pleasant days of youth, completely dissipated the idea I had mentally formed of my mother's haughty, relentless brother. Over and over again he made me repeat the broken expressions that had fallen from my mother, expressive of her confidence that he would shelter and provide for me. He did not, that I remember, once reply in speech that he would do so, but, young as I was, I could read as plainly in his

flashing eyes—his white, strongly-compressed, but twitching lips—as I can now in the divine page of *Lear*—

"He who parts us must bring a brand from heaven."

So felt he then—in after years, indeed; but of this anon, in its due sequence.

On the following day we left Norwich for the coast of North Wales, opposite the island of Anglesea, where my uncle's residence was situated, between Carnarvon and Bangor. Before, however, introducing the reader to Plaisance, as Mr. Gordon had named his house and grounds, it will be as well to state that the lady whom Mr. Gordon married, and who had now been dead several years, possessed large mining property in Anglesea. This was their motive for locating themselves at Plaisance, which had been built and planted according to my uncle and his wife's taste—fancy rather. Two children remained to him of a somewhat numerous family—Robert, a little older than I, and Kate, about a twelvemonth younger. They were both at home for the Christmas holidays, my uncle told me, the festivities whereof had been so unhappily broken in upon by the tidings of my mother's decease. "You will be welcomed, Ellen, by them both," he added, "as a newly-found beloved sister; and when time has lightened the burden of this heavy grief, life will again, I doubt not, glide away as happily with the three children that now belong to me, as it has hitherto done with Kate and Robert." With such-like kindliest and soothing words my uncle beguiled the tedium of the journey, which, however, as we traveled post, was, for that period, rapidly accomplished. This is all, I think, that need be premised of my uncle's foregone history, but a few further prefatory words in respect of some peculiarities connected with his place of residence will be necessary.

Plaisance was, I found, built upon the southern slope of a bluff headland overlooking the western outlet of the Menai Strait and the Irish Channel. My uncle's frequent communication with Anglesea was effected boatwise, from a broad inlet of the sea reaching so near his house, that in rough weather, especially when the wind blew from the northeast, the hissing spray of the huge, tumbling, white-crested waves which furiously chased each other up the rock-studded creek or inlet, was flung half way up the lawn upon which the French windows of the dining-room opened. My uncle had built a commodious landing-place, chiefly for his own use, but freely conceded to any person of the neighborhood, by whom, of course, the passage to Anglesea by Plaisance Creek was much preferred to the considerably longer one by way of Bangor. A conspicuous red light, though not high from the ground, was, moreover, kindled every evening at sundown, as a guide to the boats while threading the tortuous and rocky channel of the creek, but for which precaution, especially in the dark, gusty nights of winter, the approach to shore would have been highly dangerous, if not impracticable: *au reste*, Mr. Gordon's residence and establishment were those of a gentleman of moderate fortune, and, in all things, strict order and a judicious economy were rigidly enforced. It was said in the neighborhood that he did not expend half his income, his prime ambition being to so amply dower his children, that their alliance in marriage with the class of landed gentry might be effected without difficulty—a surmise which subsequent events entirely confirmed.

All this, I hardly need say, came gradually to my knowledge; but that which I knew to be true, the instant I entered my uncle's house, was that I had found a kind home, and that both my cousins were as amiable and affectionate as Kate was surpassingly beautiful. Of Robert, it may not perhaps be seemly in me to say more than he was a tall, frank, well-looking boy, exuberantly cordial in his welcome to me; but Kate's fairy-like loveliness at that age—her bright, lustrous complexion, rich auburn hair tinted with golden light, and deep-blue charming eyes, which sympathizing tears as she embraced me, softened to seraphic beauty—seemed literally to make a sunshine of her presence. She was, it could be easily perceived, the apple of her father's eye—the thrice precious casket wherein his dearest hopes were garnered up—and well knowing this, as she did, it is not surprising that the dear girl exhibited sometimes, not often, at least not *very* often, the pretty willfulness, the charming caprice of a slightly spoiled, but naturally good and generous child. Robert Gordon went, soon after my arrival at Plaisance, to Harrow; my uncle was almost unremittingly occupied with his mining operations, so that with the exception of our governess—an excellent-intentioned rule-and-line person, who scrupulously confined herself to her stated and bargained-for lesson-duties—Kate and I had little society but our own—a sweet and all-sufficing companionship in those halcyon days of youth and girlish romance. Six years thus passed—six years, bright with happiness, save for the cloud-memory, mercifully time-lightened, of my mother. By that period, Kate's sylph-like loveliness had developed into the consummate beauty of early womanhood, and I grieved to observe, her once flexile caprice and waywardness, had hardened to determined willfulness in any matter upon which she chanced to set her mind. Robert Gordon and I had, also, by then wandered, in a manner unconsciously—I am sure it was so as regards myself—into the enchanted dream-land, where false-promising hope delighted smiles, and waves his golden hair as in no other phase of mortal life. We understood each other perfectly, though not a syllable directly annunciative of the sentiment which had seemed to grow naturally out of our long boy and girl intimacy and friendship, had passed between us; and I was one day suddenly startled into a conviction that my uncle was as wise upon the subject as

ourselves. The discovery did not—as I had dreaded that it would, knowing as we did his ambitious views for his children—excite more than a passing displeasure, and that but doubtfully expressed. My mother's memory was a potent talisman on my side, and when on the next morning he embraced and kissed me, I felt, though not a word was spoken, that his consent and benediction were no longer wanting to the troth-plight I and Robert had long since tacitly exchanged with each other. It was from another quarter the bolt fell, which smote and shattered the roof-tree beneath which I had so long happily nestled. That catastrophe was brought about as follows:—A large number of mining shares in Anglesea were held, by way of mortgage originally, I believe, by a reputedly-wealthy London bill-broker, of the name of Meredith, and a native of the principality. His son, Arthur Meredith, a young man possessed of a handsome person, and fascinating manners, and who had been a fellow-pupil of Robert Gordon's, at Harrow—once or twice accompanied his father in his business visits to Anglesea, and had been introduced by my uncle to Kate and myself. In the spring of that unhappy 1837, the newspapers announced the bankruptcy of the London money-broker, and a few weeks subsequently, we learned from the same sources of information, that Arthur Meredith had been appointed Manager and Receiver, under the Bankruptcy Commission, to his father's property in Anglesea, with a view to as profitable a realization thereof as possible, in the interest as well of the bankrupt as of the creditors. Kate did not appear to be at all interested by this intelligence, nor by the subsequent report of her father that Arthur Meredith had arrived at the mines, and entered upon his unaccustomed duties. I entirely participated Kate's apparent indifference, but it was not long before my *insouciance* with regard to Arthur Meredith, was succeeded by the most painful solicitude. On fine days my uncle would frequently invite us to accompany him in the boat to the opposite island—excursions little cared for by my charming cousin till this summer, when she, all at once, evinced a decided predilection for them, the key to which seeming caprice I was not long in discovering to consist in the opportunities they afforded of meeting with Arthur Meredith, generally at the Rev. Mr. Price's house, where, or near which, we were after a while sure to meet him. My uncle, who seldom joined us till it was time to re-embark, never met young Meredith on these occasions; the politic lover being doubtless apprehensive that the sharp stern eyes of the father, while penetrating his secret as easily as had the star glances of the daughter, would regard it in a very different light. I felt so, too, strongly, unswervingly, but utterly fruitless were the efforts I made to awaken the infatuated girl to a perception of the frightful position to which the primrose-path she was bent upon pursuing must inevitably lead. Arthur Meredith, I could not deny, was a highly-educated person, of excellent disposition and character it was said, and of exceedingly agreeable manners, and I did not doubt either that he loved my beautiful cousin for her own sake—as who indeed could help doing?—but that Mr. Gordon would ever consent to bestow his idolized child upon the penniless son of an insolvent bill-trafficker was, I felt confident, out of the question. It was useless arguing, remonstrating, beseeching; she relied, it was evident, upon her father's doting love, which she nothing doubted would ultimately overcome the impulses of his ambitious pride; and because I could not agree in this reasoning, nor feign to do so, a feeling of coldness, distrust, almost of estrangement grew up between us. At the close of the summer months, and as a necessary consequence of our boat-excursions, she persuaded my uncle to purchase a light pony-chaise and pair which she could drive herself. This expedient enabled her to frequently visit Bangor, whence she seldom returned till shortly before her father was expected home. For my part, I was half distracted by indefinite, but I was sure well founded, apprehensions of approaching calamity. Robert, her brother, was at Oxford, and although I did not correspond with him, I was a hundred times upon the point of acquainting him with my anxieties and fears, and as often abandoned my purpose upon some cowardly mental pretext or other. It was the same with my uncle; the information, conjectural as it might be, which I longed to impart to him, always died upon my faithless tongue at the decisive moment for want of a sustaining resolution. In some degree, no doubt, this nervous indecision arose from a fear which incessantly haunted me, that already the dreaded evil was beyond prevention or remedy. Kate was become pale, nervous as myself, starting at shadows, and but for her passionate opposition Mr. Gordon would have summoned medical advice. Me she no longer advised with upon the slightest matter, though at times her gentle, loving nature would burst through the artificial barrier she had herself raised between us, and find vent in a paroxysm of gushing tenderness and self-upbraiding, truthful as passionate in its half-revealings, but indistinct and only partially intelligible. The crisis was not long delayed. The dull year was drawing to a close—it wanted but about a week to Christmas, and my uncle having just before brought home a cabinet picture he had purchased at a sale, Kate and I were trying it at about three o'clock in the afternoon in various lights in the drawing-room. My cousin, disapproving of the place, where, after several trials, I decided it ought to be hung, hastily mounted the dwarf steps I had used, and extended her arm upward to grasp and unhook the painting, thereby giving to view the sharply defined outline of her figure. The consternation which instantly flashed

through me was intense and terrible, and glancing bewilderedly around, I saw that my uncle had unawares entered the room and was gazing with eyes of fire upon his daughter. My unhappy cousin turned round, comprehended in a moment the revelation that had been made, and with a piteous cry tottered down the steps toward me, would have fallen, but that I caught her in my arms, and we fell upon each other's neck, sobbing aloud in an agony of overwhelming grief. When I could again look round my uncle was gone, and presently a servant announced that Mr. Gordon requested his daughter's presence in the library. She tremblingly obeyed the summons, and scarcely ten minutes elapsed before my straining ear caught the sounds of renewed and violent sobbing, mingled with tones of passionate entreaty which gradually grew fainter as the suppliant slowly ascended the stairs toward her chamber. The library bell was again rung for me, and I quickly hastened thither.

"My cousin!" I breathlessly exclaimed, "what —what has happened? Where have you sent her?"

"Your cousin," replied my uncle in a voice as cold and stern as his face, "leaves the home she has disgraced, the father she has deceived and betrayed, to join her husband, the son of a swindling bankrupt, to whom, it appears, she has been some three months married. She says," he added, "but her word is nothing in my esteem, that you are guiltless of any participation in this plot against my peace and honor."

"That is the truth: dear Kate is indeed incapable of falsehood."

"What epithet then would you apply to the acted deception of the last six months?" rejoined my uncle, still with that grim, iron sternness of voice and muscle: "but let that pass: I believe *you:* did I not, you also were from this moment forever a stranger to this house." With these words he left the room.

My unhappy cousin left that evening for Bangor, and on the following day passed over to Anglesea, where she joined her husband. With her had fled the mirth, the joy, the happiness, the very life it seemed of Plaisance—but not, alas! to accompany her to her new home. Let no one tell me of the felicity attendant upon romantic marriages—of the bliss waiting upon love and poverty in a cottage. I do not believe a word of it; and I saw the experiment tried during the next twelve months under peculiarly favorable circumstances: the rash pair remaining devotedly attached to each other—and the husband—passion-tempted as he had been beyond his strength—proving to be a very superior person to the herd of selfish wooers who from time to time drag down the idols of an hour to the low level of their own inferior fortunes. But theirs was not a happy household: how could it be while Regret, Remorse, and Fear, ever prying with his shrinking eyes into the future—were its familiar visitants?

In the mean time, though utter desolation had settled down upon Plaisance, nothing was permitted to be changed in the outward life of the place. The Christmas festivities that had been—when the terrible discovery was made—in active preparative progress were unshrinkingly gone through with by my poor uncle; heart-stricken as I knew he was, bravely though he carried it. He had always been a great advocate for the "merrie" celebration of the birth of Christ, albeit his practical religion, as we have seen, was, hitherto at least, more in accordance with the law delivered amidst lightnings and thunder from Sinai, than the precepts of love, forgiveness, and compassion enjoined by Him who had not where to lay his head. Robert Gordon, moreover, did not make his appearance as usual for the Christmas vacation; and it ultimately oozed out that he had been suddenly ordered by his father to proceed to Paris upon some business pretext, and that concluded, to travel on the Continent for six or eight months at least. He had written, I knew, letters both to his sister and myself, requiring, I rightly conjectured, some explanation of all this, but they were intercepted by my uncle, and communication with him was thus rendered impossible. As the year passed on, Mr. Gordon gradually withdrew his capital invested in the Anglesea mines, which island he had not once visited since his daughter took up her abode there; and this operation having been finally concluded toward the close of the year, the boats in use at Plaisance Creek were sold, and orders were given to remove the red light previously spoken of, and destroy the landing-place, my uncle being, as I had frequently noticed, in continual dread of suddenly encountering his banished child there; in which case he perhaps feared his good angel might prove too powerful for the demons of revenge and pride to which he clung with fierce tenacity, though fully conscious they were eating his life away.

All this while, Kate and I—my visits to Anglesea being tacitly acquiesced in by my uncle, beneath whose marble exterior there was, I well knew, a fountain of loving kindness perennially flowing, which, were the concealing rock struck skillfully, would instantly gush forth in plenteous blessings for us all—I and Kate were all this while, I say, continually plotting to bring about the much-longed-for reconciliation, until at least after the middle of July, when a fine boy-baby having come into the world, the simple, credulous mother at once concluded that success was no longer doubtful, the only remaining difficulty being, according to her, as to the best mode of bringing the wondrous fascinations of the dear child under the observation of Mr. Gordon, which done, all was done, for what human heart, certainly not her father's, could resist the magic of its tiny endearments! I, poor Kate finally settled, should be the honored medium of unexpectedly surprising "grandpapa" with a sight of the precious

treasure, at a moment, if it could be managed, of genial hilarity, when of course the curtain would immediately ring down upon a charming tableau of every body embracing every body to triumphant music, amidst enthusiastic applause. To my cousin's infinite astonishment, I resolutely set my face against any such venerable, worn-out trick being played off upon my uncle, certain as it would be, in my opinion, to result in ridiculous failure. Babies, moreover, were to me at that time pretty much alike—my child-creed has been reformed since then—and by no means remarkable for irresistibly-fascinating ways; besides, little Reginald's eyes, hair, and complexion were those of his father, not of his mother, a circumstance which of itself left the scheme without the shadow of a chance of success. Dear Kate's invention could soar no higher, and after much dubitation, I myself concluded, grounding my conviction upon a close study of my uncle's character, that the most feasible, as well as most direct plan, was for Kate, leaving her husband and son to be sent for, if required, to present herself boldly before Mr. Gordon, under the protection, and fortified by the advocacy of her brother, who we knew was to pass the ensuing Christmas at Plaisance. The details of management were left to me, and when my uncle, with a very transparent affectation of indifference, informed me that we might expect Robert either rather late on Christmas-eve, or early on Christmas-day morning, I lost no time in writing to Kate, to be sure and meet me at the porter's lodge-gate about an hour before it was possible for her brother to arrive, if he came at the earliest time named; further, and especially insisting that she should come alone. The only other person in my confidence was the excellent, if rather prosy, Reverend Mr. Jones, vicar of the parish, who agreed to dine at Plaisance, where he had a general invitation, and endeavor to indirectly prepare my uncle's mind, over their wine, for the practice of more Christian maxims, regarding his erring child, than he had hitherto been guided by. Man proposes; God disposes. The meeting of the father and daughter had been arranged by higher powers than mine; but well I remember the nervous, starting terror—the almost overwhelming sense of the close-at-handness, so to speak, of a dread crisis in my life, which pursued me all that day. The morning was fine and clear; but when the dinner-bell rang—we always, when my uncle was at home, dined at three o'clock—the sky was overcast, and muttering thunder in the distance, with the puffing, heavy *sough* of the wind, clearly announced to my accustomed ears an approaching storm, and why I knew not, for my cousin would, I thought, be sure to come by way of Bangor, increased the perturbed depression of my spirits. Dinner was soon over, and by the time the dessert was placed upon the table it was quite dark. A fierce flash of lightning, instantly followed by crashing thunder, arrested the good vicar's eloquent homily addressed to my uncle, who, pensive and abstracted, had not, I think, heard a word of it, upon the virtues the exercise of which especially sanctify the festival commemoration of the advent of the merciful Redeemer; and a moment afterward a servant entered, and said, hurriedly, "They say, sir, there is a boat—Lloyd's boat—with himself and daughter in it, coming on like a race-horse toward the creek, though there is no longer any light to guide its course."

"The fool! the madman!" shouted my uncle, as he jumped up from his chair; "with this tide and gale it is almost certain destruction. Ring the great bell! Quick! quick! Let them bring planks—ropes! and quick, I repeat: two human lives, perhaps, depend upon our speedy help!"

My uncle was gone; the vicar followed, and I, though fainting, sick with terror of the ghastly phantom my imagination conjured up, soon tottered after them. A frightful scene presented itself: men and women, summoned by the loud tolling of the alarm-bell, were hurrying, variously provided with ropes, boards, coops, &c. toward the site of the demolished landing-place, where my uncle was standing. The eager looks of every one were directed toward a boat that had just entered the creek, and was coming on with tremendous speed. All this was brightly visible, with brief intervals of pitchy darkness, by the fast-flashing, forked lightning. I was within a few yards of my uncle, when a man at my elbow said, "That's not Mary Lloyd; she's too tall." At this moment the boat was full in view, and nearly opposite the landing-place, the next it had struck upon one of the rocks of the mid-channel, and the girl or woman, as the frail planks gave way beneath her feet, tossed her arms wildly in the air, and shrieking, "Father! father!" was whelmed beneath the furious waves. The lightning-flash which revealed that pale, beauteous face, had hardly passed away before my uncle leaped into the sea, fought desperately with it, reached and grasped at last, with extremity of effort—strong man and vigorous swimmer that he was—the garments of his drowning child, lifted her above the surface, and, aided by a rope flung to him, dragged himself with his precious burden safely on shore. The rest passed like a dream—my uncle, with that dripping corse in his arms, forcing his eager way through the hurraing crowd to his own house—the frightful suspense of some minutes which followed, till the sea-stilled pulse fluttered into life, and a faint sigh stirred her sweet lips—the cry of gratitude—of joy—of exultation—which then arose, but the reader can imagine it all better than I can describe it.

The boatman had been easily rescued, and it was not yet five o'clock when the father and daughter, folded in each other's arms, forgot all, except that Almighty God had saved, for-

given them! Three hours afterward, Kate, I, the vicar my uncle, and last—not least—Robert Gordon, were whirling wildly about in Sir Roger de Coverley, to music more joyous and inspiriting than any to which my feet have, since that blessed night kept time.

"My dear uncle!" said I, addressing the vicar, who, by-the-by, was very merry before he left that night. "How radiantly happy he looks. This, I am sure, will be the merriest Christmas he has ever known."

"No doubt of it," replied the reverend gentleman. "He has done a brave deed *and has forgiven:* which, my dear young lady, I hold to be infallible means of ensuring, not alone a merry Christmas, but a happy New Year."

MY FRENCH MASTER.

MY father's house was in the country, seven miles away from the nearest town. He had been an officer in the navy; but, as he had met with some accident that would disable him from ever serving again, he gave up his commission and his half-pay. He had a small private fortune, and my mother had not been penniless; so he purchased a house and ten or twelve acres of land, and set himself up as an amateur farmer on a very small scale. My mother rejoiced over the very small scale of his operations; and when my father regretted, as he did very often, that no more land was to be purchased in the neighborhood, I could see her setting herself a sum in her head, "If on twelve acres he manages to lose a hundred pounds a year, what would be our loss on a hundred and fifty?" But when my father was pushed hard on the subject of the money he spent in his sailor-like farming, he had one constant retreat:

"Think of the health and the pleasure we all of us take in the cultivation of the fields around us! It is something for us to do and to look forward to every day." And this was so true that as long as my father confined himself to these arguments, my mother left him unmolested: but to strangers he was still apt to enlarge on the returns his farm brought him in; and he had often to pull up in his statements when he caught the warning glance of my mother's eye, showing him that she was not so much absorbed in her own conversation as to be deaf to his voice. But as for the happiness that arose out of our mode of life—that was not to be calculated by tens or hundreds of pounds. There were only two of us, my sister and myself; and my mother undertook the greater part of our education. We helped her in her household cares during part of the morning; then came an old-fashioned routine of lessons, such as she herself had learnt when a girl;—Goldsmith's "History of England," Rollin's "Ancient History," Lindley Murray's Grammar, and plenty of sewing and stitching.

My mother used sometimes to sigh, and wish that she could buy us a piano, and teach us what little music she knew; but many of my dear father's habits were expensive—at least for a person possessed of no larger an income than he had. Besides the quiet and unsuspected drain of his agricultural pursuits, he was of a social turn; enjoying the dinners to which he was invited by his more affluent neighbors; and especially delighted in returning them the compliment, and giving them choice little entertainments which would have been yet more frequent in their recurrence than they were, if it had not been for my mother's prudence. But we never were able to purchase the piano; it required a greater outlay of ready money than we ever possessed. I dare say we should have grown up ignorant of any language but our own, if it had not been for my father's social habits, which led to our learning French in a very unexpected manner. He and my mother went to dine with General Ashburton, one of the forest-rangers; and there they met with an emigrant gentleman, a Monsieur de Chalabre, who had escaped in a wonderful manner, and at terrible peril to his life; and was, consequently, in our small forest-circle, a great lion, and a worthy cause of a series of dinner parties. His first entertainer, General Ashburton, had known him in France, under very different circumstances; and he was not prepared for the quiet and dignified request made by his guest, one afternoon after M. de Chalabre had been about a fortnight in the forest, that the General would recommend him as a French teacher, if he could conscientiously do so.

To the General's remonstrances M. de Chalabre smilingly replied, by an assurance that his assumption of his new occupation could only be for a short time; that the good cause would —*must* triumph. It was before the fatal January twenty-first, seventeen hundred and ninety-three; and then, still smiling, he strengthened his position by quoting innumerable instances out of the classics, of heroes and patriots, generals and commanders, who had been reduced by Fortune's frolics to adopt some occupation far below their original one. He closed his speech with informing the General that, relying upon his kindness in acting as referee, he had taken lodgings for a few months at a small farm which was in the centre of our forest circle of acquaintances. The General was too thoroughly a gentleman to say any thing more than that he should be most happy to do whatever he could to forward M. de Chalabre's plans; and as my father was the first person whom he met with after this conversation, it was announced to us, on the very evening of the day in which it had taken place, that we were forthwith to learn French; and I verily believe that, if my father could have persuaded my mother to join him, we should have formed a French class of father, mother, and two head of daughters, so touched had my father been by the General's account of M. de Chalabre

present desires, as compared with the high estate from which he had fallen. Accordingly, we were installed in the dignity of his first French pupils. My father was anxious that we should have a lesson every other day, ostensibly that we might get on all the more speedily, but really that he might have a larger quarterly bill to pay; at any rate until M. de Chalabre had more of his time occupied with instruction. But my mother gently interfered, and calmed her husband down into two lessons a week, which was, she said, as much as we could manage. Those happy lessons! I remember them now, at the distance of more than fifty years. Our house was situated on the edge of the forest; our fields were, in fact, cleared out of it. It was not good land for clover; but my father would always sow one particular field with clover-seed, because my mother was so fond of the fragrant scent in her evening walks, and through this a foot-path ran which led into the forest.

A quarter of a mile beyond—a walk on the soft fine springy turf, and under the long low branches of the beech trees, and we arrived at the old red-brick farm where M. de Chalabre was lodging. Not that we went there to take our lessons; that would have been an offense to his spirit of politeness; but as my father and mother were his nearest neighbors, there was a constant interchange of small messages and notes, which we little girls were only too happy to take to our dear M. de Chalabre. Moreover, if our lessons with my mother were ended pretty early, she would say—"You have been good girls; now you may run to the high point in the clover field, and see if M. de Chalabre is coming; and if he is you may walk with him; but take care and give him the cleanest part of the path, for you know he does not like to dirty his boots."

This was all very well in theory; but, like many theories, the difficulty was to put it in practice. If we slipped to the side of the path where the water lay longest, he bowed and retreated behind us to a still wetter place, leaving the clean part for us: yet when we got home his polished boots would be without a speck, while our shoes were covered with mud.

Another little ceremony which we had to get accustomed to, was his habit of taking off his hat as we approached, and walking by us holding it in his hand. To be sure, he wore a wig, delicately powdered, frizzed, and tied in a queue behind; but we had always a feeling that he would catch cold, and that he was doing us too great an honor, and that he did not know how old, or rather how young we were, until one day we saw him (far away from our house) hand a countrywoman over a stile with the same kind of dainty courteous politeness, lifting her basket of eggs over first; and then, taking up the silk-lined lapel of his coat, he spread it on the palm of his hand for her to rest her fingers upon; instead of which, she took his small white hand in her plump vigorous gripe, and leant her full weight upon him. He carried her basket for her as far as their roads lay together; and from that time we were less shy in receiving his courtesies, perceiving that he considered them as deference due to our sex, however old or young, or rich or poor. So, as I said, we came down from the clover field in rather a stately manner, and through the wicket gate that opened into our garden, which was as rich in its scents of varied kinds as the clover field had been in its one pure fragrance. My mother would meet us here; and somehow—our life was passed as much out of doors as indoors, both winter and summer—we seemed to have our French lessons more frequently in the garden than in the house; for there was a sort arbor on the lawn near the drawing-room window, to which we always found it easy to carry a table and chairs, and all the rest of the lesson paraphernalia, if my mother did not prohibit a lesson al fresco.

M. de Chalabre wore, as a sort of morning costume, a coat, waistcoat, and breeches all made of a kind of coarse gray cloth, which he had bought in the neighborhood; his three-cornered hat was brushed to a nicety, his wig sat as no one else's did. (My father's was always awry.) And the only thing wanting to his costume when he came was a flower. Sometimes I fancied he purposely omitted gathering one of the roses that clustered up the farm-house in which he lodged, in order to afford my mother the pleasure of culling her choicest carnations and roses to make him up his nosegay, or "posy" as he liked to call it; he had picked up that pretty country word and adopted it as an especial favorite, dwelling on the first syllable with all the languid softness of an Italian accent. Many a time have Mary and I tried to say it like him; we did so admire his way of speaking.

Once seated round the table, whether in the house or out of it, we were bound to attend to our lessons; and somehow he made us perceive that it was a part of the same chivalrous code that made him so helpful to the helpless, to enforce the slightest claim of duty to the full. No half prepared lessons for him! The patience and the resource with which he illustrated and enforced every precept; the untiring gentleness with which he made our stubborn English tongues pronounce, and mispronounce, and repronounce certain words; above all, the sweetness of temper which never wearied, were such as I have never seen equaled. If we wondered at these qualities when we were children, how much greater has been our surprise at their existence since we have been grown up, and have learnt that, until his emigration, he was a man of rapid and impulsive action, with the imperfect education implied in the circumstance that at fifteen he was a sous-lieutenant in the Queen's regiment, and must, consequently, have had to apply himself hard and conscientiously to mas-

ter the language which he had in after-life to teach.

Twice we had holidays to suit his sad convenience. Holidays with us were not at Christmas and Midsummer, Easter and Michaelmas. If my mother was unusually busy, we had what we called a holiday; though, in reality, it involved harder work than our regular lessons; but we fetched and carried, and ran errands, and became rosy and dusty, and sang merry songs in the gayety of our hearts. If the day was remarkably fine, my dear father—whose spirits were rather apt to vary with the weather—would come bursting in with his bright, kind, bronzed face, and carry the day by storm with my mother. "It was a shame to coop such young things up in a house," he would say, "when every other young animal was frolicking in the air and sunshine. Grammar!—what was that but the art of arranging words?—and he never knew a woman but could do that fast enough. Geography!—he would undertake to teach us more geography in one winter evening, telling us of the countries where he had been, with just a map before him, than we could learn in ten years with that stupid book, all full of hard words. As for the French—why that must be learnt, for he should not like M. de Chalabre to think we slighted the lessons he took so much pains to give us; but surely, we could get up the earlier to learn our French." We promised by acclamation; and my mother—sometimes smilingly, sometimes reluctantly—was always compelled to yield. And these were the usual occasions for our holidays. But twice we had a fortnight's entire cessation of French lessons; once in January, and once in October. Nor did we even see our dear French master during those periods. We went several times to the top of the clover field, to search the dark green outskirts of the forest with our busy eyes; and if we could have seen his figure in that shade, I am sure we should have scampered to him, forgetful of the prohibition which made the forest forbidden ground. But we did not see him.

It was the fashion in those days to keep children much less informed than they are now on the subjects which interest their parents. A sort of hieroglyphic or cipher talk was used, in order to conceal the meaning of much that was said, if children were present. My mother was a proficient in this way of talking, and took, we fancied, a certain pleasure in perplexing my father by inventing a new cipher, as it were, every day. For instance, for some time I was called Martia, because I was very tall of my age; and just as my father had begun to understand the name—and, it must be owned, a good while after I had learnt to prick up my ears whenever Martia was named—my mother suddenly changed me into "the buttress," from the habit I had acquired of leaning my languid length against a wall. I saw my father's perplexity about this "buttress" for some days, and could have helped him out of it, but I durst not. And so, when the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth was executed, the news was too terrible to be put into plain English, and too terrible also to be made known to us children, or could we at once find the clew to the cipher in which it was spoken about. We heard about "the Iris being blown down;" and saw my father's honest loyal excitement about it, and the quiet reserve which always betokened some secret grief on my mother's part.

We had no French lessons; and somehow the poor, battered, storm-torn Iris was to blame for this. It was many weeks after this before we knew the full reason of M. de Chalabre's deep depression when he again came among us: why he shook his head when my mother timidly offered him some snowdrops on that first morning on which we began lessons again: why he wore the deep mourning of that day, when all of the dress that could be black was black, and the white muslin frills and ruffles were unstarched and limp, as if to bespeak the very abandonment of grief. We knew well enough the meaning of the next hieroglyphic announcement—"The wicked cruel boys had broken off the White Lily's head!" That beautiful queen, whose portrait once had been shown to us, with her blue eyes, and her fair resolute look, her profusion of lightly powdered hair, her white neck, adorned with strings of pearls. We could have cried, if we had dared, when we heard the transparent mysterious words. We did cry at night, sitting up in bed, with our arms round each other's necks, and vowing, in our weak, passionate, childish way, that if we lived long enough, that lady's death avenged should be. No one who can not remember that time can tell the shudder of horror that thrilled through the country at hearing of this last execution. At the moment, there was no time for any consideration of the silent horrors endured for centuries by the people, who at length rose in their madness against their rulers. This last blow changed our dear M. de Chalabre. I never saw him again in quite the same gayety of heart as before this time. There seemed to be tears very close behind his smiles forever after. My father went to see him when he had been about a week absent from us—no reason given, for did not we, did not every one know the horror the sun had looked upon! As soon as my father had gone, my mother gave it in charge to us to make the dressing-room belonging to our guest-chamber as much like a sitting room as possible. My father hoped to bring back M. de Chalabre for a visit to us; but he would probably like to be a good deal alone; and we might move any articles of furniture we liked, if we only thought it would make him comfortable.

I believe General Ashburton had been on a somewhat similar errand to my father's before;

but he had failed. My father gained his point, as I afterward learnt, in a very unconscious and characteristic manner. He had urged his invitation on M. de Chalabre, and received such a decided negative that he was hopeless, and quitted the subject. Then M. de Chalabre began to relieve his heart by telling him all the details; my father held his breath to listen—at last, his honest heart could contain itself no longer, and the tears ran down his face. His unaffected sympathy touched M. de Chalabre inexpressibly; and in an hour after we saw our dear French master coming down the clover field slope, leaning on my father's arm, which he had involuntarily offered as a support to one in trouble—although he was slightly lame, and ten or fifteen years older than M. de Chalabre.

For a year after that time M. de Chalabre never wore any flowers; and after that, to the day of his death, no gay or colored rose or carnation could tempt him. We secretly observed his taste, and always took care to bring him white flowers for his posy. I noticed, too, that on his left arm, under his coat sleeve (sleeves were made very open then), he always wore a small band of black crape. He lived to be eighty-one, but he had the black crape band on when he died.

M. de Chalabre was a favorite in all the forest circle. He was a great acquisition to the sociable dinner parties that were perpetually going on; and though some of the families piqued themselves on being aristocratic, and turned up their noses at any one who had been engaged in trade, however largely, M. de Chalabre, in right of his good blood, his loyalty, his daring "preux chevalier" actions, was ever an honored guest. He took his poverty, and the simple habits it enforced, so naturally and gayly, as a mere trifling accident of his life, about which neither concealment nor shame could be necessary, that the very servants—often so much more pseudo-aristocratic than their masters—loved and respected the French gentleman, who perhaps came to teach in the mornings, and in the evenings made his appearance dressed with dainty neatness as a dinner guest. He came, lightly prancing through the forest mire; and, in our little hall, at any rate, he would pull out a neat minute case containing a blacking-brush and blacking, and re-polish his boots, speaking gayly, in his broken English, to the footman all the time. That blacking case was his own making; he had a genius for using his fingers. After our lessons were over, he relaxed into the familiar house friend—the merry play-fellow. We lived far from any carpenter or joiner; if a lock was out of order M. de Chalabre made it right for us. If any box was wanted, his ingenious fingers had made it before our lesson day. He turned silk winders for my mother, made a set of chessmen for my father, carved an elegant watch-case out of a rough beef bone—dressed up little cork dolls for us—in short, as he said, his heart would have been broken but for his joiner's tools. Nor were his ingenious gifts employed for us alone. The farmer's wife where he lodged had numerous contrivances in her house which he had made. One particularly which I remember was a pasteboard, made after a French pattern, which would not slip about on a dresser, as he had observed her English pasteboard do. Susan, the farmer's ruddy daughter, had her work-box, too, to show us; and her cousin-lover had a wonderful stick, with an extraordinary demon head carved upon it;—all by M. de Chalabre. Farmer, farmer's wife, Susan, Robert, and all were full of his praises.

We grew from children into girls—from girls into women; and still M. de Chalabre taught on in the forest; still he was beloved and honored; still no dinner-party within five miles was thought complete without him, and ten miles' distance strove to offer him a bed sooner than miss his company. The pretty merry Susan of sixteen had been jilted by the faithless Robert; and was now a comely demure damsel of thirty-one or two; still waiting upon M. de Chalabre, and still constant in respectfully singing his praises. My own poor mother was dead; my sister was engaged to be married to a young lieutenant, who was with his ship in the Mediterranean. My father was as youthful as ever in heart, and indeed in many of his ways; only his hair was quite white, and the old lameness was more frequently troublesome than it had been. An uncle of his had left him a considerable fortune, so he farmed away to his heart's content, and lost an annual sum of money with the best grace and the lightest heart in the world. There were not even the gentle reproaches of my mother's eyes to be dreaded now.

Things were in this state when the peace of eighteen hundred and fourteen was declared. We had heard so many and such contradictory rumors that we were inclined to doubt even the "Gazette" at last, and were discussing probabilities with some vehemence, when M. de Chalabre entered the room, unannounced and breathless:

"My friends, give me joy!" he said. "The Bourbons"—he could not go on; his features, nay his very fingers, worked with agitation, but he could not speak. My father hastened to relieve him:

"We have heard the good news (you see, girls, it is quite true this time). I do congratulate you, my dear friend. I *am* glad." And he seized M. de Chalabre's hand in his own hearty gripe, and brought the nervous agitation of the latter to a close by unconsciously administering a pretty severe dose of wholesome pain.

"I go to London. I go straight this afternoon to see my sovereign. My sovereign holds a court to-morrow at Grillon's Hotel; I go to pay him my devoirs. I put on my uniform of Gardes du Corps, which have laid by these many years; a little old, a little worm-eaten;

but never mind; they have been seen by Marie Antoinette, which gives them a grace forever." He walked about the room in a nervous, hurried way. There was something on his mind, and we signed to my father to be silent for a moment or two, and let it come out. "No!" said M. de Chalabre, after a moment's pause. "I can not say adieu; for I shall return to say, dear friends, my adieux. I did come a poor emigrant; noble Englishmen took me for their friend, and welcomed me to their houses. Chalabre is one large mansion, and my English friends will not forsake me; they will come and see me in my own country; and, for their sakes, not an English beggar shall pass the doors of Chalabre without being warmed, and clothed, and fed. I will not say adieu. I go now but for two days."

My father insisted upon driving M. de Chalabre in his gig to the nearest town through which the London mail passed; and, during the short time that elapsed before my father was ready, he told us something more about Chalabre. He had never spoken of his ancestral home to any of us before: we knew little of his station in his own country. General Ashburton had met with him in Paris, in a set where a man was judged of by his wit, and talent for society, and general brilliance of character, rather than by his wealth and hereditary position. Now we learned for the first time that he was heir to considerable estates in Normandy; to an old Château Chalabre; all of which he had forfeited by his emigration, it was true, but that was under another régime.

"Ah! if my dear friend—your poor mother—were alive now, I could send her such slips of rare and splendid roses from Chalabre. Often when I did see her nursing up some poor little specimen, I longed in secret for my rose garden at Chalabre. And the orangerie! Ah! Miss Fanny, the bride must come to Chalabre who wishes for a beautiful wreath." This was an allusion to my sister's engagement—a fact well known to him, as the faithful family friend.

My father came back in high spirits; and began to plan that very evening how to arrange his corps for the ensuing year so as best to spare time for a visit to Château Chalabre; and as for us, I think we believed that there was no need to delay our French journey beyond the autumn of the present year.

M. de Chalabre came back in a couple of days; a little damped, we girls fancied, though we hardly liked to speak about it to my father. However, M. de Chalabre explained it to us by saying, that he had found London more crowded and busy than he had expected; that it was smoky and dismal after leaving the country, where the trees were already coming into leaf; and, when we pressed him a little more respecting the reception at Grillon's, he laughed at himself for having forgotten the tendency of the Count de Provence in former days to become stout, and so being dismayed at the mass of corpulence which Louis the Eighteenth presented, as he toiled up the long drawing-room of the hotel.

"But what did he say to you?" Fanny asked. "How did he receive you when you were presented?"

A flash of pain passed over his face, but it was gone directly.

"Oh! his majesty did not recognize my name. It was hardly to be expected he would; though it is a name of note in Normandy; and I have—well! that is worth nothing. The Duc de Duras reminded him of a circumstance or two, which I had almost hoped his majesty would not have forgotten; but I myself forgot the pressure of long years of exile; it was no wonder he did not remember me. He said he hoped to see me at the Tuileries. His hopes are my laws. I go to prepare for my departure. If his majesty does not need my sword, I turn it into a plowshare at Chalabre. Ah! my friend, I will not forget there all the agricultural science I have learned from you!"

A gift of a hundred pounds would not have pleased my father so much as this last speech. He began forthwith to inquire about the nature of the soil, &c., in a way which made our poor M. de Chalabre shrug his shoulders in despairing ignorance.

"Never mind!" said my father. "Rome was not built in a day. It was a long time before I learnt all that I know now. I was afraid I could not leave home this autumn, but I perceive you'll need some one to advise you about laying out the ground for next year's crops."

So M. de Chalabre left our neighborhood, with the full understanding that we were to pay him a visit in his Norman château in the following September; nor was he content until he had persuaded every one who had shown him kindness to promise him a visit at some appointed time. As for his old landlord at the farm, the comely dame, and buxom Susan—they, we found, were to be franked there and back, under the pretense that the French dairymaids had no notion of cleanliness, any more than that the French farming men were judges of stock; so it was absolutely necessary to bring over some one from England to put the affairs of the Château Chalabre in order; and Farmer Dobson and his wife considered the favor quite reciprocal.

For some time we did not hear from our friend. The war had made the post between France and England very uncertain; so we were obliged to wait, and we tried to be patient; but, somehow, our autumn visit to France was silently given up; and my father gave us long expositions of the disordered state of affairs in a country which had suffered so much as France, and lectured us severely on the folly of having expected to hear so soon. We knew, all the while, that the exposition was repeated

to soothe his own impatience, and that the admonition to patience was what he felt that he himself was needing.

At last the letter came. There was a brave attempt at cheerfulness in it, which nearly made me cry, more than any complaints would have done. M. de Chalabre had hoped to retain his commission as Sous-Lieutenant in the Garde du Corps—a commission signed by Louis the Sixteenth himself, in seventeen hundred and ninety-one. But the regiment was to be remodeled or reformed, I forget which; and M. de Chalabre assured us that his was not the only case where applicants had been refused. He had then tried for a commission in the Cent Suisses, the Gardes du Porte, the Mousquetaires, but all were full. "Was it not a glorious thing for France to have so many brave sons ready to fight on the side of honor and loyalty?" To which question Fanny replied, "that it was a shame;" and my father, after a grunt or two, comforted himself by saying, "that M. de Chalabre would have the more time to attend to his neglected estate."

That winter was full of incidents in our home. As it often happens when a family has seemed stationary, and secure from change for years, and then at last one important event happens, another is sure to follow. Fanny's lover returned, and they were married, and left us alone—my father and I. Her husband's ship was stationed in the Mediterranean, and she was to go and live at Malta, with some of his relations there. I know not if it was the agitation of parting with her, but my father was stricken down from health into confirmed invalidism, by a paralytic stroke, soon after her departure; and my interests were confined to the fluctuating reports of a sick-room. I did not care for the foreign intelligence which was shaking Europe with an universal tremor. My hopes, my fears were centred in one frail human body—my dearly beloved, my most loving father. I kept a letter in my pocket for days from M. de Chalabre, unable to find the time to decipher his French hieroglyphics; at last I read it aloud to my poor father, rather as a test of his power of enduring interest, than because I was impatient to know what it contained. The news in it was depressing enough, as every thing else seemed to be that gloomy winter. A rich manufacturer of Rouen had bought the Château Chalabre; forfeited to the nation by its former possessor's emigration. His son, M. du Fay, was well-affected toward Louis the Eighteenth—at least as long as his government was secure, and promised to be stable, so as not to affect the dyeing and selling of Turkey-red wools; and so the natural legal consequence was, that M. du Fay, Fils, was not to be disturbed in his purchased and paid-for property. My father cared to hear of this disappointment to our poor friend—cared just for one day, and forgot all about it the next. Then came the return from Elba—the hurrying events of that spring—the battle of Waterloo; and to my poor father, in his second childhood, the choice of a daily pudding was far more important than all.

One Sunday, in that August of eighteen hundred and fifteen, I went to church. It was many weeks since I had been able to leave my father for so long a time before. Since I had been last there to worship, it seemed as if my youth had passed away; gone without a warning; leaving no trace behind. After service, I went through the long grass to the unfrequented part of the church-yard where my dear mother lay buried. A garland of brilliant yellow immortelles lay on her grave; and the unwonted offering took me by surprise. I knew of the foreign custom, although I had never seen the kind of wreath before. I took it up, and read one word in the black floral letters; it was simply "Adieu." I knew, from the first moment I saw it, that M. de Chalabre must have returned to England. Such a token of regard was like him, and could spring from no one else. But I wondered a little that we had never heard or seen any thing of him; nothing, in fact, since Lady Ashburton had told me that her husband had met with him in Belgium, hurrying to offer himself as a volunteer to one of the eleven generals appointed by the Duc de Feltre to receive such applications. General Ashburton himself had since this died at Brussels, in consequence of wounds received at Waterloo. As the recollection of all these circumstances gathered in my mind, I found I was drawing near the field-path which led out of the direct road home, to farmer Dobson's; and thither I suddenly determined to go, and hear if they had learnt any thing respecting their former lodger. As I went up the garden-walk leading to the house, I caught M. de Chalabre's eye; he was gazing abstractedly out of the window of what used to be his sitting-room. In an instant he had joined me in the garden. If my youth had flown, his youth and middle-age as well had vanished altogether. He looked older by at least twenty years than when he had left us twelve months ago. How much of this was owing to the change in the arrangement of his dress, I can not tell. He had formerly been remarkably dainty in all these things; now he was careless, even to the verge of slovenliness. He asked after my sister, after my father, in a manner which evinced the deepest, most respectful, interest; but, somehow, it appeared to me as if he hurried question after question rather to stop any inquiries which I, in my turn, might wish to make.

"I return here to my duties; to my only duties. The good God has not seen me fit to undertake any higher. Henceforth I am the faithful French teacher; the diligent, punctual French teacher, nothing more. But I do hope to teach the French language as becomes a gentleman and a Christian; to do my best. Henceforth the grammar and the syntax are

my estate, my coat of arms." He said this with a proud humility which prevented any reply. I could only change the subject, and urge him to come and see my poor sick father. He replied:

"To visit the sick, that is my duty as well as my pleasure. For the mere society—I renounce all that. That is now beyond my position, to which I accommodate myself with all my strength."

Accordingly, when he came to spend an hour with my father, he brought a small bundle of printed papers, announcing the terms on which M. Chalabre (the "de" was dropped now and for evermore) was desirous of teaching French, and a little paragraph at the bottom of the page solicited the patronage of schools. Now this was a great coming-down. In former days, non-teaching at schools had been the line which marked that M. de Chalabre had taken up teaching rather as an amateur profession, than with any intention of devoting his life to it. He respectfully asked me to distribute these papers where I thought fit, I say "respectfully" advisedly; there was none of the old deferential gallantry, as offered by a gentleman to a lady, his equal in birth and fortune—instead, there was the matter-of-fact request and statement which a workman offers to his employer. Only in my father's room, he was the former M. de Chalabre; he seemed to understand how vain would be all attempts to recount or explain the circumstances which had led him so decidedly to take a lower level in society. To my father, to the day of his death, M. de Chalabre maintained the old easy footing; assumed a gayety which he never even pretended to feel any where else; listened to my father's childish interests with a true and kindly sympathy for which I ever felt grateful, although he purposely put a deferential reserve between him and me, as a barrier to any expression of such feeling on my part.

His former lessons had been held in such high esteem by those who were privileged to receive them, that he was soon sought after on all sides. The schools of the two principal county towns put forward their claims, and considered it a favor to receive his instructions. Morning, noon, and night he was engaged; even if he had not proudly withdrawn himself from all merely society engagements, he would have had no leisure for them. His only visits were paid to my father, who looked for them with a kind of childish longing. One day, to my surprise, he asked to be allowed to speak to me for an instant alone. He stood silent for a moment, turning his hat in his hand.

"You have a right to know—you, my first pupil; next Tuesday I marry myself to Miss Susan Dobson—good, respectable woman, to whose happiness I mean to devote my life, or as much of it as is not occupied with the duties of instruction." He looked up at me, expecting congratulations perhaps; but I was too much stunned with my surprise. The buxom, red-armed, apple-cheeked Susan, who, when she blushed, blushed the color of beet-root; who did not know a word of French; who regarded the nation (always excepting the gentleman before me) as frog-eating Mounseers, the national enemies of England! I afterward thought, that perhaps this very ignorance constituted one of her charms. No word, nor allusion, nor expressive silence, nor regretful sympathetic sighs, could remind M. de Chalabre of the bitter past, which he was evidently striving to forget. And, most assuredly, never man had a more devoted and admiring wife than poor Susan made M. de Chalabre. She was a little awed by him, to be sure; never quite at her ease before him; but I imagine husbands do not dislike such a tribute to their Jupitership. Madame Chalabre received my call, after their marriage, with a degree of sober, rustic, happy dignity, which I could not have foreseen in Susan Dobson. They had taken a small cottage on the borders of the forest; it had a garden round it, and the cow, pigs, and poultry, which were to be her charge, found their keep in the forest. She had a rough country servant to assist her in looking after them; and in what scanty leisure he had, her husband attended to the garden and the bees. Madame Chalabre took me over the neatly furnished cottage with evident pride. "Moussire," as she called him, had done this; Moussire had fitted up that. Moussire was evidently a man of resource. In a little closet of a dressing-room belonging to Moussire, there hung a pencil drawing, elaborately finished to the condition of a bad pocket-book engraving. It caught my eye, and I lingered to look at it. It represented a high narrow house of considerable size, with four pepper-box turrets at each corner; and a stiff avenue formed the foreground.

"Château Chalabre?" said I, inquisitively.

"I never asked," my companion replied. "Moussire does not always like to be asked questions. It is the picture of some place he is very fond of, for he won't let me dust it for fear I should smear it."

M. de Chalabre's marriage did not diminish the number of his visits to my father. Until that beloved parent's death, he was faithful in doing all he could to lighten the gloom of the sick room. But a chasm, which he had opened, separated any present intercourse with him from the free unreserved friendship that had existed formerly. And yet for his sake I used to go and see his wife. I could not forget early days, nor the walks to the top of the clover field, nor the daily posies, nor my mother's dear regard for the emigrant gentleman; nor a thousand little kindnesses which he had shown to my absent sister and myself. He did not forget either in the closed and sealed chambers of his heart. So, for his sake, I tried to become a friend to his wife; as she learned to look upon me as such. It was my employment in the sick

chamber to make clothes for the little expected Chalabre baby; and its mother would fain (as she told me) have asked me to carry the little infant to the font, but that her husband somewhat austerely reminded her that they ought to seek a *marraine* among those of their own station in society. But I regarded the pretty little Susan as my god-child nevertheless in my heart; and secretly pledged myself always to take an interest in her. Not two months after my father's death, a sister was born; and the human heart in M. de Chalabre subdued his pride; the child was to bear the pretty name of his French mother, although France could find no place for him, and had cast him out. That youngest little girl was called Aimée.

When my father died, Fanny and her husband urged me to leave Brookfield and come and live with them at Valetta. The estate was left to us; but an eligible tenant offered himself; and my health, which had suffered materially during my long nursing, did render it desirable for me to seek some change to a warmer climate. So I went abroad, ostensibly for a year's residence only; but, somehow, that year has grown into a life-time. Malta and Genoa have been my dwelling places ever since. Occasionally, it is true, I have paid visits to England, but I have never looked upon it as my home since I left it thirty years ago. During these visits I have seen the Chalabres. He had become more absorbed in his occupation than ever; had published a French grammar on some new principle, of which he presented me with a copy, taking some pains to explain how it was to be used. Madame looked plump and prosperous; the farm which was under her management had thriven; and as for the two daughters, behind their English shyness, they had a good deal of French piquancy and *esprit*. I induced them to take some walks with me, with a view of asking them some questions which should make our friendship an individual reality, not merely an hereditary feeling; but the little monkeys put me through my catechism, and asked me innumerable questions about France, which they evidently regarded as their country. "How do you know all about French habits and customs?" asked I. "Does Monsieur de—does your father talk to you much about France?"

"Sometimes, when we are alone with him—never when any one is by," answered Susan, the elder, a grave, noble-looking girl, of twenty or thereabouts. "I think he does not speak about France before my mother, for fear of hurting her."

"And I think," said little Aimée, "that he does not speak at all, when he can help it; it is only when his heart gets too full with recollections, that he is obliged to talk to us, because many of the thoughts could not be said in English."

"Then I suppose you are too famous French scholars."

"Oh yes! Papa always speaks to us in French; it is our own language."

But with all their devotion to their father and to his country, they were most affectionate, dutiful daughters to their mother. They were her companions, her comforts in the pleasant household labors; most practical, useful young women. But in a privacy not the less sacred, because it was understood rather than prescribed, they kept all the enthusiasm, all the romance of their nature for their father. They were the confidantes of that poor exile's yearnings for France; the eager listeners for what he chose to tell them of his early days. His words wrought up Susan to make the resolution that, if ever she felt herself free from home duties and responsibilities, she would become a Sister of Charity, like Anne Marguerite de Chalabre, her father's great-aunt, and model of woman's sanctity. As for Aimée, come what might, she never would leave her father; and that was all she was clear about in picturing her future.

Three years ago I was in Paris. An English friend of mine who lives there — English by birth, but married to a German professor, and very French in manners and ways—asked me to come to her house one evening. I was far from well, and disinclined to stir out.

"Oh, but come!" said she. "I have a good reason; really a tempting reason. Perhaps this very evening a piece of poetical justice will be done in my *salon*. A living romance! Now can you resist?"

"What is it?" said I; for she was rather in the habit of exaggerating trifles into romances.

"A young lady is coming; not in the first youth, but still young, very pretty; daughter of a French *emigré*, whom my husband knew in Belgium, and who has lived in England ever since."

"I beg your pardon, but what is her name?" interrupted I, roused to interest.

"De Chalabre. Do you know her?"

"Yes; I am much interested in her. I will gladly come to meet her. How long has she been in Paris? Is it Susan or Aimée?"

"Now I am not to be baulked of the pleasure of telling you my romance; my hoped-for bit of poetical justice. You must be patient, and you will have answers to all your questions."

I sank back in my easy chair. Some of my friends are rather long-winded, and it is as well to be settled in a comfortable position before they begin to talk.

"I told you a minute ago that my husband had become acquainted with M. de Chalabre in Belgium, in eighteen hundred and fifteen. They have kept up a correspondence ever since; not a very brisk one, it is true, for M. de Chalabre was a French master in England, and my husband a professor in Paris; but still they managed to let each other know how they were going on, and what they were doing, once, if not twice every year. For myself I never saw M. de Chalabre."

"I know him well," said I. "I have known him all my life."

"A year ago his wife died (she was an English woman); she had had a long and suffering illness; and his eldest daughter had devoted herself to her with the patient sweetness of an angel, as he told us, and I can well believe. But after her mother's death, the world it seems became distasteful to her; she had been inured to the half-lights, the hushed voices, the constant thought for others required in a sick room, and the noise and rough bustle of healthy people jarred upon her. So she pleaded with her father to allow her to become a Sister of Charity. She told him that he would have given a welcome to any suitor who came to offer to marry her, and bear her away from her home, and her father and sister; and now, when she was called by Religion, would he grudge to part with her? He gave his consent, if not his full approbation; and he wrote to my husband to beg me to receive her here, while we sought out a convent into which she could be received. She has been with me two months, and endeared herself to me unspeakably; she goes home next week, unless—"

"But I beg your pardon; did you not say she wished to become a Sister of Charity?"

"It is true; but she was too old to be admitted into their order. She is eight-and-twenty. It has been a grievous disappointment to her; she has borne it very patiently and meekly, but I can see how deeply she has felt it. And now for my romance. My husband had a pupil some ten years ago, a M. du Fay, a clever, scientific young man, one of the first merchants of Rouen. His grandfather purchased M. de Chalabre's ancestral estate. The present M. du Fay came on business to Paris two or three days ago, and invited my husband to a little dinner; and somehow this story of Suzette Chalabre came out, in consequence of inquiries my husband was making for an escort to take her to England. M. du Fay seemed interested with the story; and asked my husband if he might pay his respects to me some evening when Suzette should be in — and so is coming to-night, he and a friend of his, who was at the dinner party the other day; will you come?"

I went more in the hope of seeing Susan Chalabre, and hearing some news about my early home, than with any expectation of "poetical justice." And in that I was right; and yet I was wrong. Susan Chalabre was a grave, gentle woman, of an enthusiastic and devoted appearance, not unlike that portrait of his daughter which arrests every eye in Ary Scheffer's sacred pictures. She was silent and sad; her cherished plan of life was uprooted. She talked to me a little in a soft and friendly manner, answering any questions I asked; but, as for the gentlemen, her indifference and reserve made it impossible for them to enter into any conversation with her; and the meeting was indisputably "flat."

"Oh! my romance! my poetical justice! Before the evening was half over, I would have given up all my castles in the air, for one well sustained conversation of ten minutes long. Now don't laugh at me, for I can't bear it to-night." Such was my friend's parting speech. I did not see her again for two days. The third, she came in glowing with excitement.

"You may congratulate me after all; if it was not poetical justice, it is prosaic justice; and, except for the empty romance, that is a better thing!"

"What do you mean?" said I. "Surely M. du Fay has not proposed for Susan?"

"No! but that charming M. de Frez, his friend, has; that is to say, not proposed but spoken; no, not spoken, but it seems he asked M. du Fay —whose confidant he was—if he was intending to proceed in his idea of marrying Suzette; and on hearing that he was not, M. de Frez said that he should come to us, and ask us to put him in the way of prosecuting the acquaintance, for that he had been charmed with her; looks, voice, silence, he admires them all; and we have arranged that he is to be the escort to England; he has business there, he says; and as for Suzette (she knows nothing of all this, of course; for who dared tell her?), all her anxiety is to return home, and the first person traveling to England will satisfy her, if it does us. And, after all, M. de Frez lives within five leagues of the Château Chalabre, so she can go and see the old place whenever she will."

When I went to bid Susan good-by, she looked as unconscious and dignified as ever. No idea of a lover had ever crossed her mind. She considered M. de Frez as a kind of necessary incumbrance for the journey. I had not much hopes for him; and yet he was an agreeable man enough, and my friends told me that his character stood firm and high.

In three months, I was settled for the winter in Rome. In four, I heard that the marriage of Susan Chalabre had taken place. What were the intermediate steps between the cold, civil indifference with which I had last seen her regarding her traveling companion, and the full love with which such a woman as Suzette Chalabre must love a man before she could call him husband, I never learned. I wrote to my old French master, to congratulate him, as I believed I honestly might, on his daughter's marriage. It was some months before I received his answer. It was:

"Dear friend dear old pupil, dear child of the beloved dead, I am an old man of eighty, and I tremble toward the grave. I can not write many words; but my own hand shall bid you come to the home of Aimée and her husband. They tell me to ask you to come and see the old father's birth-place, while he is yet alive, to show it to you. I have the very apartment in Château Chalabre that was mine when I was a boy, and my mother came in to bless me every night. Susan lives near us. The

good God bless my sons-in-law, Bertrand de Frez and Alphonse du Fay, as He has blessed me all my life long. I think of your father and mother, my dear; and you must think no harm when I tell you I have had masses said for the repose of their souls. If I make a mistake, God will forgive."

My heart could have interpreted this letter, even without the pretty letter of Aimée and her husband which accompanied it; and which told how, when M. du Fay came over to his friend's wedding, he had seen the younger sister, and in her seen his fate. The soft, caressing, timid Aimée was more to his taste, than the grave and stately Susan. Yet little Amiée managed to rule imperiously at Château Chalabre; or rather, her husband was delighted to indulge her every wish: while Susan, in her grand way, made rather a pomp of her conjugal obedience. But they were both good wives, good daughters.

This last summer, you might have seen an old, old man, dressed in gray, with white flowers in his button-hole (gathered by a grandchild as fair as they), leading an elderly lady about the grounds of Château Chalabre, with tottering, unsteady eagerness of gait.

"Here!" said he to me, "just here my mother bade me adieu, when first I went to join my regiment. I was impatient to go; I mounted—I rode to yonder great chestnut, and then looking back, I saw my mother's sorrowful countenance. I sprang off, threw the reins to the groom, and ran back for one more embrace. 'My brave boy!' she said; 'my own! Be faithful to God and your king!' I never saw her more; but I shall see her soon; and I think I may tell her I have been faithful both to my God and my king."

Before now, he has told his mother all.

THE CASE OF LADY MACBETH, MEDICALLY CONSIDERED.

A WESTERN SKETCH.—BY T. B. THORPE.

SOME years agone business called us to the little-visited vicinity of Dogwood Bayou. It was a rich agricultural country, almost exclusively taken up by large plantations, which belonged in every case to non-resident owners. There was, of course, little society for any one, and little active employment but for the negroes, if we except the local physician. Now Dogwood Bayou had a reputation, the country round, for twenty miles, for possessing the most famous of doctors; his praises were universal, and it was agreed, upon all considerations, that if Dr. Stubblefield—for such was his name—had any chance at all to display his skill in the healing art, the victim of sickness was bound to be restored to "pristine health." We have known many men of talent buried in the obscurity of the "swamps;" a small number retained the enthusiasm that originally led them to choose the profession of medicine, but many more became, by force of circumstances, disgusted with their profession, and abandoned it for other pursuits. Living on the frontier of civilization, with no congenial spirits to give the encouragement of sympathy, no appreciated exampler in the neighborhood to inspire self-respect and professional hope for the future, the title and duties of Doctor gradually lost their charms, and, like discontented chrysalis, they have eaten through the grave encasement of the physician's coat, appeared in a new form, and become absorbed in the duties of a new existence.

Dr. Stubblefield seemed content with his occupation and his circumstances; two or three heiresses in his neighborhood had been selected by the gossips as good matches for the Doctor, and as it seemed to be understood that he would let no favorable opportunity of "establishing himself" escape, it was therefore that considerable surprise was in time expressed that he had made no advances in a matrimonial way. One or two widows had also literally set their caps for him. They would, if he happened to be professionally at their plantations, graphically describe their troubles and anxieties in carrying on their business, and then insinuate how difficult it was for a female, "without a protector," to keep from being imposed upon in the management of a large estate; and then, following him to the gallery of the house, they would point over the broad acres in view, until the index finger mesmerically rested upon a mysterious clump of dark, dank foliage that contained the remains of the husband deceased, and sigh, "Doctor, it is a melancholy thing to live alone."

"It is," the Doctor would mechanically reply, and, apparently all unconscious of the toils weaving around him, would ride away.

We were attracted toward this disciple of Galen, not only by his excellent reputation, and by his independent and solitary life, but also from some quaint articles he had contributed to the columns of a neighboring newspaper. They were treatises on some local diseases, and very sensible ones too, but were strangely mixed up with quotations from Shakspeare, and phrases that had that antique sound, so rich and so peculiar to the Elizabethan era. It was very apparent to any person of the least observation, that our Doctor relieved himself of the tedium of his daily business, by poring over the rich treasures of the Augustan age of English literature, and, having much leisure, he had become thoroughly imbued with their inspiration.

According to the hospitable spirit of the country, which makes any stranger a welcome guest, I rode over one evening to the Doctor's "office," and, although the door was open, its occupant was away; a fortunate thing, perhaps, as it gave me an opportunity of studying his habits, and learning, from what I saw before me, the character of his pursuits, better, perhaps, than long acquaintance would, without such a well-detailed introduction.

The "office," a very rude building of one room, stood alone in the dense forest, and, as is usual, was near the crossing of two much frequented roads. The shavings and chips made in its construction had never been brushed away, and were slowly decaying among the accumulated dust of two years at least. Upon the rough walls were hung, in festoons, every variety of indigenous herb—some still fresh in the youth of their gathering, others exhibiting mere shreds of decay. Various articles of clothing were scattered about, disfigured by hard usage, and eloquently spoke of night rides, in the swamps and amidst the storms of a tropical climate. Scattered in every direction were half-filled vials, broken pill-boxes, splints and splinters—in fact, an interminable confusion of things, strange and wonderful to behold. A few medical books were reposing on a high and rudely constructed shelf, but the spiders had covered them with cobwebs, which held suspended in their meshes a hundred ghostly carcasses of curious insects, showing how long these books had remained undisturbed.

In one corner of this sanctum was a rudely-constructed desk, on which rested a number of portly but well thumbed volumes; near by was an arm-chair, boasting the luxury of a cushion that had once done duty in a gig or carriage. On the desk was carefully fixed a novel bust of Shakspeare. It was one of the familiar plaster casts so common in the streets, but with this extraordinary difference: the head, instead of possessing the usual monumental stare, was heroically turned over the left shoulder with the air, so much admired in the Apollo. This unexpected vitality in plaster, this new and human expression in the great bard, called forth our unbounded astonishment, and when about to solve the mystery by a close examination, we heard footsteps, and, in another instant, the Doctor was before us.

"You are welcome," said he to our few words of explanation, and extending his hand, he continued:

"I heard of your being in this neighborhood, and am just come from a call at your temporary home;" then, without further ceremony, he pushed the cushioned chair toward me, and, seating himself upon the table, directly beneath the mysterious bust, he commenced conversation with a vivacity and frankness that would have done honor to long years of intimate acquaintance.

Except a perfect indifference to dress, there was nothing superficially remarkable in the appearance of the Doctor; but close observation detected an equivocal smile, I thought, about the corners of the mouth, and there could also be seen an occasional bright flash of an otherwise commonplace eye. The Doctor was past middle age, had a fine forehead, and a tremendous head of hair, and although I took him to be a man of superior abilities, he seemed to possess no consciousness of any apparent inappropriateness of his mental superiority with the scenes and associations about him.

As the Doctor proceeded with his general conversation, I was struck with the fact that two apparently contradictory things occupied his thoughts, for he joined with an enthusiastic admiration of his profession an idolatrous love for Shakspeare.

Of the great author he spoke as if he were an intimate acquaintance of his house, a person with whom he had daily conversation; and, by a peculiar construction of his mind, he so familiarized whatever he touched, that not only Shakspeare but his characters, in the delusions wrought by the Doctor's speech, all seemed to dwell in the adjoining forests; and Rosalind and Prospero might have, at the moment, appeared bodily before us, without creating an emotion of surprise.

"Ah," said the Doctor, in reply to an observation of ours, "my medical books do bear the evidences of neglect; they are too speculative for an admirer of the natural. I, sir, love tangible things: I see the nerves, the muscles, the bones, the beautiful structure of my patients; but no one has unfolded to me a satisfactory solution of their operations or connection. If it were not that I remember that their offices and uses are the creations of Him who said, *Let them be*, I should go mad with the mystery they present to my professional eye; for, say what you will, sir, the corpse that is but dust often surpasses in perfection of machinery that of living men; yet it is not more instinct with life, because of its complication of internal parts, than if it were solid stone; the action of the arm, the act of thought, the smile that enlivens the face, are not because there is a muscle, a brain, and nerves—far from it; these are common mediums, but not necessary mediums; therefore, the more I study man, the more there seems to be no necessary connection between the flesh and the spirit.

"Why we live at all is past comprehension. My patient is sick; the soul seems about to part connection with mortality. I prescribe catnip-tea, a cathartic, draw blood, or what not that is ridiculous, but often effective, and the incomprehensible thing of life continues on. How is immortality cajoled by these simple remedies? What is the doctor's art but the blind groping in darkness—the profane daring to lay hands upon the ark of God? The practice of medicine must ever be unsatisfactory to the precise mind. I play, in these forest temples, the humane part of nurse only to the simple inhabitants, and I dare not—if I am really serious—think of the ignorance and impiety that would be exhibited if I were to assume, without qualification, to be really what I profess—a physician.

"But I am not without employment," continued the Doctor, his eye flashing with unwonted fire. "When not engaged with business, I give up my leisure moments, and I am

thankful to say I have many of them, to the study of Shakspeare. Here are the volumes that make my society, and brightly people *my world*. If you wish to read this author, live as I do in the backwoods, and you will find glossaries for meanings now hidden to the uninitiated. I know Caliban personally—he lives near by in a great hollow oak; and Puck has a home in that Dogwood yonder. Shakspeare is doubly necessary in these silent places; his spirit can here be seen and felt, in the sunshine and the gloom.

"I have often known these tropical elements to sweep through these woods and winnow the trees as if they were rushes; the rain has poured down in torrents, while the vivid lightning seemed to open the very soul to the horrid din of heaven's artillery. Amid all this sulphurous blaze, I have read the storm-scene in Lear, and seen it enacted in a manner worthy of the conception of the mighty bard. It was then I witnessed its true expression, and saw its illustration. It was then that I learned by the sufferings of that 'poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man,' how great Shakspeare would have us to understand is the baseness of filial ingratitude."

The Doctor stopped, and, as I looked up, my eye again rested upon that singular-looking bust; if possible, it appeared to have bent its head forward even more than when I first noticed it, as if giving a sincere benediction upon the head of an enthusiastic disciple.

"I see," said the Doctor, looking upward, "that you are admiring that effigy. It is said to be the physical form of him who created these works; possibly it is; but in what consists its value? That cold, brainless, lifeless thing can not break forth in eloquence; yet, was Shakspeare's lifeless body, encased in the coffin, more Shakspeare than is that plaster cast? Certainly not; for Shakspeare still lives, in spite of the wreck of his mortality; speaks, though his counterfeit presentment has the seal of eternal silence on its lips.

"Here," continued the Doctor, holding up one of the heavy volumes before him, "here is Shakspeare; we have him quietly and wholly at our command. We can sit down with him by our side, with no prompter-boy to demand his presence, no managerial duties to distract his attention, no wife or friends to claim him from our company. We know Shakspeare as never could his contemporaries, even were they inmates of his house, and the repository of his most secret feelings."

"That is true," said I, startled somewhat by his novel proposition; "but still," I suggested, "will not the world ever be poorer because Shakspeare had no 'Bozzy,' and that, of all great men, of him we should be less informed of his personal characteristics, and his daily manner of life?"

"There," said the Doctor, with animation, "you are wrong, for we only have Shakspeare, because he had no personality. Johnson, like an Egyptian king, had his embalmer. He is an object of interest in the curiosity shop, because of his associated wrappings and gums. He is indebted to the resins of Boswell's humor, and the hieroglyphic pictures of Boswell's wit, for all that we would remember of him; but what Shakspeare ate and drank, and what he said and did, in the common routine of animal existence, would not interest, because, however faithfully portrayed and verily authenticated, they would be, when contrasted with his intellectual efforts, incongruous and unsatisfactory.

"Shakspeare, Homer, and the Prophets have no personal identity, and the outpourings of their minds need not the acknowledged charm of biography to add to their interest. Read all other authors, and what is the charm of their works, the sentient character sympathetic with our own common nature; but Shakspeare's verse, like the diamond in the royal coronet, shines on in brilliancy, unassociated with the earth in which it found its birth.

"Among men," continued the Doctor, his face glowing with excitement—"among men, Shakspeare was quiet, retired and unsocial. The world and its busy throng he looked upon with the same speculation that we now do the scenes in his plays. Hamlet and Falstaff, Cleopatra and Dame Quickly, with their associate mighty throng, passed in review before his mind's eye, as he has caused them to pass before us; he has nowhere commented upon his characters, nor do we, in the most careful study of them, ever gain the slightest insight into Shakspeare's personal opinions. The characters of his plays were more realities to him than were his theatrical company, Catharine more a queen than Elizabeth. Othello calls Iago honest; Amelia pronounces Iago a villain. Shakspeare, like the surface of a polished mirror, reflects these opinions, but is unimpressed himself."

The effect of the Doctor's manner, and his intense perception of the omnipresence of his author, caused me again to cast my eyes toward that singular bust. There it was, with its head seemingly bent still more over the Doctor, and looking down with an evident smile of benign meaning.

"Where," exclaimed we, in an intense interest, "did you procure that extraordinary effigy? We have seen," we continued, "all the copies of the original, as well as some imaginary delineations of the 'great bard,' and they are all imperfect transcripts of a rough and—but for the association—commonplace monument; but here we have grace and character: the head is bent on one side, in the attitude of attention. This gives new energy to the face, for it seems looking downward, as if conscious of a high estate."

"Think you so," said the Doctor, springing on his feet, and giving a loud laugh. "Well, that is comical indeed. You see that that bust

was sent me from a neighboring town; the joltings over a rough road severed the head from the body, and otherwise broke it into fragments. In my own poor way, being not in the slightest degree an artist, I endeavored to repair the injury, and in putting on the head, by pure accident, differently from the common construction, I have so profusely called forth your admiration."

The solution of the mystery was certainly simple enough. "A commonplace accident," said the Doctor; "and unskillful hands have given us a new phase of the *personnel* of Shakspeare, while the profoundest study, and genius of the highest order, have never given a new or improved phase to a single expression of his mind."

At this moment the clattering of horses' heels were heard on the road, and a sable courier presented himself at the Doctor's door, demanding his immediate attention to some case of sickness in the neighborhood. The enthusiast at once changed into a matter-of-fact personage, and bidding us good-day, was soon, by the interposition of the surrounding forests, hidden from our sight.

On my return to my temporary quarters, I naturally expressed myself warmly in admiration of the Doctor, which called forth considerable astonishment from our host; who considered him a very useful man in sickness, but was otherwise as totally unconscious of the Doctor's merits, as he (the host) was of the beauties of Shakspeare. But in our conversation, I was gratified to learn that the next day the Doctor would appear before "the recently formed County Medical Society," as a reader of a "thesis," in accordance with the constitutional requirements of said Society.

At an early hour, I was one among some fifteen persons, mostly doctors, who composed "the audience" of the lecturer. I must confess I expected to be little interested in a strictly professional document. The Doctor rose, blushed, stammered, gathered together a few dog-eared pieces of paper, professed himself highly honored by the attendance of so large an audience; spoke of the importance of physicians coming together for mutual improvement, and then announced that he should, on "this occasion," take up

"THE CASE OF LADY MACBETH, MEDICALLY CONSIDERED;"

and the Doctor continued:

"In discussing the query, 'Was the diagnosis and treatment of the physician of Lady Macbeth correct or not?' I must acknowledge that I approach the subject with some misgivings. Shakspeare has been pronounced by his admirers the 'poet of nature;' and I will add, he is equally the poet of art; and it is because I believe that what he has not written of may, without injury, remain forever unrecorded, that I am professionally stung to the quick that the physicians of Shakspeare do not occupy a more prominent place among his great histories, and that I must find fault, not with the delineation, but with the delineated, and forever regret that the poet had not been personally acquainted with some of the 'ornaments of the profession' who have adorned every age, and not been confined, by his rural associations of Stratford, to commonplace, and, pardon me if I say, 'mere country doctors.'

"That Shakspeare lost much by this deprivation, there can not be a doubt. He would have gloried in the accomplishments of our favorite pursuits; for a man who could dissect the mind as he has, and expose its very network, until it lies before you with all the vividness of a physical preparation, would have used the real knife upon the hard flesh and tangled nerves, with a skill never approached by a Hunter or a Bell. Such is my estimate of the talents of the great dramatist; for he has not suffered in my estimation by the thousand commentators and eulogists upon his merits, who have discovered more beauties, and become eloquent upon a typographical error, than on the text refulgent with meaning, and who have acted the part of foolish practitioners, who prefer a case involved in doubt to one of marked and unmistakable symptoms—they finding more to worship in the cunning of their own thoughts upon what can not be understood, than they do in the clear sunshine of the purest genius itself.

"A court physician, as we understand the term, in the days of Macbeth, seems not to have been unknown; but certain it is that the usurper had not so firmly seated himself upon his new dignity as to appoint one, if custom demanded it, and our text clearly implies that Lady Macbeth's doctor was a neighborhood resident, and, as I have already suggested, a country practitioner.

"But before we sit in judgment upon the practice of a brother, let us, in all fairness, endeavor to get at the circumstances under which his patient was placed, and the existing causes that led to her demise.

"We are aware that much has been written about Lady Macbeth; but much speculation has only contributed to confuse, rather than to enlighten, the student. The characters of Shakspeare are real, not fabulous. Their bodies are tangible, and subject to the laws that govern the human frame. In this respect he excels all who attempt to follow in his path.

"Ophelia and Rosalind are creations as delicate as moon-beams, yet they move through their allotted parts as much realities as Falstaff, who crushes the earth with his weight, and disgusts us with his grossness. We can contemplate the physical powers of each with exactness, and prescribe for their separate ailments without fear of mistake. The case of Lady Macbeth, medically considered, was therefore one of the most interesting ever presented to the notice of a philosophical student in the

healing art; but it was one that required more than superficial examination.

"The unnatural acceleration of the pulse told of the agitation of the heart, but nothing more; and as the cause of her indisposition was artfully concealed by the lady herself, it had to be come at, as far as possible, by the sagacity of the physician in his study of the effects that were visible unto his eyes. Shakspeare has given us the most minute details of all the terrible mental agitations that led to the destruction of the lady's health, and I think I am justified in asserting that, if any well-educated practitioner of the present day could have had this information, and been called in 'at the time of the first walking in the sleep,' Lady Macbeth could have been much relieved, and her days been greatly prolonged; but the physician sent for by her husband had neither Shakspeare to enlighten him, or our 'eminent lights,' and consequently deserves due commiseration; and therefore, while I shall endeavor to be just, he shall receive mercy at my hands.

"Unholy ambition seems to be, and is, the accredited cause of all Lady Macbeth's misfortunes. How terrible she seems when urging her husband on to murder! Before the commission of crime he appeared to have the woman's heart, while she, a very monster, prays to be 'unsexed,' and be 'from the crown to the toe top-full of the direst cruelty.'

"But why this strange and unnatural ambition, so untrue of womankind? Does the wife stand at the door that leads to the sleeping guest, and urge her husband to imbrue his hands in blood, without some corresponding incentive? How was she to be benefited by this voluntary and terrible sacrifice of peace? Why was she more anxious to obtain the royal dignity than her lord? Has the master of the workings of the human heart left our questions unanswered—this apparent inconsistency without a solution? Let us see.

"The great inducement to action that operates, when all others are lost, is the desire to benefit our offspring. Let us have a child to hope for and labor for, and life is not in vain. Macbeth was childless; in the bitterness of his soul, he says,

> "'Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
> And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
> * * * * *
> No son of mine succeeding.'

"Here was the cause, no doubt, of that hesitation that Macbeth every where exhibits. His ambition beyond himself had no future, and it was therefore paralyzed, and in spite of the weird sisters, but for the urging on of his wife, would have passed away in dreams.

"Lady Macbeth, unhappy because she had no children by Macbeth, had been a widow, and was a mother. She says, 'I have given suck, and know how tender it is to love the babe that milks me.' And here we have the key to the startling character of her actions.

"Widows love their offspring even with a greater intensity than wives, and as affection will not live in idleness, that portion which once flowed toward the husband is transferred to the child. Again, a widow, acting toward her children in the capacity of both parents, often becomes possessed of the energy of both—the extended selfishness of both; and no doubt, from the time that Macbeth possessed her imagination with the prophecy that he would be a king, the watchful mother, with the wildest enthusiasm, and in the abuse of the holiest feelings of the human heart, spurred on the laggard ambition of her spouse (for whom she evidently feels no real love or respect), with the vague hope struggling in her mind that his 'fruitless crown' might perhaps one day shine upon the brow of her own child. With this understanding, the conduct of Lady Macbeth excites no surprise, for she no longer appears wicked without a motive, and ambitious without a design.

"Lady Macbeth, with her husband, once plunged into wickedness, he, like a man lost to honor, follows on a career of crime; she, like a true woman, shrinks aghast at the first view of her fallen estate. The excitement of action, and the storms and earthquakes of ambitious passion spent, the still small voice of conscience preyed upon the heart of the now repentant lady, until she fears herself that she will go mad. Then commenced that disease in her system, the maltreatment of which by her physician, in my humble opinion, hastened her passage to the grave.

"From the night of Duncan's murder, Lady Macbeth no longer appears interested in her husband's pursuits. In some distant apartment of the old palace, she sits buried in the cushions of the invalid's chair. To her Macbeth unfolds the dark passages of his harrowed soul—to her he says, 'Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!' She listens—sympathizes, but for herself never complains. The unhappy husband marks the sad falling off in his once spirited wife, and as her counsel and her smiles lessen, so does his affection for her increase; while the want of the 'valor of her tongue' left him meantime a prey to constantly increasing remorse.

"Time wore on. Macbeth busied himself with new murders; but to his wife he said, 'Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chick, till thou applaud the deed!' But finally, when, from his wars and bloody strifes, he came into her presence for sympathy, he is startled to find her mind shattered, and her body a very wreck of its former self, and properly enough—he at once sends for the aid of a physician.

"Fortunate brother practitioner—buried among the semi-barbarous residents of Birnam Wood, and confined in his general practice to the humblest of patients and the smallest of fees, by a rare circumstance he was called in to give professional advice to a Queen, and receive his pay from a royal treasury.

"So far as the conduct of Lady Macbeth's physician is concerned, upon his introduction to his patient, I have no particular objection to make. The case was one that would bear nursing, and would pay well, and I am, therefore, not surprised that he says to the waiting gentlewoman, 'I have *two* nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?'

"But, from the time that Lady Macbeth appeared before him in the mysterious character of a somnambulist, he seems rather to be a philosopher than a physician—a mere speculative being, noting upon what he sees rather than as one who was to master 'the great perturbation of nature' which was enacting before him, and, by the aid of science, assist in restoring calm to the tempest-tossed ocean of his patient's mind.

"Again, the Doctor is reprehensible for appearing to be too much interested in the dark revelations that come gurgling up from the deep and muddied well of his patient's memory, thereby displaying an unprofessional and vulgar curiosity, while, at the same time, his attention was distracted from the physical symptoms.

"And finally, as if overcome with the consciousness of his own inability, and total want of professional merit, he pronounces the disease beyond his practice, and unable to conceal the dark suspicions that pass through his mind, which attracts the lowering eye of Macbeth toward him, the Doctor tremblingly admits 'that he has known those who had walked in their sleep to die holily in their beds.'

"Here our positive admiration for our professional brother must end. His admission that Lady Macbeth's disease was beyond his practice, prepares us at once for any subsequent mistake he might make, for such simplicity in a professional brother sinks him at once in our and in the public estimation.

"Why did he not express confidence in his ability to cure?

"Why did he not prescribe with seeming promptness?

"Why did he not confuse the waiting gentlewoman with dark letter and unmeaning terms?

"Why did he not, in short, as in duty bound, make an impression and make a bill?

"Without speculating upon the morality of my remarks, I should say that a Doctor should never admit any disease beyond his practice, nor should any physician; for, with death's doings staring him in the face, he has only to say, 'I was not called in in time,' and criticism lies with the patient in the grave, and the imaginations of your admirers are left to feed upon that unperformed skill that was not called into action for want of opportunity.

"Had I been called upon to administer professionally for Lady Macbeth, I should, after informing myself of her symptoms, have pronounced her disease, in medical parlance, a congestion of the portal system, and congestion was the immediate malady which our Doctor should have treated.

"But it may be asked, How came I to the conclusion that the congestion of the portal system was the malady of Lady Macbeth? I answer, the symptoms of the disease are clearly set down by Dr. Bell as follows:

"*Coma, somnambulism,* and *catalepsy;* other symptoms we shall enumerate as we proceed. Now somnambulism is the prominent feature of Lady Macbeth's sickness, and, besides her incoherent words, the only one particularly mentioned by her attendants. Somnambulism, gentlemen, if not arrested, as you are aware, is followed by catalepsy and sudden death; and if I am correct in pronouncing upon the nature of the lady's disease, her death also must have been somewhat sudden. Shakspeare describes it as follows:

"While the physician was in attendance upon his patient, the English force is discovered approaching Macbeth's castle. Macbeth prepares for defense, and, while buckling on his armor, he inquires, 'How goes your patient, Doctor?' Now the Doctor, who had just seen Lady Macbeth, evidently did not think her seriously indisposed, although he is puzzled by the extraordinary perturbation of her mind; for he replies to the query, 'Not so sick, my lord, as she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, that keep her from her rest.'

"The cause of the only obvious symptom of derangement to the physician was known to Macbeth, and therefore gave him no alarm, while, greatly assured by the announcement that she was *not so sick,* he immediately indulges the hope of her perfect recovery, and in this joyous emotion, doubtingly suggests, 'If thou couldst find her disease * * * * and purge it to a sound and pristine health (wash out the blood of Duncan from her soul), I would applaud thee to the very echo, which should applaud again.' And in the next breath (his attendants still busied with buckling on his armor), he playfully asks, 'What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug, would scour these English hence?' And even while still in this confident mood, and momentarily occupied in giving orders for the defense of his castle, he hears a cry within, and the announcement is made, 'The Queen, my lord, is dead.'

"We turn to Dr. Bell, and find reported an exactly parallel case with Lady Macbeth; this great ornament of our profession, speaking of a somnambulist patient, says—

"'The man I saw about ten o'clock in the morning was walking up and down his room with a firm step, and could not be kept in bed—in less than two hours my patient was a corpse.'

"We are farther confirmed in our idea of the character of Lady Macbeth's disease by a critical examination of the minuter symptoms, as given by Shakspeare himself. The medical books speak of 'melancholy and great agitation of the brain.'

"Shakspeare of 'the rooted sorrow and the mind diseased.'

"The medical books, of 'the sensation of weight about the chest, and of oppression about the pericardium.'

"Shakspeare, of 'the bosom charged with perilous stuff, that weighs so on *the heart*.'

"The case of Lady Macbeth was therefore, plain and unmistakable. Shakspeare has noted the symptoms down with all the care of a practiced medical man, and what was her physicians treatment? unprofessional in the last degree.

"He not only pronounces the disease beyond his practice—not only refuses to prescribe—not only neglects to call a consultation, but adds to these sins, the language, 'Herein, my lord, the patient must minister to himself'—committing very treason against the profession, by showing a want of confidence in his art, and by giving a precedent of encouraging patients to take physic, without consulting with the regular faculty; encouraging self-quacking, and, therefore, all the personal evils met with in the practice of our profession.

"If the Doctor was utterly without a remedy, and unwilling to experiment, why did he not, with a grave face, prescribe some gentle alterative, and thus, by harmless remedies, endeavor to amuse his patient and her friends, until nature cured the disease?

"We find, on a careful examination of Macbeth's conduct, that he had faith in the medical faculty worthy of all praise. He never waited, as many do in our day, I am sorry to say, until the patient gets well without advice; on the contrary, he sent at once for professional assistance, and in all the trying scenes through which he passes, he respects the opinions of the doctor he has called in, and challenges him to be self-confident of his power to heal, that, as it would appear, he could have the momentary gratification of having his mind amused with ill-founded hopes, rather than to hear the dreaded truth.

"This course would have pleased Macbeth himself; and herein I must allude again to the deep knowledge which Shakspeare had of the human heart; for he, as well as any of us, seems to have known how much more agreeable it is to our patients to be deceived, than to be honestly dealt with—for Macbeth, instead of giving the Doctor any credit for his honesty, pettishly exclaims, 'Throw physic to the dogs!' thus making proverbial a saying that hangs, even to this day, like a millstone about the necks of the profession.

"I admire the great dramatist," said the Doctor, for the first time growing exceedingly animated; "I admire the great dramatist—I worship at his shrine, with all the faith of a true believer; but I lament in dust and ashes Shakspeare's unfortunate ignorance of 'eminent lights' in our profession, for I have known fools that have wronged me out of a fee by chattering 'throw physic to the dogs!' and yet who were as ignorant as blind puppies, from whence came this terrible apothegm—this fiery line of false wisdom. Yes, gentlemen, I have been stricken to the heart by this very saying, and judge of my anguish when I reflected that the arrow was feathered by a pinion plucked, as it were, from my own wing.

"I hold it to be self-evident, that our Doctor failed essentially in his practice; Lady Macbeth's case was one, although past a perfect cure, yet still subject to alleviation. So long as there exists the present close connection between mind and matter, so long will it be possible for the judicious professional man, to relieve the mind of its 'perilous stuff,' by administering properly to the body. If Shakspeare errs at all, it is in leaving the impression that, as a universal rule, remorse of conscience is occasioned by the committal of terrible crime, for I have, with Lady Macbeth's physician, known those who have walked in their sleep to die holily in their beds.

"Fatal remorse is not always a consequent of evil deeds. I believe I have met with gourmands, who suffered as much from over indulgence of their appetites, as have those who participated in terrible murders.

"The glutton often starts from his couch with the same sense of mysterious impending evil, that sent so much terror to the soul of Richard. Lady Macbeth was ambitious, unscrupulous, and at times, addicted to the use of stimulants, for she says, 'What made them drunk, has made me bold;' but she was also possessed, in a remarkable degree, of womanly qualities, and if her life had been prolonged, and she had survived the reaction of her moral feelings, she would no doubt have expiated her terrible crimes, by devoting the close of her life to acts of Christian charity, and been a pattern of mercy to the society in which she lived.

"The stricken conscience, says some one, was the cause of Lady Macbeth's sickness and death: perhaps it was; but what is conscience? Ask the philosopher of the mind, and you have echoed back upon you, the unmeaning question. Look at the pirate! his hands stained with a score of murders, sleeping soundly, because he is in physical health—look at the dyspeptic, but holy man! passing sleepless nights of horror, because of his indigestion.

"In this world, if the machinery of the body be perfect, it sweetly attunes, whatever may be the burdens of conscience. It is not until some animal function is disordered, that pain is felt: it is the body, the sensuous mass, the bones and muscles that are full of agony, and they are so because they are full of derangement. The physician of Lady Macbeth could not reach her mind: he could, however, have prescribed remedies that would have relieved the congestion of her brain, restored quiet to her system, sleep to her eyes, and given the assuaging hand of time opportunity to soften the agonies of an

overburdened and guilty memory, a loaded conscience — and, consequently, a diseased brain and an oppressed heart."

The Doctor abruptly closed his address, and the audience dispersed. What he said was listened to with all the gravity that any medical treatise would have been received, however dull: it elicited no emotion, created no surprise; only one "eminent light" seemed to be at all impressed; and as he passed Dr. Stubblefield, he suggested,

"I suppose Mrs. Macbeth lived up in the Scotch Settlement, on Alligator Ridge, though I never heard her name before."

Stubblefield groaned in spirit—the labor of the day was at an end.

THE LONG VOYAGE.

WHEN the wind is blowing and the sleet or rain is driving against the dark windows, I love to sit by the fire, thinking of what I have read in books of voyage and travel. Such books have had a strong fascination for my mind from my earliest childhood; and I wonder it should have come to pass that I never have been round the world, never have been shipwrecked, ice-environed, tomahawked or eaten.

This time of year is crowded with thick-coming fancies. Sitting on my ruddy hearth in the twilight of New Year's Eve, I find incidents of travel rise around me from all the latitudes and longitudes of the globe. They observe no order or sequence, but appear and vanish as they will—"come like shadows, so depart." Columbus, alone upon the sea with his disaffected crew, looks over the waste of waters from his high station from the poop of his ship, and sees the first uncertain glimmer of the light, "rising and falling with the waves, like a torch in the bark of some fisherman," which is the shining star of a new world. Bruce is caged in Abyssinia, surrounded by the gory horrors which shall often startle him out of his sleep at home when years have passed away. Franklin, come to the end of his unhappy overland journey—would that it had been his last!—lies perishing of hunger with his brave companions: each emaciated figure stretched upon its miserable bed without the power to rise: all, dividing the weary days between their prayers, their remembrances of the dear ones at home, and conversation on the pleasures of eating; the last-named topic being ever present to them, likewise, in their dreams. All the African travelers, wayworn, solitary and sad, submit themselves again to drunken, murderous, man-selling despots, of the lowest order of humanity; and Mungo Park, fainting under a tree and succored by a woman, gratefully remembers how his Good Samaritan has always come to him in woman's shape, the wide world over.

A shadow on the wall in which my mind's eye can discern some traces of a rocky sea-coast, recalls to me a fearful story of travel derived from that unpromising narrator of such stories, a parliamentary blue-book. A convict is its chief figure, and this man escapes with other prisoners from a penal settlement. It is an island, and they seize a boat, and get to the main land. Their way is by a rugged and precipitous sea-shore, and they have no earthly hope of ultimate escape, for, the party of soldiers dispatched by an easier course to cut them off, must inevitably arrive at their distant bourne long before them, and retake them if by any hazard they survive the horrors of the way. Famine, as they all must have foreseen, besets them early in their course. Some of the party die and are eaten; some are murdered by the rest and eaten. This one awful creature eats his fill, and sustains his strength, and lives on to be recaptured and taken back. The unrelatable experiences through which he has passed have been so tremendous, that he is not hanged as he might be, but goes back to his old chained gang-work. A little time, and he tempts one other prisoner away, seizes another boat, and goes once more—necessarily in the old hopeless direction, for he can take no other. He is soon cut off, and met by the pursuing party, face to face, upon the beach. He is alone. In his former journey he acquired an inappeasable relish for his dreadful food. He urged the new man away, expressly to kill him and eat him. In the pockets on one side of his coarse convict-dress, are portions of the man's body, on which he is regaling; in the pockets on the other side, is an untouched store of salted pork (stolen before he left the island) for which he has no appetite. He is taken back, and he is hanged. But I shall never see that sea-beach on the wall or in the fire, without him, solitary monster, eating as he prowls along, while the sea rages and rises at him.

Captain Bligh (a worse man to be intrusted with arbitrary power there could scarcely be) is handed over the side of the Bounty, and turned adrift on the wide ocean in an open boat, by order of Fletcher Christian one of his officers, at this very minute. Another flash of my fire, and "Thursday October Christian," five-and-twenty years of age, son of the dead and gone Fletcher by a savage mother, leaps aboard His Majesty's ship Briton, hove to off Pitcairn's Island; says his simple grace before eating, in good English; and knows that a pretty little animal on board is call a dog, because in his childhood he had heard of such strange creatures from his father and the other mutineers, grown gray under the shade of the Bread-fruit trees, speaking of their lost country far away.

See the Halsewell, East Indiaman outward bound, driving madly on a January night toward the rocks near Seacombe, on the island of Purbeck! The captain's two dear daughters are aboard, and five other ladies. The ship has been driving many hours, has seven feet

water in her hold, and her main mast has been cut away. The description of her loss, familiar to me from my early boyhood, seems to be read aloud as she rushes to her destiny.

"About two in the morning of Friday the 6th of January, the ship still driving, and approaching very fast to the shore, Mr. Henry Meriton, the second mate, went again into the cuddy, where the captain then was. Another conversation taking place, Captain Pierce expressed extreme anxiety for the preservation of his beloved daughters, and earnestly asked the officer if he could devise any method of saving them. On his answering, with great concern, that he feared it would be impossible, but that their only chance would be to wait for morning, the captain lifted up his hands in silent and distressful ejaculation.

"At this dreadful moment the ship struck, with such violence as to dash the heads of those standing in the cuddy against the deck above them, and the shock was accompanied by a shriek of horror that burst at one instant from every quarter of the ship.

"Many of the seamen, who had been remarkable inattentive and remiss in their duty during great part of the storm, now poured upon deck, where no exertions of the officers could keep them while their assistance might have been useful. They had actually skulked in their hammocks, leaving the working of the pumps and other necessary labors to the officers of the ship, and the soldiers, who had made uncommon exertions. Roused by a sense of their danger, the same seamen, at this moment, in frantic exclamations, demanded of heaven and their fellow-sufferers that succor which their own efforts, timely made, might possibly have procured.

"The ship continued to beat on the rocks: and soon bilging, fell with her broadside toward the shore. When she struck, a number of the men climbed up the ensign-staff, under an apprehension of her immediately going to pieces.

"Mr. Meriton, at this crisis, offered to these unhappy beings the best advice which could be given; he recommended that all should come to the side of the ship lying lowest on the rocks, and singly to take the opportunities which might then offer, of escaping to the shore.

"Having thus provided, to the utmost of his power, for the safety of the desponding crew, he returned to the round-house, where, by this time, all the passengers, and most of the officers, had assembled. The latter were employed in offering consolation to the unfortunate ladies; and, with unparalleled magnanimity, suffering their compassion for the fair and amiable companions of their misfortunes to prevail over the sense of their own danger.

"In this charitable work of comfort, Mr. Meriton now joined, by assurances of his opinion, that the ship would hold together till the morning, when all would be safe. Captain Pierce observing one of the young gentlemen loud in his exclamations of terror, and frequently cry that the ship was parting, cheerfully bid him be quiet, remarking that though the ship should go to pieces, he would not, but would be safe enough.

"It is difficult to convey a correct idea of the scene of this deplorable catastrophe, without describing the place where it happened. The Halsewell struck on the rocks at a part of the shore where the cliff is of vast height, and rises almost perpendicular from its base. But at this particular spot, the foot of the cliff is excavated into a cavern of ten or twelve yards in depth, and of breadth equal to the length of a large ship. The sides of the cavern are so nearly upright, as to be of extremely difficult access; and the bottom is strewed with sharp and uneven rocks, which seem, by some convulsion of the earth, to have been detached from its roof.

"The ship lay with her broadside opposite to the mouth of this cavern, with her whole length stretched almost from side to side of it. But when she struck, it was too dark for the unfortunate persons on board to discover the real magnitude of their danger, and the extreme horror of such a situation.

"In addition to the company already in the round-house, they had admitted three black women and two soldiers' wives; who, with the husband of one of them, had been allowed to come in, though the seamen, who had tumultuously demanded entrance to get the lights, had been opposed and kept out by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, the third and fifth mates. The numbers there were, therefore, now increased to near fifty. Captain Pierce sat on a chair, a cot, or some other movable, with a daughter on each side, whom he alternately pressed to his affectionate breast. The rest of the melancholy assembly were seated on the deck, which was strewed with musical instruments, and the wreck of furniture and other articles.

"Here also Mr. Meriton, after having cut several wax-candles in pieces, and stuck them up in various parts of the round-house, and lighted up all the glass lanterns he could find, took his seat, intending to await the approach of dawn, and then assist the partners of his danger to escape. But, observing that the poor ladies appeared parched and exhausted, he brought a basket of oranges, and prevailed on some of them to refresh themselves by sucking a little of the juice. At this time they were all tolerably composed, except Miss Mansel, who was in hysteric fits on the floor of the deck of the round-house.

"But on Mr. Meriton's return to the company, he perceived a considerable alteration in the appearance of the ship; the sides were visibly giving way; the deck seemed to be lifting, and he discovered other strong indications that she could not hold much longer together. On this account, he attempted to go forward to look out, but immediately saw that the ship had separated in the middle, and that the fore-part having changed its position, lay rather further out toward the sea. In such an emergency, when the next moment might plunge him into eternity, he determined to seize the present opportunity, and follow the example of the crew and the soldiers, who were now quitting the ship in numbers, and making their way to the shore, though quite ignorant of its nature and description.

"Among other expedients, the ensign-staff had been unshipped and attempted to be laid between the ship's side and some of the rocks, but without success, for it snapped asunder before it reached them. However, by the light of a lantern, which a seaman handed through the sky-light of the round-house to the deck, Mr. Meriton discovered a spar which appeared to be laid from the ship's side to the rocks, and on this spar he resolved to attempt his escape.

"Accordingly, lying down upon it, he thrust himself forward; however, he soon found that it had no communication with the rock; he reached the end of it and then slipped off, receiving a very violent bruise in his fall; and before he could recover his legs, he was washed off by the surge. He now sup-

ported himself by swimming, until a returning wave dashed him against the back part of the cavern. Here he laid hold of a small projection in the rock, but was so much benumbed that he was on the point of quitting it, when a seaman who had already gained a footing, extended his hand, and assisted him until he could secure himself a little on the rock; from which he clambered on a shelf still higher, and out of the reach of the surf.

"Mr. Rogers, the third mate, remained with the captain and the unfortunate ladies and their companions nearly twenty minutes after Mr. Meriton had quitted the ship. Soon after the latter left the round-house, the captain asked what was become of him, to which Mr. Rogers replied, that he was gone on deck to see what could be done. After this, a heavy sea breaking over the ship, the ladies exclaimed, 'Oh, poor Meriton! he is drowned! had he staid with us he would have been safe!' and they all, particularly Miss Mary Pierce, expressed great concern at the apprehension of his loss.

"The sea was now breaking in at the fore-part of the ship, and reached as far as the mainmast. Captain Pierce gave Mr. Rogers a nod, and they took a lamp and went together into the stern-gallery, where, after viewing the rocks for some time, Captain Pierce asked Mr. Rogers if he thought there was any possibility of saving the girls; to which he replied, he feared there was none; for they could only discover the black face of the perpendicular rock, and not the cavern which afforded shelter to those who escaped. They then returned to the round-house, where Mr. Rogers hung up the lamp, and Captain Pierce sat down between his two daughters.

"The sea continuing to break in very fast, Mr. Macmanus, a midshipman, and Mr. Schutz, a passenger, asked Mr. Rogers what they could do to escape. 'Follow me,' he replied, and they all went into the stern-gallery, and from thence to the upper-quarter-gallery on the poop. While there, a very heavy sea fell on board, and the round-house gave way; Mr. Rogers heard the ladies shriek at intervals, as if the water reached them; the noise of the sea at other times drowning their voices.

"Mr. Brimer had followed him to the poop, where they remained together about five minutes, when on the breaking of this heavy sea, they jointly seized a hen-coop. The same wave which proved fatal to some of those below, carried him and his companion to the rock, on which they were violently dashed and miserably bruised.

"Here on the rock were twenty-seven men; but it now being low water, and as they were convinced that on the flowing of the tide all must be washed off, many attempted to get to the back or the sides of the cavern, beyond the reach of the returning sea. Scarcely more than six, beside Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, succeeded.

Mr. Rogers, on gaining this station, was so nearly exhausted, that had his exertions been protracted only a few minutes longer, he must have sunk under them. He was now prevented from joining Mr. Meriton by at least twenty men between them, none of whom could move, without the imminent peril of his life.

"They found that a very considerable number of the crew, seamen, and soldiers, and some petty officers, were in the same situation as themselves, though many who had reached the rocks below, perished in attempting to ascend. They could yet discern some part of the ship, and in their dreary station solaced themselves with the hopes of its remaining entire until day-break; for, in the midst of their own distress, the sufferings of the females on board affected them with the most poignant anguish; and every sea that broke inspired them with terror for their safety.

"But, alas, their apprehensions were too soon realized! Within a very few minutes of the time that Mr. Rogers gained the rock, an universal shriek, which long vibrated in their ears, in which the voice of female distress was lamentably distinguished, announced the dreadful catastrophe. In a few moments all was hushed, except the roaring of the winds and the dashing of the waves; the wreck was buried in the deep, and not an atom of it was ever afterward seen."

The most beautiful and affecting incident I know, associated with a shipwreck, succeeds this dismal story for a winter night. The Grosvenor, East Indiaman, homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffraria. It is resolved that the officers, passengers, and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot, across trackless deserts, infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them, they finally separated into two parties—never more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary child among the passengers—a little boy of seven years old who has no relation there; and when the first party is moving away he cries after some member of it who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity; but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment.

From which time forth, this child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed, on a little raft, across broad rivers, by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sand and long grass (he patiently walking at all other times;) they share with him such putrid fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carpenter, who becomes his especial friend, lags behind. Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never—O Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it!—forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful coxswain goes back and is seen to sit down by his side, and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but, as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation; and the steward, succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby; how he cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when he himself is griped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket round him, lays his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon

his sunburned breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet. Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand and bury their good friend the cooper—these two companions alone in the wilderness—and then the time comes when they both are ill and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day, they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third, they move very softly about, in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey; for, the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes, the fire is dying—and the child is dead.

His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great, he staggers on for a few days, lies down in the desert, and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit—who can doubt it!—with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

As I recall the dispersal and disappearance of nearly all the participators in this once famous shipwreck (a mere handful being recovered at last,) and the legends that were long afterward revived from time to time among the English officers at the Cape, of a white woman with an infant, said to have been seen weeping outside a savage hut far in the interior, who was whisperingly associated with the remembrance of the missing ladies saved from the wrecked vessel, and who was often sought but never found, thoughts of another kind of travel come into my mind.

Thoughts of a voyager unexpectedly summoned from home, who traveled a vast distance, and could never return. Thoughts of this unhappy wayfarer in the depths of his sorrow, in the bitterness of his anguish, in the helplessness of his self-reproach, in the desperation of his desire to set right what he had left wrong, and do what he had left undone.

For, there were many, many things he had neglected. Little matters while he was at home and surrounded by them, but things of mighty moment when he was at an immeasurable distance. There were many, many blessings that he had inadequately felt, there were many trivial injuries that he had not forgiven, there was love that he had but poorly returned, there was friendship that he had too lightly prized; there were a million kind words that he might have spoken, a million kind looks that he might have given, uncountable slight easy deeds in which he might have been most truly great and good. O for a day (he would exclaim) for but one day to make amends! But the sun never shone upon that happy day, and out of his remote captivity he never came.

Why does this traveler's fate obscure, on New Year's Eve, the other histories of travelers with which my mind was filled but now, and cast a solemn shadow over me! Must I one day make this journey? Even so. Who shall say, that I may not then be tortured by such late regrets: that I may not then look from my exile on my empty place and undone work? I stand upon a sea shore, where the waves are years. They break and fall, and I may little heed them: but, with every wave the sea is rising, and I know that it will float me on this traveler's voyage at last.

A CHAPTER UPON SNAKES.

FROM the days when the wily serpent in Eden tempted our first mother Eve, down to the hour when the unfortunate Gurling, by his untimely and sudden end, gave fresh evidence, in the modern Zoological Gardens, of the deadly venom of the cobra di capello, the whole snake tribe have, through all generations and in all countries, inspired the implacable hatred and fear of men, birds, and the brute creation, although the greatest enemy, as well as the greatest victim, has undoubtedly been man. At his hands the snake has no mercy to hope for or expect; and from the snake he, in some unguarded moment, may in an instant receive that wound, whose puncture, though barely larger than the prick of a sharp-pointed needle, is the seal of his doom on earth. A few brief minutes, or perhaps an hour, and that stately being, the strength of whose heel could bruise the heads of a thousand such enemies, has become a lifeless, spiritless thing, gathered to the original dust from which he sprung. Snakes, we say, then, have been, and still continue, the aversion and terror of mankind, of fowls of the air, and of the denizens of the forest. Who, that has resided in the East, has not seen the terror and listened to the wild cries of some frightened bird, as, hovering fondly in the air over the nest that holds her yet unfledged progeny, she darts ever and anon with a sharp peck at the hungry snake that is coolly breakfasting upon her family?

To commence with my earliest experience, I may as well recount an incident that happened to me when I was too young to remember any thing about it; but the story was so often referred to in after years, that I should grievously, indeed, lack memory if I did not hourly recollect it. My parents went out to India while I was quite an infant, and I believe the first word I ever pronounced was "pambo," the vernacular term for snake. I presume my native wet-nurse must have instilled into me a due terror of what this word signifies, for it would appear that I sat up one night, bolt upright in bed, and screamed out at the pitch of my voice, "*Pambo! pambo!*" At first no notice was taken of this warning note; but my mother, at length, laying hold of me in her arms to quiet me, took up the pillow to shake it well

before replacing me, and there, sure enough, and to her inexpressible terror, she discovered a small carpet snake, carefully coiled up, being one of the most poisonous species after the cobra in all India. The only way in which I can solve this enigma is, that the snake must have crawled over and awoke me, and that, being daily terrified by the threat of a pambo if I was naughty or would not go to sleep, I had at once, young as I was, guessed that the snake had no business there.

Let not the reader, however, imagine that the fact of finding a snake in your bed, or in the house at all, must be of very rare occurrence. Unfortunately, it is in some places an every-day incident, especially during the monsoon months, when frogs hop into the lower chambers, and snakes, like detective officers, follow them, and instead of hauling them out, save all such trouble by gobbling them up on the spot. In such seasons it is no uncommon thing for an officer to find, when he turns out at four o'clock in the morning for parade, that a snake has taken possession of one boot and a scorpion of another. But living in a country where such things are of frequent occurrence makes people wary, and the native servants are always careful to shake a boot well before giving it to their masters.

I remember well a flood occurring at a place called Peramboor, in Madras, where the waters of the river had overflowed the banks, and communication from house to house was entirely cut off. We were all driven to inhabit solely the upper story of the house; for, though the lower one was pretty well elevated, the waters had risen so high that we were in momentary expectation that they would overflow and submerge the lower apartments. Never before or afterward in my life have I witnessed such destruction of life among birds, beasts, and reptiles, as occurred in these few days. The lower rooms of the house, where the doors and windows had been left open expressly to admit of the water (should it rise so high) flowing through without impediment to its force, were a perfect caravanserai of beasts, birds, and reptiles, which had crept in, under cover of night, to exchange one painful death for another. A billiard table, which was too heavy to be moved, was a fine roosting-place for the feathered tribe. On it were partridges, quails, sparrows, hawks, and I know not how many other poor birds that had sought refuge from the torrents of rain and the gathering of waters, and whose nests were many feet below water. Some rooms were full of hares, some of mongooses, and all were replete with snakes, toads, and other reptiles. It is needless to say, that the latter were most unhospitably received; but in the universal fear that reigned around, and though doubtless oppressed with hunger, not even a snake had attempted to swallow a frog. Many of the birds and hares we fed and supported on charitable allowance till the waters abated, and they could again go forth and cater for themselves. Some, however, more timid than the others, rushed into the water and were drowned, or else flew away, and met with an equally dismal fate; but not one snake, or centipede, or scorpion, would budge an inch; they seemed in a torpid state, and I should be almost afraid to mention, even did I recollect correctly, the exact number of these venomous creatures that the servants destroyed during the time that our ark-like house was surrounded by deep waters.

Soon after this flood, I remember having my attention attracted by a violent chirruping among the sparrows that were flitting about from bough to bough, on a huge india-rubber tree close to my bed-room windows; and on going near to ascertain the cause, I discovered a poor cock-sparrow dangling in the air, suspended by what appeared to me to be a piece of green tape. The bird was fluttering violently when I stretched forth my hand to undo the knot, and loosen the poor thing from its captivity. Judge, then, of my astonishment at seeing it whipped up into the tree in the twinkling of an eye. Looking up in amazement, I expected fully to see some urchin in the tree, who had been trapping the unhappy bird; in lieu of this, however, I saw what equally surprised me, a beautifully-coated green snake, at least a yard and a quarter in length, gliding noiselessly through the leaves, from which it could with difficulty be distinguished, with the unhappy sparrow dangling from its mouth. A stone or two soon made the felon drop his prize, but not before it had entirely deprived the wretched bird of sight, and sucked its brains out. These green snakes, which are very plentiful at Madras, are harmless with regard to men, but a most deadly enemy to the feathered tribe, concealing themselves, as they do so artfully, among bushes, and invariably making an unerring aim at the eyes of their victims.

I have witnessed the effects of fear, caused by snakes, on tigers, horses, dogs, cats, and antelopes, and the most courageous of these in facing and attacking a serpent is undoubtedly the cat, especially if she consider her young to be in danger. A friend of mine, in the civil service at Chittoor, had a pet tiger which he kept in a strong iron cage. Billy, as the tiger was called, would sometimes get so noisy and obstreperous that nothing would appease him but a good bambooing, and to inflict this was both a difficult and a dangerous task. At last some one by accident threw a freshly-slain cobra at his cage, which, getting entangled among the bars, hung gloomily suspended. The tiger was so dreadfully alarmed at the appearance of this unwelcome neighbor, that he trembled from head to foot, and slunk into the farthest corner of his cage. Nor was this all; with his foreclaws, stuck out like spikes to receive the enemy, he carefully guarded his head, nor could he be induced to move one inch until the snake

was removed. A monkey of mine, at Cochin, actually went into fits, fainted away, and became to all appearance dead, from excessive alarm at having a dead cobra (a cruel experiment, it must be admitted) fastened to its collar while asleep at night. I shall never forget the pallor of fear that overspread Jacko's face on opening his eyes and beholding the vicinity of the unwelcome disturber of his rest, nor his wild screams of terror, and ludicrous leaps into the air, when he found he could not disentangle himself from the loathsome touch of the snake.

On more than one occasion I have taxed a horse with obstinacy, whose remarkably keen eye and scent has saved his own life and perhaps mine. Riding over the rice-fields and plains near Cananore, no inducement, no whip or spur, could prevail upon him to advance one step. With ears erect and eyes almost starting out of his head, he would stare at what appeared to us vacant air. By-and-by the grass would move a little, and then a huge cobra uprear its hooded head. This was a signal for both horse and horseman to wheel round and be off at full speed; for these said cobras can, after raising themselves nearly upright in the air, make a wonderful spring, and fly as straight as an arrow across the road. Of cows, and goats, and buffaloes, I have seen whole herds put to flight by the apparition of a solitary snake; but the snakes are always (excepting in breeding seasons) as much alarmed as those they have frightened, and will wriggle away as fast as they can in an opposite direction.

Such is and ever has been the enmity existing between all other creatures and the snake; but the most formidable enemy of this reptile is undoubtedly the mongoose, who will go a mile out of his way to wreak his wrath upon it, and who invariably comes off victorious in the combat, absolutely biting his slain enemy into minute particles (though never by any chance eating any portion), and then flying for the secreted herb or grass, which he alone has been endowed with a knowledge of from his Maker, and which to him is an infallible remedy against the venom of the cobra.

I once witnessed a combat between a cobra and a female rat, and observed it, too, in rather unpleasant proximity, for both combatants fell from the roofing of the room where I was standing to within two yards of my feet. Having first secured a retreat, I looked on at the conflict through an open window, and a direful battle it was. The rat was too agile for the heavy movements of the snake, and for a long time escaped unscathed, while her enemy was desperately wounded. At last, however, the cobra inflicted a sting, and, as though aware that precaution was now useless, the poor rat rushed into close quarters, and firmly entangling her teeth in the throat of the venomous creature, never let go her grip again. Furiously did the snake plunge about, but all in vain; its enemy had fixed a death-gripe on its throat, and both the duellists fell in that combat. After research led to the discovery that the rat had faced this formidable foe to save the destruction of her young ones, for we found a nest of juvenile rats in the roofing, which met with little mercy at our hands, they being speedily all drowned.

Snakes are very fond of eggs and chickens; in procuring the latter dainty, however, they have a formidable enemy to encounter in the mother hen, who will fight for them as long as she has breath left in her body, her ruffled feathers acting as a shield against the venomous sting of the serpent.

But of all the adventures with snakes, one of the most appalling I ever remember to have heard of occurred to a friend of mine, Captain W——, of the Madras Horse Artillery. Captain W—— was stationed at St. Thomas's Mount, the then head-quarters of the Madras Artillery; he was living in a small bungalow with his wife and children, and Mrs. —— at this period was in extremely delicate health, so much so that the slightest excitement or fear was liable to bring on a series of fainting-fits. On the day on which the event occurred which I am now relating, Captain W—— chanced to be on main-guard duty; he was captain of the day, and being obliged to visit the different guards at stated hours, he kept on his full-dress uniform, including his sword, throughout the day, for no one could tell the moment the brigadier might command his presence. Sitting down to dinner with his wife, they had just finished that repast, and the servants had cleared away the table, when suddenly down fell a huge cobra from the ceiling right upon the centre of the table, and instantly recovering the shock, it raised up its deadly hooded head, and hissing violently, rocked itself to and fro in front of the terrified lady, who had happily fainted away on the instant, for the slightest movement on her part would have been instant death, and the snake was narrowly watching this movement to fly at its victim. As quick as thought, the captain had unsheathed his sword, and the next instant the snake's head flew across the room. This was indeed presence of mind; but there is every reason to suppose that, quick as the action was, help would have come too late had not Mrs. W—— providentially been too much paralyzed with fear to move or speak.

Such are a few of the truthful, though apparently marvelous, anecdotes of snakes, which are well known to all the natives and European residents of Madras. Yet the former are loath to destroy snakes, and the cobra is designated the milla pambo, or good snake, simply because death from its sting is more speedy, and attended with less suffering, than that inflicted by many other species of venomous serpents. Though the Hindoos, however, idolize their snakes, and will build round their haunts, feeding them carefully with milk and eggs, they are by no means so foolish as to admit them to

any closer intimacy; and if a snake presumes to intrude upon their quarters, he is instantly expelled with noises of tomtoms. Not so, however, the snakes in Egypt and Syria—at least, one peculiar species, termed the household snake, from their invariably taking up their abode with men. These, though hateful to the sight and loathsome to the touch of the natives, are reverenced and countenanced as a necessary evil by Moslems, Christians, and idolaters, and also by not a few of the old European inhabitants who have dwelt half a century in those countries, and imbibed most of the prejudices and superstitions of the natives. Every house has its male and female household snake; they inhabit some nook or corner in the wall or in the store-houses, and though they venture out of a day, and are frequently seen by the inmates, no one ever thinks of noticing or interfering with their movements, unless, indeed, it be to get out of their way as speedily as possible. Marvelous stories are bandied about and handed down as traditional lore from father to son respecting these snakes. They are said to peculiarly patronize infants and young mothers, being attracted by the smell of their much-loved, dainty milk, though how or when a snake should have acquired this taste it is hard to imagine. Still they doubtless do like milk, for I have had ocular demonstration of this fact, saucers full of milk being placed under the beds where mothers and infants sleep, to satisfy the yearnings of the serpent family. These snakes are reputed among the natives to be of a most unforgiving disposition, so that if you harm one the whole colony will be up in arms and seeking for vengeance. Another superstition, too, credited among them is, that when a daughter marries out of a family and removes to the house of her husband, the old snake, provided he has been kindly used by the parties, sends his eldest son and his wife to go and settle in some wall in the same house; and it is considered a very propitious omen to the newly-married couple if the black snake cross their pathway during the first week of their marriage.

Such, and a hundred other absurdities, are recounted of these household snakes, which here live in perfect harmony with man, who is elsewhere usually their greatest enemy. Most probably the origin of this unseemly familiarity traces itself back to the black days of Paganism in the East, and is one of the many relics which has yet to be uprooted. The serpents are innocuous of their kind, nor, indeed, all over Syria, have any, so far as we know, of a deadly nature been discovered. These snakes, however, are particularly harmless, and if they sometimes annoy and alarm you with their presence, they make ample amends for this by the service rendered in the quantities of mice and rats they destroy or intimidate; indeed, were it not for them and the cats, living would scarcely be possible in any house in any part of Syria.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE wreck of the steam-ship *San Francisco*, attended by a loss of nearly two hundred lives, of officers and soldiers of the U. S. army, and involving extreme suffering from exposure and starvation of those who were so fortunate as to escape, has enlisted and nearly engrossed public attention during the month just closed. The *San Francisco* was a new ship, and was on her first voyage at the time of her disaster. She sailed from New York, under command of Captain Watkins, on the 22d of December, with U. S. troops, forming Companies A, B, D, G, H, J, K, and L of the Third Regiment of United States Artillery, amounting, with the non-commissioned staff and band of the regiment, to nearly 550 men. She was ordered to touch for coal at Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, and Acapulco. Including her passengers, ship's officers and crew, and the cabin and steerage waiters, she carried over 700 persons. Nothing of interest occurred on the first and second days of their passage; but, on the evening of the 24th, when they were off Charleston, the wind began to blow strong from the northwest. It soon increased to a gale, and at 10 P.M. the steamer broached to. The fore-staysail and fore-spencer were set, when she recovered. In another hour she again broached to. Her fore-staysail, fore-spencer, and foresail, from the lee yard-arm, were next blown away. The troops were ordered forward. Soon after midnight the engine stopped, from the breaking of the piston-rod of the air-pump, and the spanker blew away, thus leaving the ship entirely at the mercy of the winds and waves. She labored heavily from this time, lying helpless in the trough of the sea, every wave striking a tremendous blow under her guards, tearing up the planking fore and aft on both sides. Presently she began to make water, and the pumps were manned. Still the water continued to gain, and the troops were organized into bailing gangs. At seven o'clock in the morning of the 25th (Christmas Day), the foremast went over the side, splintering the ship to the berth deck. The terror of the passengers up to this period may be well conceived. Still no lives were lost, and no extreme danger was apprehended by the most experienced on board. A successful attempt was made to mend the piston-rod of the air-pump, but it could only be used to drive the pumps to free the ship from water, which, notwithstanding every exertion, was rapidly gaining on her. After losing her foremast, she lay like the corpse of a ship on the water, lifted and let fall by the heaving waves, and totally at the mercy of the tempest. About nine o'clock she shipped a heavy sea amidships, which stripped the starboard paddle-box, carried away both smoke stacks, all the upper saloon, staving her quarter-deck through, and washing overboard about *one hundred and fifty* troops and officers, including Colonel Washington, Major Taylor and his wife, Captain Field, and Lieutenant Smith. Three men were killed by the splintered timbers. The terror that now seized the survivors was proportioned to the terrible catastrophe, and the imminent danger in which they were all placed.

The ladies, who were yet in their berths, hurried into the cabin in their night-dresses, and clung to each other in affright, with the water—which now deeply covered the floor of the cabin—dashing about them with every motion of the tempest-tossed ship. The cries of the camp women, whose husbands had been washed overboard, were terrible to hear. The laboring of the steamer made it impossible for the occupants of the cabin to stand, and they crouched upon the floor, lying or kneeling literally in the water. The ladies prayed, the children shrieked. A universal panic prevailed; they feared that every moment would be their last. The ship was now opened in the seams, over the wales; a large portion of her quarter-deck was stove in, and it was only by the greatest exertions that she was kept afloat. The troops were set to hold blankets and sails around the shafts, to prevent the water from flowing in. An attempt was also made to cut away the mizzen-mast, but owing to the plunging of the ship it could not be accomplished.

This was the morning of Christmas Day, which at the commencement of the voyage, three days previous, had been anticipated with pleasure. The cold was intense, but though the sea continued to heave, and seethed like a caldron, the sky overhead was unflecked by any cloud, was "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," seeming to smile as in mockery upon the helpless wreck beneath. In the afternoon of that day, while the passengers were engaged in prayer with the Rev. Mr. Cooper, an Episcopalian minister who was on board, a ship hove in sight, which proved to be the brig *Napoleon*, of Portland. She was also in distress, being short of provisions. Captain Watkins, of the *San Francisco* spoke her, and asked her captain if he would not take off some of his passengers. Captain Strout, of the *Napoleon* replied that he was out of provisions; to which Captain Watkins returned that the steamer had plenty of provisions, and would supply him. The captain of the *Napoleon* then promised to take off as many passengers as he could, as soon as the storm abated, adding that the attempt could not probably be made before morning. A portion of the troops were clinging to the mizzen riggings of the steamer, and upon hearing Captain Strout's promise they gave him three hearty cheers. According to the statement of three of the crew of the *Napoleon*, made subsequently, the brig played about until eight o'clock the same evening, when the weather moderated sufficient to enable the captain to fulfill his pledge; but instead of doing so, the *Napoleon* disappeared during the night, and the hope of rescue, cherished by the unfortunates on board the steamer, was doo ned at daybreak to a cruel disappointment.

That day, the fifth of the voyage, and the third since the commencement of the storm, was truly a wretched one on board the steamer. The disappearance of the *Napoleon* weighed heavily upon all hearts. Captain Watkins sent word to the passengers that the hull of the vessel was still sound, and that she would not go to pieces. Disabled, and free from all guidance and management, she had for two days been drifting rapidly to the northward, and was now nearly opposite Boston, in longitude 61 degrees. About noon of this day, another brig appeared in sight, which proved to be the *Maria Freeman*, of Liverpool, Nova Scotia. On being hailed, her captain promised to lay by and render assistance, but the sea still running too high to admit of disembarkation, the attempt was postponed till the morning. That night was passed anxiously by the sufferers, and in the morning the *Maria Freeman* had also disappeared. Despair seized the passengers, and even the officers of the ship carried dismay in their countenances, notwithstanding their efforts to sustain the fast-flagging courage of the females. We must pause here to speak of the admirable conduct of the ladies. Scarcely a murmur was heard in the cabin, where they were grouped together with the children, who, poor little ones, were terrified to distraction, and never ceased to wail. There were some men on board who had their own courage revived by contemplating the patience and self-possession of their wives. One woman, belonging to the steerage, filled the vessel with her cries, and, in supplicating tones, inquired of every one if they had seen her husband. Heedless of others' grief, she wearied all with her own tale of distress, till at last one of the officers said to her, "Good Heavens! woman, you make more noise than all the rest on board; one would think that you was the only lady who had a husband in the ship." The day that the *Maria Freeman* disappeared, the gale was strong from the northwest, with a heavy sea. The troops were employed in lightening the ship, pumping, bailing, and clearing away the fragments of timber, spars, and other portions of the wreck which still cumbered the deck. The officers' rooms and upper deck were cut away, and the steering-wheel was shifted aft on the quarter-deck. An attempt was made to start the engine, but it was unsuccessful. A sailor named Alexander was swept overboard.

The next morning the hearts of the sufferers were again filled with hope, as the welcome cry of "A sail! a sail!" once more rang through the ship. It was the bark *Kilby*, Captain Low, from New Orleans, bound to Boston. She reported herself short of provisions and water, but promised to remain alongside of the *San Francisco*. As the steamer's boats were lost, the crew could not put off for the bark, and the sufferers were obliged to content themselves with the promise of the captain that he would stay by them during the night. Judging from their previous disappointments, they feared that the *Kilby* too would abandon them. But when their eager eyes swept the waves in the morning, the vessel was still in sight, and bearing down toward them. It was a season of great excitement. The sufferers exchanged congratulations. The tones of their voices were almost hysterical, so intense had been the agitation of their mingled hopes and fears. But now they believed that rescue was indeed at hand, and many dropped upon their knees and returned thanks to God, while all hearts, it must be believed, were filled with devout feelings of gratitude. A boat from the *Kilby* coming alongside, Captain Watkins left the steamer and boarded the *Kilby*, for the purpose of arranging with her captain for the rescue of as many passengers as he could carry. At 3 o'clock P.M., the hawser of the steamer was run to the bow of the *Kilby*, and soon afterward the disembarkation commenced. The ladies were lowered down the steamer's sides by ropes let under their armpits and fastened around their waists. There was at first a great rush made to the boats, but the officers stationed themselves with weapons to keep back the crowd, and expostulated with the soldiers, telling them that any undue haste would assuredly swamp the boats and insure their destruction. The life-boat was stove on the second trip, but no one was lost. The other boats continued to ply backward and forward between the steamer and the bark, until night came

on and compelled the rescuers to cease their labor, the last boat being swamped alongside the vessel. In one of the boats Lieutenant Loeser had deposited a barrel and a half of sea-biscuit and three hams, together with some casks of water and some boxes of sardines. In the subsequent famine on board the *Kilby*, even this little stock was of much assistance. During the night, the hawser was broken by the force of the waves, and the next morning the *Kilby* was not in sight. As she had been very short of water and provisions before she had taken any of the *San Francisco's* passengers on board, there was sufficient cause for apprehension lest one form of suffering had only been exchanged for another.

The condition of those remaining on board the *San Francisco*, was now rendered doubly terrible by the outbreak of a disease resembling Asiatic cholera. During the confusion that had prevailed, the provision-room had been left open, and some of the troops and waiters had repaired thither to feast themselves at will. Pots of preserves, sardines, pickles, potted meats, and similar luxuries of a sea voyage, were eagerly seized and devoured by these gourmands. They paid the penalty, for in a few hours most of them were dead men. Perhaps this indulgence of the appetite was less the predisposing cause of the disease, than the spark which started the outbreak. Be this as it may, the disease became contagious, and was communicated to others who had not so dissipated. For some time, this new terror was hidden from the ladies, but the rapidity with which the deaths followed each other, prevented any farther concealment. Their pangs were considered heightened by this new danger, since death seemed now to threaten them in another direction. The ill-conduct of others of the steerage passengers and waiters also aided to increase their troubles. The trunks of the ladies were broken open and pillaged. The raw recruits, either from insubordination or fear, became unmanageable. They rushed into the ladies' cabin, and threw themselves down wherever there was a vacant space, adding much to the terror and confusion that already prevailed there. The deaths from cholera were now averaging ten a day, while the cries of the sufferers filled the vessel. "It was a scene," remarks a survivor, "over which I wish to draw a vail, and the like of which I trust a merciful God will spare me ever witnessing again."

Once more the *San Francisco* lay upon the waters like a log, and for two days the eyes of those on board were not gladdened by a single sail. It was a time of intense prostration and despair. The sufferers forbore to cheer each other. To look for deliverance was almost to hope against hope. The steamer rolled and tumbled about at a fearful rate. She had been considerably lightened by throwing out her coal, but the sea broke heavily upon her decks, flooding her cabins at almost every wave. —No sail still. With abundance of provisions on board, it was almost impossible to get them cooked. They were thrown from the galley by the pitching of the ship. No hot water could be procured for the making of tea or coffee, and cold water and hard biscuit was all the fare that was accessible. Once the Purser was invited by some of the crew to partake of a sumptuous repast. It consisted of roasted potatoes and a slice of bacon.

On the morning of the 31st December, a light was discovered on the bow of the steamer, and the cheering tidings were communicated to those in the cabin that a ship was at hand. Signal guns were immediately fired, which were answered with blue lights from the strange vessel. At daybreak she was plainly visible, bearing English colors. She tried to speak the steamer, but the violence of the wind rendered it impracticable. A kind of telegraphic communication was then resorted to, by writing large letters with chalk on some pine boards. The English captain promised to lie by them, but the weather, for the next two days, was too rough to allow a boat to be lowered. Moreover, the English ship had but one reliable boat—the long-boat—and the steamer had lost all hers. Out of nine boats which she brought from New York, not one remained. It was not till the evening of January 2d, that the sea moderated sufficiently to allow of any communication between the vessels. Then the strange ship lowered her yawl boat, and Mr. Grattan, the second mate of the *San Francisco*, went on board of her. She proved to be the *Three Bells*, Captain Creighton, of Glasgow, bound to New York, and was leaking fast, after experiencing very rough weather. She promised to stay by the steamer till she sank; "But I am almost sinking," added the captain, "and what can I do?" On the next day, another ship hove in sight, under American colors. She had five good boats. When she came within speaking distance of the steamer, she announced herself as the *Antarctic*, three days out from New York, bound for Liverpool. She undertook to assist in the deliverance of the shipwrecked sufferers. By the aid of her boats, a file of soldiers, with their sergeant, were placed on board the *Three Bells*, to work the pumps. The leak was not serious, and soon after daylight, on the morning of the 4th instant, the work of disembarking commenced in earnest. Captain Watkins first ordered the transportation of the sick, about thirty in number. They were well wrapped in blankets, and carefully lowered into the boats. This noble work of humanity proceeded during the day, and, by nightfall, the *Three Bells* had received as many as she could carry. Some provisions and water were sent on board by the last boat. Through the night she kept near the steamer, and not till the bright, cold daylight streamed across the waves, did she take her departure. Freighted with those rescued souls, she continued on her voyage, after laying by nearly six days in the holy work which has given her a fame which will go down into history. Her dimensions being too small for the accommodation of all who were left on the *San Francisco*, one hundred and forty soldiers, with some officers, including Lieutenants Chandler and Winder, embarked on board the *Antarctic*, bound for Liverpool. On board the same vessel went also the commander of the *San Francisco*, Captain Watkins. His farewell bore e idence of the estimation in which he was held. "Every man, woman, and child," says a rescued passenger, "had left the ship. Our captain was the last on board. He saw every officer, every sailor, every fireman, and every negro waiter, of whom there were forty or fifty, safely in the boats, then lowered himself down, and the boats pulled away. He was rowed alongside the *Three Bells*, where he was greeted with nine hearty cheers, and then pulled away for the *Antarctic*. The *San Francisco* had, by his orders, been scuttled, and we could see her settling gradually deeper into the water."

The *Three Bells* left the *San Francisco* about 600 miles from New York, in lat. 39 deg. lon. 59 deg. 60 min. The progress of the vessel was slow for some days. At length on Friday, 13th Jan., she came up the bay, and as soon as her arrival was made known, the greatest commotion prevailed throughout the

city; for reports had reached New York nearly a fortnight before of the perilous condition of the *San Francisco*. As early as January 5th, a telegraphic dispatch was received from Halifax, announcing the arrival there of the *Maria Freeman*, who brought tidings of the wreck, and stated that she could not render assistance, as the steamer drifted out of sight during the gale. The public mind throughout the country was plunged into a state of intense excitement, and vessels were at once dispatched to the aid of the disabled steamer from several ports of the United States. The brig *Napoleon* next reached Boston, and reported falling in with the disabled steamer. The arrival, therefore, of the *Three Bells* at New York, with a portion of her passengers on board, though it plunged our citizens into the deepest gloom, served to relieve the anxiety, which was more and more keenly felt as the time wore onward.

When the *Kilby* parted from the steamer, on the night of December 29, the passengers rescued by her, together with her own officers and crew, were perhaps, in a worse strait than the sufferers who were left on board the *San Francisco*. She was very short of provisions and water before she spoke the steamer, and now with an increase of more than a hundred persons, the prospect was wretched indeed. Two days were passed in searching for the *San Francisco*; and when all hope of meeting with her was abandoned, a rigid system of economy was adopted, and an officer was appointed to distribute the rations. At first, a ship biscuit and a small slice of bacon were allotted to each person, but on the second day, the biscuit was denied to the male passengers and the officers. On board the vessel, was a small quantity of corn, which was dealt out by the handful. This, partially roasted, formed the chief sustenance of those on board for fourteen days. Water, also, being very scarce, only a wine glass full was given to each passenger as a daily allowance. Fortunately, several rain storms occurred, and once a fall of snow covered the deck. Garments were spread to catch the precious drops, and the poor famishing creatures devoured the snow as fast as it descended. But for this benefaction of the elements, many would have inevitably perished of thirst. Several times they approached the land, but were driven back by adverse winds, into the Gulf Stream. On one occasion, they were in sight of Nantucket shoals, and had to stand out to sea, to avoid running on shore. Their sufferings, at length, became so great, that the crew threatened to mutiny. Early in the morning of January 13, a cry was raised, that a ship was lying close by. The captain hailed her, and received an answer. It was not yet daylight, and the passengers tumbled on deck in every style of garment, eager to hear what chance of deliverance was afforded them. A boat was sent from the ship, which proved to be the *Lucy Thompson*, Captain Pendleton, of New York, and Lieutenant Fremont, the quarter-master of the regiment, went on board, to effect a contract on behalf of the government. Another disembarkation of the passengers soon took place, and with the exception of four passengers and twelve of the United States troops, who volunteered to remain on board the *Kilby* to assist the captain in working the vessel, the whole were transferred to the *Lucy Thompson*, where abundance of food and generous treatment awaited them. The bark *Kilby* sailed on her way to Boston, where she arrived in due time, and on the afternoon of the 14th, the *Lucy Thompson* reached New York, where the proprietors of the Astor House, in the most liberal manner, immediately extended to the rescued sufferers, the hospitalities of that establishment. In a day or two afterward, when they had, in some degree, recovered from the effects of their privation and exhaustion, the officers with their wives and children, and the troops who were rescued by the *Lucy Thompson*, attended divine service, at Grace Church, to offer thanksgiving to God for his mercy shown in their preservation. An impressive address was deliver ed by the pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. Vinton, and the Sacrament of the Holy Communion was administered to all who desired to partake of it.

In Congress, the proceedings of the month have been of considerable interest. In the Senate, on the 4th of January, Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for the territorial government of Nebraska. One of its sections provides that whenever the said Territory shall be admitted into the Union as a State or States, it shall be with or without slavery, as its Constitution at the time of admission may prescribe; and another extends over the Territory the provisions of the existing laws for the surrender of fugitive slaves. The bill has not yet been discussed in either branch of Congress. On the same day, the resolution previously offered in regard to the Pacific Railroad was referred to a Select Committee. On the 11th, Mr. Cass addressed the Senate on the subject of the treaty concluded between Great Britain and the United States, during the administration of President Taylor, concerning British settlements in Central America. He stated that when he voted in favor of confirming that treaty, he supposed it excluded the British from all parts of Central America, being at the time ignorant of the fact that a declaration had been made by the British Government, and explicitly assented to by our own, to the effect that the treaty was not to apply to the British settlement at Honduras, and its dependencies. This declaration, thus exchanged, of course had the effect to limit the operation of the treaty—to give to it a force and meaning not conveyed by its language—and ought, therefore, to have been submitted to the Senate. Earl Clarendon, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has officially declared that the treaty does not in the least affect the British settlement in Honduras, or the protectorate of the Mosquito Indians. Mr. Cass thought it extremely unfortunate that such a concession should have been made by our government, as he deemed it very desirable that the British should be entirely excluded from Central America. On the 12th, Mr. Clayton replied to Mr. Cass, maintaining that the declaration referred to did not change the effect of the treaty in the least degree, and that the British were effectually excluded from Central America by the terms of that convention. He expressed great surprise at the declaration of Lord Clarendon on the subject. He vindicated his share in the negotiation of the treaty at length, insisting that its provisions were distinctly understood by the Senate when it was ratified. He believed that Great Britain had systematically violated all her treaties concerning Central America, and the Earl of Clarendon's declaration showed that she would continue to do so. The Earl had said that the Mosquito Indians were still under British protection; and that if either Honduras or Nicaragua should interfere with them, it would be at their peril. Mr. Clayton said that in such an event we should introduce a bill, placing the military and naval force of the country at the command of the President, to resist the aggression of the British

government.——On the same day a resolution was offered by Mr. Pearce, of Maryland, directing the Naval Committee to inquire into the propriety of making suitable acknowledgment to the officers of the vessels by which the survivors of the wreck of the San Francisco steamer were rescued, under circumstances which are given above. After considerable debate, the resolution was adopted.—— Mr. Dixon, of Kentucky, gave notice of his intention to offer an amendment to the bill organizing a territorial government in Nebraska, providing directly for the repeal of that portion of the Missouri Compromise Bill which prohibits the existence of slavery in territories of the United States lying North of 36 deg. 30 min.——On the 18th, President Pierce issued a proclamation, warning all citizens against engaging in any unlawful expedition against the territories of nations with which we are at peace, and referring especially to the invasion of Lower California. In the Senate, on the 19th, Mr. Gwin urged, in regard to this matter, that there was no opposition made at San Francisco to the departure of the invaders, and that there was not a single vessel of war on that coast to enforce obedience to the law. He thought the government should provide for the prevention of such offenses, rather than issue proclamations after they had been committed.

In the House of Representatives, on the 4th of January, Mr. Washburn, of Maine, in a general discussion of the President's Message, made a speech, warmly advocating the annexation of the Sandwich Islands.——On the 11th, the resolution of thanks to Captain Ingraham, noticed in our last Record, which had been discussed for several days, was adopted by a vote of 174 to 9. It tenders him the thanks of Congress, "for his judicious and gallant conduct on the 22d of July last, in extending the protection of the American government to Martin Koszta, by rescuing him from forcible and illegal seizure and imprisonment on board the Austrian brig-of-war, Hussar." It was sent to the Senate for concurrence; but action upon it was postponed, as amendments were proposed.——On the 16th, resolutions were discussed and adopted, appointing a joint committee to inquire into the proper form of acknowledgments to the captains of the vessels which rescued the crew and passengers of the San Francisco.

The Legislature of New York met on the 3d of January. The Message of Governor Seymour states that the Common School Fund of the State has increased $28,727 during the year, and now amounts to $2,383,251: the appropriations for Common School purposes during the year have been $1,101,240; the number of children in attendance 866,935. The Governor advises the establishment of State scholarships in Colleges as a means of aiding those institutions, of educating teachers of Academies, and of encouraging proficiency in Common Schools. The emigration returns show that the number of emigrants arrived during the year was 300,982, of whom 118,611 were from Germany, and 118,131 were from Ireland. The number of convicts in the New York State prisons was 1860: the Governor recommends a revision of the State prison system, and the allowance to the family of the convict of a portion of the proceeds of his labor. The enrolled militia of the State numbers about three hundred thousand. There are 324 banks in the State, and the whole amount of their capital is $76,692,075. In the Legislature, a bill providing for submitting the amendments to the Constitution proposed at the last session, at a special election to be held on the 3d of February, has been passed.——The Legislature of Kentucky met on the 21st of December. Governor Powell sent in his Message on the next day. There was a surplus of $187,632 in the State Treasury. The total amount of the State debt is $6,147,283: the resources of the Sinking Fund are ample to discharge it. The annual resources of the School Fund are $152,132: the number of children in the State between the ages of six and eighteen is 219,239. The Governor recommends increased attention to education, and the encouragement of agriculture and the mechanic arts. Honorable John J. Crittenden has been elected United States Senator in place of Mr. Dixon, whose term of office will expire on the 4th of March, 1855.——The Message of Governor Medill to the Legislature of Ohio states the receipts into the Treasury during the year, including a balance of $593,041 on hand at its beginning, at $3,459,181; the expenditures, $2,696,118. The total debt of the State is $17,206,452. The Governor proposes to lay an additional tax to provide for the more rapid payment of this debt. The entire property of the State is valued at over eight hundred millions of dollars—nearly double the estimate of 1847.——The Message of Governor Pease, of Texas, recommends that two millions of the United States bonds now in the Treasury be set apart as a permanent school fund, to which he proposes to add one fifth of the State tax. He advises also an appropriation of $250,000 for a State University, and an equal sum for an Insane Asylum, and another for a Deaf and Dumb Asylum. He is strongly in favor of appropriating public lands in aid of rail-roads. A bill has passed both branches of the Legislature authorizing and aiding the construction of the Pacific Rail-road. Leaving the eastern portion of the route open, the bill confines the line to crossing the Trinity, Brasos, and the Colorado Rivers at the thirty-second degree, or the nearest practicable point to it. The portion between the Colorado and the Rio Grande has no line designated. The bill appropriates twenty sections of land to every mile. The company agreeing to build the road will be required to guarantee the performance of the contract by depositing in the State Treasury three hundred thousand dollars.—— The Message of Governor Bigler to the Legislature of Pennsylvania states the aggregate funded debt of the State at $40,272,235. The receipts at the Treasury, exclusive of loans, and including a balance of $671,027 in the Treasury at the commencement of the year, were $6,952,474; the payments for the same period were $4,134,048. The aggregate amount of business on the public works was twenty per cent. larger than during any previous year, though the gross receipts were only $1,932,495, in consequence of the reduction of tolls. The Governor is not in favor of selling the public works, but opposes the commencement of any new improvements.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 15th of December. A State Agricultural Society has been formed. A good deal of excitement was created at San Francisco by the intelligence of the reverses that had befallen Captain Walker's Company, and a steamer was immediately loaded with arms and ammunition, and over two hundred men, and immediately dispatched to his relief. The authorities made no attempt to prevent her departure.

From *Oregon* we have news of the arrival of Governor Stevens and his party on the 16th of November. The party had been very successful in their expedition, and report finding very favorable passes

in the Rocky and Cascade Mountains. The Governor also reports an abundance of wood and water on the route. Conferences had been held with the Blackfeet and several other tribes of Indians. Mines of coal and iron are reported to have been discovered in Oregon Territory, near Salem. Governor Stevens had issued his proclamation for the election of delegates to the Legislature.

From *New Mexico* we have news to the last of November. The arrival of a large number of cattle and sheep from the States is regarded as a promising indication that the people of the new territory are turning their attention to practical matters. The country is well adapted to grazing purposes. Hon. Hugh N. Smith had been severely wounded by a man named Scallion, who, in a fit of intoxication, fired a revolver at several persons who were playing cards: he was immediately tried by an extempore jury and hung. The small-pox was raging severely among the Indians in the Moqui villages and at Zurin.

CUBA.

Several official decrees have recently been issued by the Captain-General of Cuba, affecting in important respects the internal affairs of the island. The first, dated December 20, declares that all the emancipadoes belonging to the various prizes made prior to 1835, shall be *free*, and makes provision for their entering into contracts with their masters for their service hereafter. Hitherto all free negroes have been required to leave the country; they are now permitted to remain under the regulations established for them. The second was issued on the 25th of December, declaring that more stringent measures would hereafter be taken for the prevention of the slave trade, but saying that, as there was an increased necessity for a greater number of laborers, the Government would substitute for the importation of slaves the introduction of free Indians, Asiatics, or Spaniards, under a system of apprenticeship for a specified term of years.

MEXICO.

The movement toward the re-establishment of the Empire, noticed in our last, has been consummated. On the 10th of December, General Santa Anna issued a decree, declaring that the power of the President should be prolonged at his own pleasure, that he should have the right to designate his successor, and that his official title should be "Most Serene Highness." On the 17th he issued a manifesto rehearsing the circumstances which had induced him to return from his exile to resume the conduct of public affairs, and saying that he had determined to retire from public life at the period fixed for the termination of his office, when the voice of the nation demanded the enlargement of his powers and the prolongation of his official term. Acting under the advice of the Council of State, he had determined to make this fresh sacrifice for the good of his country: he accepted the powers conferred, simply because he believed them necessary to the good order and prosperity of the nation.——Captain Walker, whose conquest of the Mexican department of Lower California was noticed in our last, on the 30th of November, published an address to the people of the United States, in which he defended the step he had taken, by alleging that Mexico had failed to afford proper protection to the people of the territory—that she had done nothing to develop its wealth or promote its prosperity; and that, having thus abandoned it herself, she could not justly complain if others should take it and make it valuable. On the 3d of December he issued a proclamation declaring the freedom and independence of Lower California, abolishing all duties upon exports and imports, and adopting the civil code of Louisiana as the code of the Republic. On the 4th the company of invaders, while on an excursion, was attacked by a large body of Mexicans, twelve or fourteen of their number killed, and the remainder, at the latest accounts, closely besieged in a house they had fortified. A vessel with re-enforcements, which on hearing of this reverse, had been dispatched from San Francisco, might possibly arrive in time to deliver them from their perilous position.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The only event of special interest in the politics of the month was the temporary withdrawal of Lord Palmerston from the Cabinet, and his subsequent return. Special pains were taken by the organs of the Ministry to have it understood that the cause of his retirement was not in any way connected with the foreign policy of the government, but was simply a difference of opinion as to the details of the Parliamentary Reform Bill to be introduced at the coming session. It was represented that Lord Palmerston was invincibly opposed to any measures of reform liberal enough to meet the expectations of the country. These assurances, however, did not carry general conviction with them. Throughout England and in France, it was believed that Lord Palmerston had withdrawn from the Ministry, because its action in protecting Turkey against Russian oppression was not as vigorous as he thought the honor and interests of the country required. When it was announced, therefore, after an interval of about ten days, that the differences had been reconciled, and that Lord Palmerston had declared his purpose to remain in the Cabinet, the belief was very general, that this decision was in consequence of a determination on the part of the government to act with greater energy and vigor in regard to the Eastern war. The tone of the English press has therefore been much more decided, and it is very generally assumed that England can no longer honorably hold herself aloof from actively interfering for the protection of her Turkish allies.

THE CONTINENT.

In *Spain* a good deal of excitement has been occasioned by a private quarrel between the American Minister and the French Embassador, and also between a son of Mr. Soulé and the Duke of Alba. It seems that on the evening of the 15th of November the French Embassador, the Marquis de Turgot, gave a grand ball on the occasion of the baptism of an infant of the Duke of Alba, at which all the members of the diplomatic *corps* in the capital were present. Mr. Neville Soulé, son of the American Embassador, during the evening overhoard some conversation, in which the Duke of Alba indulged in pleasantries upon the style of dress adopted by Madame Soulé, and the next day sent to him demanding an apology. The Duke promptly disclaimed any intention of giving offense, and made an explanation which was regarded by Mr. Soulé and his friends as satisfactory. The Duke subsequently qualified this explanation, in such a way, as to provoke further remarks from Mr. Soulé, which led in turn to a peremptory challenge from the Duke on the 13th of December. This was accepted, and the parties met on the 14th. After a fight of half an hour with small swords, without injury to either party, their seconds declared that the laws of honor could exact no more, and the parties were reconciled. Meantime Mr. Soulé, senior,

addressed a note to the Marquis de Turgot, stating that as the original offense was given at his house, and as he had thus far done nothing to relieve himself from the responsibility of having permitted it to pass unchecked, he demanded satisfaction at his hands. A meeting took place between the two parties on the 17th of December, the weapons used being pistols, and the distance forty paces. At the second exchange of shots the Marquis de Turgot was severely wounded in the thigh.——A collision has occurred between the Spanish government and the legislature which threatened to have important results. It grew out of a difference as to the right of the Senate to proceed with a discussion on railways, in opposition to the wish of the Ministry. After a stormy debate of three days the Ministry was beaten by a vote of 105 to 69, whereupon the Government dissolved the Cortes, without naming any day for their next sitting.——In *Portugal* the Cortes met on the 19th, to record the King Regent's reiteration of his oath of office. His speech, after alluding to the Queen's death, declared his determination to protect the rights of the young King, Pedro V., to do every thing in his power to qualify him for the throne, and to deliver the kingdom into his hands in the enjoyment of perfect peace, of its precious liberties, and in the advancement of those industrial and administrative improvements so necessary for the prosperity and contentment of all Portuguese citizens. A new session of the Legislature was fixed for the 2d of January.——In *France* no event of political importance had occurred during the month. Arrests for political offenses continue to be frequent. Great suffering is experienced in consequence of the lack of work and the dearness of provisions. In the provinces frequent incendiary fires attest the public discontent, and, in the towns, manufactories and workshops are rapidly closing, throwing workmen out of employment and feeding the public dissatisfaction. The fusion of the Legitimists and Orleanists against the existing dynasty, is held to some extent responsible for this state of things.——From *Italy* we have news of fresh outrages upon foreigners. At Naples, Mr. Baggio, a British subject, who had long carried on business in that city, was refused permission to return after having visited London, on the plea that while there he had held intercourse with refugees. The Neapolitan authorities at Messina have also refused permission to Mr. Carbone, an American, to land on a similar plea. A third case occurred at Arezzio, when Mr. Desain, having a British passport, was seized and committed to prison on the 21st of September. He was kept in confinement until the 17th of November, when he succeeded in securing the interference of the British Consul, and in placing himself under his protection. It is stated that negotiations are going on for the simultaneous evacuation of the Roman States by the French and Austrian armies. The King of Naples is organizing a body of 20,000 men for the protection of the Pope after the withdrawal of the foreign troops. It appears, that by the terms of a secret treaty, the double occupation of Rome by the French and Austrian armies was only to last for five years.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

We have details of the naval engagement at Sinope, mentioned in our last. The vessels destroyed did not constitute the main body of the Turkish fleet, but were only a convoy with transports engaged in conveying ammunition and other necessaries of war to the coast of Circassia. The Russian admiral justifies his attack by mentioning this fact. The affair took place on the 30th of November. The Russian force consisted of eight ships of the line, six frigates, and four steamers; the Turkish vessels destroyed were three frigates, one steam frigate, two schooners, and three transport ships. On seeing the Russians, the Turkish vessels, which were on their way to Batoum, put into the port of Sinope, whither they were followed by the Russian ships and destroyed. Some three thousand of the troops on board perished, and an immense amount of property was destroyed. The Russians threw shells into the town of Sinope, a large part of which was burned. Prince Menschikoff immediately left Constantinople, to convey news of this victory to the Emperor, who wrote a letter of congratulation and thanks to the Admiral in command. The intelligence of this affair created great excitement not only in Constantinople but in Paris and London. The French Emperor was especially indignant and indicated his purpose to act with energy and decision in resisting the aggressions of Russia. The instructions, sent to their embassadors in Turkey by the French and English governments, subsequent to this engagement, have not been published: but it is believed that the allied fleets were ordered to enter the Black Sea, for the purpose of affording protection to Turkey. No further movements have taken place on the Danube. The Turkish troops are still garrisoned at Kalafat. The Czar has appointed General Budberg commissioner extraordinary in Moldo-Wallachia, which is declared to be under his high protection. Riots have occurred between the Russian troops and the Wallachian militia, who are unwilling to serve under Russian officers. Internal difficulties still pervade Servia. In Asia the war seems to be carried on with vigor, but the reports from that quarter are too vague and unreliable to be of much importance. The Shah of Persia has declared himself openly for the Czar, and had raised an army of 30,000 men to join in the war against Turkey. It is reported that in consequence of this step, the British Minister at Teheran has suspended his diplomatic relations with that country.

At the latest dates the Four Powers were still actively engaged in negotiating for peace. A new diplomatic note had been agreed upon, and forwarded to Constantinople, proposing that the Sultan should send a Plenipotentiary to some neutral point, to confer with a Russian embassador—the integrity of the Ottoman territory to be guaranteed, and other points in dispute to be adjusted in conformity with previous arrangements. It is stated that the Turkish Divan, on the 18th of December, consented to reopen negotiations, but reiterated its previous declaration, that the evacuation of the Principalities should be a condition precedent to any discussion of the terms of peace. It is further stated that Turkey subsequently insisted that the place of meeting should not be within the Austrian dominions. The Sultan has also claimed that, by the war, all his previously existing treaties with Russia have been abrogated. No progress seems, therefore, to have been made toward the restoration of peace; and it is altogether probable that the approach of spring will witness a vigorous renewal of hostilities between Russia and Turkey, and a possible extension of the war to Austria and other European States. The Russian Emperor is making extensive preparations for war, having ordered a rigorous conscription in Poland, and the construction of large numbers of wagons for conveying munitions of war to be ready in March.

Editor's Table.

THE REMEDY FOR POLITICAL CORRUPTION would be the topic for editorial discussion most naturally suggested by the remarks in a previous Number, as well as best adapted, in itself, to the commencement of our political year. But who shall venture to propose such remedy with any fair prospect of success, either in the discovery or the application? And is there any such remedy short of that severe crisis which nature sometimes demands in the disease of the political, as well as of the individual organism?—a crisis resulting either in utter dissolution, or in that apparent breaking up of the system which may become necessary to any true political regeneration. It may be, that young as we are historically, it is our fate to pass through such an ordeal. We would not uselessly indulge in the language of despondency. The reader will see, in the course of our remarks, that we can be as hopeful as the most boasting politician, and, as we conceive, on far better grounds. There may be some way of escape, some unknown means of political purification reserved in store for us by a kind Providence, who will not forget his covenant with the fathers, and for which we should never cease to hope. A fair understanding of the case, however, requires that there should be presented first the darker side of the picture, and in so doing, we would only say, that in the present signs of the times there is no rational prospect of any change for the better through the influence of any *ordinary political or social movement.*

Can the stream rise above its fountain? Can corruption be expected to cure itself? "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" Or how can we expect that the motives of politicians will ever become more pure, more elevated, more unselfish, when corruption "grows by that on which it feeds"—when the temptations are becoming stronger, the offices more numerous—when the prizes are every day increasing in pecuniary value, and getting constantly more accessible to men of small minds having the advantage of corrupt hearts that will not scruple at any means employed for the attainment of the object—thus every year exerting a corrupting influence over greater numbers, and preparing them to be the means of a still greater increase in time to come? Is there any thing in paper constitutions, or compromises, or platforms, or inaugural addresses, or even meetings for reform, called together in some sudden fit of patriotic zeal, but ever, in the long run, found to be of no avail against the steady discipline of party—is there any thing in any one or all of them that can guard us against these sure laws of nature, as exhibited in our depraved and unregenerate humanity?

Ah! but it is an "age of progress;" it is a "transition period;" and these features of the times that look so ugly to the jaundiced eye of croaking conservatism, are but its necessary and temporary attendants. They are, in fact, very hopeful symptoms. They mark the rapid, though somewhat wild and irregular advance of our fast-growing young America. Alas! it is this very style of defense that most darkens the prospects of the future. It is the wide-spread existence of such fallacies, and their ready reception by the public mind, that would seem to put the case beyond all present remedy. We are not young America, except it be in our childish boasting. We are an old nation in all those elements of character that lie back of any present political forms, and are independent of any political localities. We are an old *gens*—an old people. There are certain things in our new position that may have infused some new elements of strength, but in all essential characteristics we are as old as the nations we pretend to despise for their decrepitude, and whom we foolishly pronounce to be incapable of political regeneration; as though our position on this western side of the Atlantic, and the existence of certain forms, which show they are but forms whenever they come in the way of party demands, should make an American Congress so much more pure, more intelligent, more high-minded than a British Parliament, or a Prussian Council of State. For such, in fact, is the true issue. If we have little or no superiority here, then is our disgrace the deeper in an inverse proportion to the claims we make to a more perfect emancipation from every thing that might impede the freedom of thought, and a consequent advance in all that exalts the true dignity of human nature. If we are making no progress here, we are really making no progress at all. The things of which we most loudly boast are only carrying us onward to a more rapid and deeper perdition.

But we are wandering from the question. Is there any remedy for that political corruption which the best men of all parties now admit to be growing upon us? Even should no distinct method of cure present itself, still is there more encouragement in a sober knowledge of the difficulties of the case than in any delirious ravings about health and progress. In confession and repentance there is some hope of cure. Self-knowledge and self-distrust afford the surest grounds for a right self-government. This is certainly true of an individual; why not of a nation? Why should that which is certainly the highest wisdom in the one case, be denounced as an unpatriotic conservatism in the other? Why, on the other hand, should that inane boasting, which would be regarded as a sign of folly, and even of idiocy, in the individual, become wise, or dignified, or patriotic, when uttered of the collective or corporate existence?

Perhaps there is no term that has been more perverted than "self-government." How often is it confounded with that which is its direct opposite, *the government of self.* Rightly viewed, it is that principle which finds the highest dignity, as well as the highest rationality, of man in submitting his inward choices to positive outward law. Thus true self-government would be the polar antipodes of all Filibustering, Young America-ism, or any other "higher law" assumption, usurping a name which does not belong to it, and boasting of a freedom which is only a disguised form of the most abject and servile animality.

The more valuable our institutions, the more it becomes a patriotic duty to point out their dangers, rather than to gratify a foolish national vanity, which is the worst enemy of the national health. If this is not the language of profundity or originality, it is, at all events, that sober common sense which is often more valuable than either; and not only so, but demands also a higher order of mind, and a loftier moral courage for its utterance. Nothing is easier than to write and say the grandest things about our glorious "manifest destiny," and the "good time coming" which it is to usher upon the world. Nothing is easier than to praise the Athenians among the Athenians. It requires no higher talent, and no higher virtue than may be possessed by that lowest of all rhetoricians, the caucus spouter. Thus, too,

may we say of that absurd contempt for other nations, that foolish taking for granted that the profoundest minds of the Old World are incapable of reasoning about government, because they do not possess our stand-point—or that the Burkes, and Broughams, and Arnolds of England, or the Niebuhrs and Bunsens of Germany, although very clever men in their own line, were the merest children in politics, and, from their unfortunate position, could have no conception of political truths familiar to every Lyceum lecturer and ward orator in our land. This, we say, is not only very foolish, but very belittleing; and he is the true patriot who labors most faithfully to do away this reproach, and render us less absurd, in this respect, in the eyes of intelligent foreigners.

If it be difficult, then, to present a positive remedy for that political corruption which grows so naturally out of popular institutions, and is the baneful offset to their noblest acknowledged excellences, it may be of service to point out the quackery of some of the reforming nostrums which are now and then recommended for such a purpose. It may, perhaps, lead to a better understanding of the case and the cure. Some of these, though often gravely urged, are, in fact, self-evident absurdities. "Attend to morals," says one oracle; "morals is every thing; morals is the foundation of our liberties; morals is the very salt of republican institutions; let us *only* be moral, and we are safe." "Let us put into office none but pure and honest men," says another, "and then we shall have the political millennium." Nothing can be more true than this in theory; nothing would be more excellent, could it be only carried out in practice; nothing, too, is more ancient, if we may judge from some of Æsop's fables that have come down to us. But what is it, after all, but prescribing health as the cure for disease, and virtue as the remedy for vice. "If the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" Again it is recommended, "Let pious men and professors of religion take an active part in politics; let them be sure to go to the polls and vote—if about an equal number in each political party, so much the better, as by such a disposition of themselves they would better diffuse the pious leavening, and thus produce a more healthful equilibrium." To this we might give the same answer as before. It is, to a great extent, making the cure itself the remedy. There is a still more conclusive answer to it from the most decided experience. This has ever shown that the professing Christianity of the country is much more likely to receive into itself the corrupting, than to communicate the purifying leaven. It is much more likely that, in this way, the Gospel standard should be lowered, than that the political should be elevated. There are many more cases of professors forgetting their religion in their party, than of the politician being drawn from his corrupt political allegiance through the power of conscience and conscientious religious example.

Again, if political questions are so much matters of indifference that Christians may be equally divided upon them, then the party contest becomes a mere game, with which, as serious men, they should have nothing to do. If there is a vital difference on the score of morals, then all good men should be on one side or the other. In that case, however, there would be immediately raised the cry of "Priestcraft," "Church and State," with all the Jacobinical yells which the demon of party radicalism is wont to pour forth on the first symptom of such a position being taken in the political field. Every thing may combine but the friends of evangelical truth. A foreign superstition, connected with foreign despotisms, may present its demands, and if it holds out the hope of party support, politicians of all parties hasten most obsequiously to obey. A foreign atheism in the midst of us may proclaim war against temperance and the Sabbath, and men of the highest political station will demean themselves by writing letters of sympathy and respect to the meetings in which this spirit is put forth—especially if it should be just before a contested election. But let there be manifested the first appearance of political union among truly serious and religious men, and straightway our liberties are in the utmost danger—visions of Smithfield present themselves to the frightened guardians of our rights; the political editor every where sounds the alarm, and both parties are thrown into a paroxysm of zeal to clear themselves from all supposed connection with this common foe.

But there is no danger—certainly no present danger—of any such combination; and we must confess that we have but little hope from any such remedy directly applied to the ballot-box, although there are other modes, perhaps, through which it might be brought to bear. Whatever may be our *à priori* reasonings, experience is, after all, the best test; and this has shown that politics is much more likely to corrupt religion than religion to purify politics. All must be familiar with facts of this kind. They prove that a man may be as orthodox as Lambeth or Geneva in the ecclesiastical council, and yet stand side by side with infidelity in the political caucus. He may be the highest of Churchmen, and make up for it by being the lowest of politicians. He may be the most stringent of Evangelicals, and yet utterly loose in his party creed. He may be firm even to bigotry on the cardinal doctrine of human depravity, when it comes up in the Presbytery or the ecclesiastical Convention, and yet at the polls, or on the stump, or the party platform, no one louder than he in praise of the virtue and intelligence of the people, no one more severe than he upon all who would question the wisdom of the masses, or indulge in the most sober suspicion of their fallibility.

But let us look at another of the commonly proposed remedies. Some would find the great means of political health in the equilibrium of parties. Let them be equally, or nearly equally balanced, and each, it is maintained, becomes a security for the honor and purity of the other. In their watchful jealousy, the liberties and morals of the country find the strongest guarantee of their continuance. They will ever exercise toward each other that eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty. Nothing wrong or vile will be done by the one without its being exposed by the other. One would think, from the *à priori* argument, that party contests would present a sublime *ἀγών*, or *moral arena*, in which both sides would be heroically antagonizing for the "prize of the highest calling" in patriotism, truthfulness, and political virtue. Certainly the past twenty years, and our present position, ought to yield us abundant proof of their beneficent effects; but alas! alas! how mournfully does experience reverse this picture of the theorist! And yet the argument is constantly presented, over and over again, not only in juvenile debating societies, but in grave editorials, and even in our latest works in political philosophy, as though our own history had not furnished its most conclusive as well as its most melancholy refutation.

There might be some truth in it, if political parties were what they *ought* to be; but this is only dealing with the same truisms whose practical fallacy has already been shown. They are not what they ought to be, and will not be what they ought to be while

those influences are at work which would seem hardly separable from institutions in which the prize and price of office are ever becoming more tempting, and the consequent demand for the popular favor, however obtained, is ever calling out higher bids in the political market. By parties, strictly, are meant no mere divisions on temporary *measures*, but those differences of *principle* which arise out of the very foundations of government—especially constitutional government; for in a despotism, as in a pure democracy, parties strictly—or such as we are now theorizing about—could not exist. In the one they can have no place at all; in the other they must eventually resolve themselves into surging *factions*, controlled by the lowest selfish or animal interests, and hence ever rising and falling, like the driven sands of the desert, or the wild waves of the sea. In a constitutional state, however, the natural position of parties, as long as they can maintain it, is that of the democratic and the conservative—each tending, when unopposed in its tendency, to the destruction of the republican principle, and yet, by their healthy antagonism, furnishing the ground not only of its purity, but its strength. In this attitude, each maintains its honor. Each sees something in the other which it can respect. Each may have its ranks filled by virtuous and honorable men, choosing their respective places according to the leading influences of their political temperament, or the preponderance of danger which their experience, or their reading of history, or their reasoning, may have led them to fear as existing more on one side than the other; for certainly the man forfeits all claim to be treated as an intelligent and rational being who would deny that there is such danger in either aspect, or that the popular evil requires at least to be as much guarded against as the conservative excess. While they maintain this attitude, thinking men, philosophic men, high-minded men, Christian men, might be partisans. While every class would be equally respected, ardent youth might find its place on one side, and cautious age on the other, and yet without any slang about Young America and Old Fogyism, or any impeachment of each other's motives or intelligence. In this attitude, each party might be so studious of its own honor, that all meanness and chicanery, and mere party trafficking, would be driven down to the lower strata, and the noblest men on both sides would stand front to front in a contest alike honorable to both, and salutary to those institutions whose permanency each might be supposed most ardently to desire.

Such is the fancy picture. Such might be the reality, if only these relative positions could be maintained. But we have to lament that this has not, and, in all probability, will not be the case. There is no great danger of the democratic feeling losing, in the main, its tendency or its intensity. But the great trouble is—the conservative party will not stay conservative. Though having equally at heart the true political freedom, it presents *prima facie* the anti-popular side; and notwithstanding that the firm maintenance of its own position does, in the long run, not only secure to it respect, and even a measure of popularity, but also occasional, though not frequent success, yet the impatience of many of its advocates finds it hard to wait the regular course of such an ordeal. This is especially the case with its editors, its political managers, its *public men* generally. Hence the disposition to infuse into it something of an element more properly belonging to its antagonist, and which, although it may give it, at first, a temporary reinvigoration, must, in the end, prove itself foreign to its nature, and the inevitable cause of its dissolution. Hence, too—and this is the worst mischief occasioned by such an attempt—there is brought in another motive in politics, a new aim, looking more to success *per se* than intrinsic merit, and in which is found the main support of that political corruption of which we are now complaining as equally tainting all parties. The popular favor, instead of the popular good, becomes the prize of contention. In this, as we have said, the democratic side has the *prima facie* advantage. It has the start in the race, and to overtake it there must be a new draft upon the bank of radicalism. The pursued party is hence driven to avail itself of the same means. It becomes more radical than it would have been. Both are drawn from their high original ground of principle into a scramble for a present available popularity, and both are driven into new disguises to conceal the change. A spurious philosophy, under the name of progressive conservatism, infects the one; a spurious democracy, at war with some of the first principles of freedom, and seeking to hide its new spirit by getting up a popular clamor for foreign aggrandizement, wholly taints the other. The original ground of principle thus changed, and lower motives introduced, the best and ablest men retire from the ignoble strife, while a meaner class, on both sides, come up to the surface and take their place.

Instead of *antagonists*, the two parties are now *rivals;* and there is a vast difference in the ideas conveyed by these two terms. Instead of maintaining a political equilibrium, and thus checking each other's evil tendencies, they are both running a race *in the same direction*, and that the one in which, as the history of every republic has shown, lies our greatest danger. The leaders on both sides, are solely occupied with taxing their inventions in the discovery of temporary popular expedients, in which they never look beyond the horizon of the next presidential election. All sorts of contrivances are employed to gain some advantage in the race. Extension of suffrage is the favorite popular measure, of which one side claims the glory and the paternity, some scheme of anti-rent or anti-hanging is diligently nursed as an offset to it on the other. A Dorr insurrection is met by a land reform; the advantage gained by a relaxing of naturalization laws is sought to be made up by manifesting an increased zeal for foreigners and foreign revolutions; election of judges by the people is balanced by a revision of the code; the pretended simplification or cheapening of law is checkmated by making every man his own lawyer. New constitutions, before the ink is dry in which the old were written, become the order of the day. Every where is it discovered that institutions in which we had so much gloried as the very perfection of political science, are fast falling behind the age. The echo of our laudations has hardly come back to us, before these boasted works of our sagacious architects are discovered to be full of defects. Our new charters are hardly engrossed before they are found to be at war with still newer ideas; they have hardly secured our liberties on an imperishable foundation, before some new political reformer shows them to be unequal, oppressive, intolerable. Nothing is allowed the advantage of the testing hand of time. The new structure must be taken down, and built over, before it has acquired consistency and cohesion; the new plant must be pulled up before it has had time to strike its roots into the nourishing earth, or drink the conservative moisture of the heavens. Annexations, filibusterings, and sup-

posed popular schemes for foreign entanglements are eagerly pressed into the service. Kossuth is caught up on one side, and Koszta on the other; an Italian exile is balanced against an Irish patriot; a Papal Nuncio is lauded as an offset to any advantage that might be gained by a Gavazzi lecture. Native Americanism is courted or repelled, according to the rise and fall of any political hopes from the opposite influence. Cuba, and all the capital that can be made out of it, is claimed as the exclusive property of the one party; the other immediately casts about for some similar pre-emption right to Canada or the Sandwich Islands. And so we go. In this sixtieth century of the world, this same stale game of demagogueism and outward aggrandizement is still played off, as though the whole course of history were not strewed with the wrecks of nations in which the selfish and the animal principle had become thus predominant to the utter ruin of the inward health. Just as recklessly as ever does the demagogue drive on, and the masses cheer him in the race, notwithstanding all the warnings that have come from former republics, or as though there were some magic in paper constitutions, or the name of representative government, which has wrought a radical change in human nature, or would shield us from the inevitable effects of its depravity when thus stimulated by appeals to its pride on the one hand, and its rapacity on the other.

To keep up the spirit of the strife, there must be also invented a new dialect, a new species of cant, or terms of jockeyship; just as all gamblers find the ordinary language of mankind insufficient to express the progression of their ideas. Hence we have Young America, Old Fogyism, manifest destiny, progressive democracy, progressive conservatism, individualism, solidarité, along with the minor cant of "cotton," "compromises," "higher law," adamantine patriotism, and free-soil philanthropy.

The inevitable effect of such a scrub-race, or of such a *rivalry* for popular favor, as distinguished from an honorable *antagonism*, is to vitiate fatally the character of both parties. While the one loses its high and healthful conservative ground, the only ground on which it can consistently remain a distinct party, the other is pushed on into a worse radicalism than it would otherwise have ever encouraged; for even a democratic party, if not driven into this false position, would breed within itself a conservative element, as a necessary means of its organic preservation, and we may even say that the most extreme radicalism, in itself, may have an honest enthusiasm that is truly noble when compared with this "spoils doctrine," which ever becomes the cardinal principle of perverted party organization.

There are other proposed remedies which would demand notice at our hands, had we time and space for their consideration. There is the advice so frequently given in some of our more respectable journals, that all our "respectable citizens" should habitually attend what are called the primary meetings. The fallacy, or, rather, utter impracticability of this method of reform, as any thing more than the merest temporary expedient, we think could be easily shown. There remain, then, the Press, the University, and the Church; but these would require a more thorough treatment than our present limits allow. We can only, therefore, present here, in conclusion and in the briefest terms, what we conceive to be the source from which the evil of political corruption takes its rise, and must ever mainly flow—the fountain-head lying back of all other causes, and which must be taken into the account in any hopeful investigation of the cure. It is, we would venture to suggest, the tendency in all popular governments, and especially our own, to make "politics," to use the most familiar phrase, the highest thing, political eminence the highest eminence, political fame the highest fame—thus directing toward it the aspiration of all men, especially young men, as the loftiest attainment of human ambition. It is, along with this, and as an inevitable consequence, the throwing into the shade, not only domestic excellence, and the domestic life as something lower than the political, but also the purer aspects of literature and philosophy when compared with what is commonly called political success. While this is so, we shall never have a literature, we shall never have a philosophy. In the ancient republics of Greece, the decline of both, as we could clearly show, in opposition to Mr. Grote, followed close upon the rise of demagogueism, or that thirst for office which now characterizes our own political era.

Money and office, it has been said, are the two highest things in a republic. We think they are not inevitably so, and yet, it must be confessed, that as yet among ourselves there is nothing generally esteemed of higher account. This must somehow be changed. Our young men must be taught, and made to feel, that there is a glory—an earthly glory, we mean, for we are not now speaking of religion—higher than politics. The strong temptation which comes from political influence, and that strong desire for the popular favor through which it is obtained, must be abated by the substitution of something better and higher in its place, or a political corruption worse than any we have yet experienced must be the unavoidable consequence. Whatever counteracts this tendency may, perhaps, present the remedy of which we are in search. Whatever will make men feel, and especially our young men (we can not repeat it too often), that politics is, after all, a subordinate sphere, and that there is, even in our secular relations, and aside from the religious, exclusively considered, a higher field of ambition than that afforded by political eminence, thus throwing the latter into a secondary position, and giving it the rank of a means instead of an end—whatever has this effect, we say, will begin to produce the cure, although it may be very slow in its commencement, and take more than one generation for its consummation. As aids to this, there are three among the remedies proposed that we have not found time to investigate. They are the Press, the College, and the Church—or rather the two latter, with the first only so far as it is auxiliary to them as the more important influences. These may furnish the subject of some editorial notes presenting more of the hopeful in respect to republican institutions and the future destiny of our beloved country. There may be much that appears desponding and severe in the preceding remarks, but we claim to love liberty notwithstanding—to love our native land, and her noble Constitution, as truly and as ardently as the most zealous champion that ever figured in the ranks of either political party.

Much as conservatism may be caricatured by our superficial, frothy, lecturing progressionists, we hesitate not to say that the man is either knave or fool who asserts that our danger lies in that direction. Who ever yet heard of popular institutions being subverted by it? What tyro in history knows not that the contrary spirit has always been the deadly bane of republics, and that when they have ended in despotism, the demagogue has ever been the forerunner of the tyrant?

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is a new profession growing up, under the auspices of our country friends. For we can not sit quietly and look abroad over the varied panorama of life and society in our country, and not mark so striking a fact as the Lecture-system. It was one of our eminent statesmen who told one of the most eminent of our lecturers that his career was secure, if he only maintained his position as a lecturer. The harvest is golden, in many senses, and the laborers—at least those laborers who hold the magic sickle, which is sure to reap that harvest—are very few.

Indeed, lectures and lecturers furnish prolific themes for both; nor does the audience escape being analyzed in its own hearing, and to its great satisfaction. Yet, while a very pleasant and adequate bachelor-income may be made by an active man during the four lecturing months, there are yet not many men who can combine thought, and humor, and interest so dexterously as to enchain and enchant a miscellaneous audience any where from the Kennebec to the Mississippi. And this is necessary, because it is clearly impossible to write a fresh lecture for every occasion. How difficult this is, may be discovered from a moment's reflection. This evening the lecturer addresses an audience in Boston, or New York, or Cincinnati, and to-morrow evening he stands before a handful of people in a retired country village. How interest both? How contrive a discourse that shall not seem to the city flippant, and to the country dull?

As we sat in our Chair lately, and read the announcements of lectures all over the country, we could not escape meditating that grave question, and wondered at the mysterious power which some of our literary brethren must possess to produce such results; or is it altogether the charm of manner, the fascination of oratory? we said to ourselves. Unfortunately, just as we were solving the question, our great fire took place; we had great difficulty in rescuing our Chair itself from the ruins, and our valuable speculations were lost forever. Dolefully sitting, the other morning, and grieving over our loss, our reverie was agreeably interrupted by young Triptolemus, who had just returned from what he called "a prolonged tour of lecturing," and we resolved that he should explain this matter to our satisfaction.

"Triptolemus," said we, with editorial gravity, "what is the secret of successful lecturing?"

"My dear old Easy Chair," replied he, gayly, "you surely do not read the newspapers."

"Every word of them," we replied, promptly.

"How is it possible, then," resumed he, "that you did not notice what Mr. Dion Bourcicault said to his audience in his lecture upon his Literary Life?"

"Pardon! pardon! good Triptolemus; there is one part of the papers that we do not read, and that is the reports of lectures."

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, with a melodramatic roll of his eyes. "I am glad that some are sensible enough not to favor that reporting which is the martyrdom of lecturers. The reports of lectures published in our papers are the meagre remembrance of ignorant subordinates in the offices, or the result of a hap-hazard race between the reporter's pen and the speaker's tongue. Reporting is a thing unknown to our newspapers, and hence, when a really noted man speaks upon an occasion of general interest, he is sure to have his address sent in manuscript to the printing-office. Then the public reads what the speaker said, and not what a dull hack, intent only upon a certain amount of 'copy,' makes him say."

We could not but smile at the energy of the young Triptolemus.

"Evidently," we said to him, laughing, "you have been reported."

He laughed again, as gayly as ever. "Well, I confess it. But I speak as much for others as for myself."

"In doing which, you forget to mention what Mr Bourcicault said to his audience."

"He said that he had early discovered the fondness of the public for humbug; that he had shaped his career accordingly; and that he had succeeded by humbugging the public."

Triptolemus opened his mouth in a hearty roar.

"But that is neither very new nor very funny," said we, rolling in our Chair.

"No, you blessed old Easy Chair, of course it is not; but the circumstances *are*. Figure a man arriving with a certain reputation, like Mr. Bourcicault. He is a writer of plays which are successful. He announces certain evenings devoted to studies of Literature and Society. The audience assembles, and the orator says, 'You like my plays I wrote them to make money. They are humbug. You come to hear me lecture. I know what succeeds with the public—it is humbug. I—I say it—am a humbugger by profession, and to-morrow evening I invite you, who are so easily humbugged, to come and hear me read a play of mine, which I sold, and hope will succeed, and have therefore made as humbuggy as possible.' Now this seems to me very droll."

And Triptolemus did not spare his laughter.

"Do you mean to say that humbug is the secret of a popular lecturer's success?"

Triptolemus, who is a popular lecturer, was not pleased with the predicament. He looked a little amused, and said nothing. At length he asked,

"What do you mean by humbug?"

"Oh! we mean gammon and spinach," said we, seriously.

"Really, your question is not easy to answer," he added, after a pause. "You must consider that a miscellaneous audience is composed of people of every variety of interest; who are tired—who are seeking excitement—who want to be amused—who have come to pass the evening with their sweethearts, to see and to be seen, with no desire of instruction, but of *entertainment*. A scientific lecturer has a comparatively easy time. His audience come to learn, and he is prepared to teach. Now if the miscellaneous lecturer has something that he really wishes to say, he must gild his pill with great cunning. If he preaches, the audience goes to sleep; if he proses, they flirt and talk; or, immortal powers! some of them actually go out—actually squeak down the hall—every creak of their retreating boots shouting 'Tedious! tedious! tedious!' and the whole audience looking after the sinner as if they entirely sympathized (at least it seems so to the lecturer) with him, and secretly envied him the heroism of his open departure. It is an awful responsibility, that of departing during a lecture. Every footstep falls upon the speaker's heart, and the more sweetly he smiles, and the more intently he addresses himself with vehemence to that part of the audience farthest removed from the delinquent, the more you may be sure his heart is sinking beneath that terrible retreat."

It was our turn to roar.

"Evidently, good Triptolemus, there has sometimes escaped an auditor from your lecture."

"From every body's," exclaimed he, wiping his forehead. "Nobody is secure—nobody who has never lectured knows how surely a similar experience befalls every speaker; but, as I said, knowing that his audience is to be composed of these varieties of persons, all drawn to the hall either by the desire of entertainment, or because they have bought tickets for the course. But he also knows that if he merely amuses them—merely tells stories in a way to make them laugh, they will applaud, indeed, but shuffle their fingers afterward, and say, 'Yes, it was amusing enough, but flimsy, very flimsy.' Then the lecturer must neither be too long nor too brief. Yet, however brief he is—even if he speaks so short a time that old Mrs. Grabbins complains that she did not get her money's worth—he is sure to see a few dozers, and a great deal of that open-eyed, staring sleepiness which is to be observed extensively in churches during the afternoon sermon. Again, if he does *not* make the people laugh, it were better for him that he had declined the invitation of the committee. 'A very solid discourse,' says the deaf deacon of the parish, who slept comfortably through the whole; and that is all the praise the unhappy lecturer receives.

"How shall he hit the mark? Not, as I sincerely believe, by adopting the Bourcicault theory. The humbug doctrine of life goes only a little way. There is no unexceptionable rule, but success is quite as like to reward desert as pretense. The secret is to have an interest in some matter of average general interest, to have some ideas upon the matter, and to state them as pleasantly as you can. Rouse with humor, touch with pathos, interest with anecdote, but use them all as embroidery upon your work. Spread your table with what luxuries you will, if they only garnish your meats. Children like pure pastry and endless courses of candy; but the sensible, judging portion of your audience—they whose decision determines the popular character and value of your lecture—are not many, perhaps, but they are not children, nor pleased with a rattle. Believe that in every audience there is some one man or woman listening to you with the profoundest sympathy, and you will find that you can not altogether trifle, and that you will really be addressing yourself to that individual rather than to the crowd. Inquiry will show you that the lecturers who amuse only are not the most permanently popular. There are some men whom the committees apologize to you for inviting. 'We must have all kinds,' they say, with a deprecating smile, which is intended to mean, 'We ask *you*, my dear Sir, both on account of your great fame in general, and because we know that *you* will say something that *we* shall wish to hear. We invited Mr. Veele to please the girls and children.' If you consider the character of the men who are the truly popular lecturers, and universally sought, you will find them, my dear Easy Chair, to be not the most amusing, in the sense of *funny*, but men who have a vigorous and natural feeling for all the great popular interests of the time, and a power of expression varying in richness, beauty, imagination, elegance, and force, but strictly uniform in the fact of being individual and effective. They must be men whose style is attractive in some way, I grant; but the true secret is in their expressing the general thought and feeling of the audience. Hence you find those men popular who are deeply interested in moral reform of every kind, and why? Because the popular sympathy of this country is with all kinds of progress.

"I am prosing, I know, but I mean to finish. In choosing a subject, the lecturer will never be at a loss if he select a theme of general interest upon which he has a thought, or any theme which he can so treat as to bring into the range of general sympathy. The public has the deepest interest in those things that affect its daily life; yet they may be presented either directly or indirectly, as matters of contrast or of simple characterization.

"Upon my word, you villainous old Easy Chair, I really believe you are nodding!"

"Why," said we, rather guiltily, "we were just dreaming of a pair of stealthy boots retreating down the aisle, and squeaking 'tedious, tedious, tedious.' But your idea, O gentle Triptolemus, is very clear, and you are undoubtedly correct. Yet one thing follows from your doctrine, and that is, that it requires a rather peculiar combination of gifts to make a man a good and popular lecturer."

"I hate to waste words upon a sleepy Easy Chair," said the gallant Trip; "but it is as you say. Many a profound and elegant scholar—many a subtle thinker—many a shrewd and sad observer must be silent, because they can not give a popular form to their thoughts. It does not follow that the popular lecturers are either profound, or subtle, or shrewd. The most of them are the contrary. They are earnest, and sincere, and brilliant, and witty; but somehow you feel, all the while, that they are only second-rate men. But don't make the mistake of supposing that the unpopular are therefore first-rate. Twice two are four, but twice four are not two."

So saying, Triptolemus wished us a gay good-morning, and left us half asleep in our Easy Chair.

The truth is, that there was never so universal an interest in lectures as during this winter. We can not hear of any man, at all successful in that way, who has not many more invitations than he can attend to, and many might have spoken every evening for four months, could they have accepted all the invitations they have received. At the beginning of the season the daily journals indulged in sagacious editorials upon the decline of the lecture-passion: the public had been long enough deceived; the lecturers were shallow in thought and gaudy in style, and ignorance in the desk was no more to be allowed than any where else. There was some reason for this criticism. Lecturing was overdone in the city last winter. Only the most distinguished speakers could assemble large audiences; and the feeling of depression extended to this season. The People's Courses were discontinued, and there have been comparatively few lectures in the city this winter.

But the *country* is wholly alive. Every town and village has its *Young Men's Association*, or, when that is not organized, a few enterprising young men combine, upon their own responsibility, to secure a series of good lectures. We are glad to hear from Triptolemus that the plan succeeds. Next year the enterprising young men will form themselves into an association, and lectures will become one of the "institutions." Yet it is curious to remark how few in number are the men who have been sought by these associations. The programme of a course of lectures in Maine has almost the same names as a programme in Michigan. The lecturers have been summoned to extensive and fatiguing travel, and if they are men with eyes and minds, fancy what they see, and hear, and note. It is a singular education

for a man of letters. It does, literally, *draw him out* from his habits, from his routine, and confront him directly with men—and women, who are not the least formidable of his critics.

The most notable lectures in New York during the present season have been those of Dr. Holmes upon the Poets. They were delivered at the request of the Mercantile Library, and succeeded Mr. Thackeray's course of last year. Dr. Holmes's lectures were brilliant and gay. They repeated the general judgment upon the eminent contemporary poets with spirit and humor. But it will forever remain a marvel to us how a humorist can be a conservative, and how a poet could estimate Wordsworth as Dr. Holmes estimates him. Byron sneered at him, it is true; but Byron was ignorant of the genius of Wordsworth, and died before his great things were done. That the sympathy of a man of entirely different temperament from Wordsworth should not be excited by him, is easily understood; but how a genial and cultivated critic could fail to perceive him to be one of the great English poets, is unintelligible; for a great poet is like a great natural object. Men may differ about lovely nooks and picturesque prospects, but they agree in the sublimity of Mont Blanc. So they may differ about Milnes, or Scott, or Crabbe, or Rogers, but there is no difference of opinion about Homer and Shakspeare.

Nor could we forgive the Doctor for omitting Shelley in a course of six lectures upon modern and contemporary English Poets. In so limited a scope he ought certainly to have selected *representative* poets, and, as certainly, Shelley is a representative of something, and Scott and Macaulay, whom he substituted, poetically represent nothing.

There is another point that remains in our memory. It seems to us that these lectures were made, if we may say so, too popular. That is, it occurred to us, as we listened, is this all, or the best, that so accomplished a scholar, so sweet a humorist, so delightful a man, thinks of these poets? Is it not rather an adaptation, an abridgment for the use of popular audiences? And such reflections reminded us of the sore temptation to which lecturers are subject, to talk merely quaintly and funnily, to aim at a laugh, and to sacrifice to a stamp of the feet the long and melodious echo of appreciative approbation.

In this respect they do not show well by Thackeray's. He knew, in preparing his lectures upon the Wits of Queen Anne, that his audience would be the Wits of Queen Victoria. He knew that he was to address scholars, poets, men and women of the world and society, who knew those times, and those men and their works, as well as he knew them. His success could only lie in the manner of presenting his individual opinion. And, therefore, his lectures are works of consummate art. They are so skillfully elaborated, that all sense of labor is lost in their transparent simplicity. Some critics among ourselves said that such lectures could be made by the score out of Johnson's Lives. Go to, then! and make them by the score, and profit shall be in proportion. "It's nothing but a little blocking and chiselling," said the surly rival of Phidias, "and the work is easily done." But the surly rival's name has slipped out of history, and Phidias is immortal. The tender grace and humane simplicity of Thackeray's lectures are marvelous. He did his best for the best audience. Is it not a good rule, Triptolemus, worthy even of your consideration?

Well, well, old Easy Chair! as he would call us, is so garrulous, that we believe we have delivered a tolerably (or *in*tolerably) long lecture ourselves. Lyceums charmed with this specimen, are requested to apply to Easy Chair, and they shall receive prompt replies.

We like, as much as possible, to make our Chair the centre of social gossip, for much is to be learned, if Addison may be believed, from this observation of the gay world. But we can not find that there is any thing of marked importance in this new season. We had supposed, indeed, that we should have seen white velvet robes, *à l'Impératrice Eugénie*, by this time; but nothing of the kind do we behold. We have actually longed for some splendid innovation. We did really hope that some heroic leader of fashion would have received, upon New Year's day, in Turkish trowsers. Not a stitch of it! Nothing but the same old silks, and laces, and muslins.

When we made this complaint to our young friend Agneau, he shrugged his little shoulders, and said, in his little voice, with a little oath, that, for his part, he really believed people were going to give up dancing; and what will become of society then? Console yourself, dearest Agneau; for until youth decays, dancing is immortal. Because we old Easy Chairs grow serious as we grow old, and look solemnly upon hopping when we can no longer hop, do not believe that ginger will not still be hot i' the mouth.

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined."

Agneau grumbled.

"That's all very fine," said he, "but I assure you we do not dance as we did two or three years ago. Even those girls who were glad enough to get us as partners last year, now pretend to look down upon us as 'boys.' The truth is, they are growing old, and they feel it, and they choose to show it in this way. As if there were not plenty of younger sisters coming up! The other evening I said to Polyhymnia Trelawney, 'What a pretty girl Ardelia Bottomrybond is!' 'Girl, indeed!' said she; 'she is a woman.' And yet I know that Miss Bottomrybond is not more than twenty-two. But I suppose that Miss Polyhymnia thought I was too young to make so free with a young lady as to call her 'girl.' Well, I won't offend *her* in that way. I will announce every where that she's not a young, but an old girl."

And the fierce little Agneau pulled up his shirt collar.

Upon further inquiry of friends about our Chair, we are inclined to believe that Agneau is partially correct. Dancing is somewhat on the decline in the gay circles. But it is mainly because, like lecturing, it has been overdone. When people do nothing but dance in society, of course only dancers will go to parties. It is a perfectly clear case. Now we old Easy Chairs are fond of a quiet rubber. But there are no more card-tables in good society. Our friend, the Rector, likes a brisk, sensible discussion; but when feet are trodden upon every moment by whirling partners, discussion is impossible. Pleasant conversation, too, disappears in the rout. The fact is, that a ball should only be a part of a party.

The pleasures of life are not to be estimated by any outward or abstract standards. A lover's raptures are rather amusing when he is cool and old, and his adorable Dulcinea, to whom he swore such prodigious fidelity, is married to old Hezekiah Bump and has grown fat. It is so with all passion. The

exhilaration of dancing is the drunkenness of grace and youthful passion. If you have no passion, O discreet and pallid Agneau, you may dance, but you know not dancing.

That estimable youth was whistling to himself: and saying that he hoped to see us at Mrs. Brindle's ball, in the evening, he retired.

But we, who go to balls no more, lay back in our Chair, and dropped into meditation. Terpsichore came floating through imagination, and led us, reeling, far and far back into old days. How gladly we followed — how gayly we greeted those days and their companions—for the sun of May shone eternal in our sky; how softly sounded *thy* voice, Artemis —how soundly we fell asleep!

The Astor Library is at length opened. It is really a historical event, because, until now, there has been no collection of books in the country which was at all complete; there was, in fact, no Library of a foundation so generous as this. The consequence was that no book requiring extensive research could be written this side of the sea. Our scholars and men of letters have been compelled to go abroad to consult foreign collections. This must still be the case to a great extent; but if we understand rightly the scope of the Astor Library, it is within its plan to obtain all books that any gentleman engaged upon a work may require. This is obviously the surest way of completing the collection in every department. A student in any particular direction knows, better than any one else can know, the precise quality and quantity of books demanded. As he advances in his studies and learns of other treatises, unknown even to him before they are obtained, and thus, by the simultaneous study of many men in various departments, the Library is constantly perfecting itself upon every side.

It appears that there are eighty thousand books already upon the shelves; and although Mr. Cogswell, the ablest of our Librarians, who has devoted himself to this work, as great artists devote themselves to art, modestly disclaims the fine things that have been claimed for the Library, in respect to its extent, yet it must not be forgotten under what peculiar advantages this Library has been accumulated.

In the first place, there was probably no man in the country better fitted for the purpose than Mr. Cogswell, both by the extent and variety of his scholarship, and by his unwonted accomplishment as a bibliopole. Then he worked with the assistance of the experience of all predecessors in collecting Libraries. He could avoid all the errors which they were obliged to make. He stood upon their shoulders, so to say. Besides all this, the great Libraries of Europe, although very much superior in extent to the Astor Library, are encumbered with an immense amount of useless literary lumber, which, while it swells the aggregate, confuses the student by its mere mass. The amount of useless volumes may readily be imagined, when it is remembered that in many European states, one copy or more of each book published must be presented to certain libraries. Many of those collections, also, are imperfectly catalogued, and are by no means of convenient arrangement, while in many of the Italian Libraries, especially, there are large numbers of merely curious or costly books.

Now the Astor books are of an ascertained value; all the lumber is omitted; they are all *working* volumes, and so admirably catalogued that there need be no delay in obtaining whatever work is desired.

We call them *working* volumes, for this is a working Library. It is thrown open to the public without price, and for the benefit of all. But it is not a Circulating Library. We say it, rising from our Easy Chair in reverence, that it is not for girls to get novels from, nor for idlers to have a convenient club-room. It is a place to be frequented for study Therefore the books are not to be removed. It would not be prudent to expose such books to the thousand risks of removal. But whatever book you wish will be furnished to you in a spacious and agreeable room, with every convenience for annotation and extract. Therefore we conceive that we are justified in calling it a matter of historical importance, for it is one of the greatest movements ever made in this country for the benefit of education.

Consider, too, who did it. Mr. Astor was a man whose life had been passed in pursuits very foreign to literature and science, and yet, when it became necessary for him to dispose of his immense fortune, he felt that he owed something to the country in which it had been amassed, and that he could in no way so wisely benefit it as by founding a library upon this generous basis. It was a worthy homage of Trade to Letters. It was well that the richest man of the most money-making country should thus testify his sincere respect for those interests which are beyond gold—those intellectual and moral sympathies of which gold, when it is put to its best use, is only the humble servant.

Edgar A. Poe, who was a very remarkable and skillful literary artist, if he was not a man of genius, wrote a poem upon "Bells," of which the music is wonderful. It has the fluent jingle of peals, and sleigh-bells, and solemn clock-strikings, but continually recurs to the refrain of the jingling "bells, bells, bells, bells." It is one of the most striking triumphs of versification; and the proof is in the constant suggestion of the poem by the merry sound of the saturnalia of sleighing. We dwellers in the Middle States share the sympathies of North and South. It is here that we organize Union Committees; and it is here that, when we have a chance, we pile cutters and sleighs of all sizes and forms with bundles of men, women, and children, and dash away as merrily as in the crispest January days in the most wintery village of New England. Especially this year we have had high frolic. The great storm that blockaded Boston was conquered by New York as it fell, and the jubilant triumph was celebrated upon the battle-field with every wild demonstration. New-Year's day in New York was memorable. Never was the Plutonic city so emancipated from its worship and fanaticism. Rome, in the very acme of the Carnival, might have paused, appalled, at the exhilaration of the young metropolis. The sun shone brightly through a cloudless air upon streets swarming with merry crowds, slipping along upon foot, or flashing by, muffled close in brilliant skins—shops, business, three per cents —even ten per cents forgotten, and the astonished day, amid shouts and far-resonant hilarity, drew to a close over New York devoted utterly to friendship and pleasure. It was a happy triumph—a bright exception. Who will not remember the New-Year of '54 in New York as he recalls the Carnival of ante-revolutionary days in Rome? Yes, and without that secret sadness which always waits upon joy in the old and fated countries—making a melancholy mirth.

Yet, although sleighing made the New-Year so

gay, and although sleighing, in regions subject to snow, is immemorially and traditionally so delightful, yet, Dr. Johnson was right. So, also, was he in the matter of sea-voyaging. "In jail, with the chance of being drowned," is the short summary of going to sea, and his crusty exposition of sleighing we all know well enough. By-the-by, Leigh Hunt, in his amusing autobiography, gives the best detailed and involuntary commentary upon Dr. Johnson's opinion of going to sea, by describing his voyage from England to Italy.

The indignant Jehu, who delights to fold himself in a buffalo, and to glide, like a ghost, behind a fleet horse, over glassy smooth snow, has a great deal of poetry in his claim; and a great deal, too, in his appearance. No wheeled carriage rumbling and bumping along country ruts or city pavements, can compare, for a moment, in poetic grace or suggestion with the sleigh that slips noiselessly, that, in truth, *glances* along the intolerable brilliance of sun-smitten snow, with no other sound than the airy, silvery syllabling of bells. But the Muses love a southern air, and a southern sun. It is only looking through the pleasant window, from the inside, that the exceeding beauty of sleighing is perceived. To be actually engaged in making that poetry by stepping into the cutter and taking the lines, is to be conscious only of frost-tipped noses and icy lumps of feet. It is a prodigiously fine thing to thump your hands against your shuddering knees, and to cry, with breath that visibly curls from your mouth, and mocks you, "How glorious!" but yet, comfort is comfort, and cold is cold. If good drinking and merry dancing can only be bought by cold sleigh-rides, it is a rueful bargain. We are well content to hurry along the sidewalks, and allow who will to dash behind the jingling bells—"the tintinabulation that so musically swells from the bells, bells, bells, bells." It is only an old Easy Chair that speaks, but we could with equal willingness slip along a path of perpetual summer, and leave winter to snow itself away in unknown boreal latitudes. Whoever has drunk "a beaker of the warm South," and felt it fermenting along his veins, will indulge in a very ameliorated enthusiasm for sleighing.

Editor's Drawer.

HE was no "thin-skinned" person who wrote the following in defense of that annoying, nimble nuisance, the Flea. What! attempt to palliate, even to *praise*, the conduct, and exalt the *modus operandi* of that little black, almost imperceptible rascal, which so many thousands have denuded themselves to find, and, after all, searched for in vain! By-and-by we shall have crusaders for the "rights of vermin!" But just listen to such arguments as may be brought forward to sustain a bad cause. No wonder that an advocate of such a subject should also come to the rescue of the reputation of "the housekeeper's friend," the Spider!

—"whose touch, so exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

"In usefulness to the human race, no insect of the entomological catalogue can compete with the sprightly, jumping, glossy little flea. It possesses all the virtues of all the others, with an exemption from their evil propensities. When forced, by the gnawings of hunger, to appease its delicate appetite, it gently inserts its attenuated mandible into the flesh (oh, *that's* it, is it?), and with the skill of a Sir Astley Cooper elegantly extracts therefrom an imperceptible atom of serous blood for that indispensable purpose, the loss of which may serve, though it can not be missed by the owner. (We have *felt* such a loss severely.) Hence, mutual benefits are exchanged. O how unlike the human recipients of equal favors, who give nothing in return, unless it be to add insult to injury! The grateful flea leaves behind a significant memento ('well, he *does!*'), a color of glowing red, that might vie with the bashful blushes of a lady's cheek, as an ample compensation for the tiny morsel it has received. By its vigilant promptings, lazy, sleepy watch-dogs, intrusted with the care of their master's property, are kept awake to a 'realizing sense' of their duty. By its pungent insinuations, it affords titillating employment to indolent, indigent vagabonds (with or without mustaches), which saves them from an ignominious death by ennui, melancholy, dyspepsia, or suicide."

With some poisonous insects it is "a word and a blow, and the blow comes first;" but the cowardly flea gives *us* word, before or after attack; and while you are soothing the pain which he has given your "front," he is renewing the assault in the "rear." How much more generous is the warfare of the musquito! He approaches you with a song, which somebody has translated, with great faithfulness, as follows:

"WHAT THE 'SKEETER' SAID TO THE SLEEPING GENTLEMAN: H—u—m! hum! shut your eyes, Sir, the noise you hear is flies, Sir: awh—m! don't be scared, Sir; go to sleep—your sheets are aired, Sir: hu—m!—a hymn it is I'm singing; it's music in your ear is ringing: I won't sting you, sting you, s—t—i—ng! I'd scorn to do so mean a thing! A h—u—m—*bug* it is. *I* don't bite. Take care! don't slap; I never fight. Slap! whang! Take care, you nearly *hit* me. 'Twas me, 'twas *me*, my friend, that bit ye. There—there again! it comes to blows. You fool, it didn't touch your nose! What in the world's the use of slapping your own face, when you should be napping? A—he—m! don't be alarmed; you really ought to be quite charmed. H—u—m! hum! don't play the boy; I merely sang your lullaby. A whang again! there, *there* you go! No use—you can't hit *me*, you know. Now go to sleep. Oh ho! you're going. Now for a feast, my friend; I '*go* in.' All right—he's gone; I'll have my fill. So now, old Sleepy, here's my *bill!*"

THE following exquisite story is attributed to LAMARTINE; but if we remember rightly, it was told many years ago by an English traveler in Turkey, who translated it from the language of that country:

"In the tribe of Negedeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin, of another tribe, whose name was Daber, desired extremely to possess it. Having in vain offered for it his camels and his whole wealth, he at length hit upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar.

"Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw him approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice,

"'I am a poor stranger: for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to look for food. I am dying! Help me, and Heaven will reward you!'

"The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but Daber replied,

"'Alas! I can not rise: I have no strength left.'

"Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daber feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the steed, and galloped off, calling out, as he rode,

"'It is—it is I, Daber!'

"Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"'You have taken my horse,' said Naber; 'and, since Heaven has willed it, I give you joy of it; but I conjure you never to tell to any one how you obtained it.'

"'And why not?' asked Daber.

"'Because,' said the noble Arab, 'another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been.'

"Struck with shame at these words, Daber was silent for a moment; then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, and embraced him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they passed a few days together, and became friends for life."

A GOOD story was once told of a connoisseur in the fine arts, who said to a friend,

"I wish you would come up to my house and see a picture I have just purchased. I wish you to give me your *candid* opinion of it. A friend of mine, who thinks he's a judge, had the impudence to tell me last night that it was not an original. I should like to hear *another* man say that it was not an original; I think I should almost be tempted to knock him down! But you come up and see it, and give me your *candid* and unbiased opinion of the picture!"

Here was "freedom of opinion" with a vengeance; and something like the "liberty of action" said to have been granted by Colonel McLane to the troops under his command, before going into winter-quarters at Valley Forge. They were suffering for provisions and clothing, and Congress had been repeatedly petitioned for that relief which it was not in their power to bestow. Under these circumstances, Colonel McLane paraded his band of suffering soldiers, and harangued them as follows:

"Fellow soldiers! you have served your country faithfully and truly. We have fought hard fights together against a hard enemy. You are in a bad way for comfortable clothes, and it almost makes me cry to see you tracking your half-frozen bloody feet on the cold icy ground. But Congress can't help it, nor can I. Now if any of you want to return home, to leave the army at such a time as this, you can go. Let those who would like to go step out four paces in front—*but*" (he added) "the first man that steps out, if I don't *shoot him*, my name is not McLane!"

It is needless to add, that not a solitary "volunteer for home" was to be found in the ranks.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following passage from Coleridge, "as illustrating, by contrast, the grief 'which passeth show,' of the poor shoemaker, who lost his motherless and only little boy," as recorded in the letter from "Mr. Timmins," in a late "Drawer":

"Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers, as to pain inflicted or pleasure denied, has *a child*, in whom he hopes, and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust; obscurity may cast its dark mantle over him; his voice may be unknown to his neighbors; even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow; but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth-defying computation—for fame filling a world's ear—for the highest wealth, for the sweetest sleep that ever fell on mortal eyes!"

THE ensuing parody upon the old and popular song of "*Ben Bolt*," is not only very good *as* a parody, but it includes a lesson that may reach the heart of some young inebriate, whom more serious, sober counsels might fail to reach:

"Oh! don't you remember the *boys*, Ben Bolt,
The boys with noses so red,
Who drank with delight whenever they met,
And always went drunk to bed?
In the old grave-yard, in the edge of the town,
In corners obscure and lone,
They have gone to rest, and the gay young sprigs
Have dropped off one by one!

"Oh! don't you remember the *jug*, Ben Bolt,
And the spring at the foot of the hill,
Where oft we've lain in the summer hours,
And drank to our utmost fill?
The spring is filled with mud, Ben Bolt,
And the wild hogs root around,
And the good old jug, and its whisky sweet,
Lies broken and spill'd on the ground.

"Oh! don't you remember the *tavern*, Ben Bolt,
And the bar-keeper, kind and true;
And the little nook at the *end* of the bar,
Where we swallow'd the rum he drew?
The tavern is burnt to the ground, Ben Bolt.
The bottles are crack'd and dry,
And of all 'the boys' who 'spree'd' it there,
There remain but you and I!"

THE following instances of "putting the cart before the horse" in the way of antecedents, were taken from a single copy of a London paper:

"Among the advertisements we find the ensuing remarkable announcements of facts, which fairly come under the head of phenomena, viz.:

"We are told in one place that there may be had 'An airy bedroom for a gentleman twenty-two feet long and fourteen feet wide.' The bedroom ought indeed to be 'airy,' to accommodate a gentleman of such formidable dimensions!

"Again, we read of 'A house for a family in good repair,' which is advertised to be let, with immediate possession. A family in good repair, means, no doubt, one in which none of the members are at all 'cracked.'

"The last oddity is an announcement of their being now vacant 'A delightful gentleman's residence.' The 'delightful gentleman' must be rather proud of his delightful qualities, to allow himself to be thus strangely advertised."

THIS incident, told by a humane rail-road conductor on one of the roads leading out of the city of Baltimore, is too good not to find a place in the "Drawer." The entire story is too long for our crowded space. It may suffice to premise, briefly, that the conductor had been very kind to the family of a poor Irish laborer (who had lived on the road, but who was accidentally run over by the train some months before), carrying them little things, taking the widow to a distant Catholic church free of charge, on Sundays, &c. &c.

"That was during the summer. One night the next winter it was very cold, and the mountains were covered with snow: we were running to 'make time,' when, on turning a curve, the engineer saw a waving light on the track, and we soon heard some one ahead shouting. I was then out on the platform. The engineer slacked up and stopped the engine, and we got out and went ahead in the dark, to see what was the matter.

"There it was! A large land-slide had fallen across the track, near the shanty of that old Irish woman. She had built up a large fire, and waited and watched for the train; for the curves were so sharp that we might have been plump upon the slide before we could see it.

"So when we ran up, there was the old woman, with her calico cap, swinging a chunk of fire like a revolving light-house; and there were the little Irish boys carrying brush, like so many little beavers. She had watched all that night in the cold; and but for her, in another minute we should have run into a pile of dirt and rocks as big as Barnum's Hotel. I should certainly have been killed, for I was standing on the platform. What would have become of the passengers and train, you can guess as well as I can.

"The passengers made up about eighty dollars for the old woman; the company afterward gave her a shanty rent-free; the brakemen and engineers bought her a cow, and she made out very well. But when I handed the money to her that night, she said,

"'Gintlemen and ladies, I am thankful to yees for what ye may give me; but what I did was mostly on account of *him* there. He was kind and thoughtful to the poor and the afflicted, and I'd ha' watched till I froze before *harrum* should have come to *him*, if I could have helped it.'

"It made me choke right up."

We don't know when we have encountered a more striking illustration than this of the self-rewarding "luxury of doing good," equally applicable, in the present instance, to the doer and the recipient.

THAT is a very touching picture, which is drawn by a modern traveler, of a blind sculptor, whom he fell in with at Innspruck, in the Tyrol. His name was Kleinhaus; and this is a brief synopsis of his history:

When five years of age, he was attacked with the small-pox; it affected his eyes, and finally made him entirely blind. Before he had lost his sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures which are so skillfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form a statuette himself.

When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would gladly have imitated. Then he would take them between his hands, feel them, and try to console himself for not being able to see by measuring them with his fingers. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able by degrees to comprehend from the touch, the exact proportions of the figure; *anatomizing* upon wood, marble, or bronze, the features of the face and the different parts of the body, and thus to judge of the niceties of a work of art.

When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted. His father and mother were both dead; he found himself alone and destitute, and rather than beg, he resolved to make out, through his own exertions, a means of subsistence.

Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy, by one notch made too deep, a piece of work to which he had diligently devoted long days of labor. Such obstacles would have discouraged any other; but his love for art induced him to persevere.

After very many efforts, he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand, and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he *saw*, as it were, by means of his fingers, the figure he intended to copy.

Thus he proceeded by degrees, until he attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection, for he is now *able to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance!*

He is now seventy years of age, but robust, and works every day, as in his youth. During the course of his career he has sculptured several hundred figures. He lives alone in his humble apartment, and supplies all his wants from the produce of his sculpture. He is of a cheerful disposition; no vain desires agitate him; no ambition for honor or riches troubles the dreams of the blind artist. His mind is wholly occupied with better thoughts. He commences his work in the morning, and as it advances, his face becomes more and more animated, and his soul expands. "I feel," he says, "each work of art that is presented to me, and each piece that I carve, even to the very minutest part, and I am as content with it as if I had beheld it with my own eyes."

What a forcible illustration is this of the beautiful sentence of Sterne: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" Here is seen the true "compensation" in the dispensations of Divine Providence; like the light that was formed from the Source of all light and life, into the dark recesses of poor Laura Bridgman, who *seemed* shut out from the world, and almost from her Maker, being deaf, dumb, and blind.

CALIFORNIA is not only the "land of gold," it is the land of poetry, also, as the annexed beautiful effusion sufficiently demonstrates. It should be premised that the "Sammy" mentioned below was left in California; he afterward returned rich; and —but he tells his own story:

"I started off, as luck did hap,
To see my Blonsalinda;
I saw her in a widow's cap,
A sitting at a window.

"She told me that her husband Joe,
The very morning of her marriage,
Had fall'n and broke his precious neck,
A getting in the carriage.

"And how, although she bid me go,
When the night was dark and clammy,
She 'always loved me more than Joe,'
And then she called me 'Sammy.'"

A VERY striking thought is contained in the following paragraph. It is based upon a remark by Rev. Dr. Bond, editor of the "Christian Advocate and Journal," that there is a man now living in England, who, on several occasions listened to the preaching of the great and good John Wesley seventy years ago:

"If a boy of twelve, who had witnessed the crucifixion of our SAVIOUR, had, when ninety-two years

of age, related it to a boy of twelve, and he to another in like manner, and so to another, down to the present moment, there would be but twenty-one messengers between him who witnessed the scene and those to whom the narrative would at this day be communicated.

"This would make us realize a closer vicinage to that great era than we usually do. A more reliable medium, however, than the remembrance of even the wisest and the best of men, was chosen by the Almighty to perpetuate the history of that time, and few who examine it ever doubt its authenticity."

ONE of the most laughable specimens of the "schoolmaster abroad" that we have ever met is the following, which is attributed to "*The Times*" of this city, although we have no recollection of ever having seen it in that journal, of which we are an attentive reader:

"In a tour through one of the wildest and most sparsely-settled regions of Arkansas," writes the correspondent, "I arrived at the ferry on Cache River. A little log-house grocery stood on the near bank, about fifteen steps from where the ferry-flat lay, tied to a 'snag' in the edge of the water. Several bear-skins, deer-skins, and coon-skins were nailed up to dry against the walls of the grocery; but the door was closed, and no bar-keeper, ferryman, or other person was in sight. I hallooed at the top of my voice some half dozen times, but no one answered. Seeing an advertisement on the door, I proceeded to read as follows:

"'NOATIS.

"'et enny boddy cums hear arter licker or to git Akross the Rivver, They kin jist blo This here Horne, and ef i don't cum, when my wife betsey up at the House heers the Horne a-bloin' sheel cum down and sel the licker, or set em Akross the Rivver. ime gwine a-fishin'. no credit when ime away from hum. *john Wilson.*

"'N.B. Them that cant read will hev to go too the Hous arter Betsey: taint but a half a mile thar.'

"In obedience to the 'noatis,' I took the 'blowing-horn,' which stuck in the crack of the wall, close by the door, and gave it a 'toot' or two, which reverberated far around the cane and swamp, and in a few moments was answered by a voice scarcely less loud and reverberating than that of the horn. It seemed to be about half a mile up the river; and in about fifteen minutes a stalwart female made her appearance, and asked if I wanted 'licker.'

"'No, Madam, I want to cross the river.'

"'Don't you want some licker *fust?*'

"'No, Madam; I don't drink. I never touch liquor of any description.'

"'Never tech licker? Why you must be a preacher, then, ain't you?'

"'No, Madam, I am simply a temperance man. I wish to get across the river, if you please. Do you row the boat?'

"'Oh yes; I can take you over in less than *no* time. Fetch me yer hoss.'

"I obeyed; asking, as I led the horse into the boat,

"'Did your husband write that advertisement on the door there?'

"'No, Si-r-r! Schoolmaster Jones writ that. My old man hain't got no larnin'!'

"The old woman rowed the boat safely across the ugly stream; and, handing her the ferry-fee, I bade her good-morning, believing then, as I still do, that she was one of the happiest women and best wives I ever saw; perfectly contented with her lot, because she knew no better."

EXQUISITELY tender, and almost sublime in its simplicity, are the following lines on "*A Pauper's Death-bed*," by Caroline Bowles Southey. Nothing among the slips of our "Drawer" has been more frequently perused:

"Tread softly; bow the head—
In reverent silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

"Stranger, however great,
With holy reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed,
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

"Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! DEATH doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend;
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

"That pavement damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head!

"No mingled voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan!

"O change!—O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars;
This moment these so low—
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars!

"O change!—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his GOD!

ONE of our representatives in the Congress of the United States is Michael Walsh, of this city; and since he has been at the capital, the subjoined story of a laughable "interview" which he once had with the late lamented Henry Clay has been revived, and has created a good deal of merriment:

"When Walsh was an apprentice in New York at the lithographic printing business, it so chanced that Henry Clay was in the city, and, as usual, was the honored guest of the people. His reception-room was directly opposite where Walsh worked, and the crowd was seen by the workmen from the window passing into the hotel to shake hands with the "Great Commoner."

"The workmen dared Walsh to go over and shake hands with Mr. Clay, dressed as he was, with a paper cap, and sleeves rolled up, and face and arms bedaubed with ink. 'He would'nt be *dared*,' he said, 'to do any thing,' and, slapping his hand on the ink-stone, he made it moist with the sticky fluid. He then moved mechanically across the street, entered, was introduced, and shook hands with Mr. Clay. He gave a cordial grasp, so much so that the hands stuck partially together; but on went Walsh, with the crowd who preceded him, and, looking over his shoulder, observed Mr. Clay gazing with a mingled expression of astonishment and playfulness at the inky hand which had been left him!

"But Henry Clay was great, even in little things; and taking the affair, like a sensible man, in a jocular way, he instantly determined to '*pass* the joke,' and pass it literally. The consequence was that

the introduced, white kids and all, carried away with them a portion of the printer's ink, until Mr. Clay's hand was almost cleared of the 'soft impeachment,' and he was near being convulsed with laughter at the odd predicament of himself and the sharers. Mr. Clay was often heard to speak of it as one of the amusing incidents of his life."

It was a good trait in the character of that quaint old Quaker, Isaac T. Hopper, that he was not "ashamed of the shop." It is related of him by his recent biographer that one day while he was visiting a wealthy family in Dublin, during his sojourn abroad, a note was handed to him, inviting him to dine the next day. When he read it aloud, his host remarked:

"Those people are very respectable, but they are not of the first circle. They belong to our church, but not exactly to our 'set.' Their father was a mechanic."

"Well, *I'm* a mechanic myself," said Isaac. "Perhaps if thou hadst known that fact thou wouldst not have invited me!"

"Is it possible," continued his host, "that a man of your information and appearance can be a mechanic?"

"I followed the business of a tailor for many years," rejoined his guest. "Look at my hands. Dost thou not see the mark of the shears? Some of the Mayors of Philadelphia have been tailors. When I lived there, I often walked the streets with the Chief-Justice. It never occurred to me that it was any honor, and I don't think it did to him."

An amusing story is told of an accident which befell a penurious manager of a minor play-house, in endeavoring to avoid an engagement with the owner of two wonderful dogs, when *their* services and not *his* were to constitute the principal attraction. The owner persisted: it must be his dogs *and* himself, or no dogs at all; the sagacious animals would perform their marvels with no one else.

"The huckstering manager doubted this, and craved permission to try whether, by running across the room, and using the words repeated by the owner in the play, one of the animals would not seize *him* by his coat collar as well, without doing him any injury.

"The master consented, but the experiment failed entirely. The dog remained 'doggedly' motionless.

"'It strikes me,' said the disappointed manager, 'that if you were to say "*Go, Sir!*" in a harsh tone, when I repeat the words, that he would at once perform the feat.'

"'Very well, Sir,' replied the owner, 'we will try the experiment, if you wish it.'

"The preliminaries were again gone through with; and when the master said '*Go, Sir!*' the gigantic dog *did* 'go' with a vengeance. He darted off like an arrow; seized the manager by the nape of his neck, threw him violently upon the floor, and giving two or three tremendous growls, seemed on the point of making mince-meat of his prey, who, petrified with fright, was glad enough to be rescued, and to permit the master to perform with his dogs, and on his own terms.

"He never was quite satisfied, however, that there was not some *peculiarity* in the 'Go, Sir,' used on that particular occasion."

Among the "*Miseries of Human Life*," some sensitive sufferer has recorded the following:

"Toiling through a novel three volumes long, which has been extolled to the skies to you by a friend, and when you have at last waded through it, to find—what you had more than once suspected in the course of the book—that you had read it before!

"The state of writhing torture into which you are occasionally thrown by the sudden and unexpected questions or remarks of a child before a large company; a little wretch of your own, for example, that will run up to an old-maid friend of yours, and harrow you by crying out, before you have time to gag it,

"'Now, do let me count the *creases* in your face! There's one, there's two, there's three,' &c.

"Or, accosting another lady in the same explicit strain, electrifies you by breaking out with:

"'What makes you come here so often? for don't you know my aunt always says she can't bear you? *Don't* you, aunt?'

"While you are busily leaning over your writing, with two other persons in the room, a friend and an enemy, hearing the *latter*, as you think, go out; then, with your eyes still upon your paper, suddenly venting all your smothered spleen against the absentee to the remaining person, whose unaccountable silence in return induces you to raise your head from your employment, and—!

"After eating mushrooms, the lively interest you take in the debate that accidentally follows, upon the question, 'Whether they were of *the right sort?*' Toadstools! What a predicament!

"A pair of pantaloons, so constructed with regard to what tailors call '*the stride*,' as to limit you to three or four inches a step. In these '*straights*,' having to keep pace in walking with a tall friend, all 'fork,' who stalks along like one's evening shadow on the wall."

Thomas Carlyle, with all his faults of style—and they are certainly neither few nor small—has excelled all his contemporaries in the graphic pictures which he has painted in a few well-chosen and expressive words. Observe the force and beauty of the following. Any one who has visited the dingy "towns and steepled chimneys" between Liverpool and London, or passed a day in busy Manchester, will acknowledge its faithfulness:

"The Staffordshire coal-stratum and coal-strata lay side by side with iron-strata, quiet since the creation of the world. Water flowed in Lancashire and Lanarkshire; bituminous fire lay bedded in rocks there, too—over which how many fighting Stanleys and Black Douglasses, and other the like contentious persons, had fought out their bickerings and broils, not without result, we will hope! But God said, '*Let the Iron Missionaries be!*'—and they were! Coal and iron, so long unregardful neighbors, are wedded together. Birmingham and Wolverhampton, and the hundred Stygian forges, with their fire-throats and never-resting sledge-hammers, rose into day! Wet Manconium stretched out her hands toward Carolina and the torrid zone, and plucked *cotton* thence. Who could forbid her, she that had the skill to weave it? *Fish fled thereupon from the Mersey river, vexed by innumerable keels!* England dug out her bituminous fires, and made it *work:* towns arose, and steepled chimneys.

"Hast thou heard, with sound ears, the awakening of Manchester on Monday morning, at half-past five by the clock?—the rushing off of its thousand mills, like the boom of an Atlantic tide; ten thousand times ten thousand spindles and spools all set humming there? It is, perhaps, if thou knew it well, sublime as Niagara, or more so. Cotton-

spinning is the clothing of the naked in its result—the triumph of man over matter in its means."

"THERE'S not a hearth, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour;
There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love, and call its own!"

IT seems a hard and a cruel thing—and *it is* a hard and a cruel thing—to make the affections of a child its means of punishment for slight juvenile offenses. A friend relates the following occurrence as evidence in point:

A little girl who, although an affectionate little creature as ever lived, was very volatile and light-hearted, and could not always *remember* to mind her mother. At the close of a day, in the early part of the present winter, she had, in some trifling command, disobeyed her mother—going into the street to play with one of her little companions: when she came in, and was prepared to go to bed, she came to her mother for her nightly kiss.

"I can not kiss you to-night, Mary," said the mother; "you have been a very naughty little girl, and have disobeyed me. I can not kiss you to-night."

The little girl, her face streaming with tears, again begged her mother to kiss her, but she was a "strong-minded woman," and was inexorable.

It was a sad lesson that she learned; for on that very night that child died of the croup. She had asked her mother, the last thing as she went up to her little bed, if she would kiss her in the morning; but in the morning her innocent lips were cold.

IT was a laughable illustration of the ridiculous way and folly of the London Cockney sayings, which took place at a dignified court in Edinburgh, Scotland. A man was on trial for the abduction of a young lady, and she was herself under examination. "Was your mother aware," asked the Judge, "of your absence at the time?" The witness did not seem exactly to understand the question. "I asked," repeated the Judge, "did your mother know you were out?" Upon this a loud laugh arose in the Court, which "his Lordship" at once suppressed, threatening at the same time to punish all offenders should the interruption continue. "Witness," he continued, "at the time you speak of, *did your mother know that you were out?*"

Then came another uproarious burst of laughter, until one of the counsel explained to "his Lordship" the cant phrases he had used, and silence was restored

This reminds us of the capital burlesques upon the Grecian, and composite or Elizabethan styles of play-writing, in which the same question is asked, with the addition of another important query:

Mnestheus. Cleanthe!
Cleanthe. My lord!
Mne. Your mother—your kind, excellent mother—
She who hung o'er your couch in infancy,
And felt within her heart the joyous pride
Of having such a daughter—does she know,
Sweetest Cleanthe! that you've left the shade
Of the maternal walls?
Clea. She does, my lord.
Mne. And—but I scarce can ask the question—when
I last beheld her, 'gainst the whiten'd wall
Stood a strong engine—flat, and broad, and heavy—
Its entrails stones—and moved on mighty rollers,
Rendering the crisped web as smooth and soft
As whitest snow. That engine, sweet Cleanthe!
Fit pedestal for household deity—
Lar and old Penates—has she it still?
Or for gold bribes has she disposed of it?
I fain would know—pray, tell me—is it sold?

There is no descent here to the slightest familiarity, nor are the stilts laid by for a single moment. The composite or Elizabethan style is more lively and jocular, although the result is the same:

Conradin. Ha! Celia, here! Come hither, pretty one.
Thou hast a mother, child?
Celia. Most people have, sir.
Con. I' faith thou 'rt sharp—thou hast a biting wit—
But does this mother—this epitome
Of what all other people are possessed of—
Knows she thou 'rt out and gadding?
Cel. No, not gadding.
Out, sir—she know's I'm out.
Con. She had a mangle;
Faith 'twas a huge machine; and smooth'd the webs
Like snow—I've seen it oft—it was indeed
A right good mangle.
Cel. Then thou 'rt not in thoughts
To buy it—or thou would'st not praise it so.
Con. A parlous child!—keen as the cold north wind,
Yet light as Zephyrus. No—no—not buy it:
But hath she sold it, child?

"MR. TIMOTHY," said a learned lady, who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a daughter, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story."

"Dear, delightful Minerva," meekly replied her adorer, "in thanking you for that compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely!"

The following, which we find in the "Drawer," we take to be of Turkish origin. It sounds vastly like Nariazin, from whom we have before quoted:

"As a woman was walking, a man looked at and followed her.

"'Why,' said she, 'do you follow me?'

"'Because,' he replied, 'I have fallen in love with you.'

"'Why so? My sister, who is coming after me, is much handsomer than I am. Go and make love to her.'

"The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face, and, being greatly displeased, returned, and said,

"'Why should you tell me a falsehood?'

"The woman answered, 'Neither did you tell *me* the truth; for, if you were in love with *me*, why did you look back for another woman?'"

The subjoined is declared to be an authentic account of a lady of Lyons, France, who, under the influence of a violent nervous disorder, fell into a state of seeming death, from which she fortunately roused herself just as she was about to be nailed up in her coffin. Her sensations are thus described:

"It seemed to her that she was really dead, yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking, and lamenting her death, at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on her dead-clothes, and lay her in it. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which was indescribable. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act on her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in her own body, and yet not in it, at one and the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or

to open her eyes, as to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height, when the funeral hymn began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the first one which gave activity to her soul, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame."

A better description of the manner in which sea-sickness "takes down" the loftiest and most pompous character was never written, than that which is furnished by that illustrious flunkey, Mr. Chawls Yellowplush:

"Gentle reader, av you ever been on the otion?—'The sea, the sea, the hopen sea!' as Barry Cromwell says. As soon as we entered our little wessel, and I'd looked to master's luggitch and mine, (mine was rapt up in a very small hankercher,) as soon, I say, as we entered our little wessel, as soon as I saw the waivs, black and frothy, like fresh-drawn porter, a dashin against the ribbs of our galliant bark, the keal, like a wedge, a splittin the billoes in two, the sales a flappin in the hair, the standard of Hengland floating at the maskhead, the steward a gettin ready the basins and things, and the capting proudly tredding the deck and given orders to the salers, the white rox of Albany, and the bathin-masheens disappearing in the distans—then, then I felt for the first time the mite, the madgisty of existence. 'Yellowplush, my boy,' said I, in a dialog with myself, 'your life is now about to commens; your career as a man dates from your entrans on board this packit. Be wise, be manly, be cautious; forgit the follies of your youth. You are no longer a boy now, but a FOOTMAN. Throw down your tops, your marbles, your boyish games; throw off your childish habits with your inky clerk's jackit—throw up your—"

* * * * * *

"Here, I recklect, I was obleeged to stopp. A fealin, in the first place singular, in the next place painful, and at last compleately overpowering, had came upon me while I was making the abuff speach, and I now found myself in a sityouation which dellixy for bids me to describe. Suffis to say, that I now discovered what basins was made for; that for many, many hours I lay in a hagony of exostion, dead to all intence and porpuses, the rain pattering in my face, the salers a tramplink over my body; the panes of purgertory going on inside!"

Some recent clerical voyager says he was one day lying in his berth, and holding himself from falling out, when he heard a brother clergyman in an adjoining berth pitch out upon the floor, tipped out by a sudden roll of the ship.

"What kind of a curve, Brother ——, did the ship describe then?" he asked—"a parabolic curve?"

"No," answered his groaning friend, as he clambered into his birth again, "that was a *diabolic* curve!"

"WE remarked a very laughable typographical error in a newspaper a day or two since. It was in a paragraph which announced that a formerly distinguished Southern politician had been struck with apoplexy, and had 'lost the use of *one side of his speech!*' It reminded us of the man who, having stood in the same place in a cotton factory for many years, was one day detained by illness, and wrote to his employer that he should be unable to resume his labor, as he had a painful swelling on the *east side* of his face!"

IN these times of "Women's Rights" discussions, the following proposition of a waggish writer in a London magazine, will excite attention. It looks like "revolution and rebellion:"

"Let us widowers and bachelors form an association to declare, for the next hundred years, that we will make love no longer. Let the young women come and make love to us; let them write us verses; let them ask us to dance, get us ices and cups of tea, and help us off with our cloaks at the hall-door, and if they are eligible, we may perhaps be induced to yield, and say: 'La! Miss HOPKINS!—I really never—I am so agitated!—ask papa!'"

A YOUNG farmer named Canning, of the town of Hill, Massachusetts, who writes over the signature of "The Peasant Bard," is the author of the exquisitely melodious lines which ensue. Those who know any thing of Indian metaphor will be struck with the *perfect* simile, which we have italicized in the last stanza, not less than with the happy allusions to nature which pervade the whole:

"THE LAMENT OF THE CHEROKEE.

Air—'*Exile of Erin.*'

"O, soft falls the dew, in the twilight descending,
And tall grows the shadowy hill on the plain;
And night o'er the far distant forest is bending,
Like the storm-spirit, dark, o'er the tremulous main,
But midnight enshrouds my lone heart in its dwelling,
A tumult of woe in my bosom is swelling,
And a tear, unbefitting the warrior, is telling
That Hope has abandoned the brave Cherokee!

"Can a tree that is torn from its root by the fountain,
The pride of the valley, green-spreading and fair,
Can it flourish, removed to the rock of the mountain,
Unwarmed by the sun, and unwatered by care?
Though Vesper be kind her sweet dews in bestowing,
No life-giving brook in its shadow is flowing,
And when the chill winds of the desert are blowing,
So droops the transplanted and lone Cherokee!

"Loved graves of my sires! have I left you forever?
How melted my heart when I bade you adieu!
Shall joy light the face of the Indian? ah, never,
While memory sad has the power to renew.
As flies the fleet deer when the blood-hound is started,
So fled winged Hope from the poor broken-hearted;
O, could she have turned, ere forever departed,
And beckoned with smiles to her sad Cherokee!

"*Is it the low wind, through the wet willows rushing,*
That fills with wild numbers my listening ear?
Or is some hermit-rill, in the solitude gushing,
The strange-playing minstrel whose music I hear?
'T is the voice of my father, slow, solemnly stealing,
I see his dim form, by yon meteor, kneeling,
To the God of the white man, the CHRISTIAN, appealing
He prays for the foe of the dark Cherokee!

"Great Spirit of Good, whose abode is the heaven,
Whose wampum of peace is the bow in the sky,
Wilt thou give to the wants of the clamorous raven,
Yet turn a deaf ear to my piteous cry?
O'er the ruins of home, o'er my heart's desolation,
No more shalt thou hear my unblessed lamentation;
For death's dark encounter I make preparation,
He hears the last groan of the wild Cherokee!"

NOT long since, one of the unsophisticated militia officers of Washington City served a notice on "W. Scott, Number 128 Twelfth-street," to attend *a training* of the ununiformed militia, not knowing that it was the residence of General Winfield Scott!

Literary Notices.

Our list of new books for the past month is unusually limited, although we have two or three from the busy press of Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, that are of more than ordinary interest. Of these, a thin volume, entitled *Passion Flowers*, claims attention as a fresh poetical offering of remarkable depth and originality. It is distinguished from the ephemeral productions of our popular versifiers by its lofty intellectual tone, its intense earnestness of feeling, the severity of its diction, and its unmistakable origin in profound personal experiences. With its vein of austere reflection, and its prevailingly solemn cast of feeling, almost amounting to habitual gloom, it can never become a favorite with those who regard the rich and brilliant pictures of the imagination as the most attractive materials of poetry. Then the language, for the most part, is so bare of ornament—so exclusively adapted to the strong expression of some painful mental conception, that the reader may fancy himself defrauded of one of the most legitimate purposes of poetry—to embody delightful images in harmonious and pleasing diction. The thought, moreover, which forms the staple of the verse, is often of so subtle and recondite a character as to remove it from the sphere of general sympathy. Still less will the strains of heart-breaking sorrow, frequently of desperate bitterness, which give the tone to many of these poems, accord with the healthy feeling that would fain battle against the evils of life by action rather than complaint. Indeed, they can only be a perpetual surprise to those who are acquainted chiefly with the sunny aspects of experience—to whom life is less a probation or a penance than a gala-day—who find in it no awful problem to be solved, no terrible burden to be endured, but a fairy scene of fresh-recurring pleasures—whose garden blooms with fragrant and thornless roses, but has no place for the passion-flower. On the other hand, there are many who will recognize, in the most impassioned bursts of sorrow that here ring out their sad wailings, only the echoes of their own spiritual experience. Judging by their own history, they will find them true to nature and to life. They will welcome these melodies as the expressive utterance of what they have long felt.

Considered as works of art, these poems are evidently unstudied and spontaneous. They sometimes exhibit an audacious defiance of the wholesome precedents of composition. The purists in versification will find in them much which they will mercilessly condemn. Still, they show a wonderful command of language—a plastic mastery over its most rugged forms—and a cunning skill in word-weaving, which is a far higher and rarer gift than a bland docility to artificial rules. The nobler qualities of poetry abound in almost every one of these productions. They are altogether free from any thing commonplace or conventional. No borrowed thoughts or emotions are necessary to eke out an innate poverty of invention. They are the natural growth of a largely-endowed being, refined by the most comprehensive culture, and graduated with the severest training in the great university of experience. The author lacks only the interest in external nature—the power of objective description—the lucid reproduction of the sources of poetry in the material universe, to authenticate her claim to a place in the "shining ranks" to which she sues for admission. If she can exercise these gifts with the same prompt and effectual energy with which she elucidates the mysteries of the inner life in passionate verse, she may take her seat, without further ceremony, at "the heaven-spread board," partake of the "golden cup," and be crowned with the "fillet of glossy bays."

In a milder tone of pensive moralizing than most of the fiery effusions of this volume is the following little poem, whose touching sweetness can not fail to reach the heart of the sympathizing reader:

MORTAL AND IMMORTAL.

Oh! life is strange, and full of change,
But it brings me little sorrow,
For I came to the world but yesterday,
And I shall go hence to-morrow.

The winds are drear, the leaves are sear,
Full dimly shows the sun,
The skies are bright, the earth is light—
To me 'tis almost one.

The sunny rill, the wave dark and chill,
Across my breast may roll,
The saddest sigh, the merriest cry,
Make music in my soul.

A few short years of smiles and tears,
Of suffering, not in vain,
And the weary smart of a wounded heart
I never shall know again.

I've wept for the bride at her husband's side,
I've smiled on the loved one's bier,
For a mystery was shown to me—
A thing of hope and fear.

Who sows in tears his early years
May bind the golden sheaves;
Who scatters flowers in summer bowers
Shall reap but their withered leaves.

A wayward child, on whom hath smiled
The light of heavenly love,
A pilgrim, with a vision dim
Of something far above;

I live for all who on me call,
And yet I live for one;
My song must be sweet to all I meet,
And yet I sing to none.

A quiet tone, that maketh known
A spirit passing by,
A breath of prayer on the midnight air,
And I am gone for aye.

Gone to the rest of the ever bless'd,
To the new Jerusalem,
Where the children of light do walk in white,
And the Saviour leadeth them.

Forever gone, and none to mourn;
And who for me would sorrow?
I came to toil in a desert soil,
And my task will be done to-morrow.

From the same house we have *Haps and Mishaps in a Tour in Europe*, by Grace Greenwood, an agreeable book of travels, filled with lively, good-natured gossip of the literary circles in England, descriptions of natural scenery, art-criticisms, comments on foreign manners and customs, and other topics which would naturally attract the attention of an intelligent and enthusiastic American tourist. With a dash of exaggeration, which her pen never studiously avoids, Grace Greenwood gives her impressions of European society frankly and honestly. England she treats with a cordial love, as an old ancestral home; on the Continent, her spirits sometimes flag in disgust and weariness with the mental depression of the people, and at times she expresses herself in a tone of undiluted bitterness at the prevailing political and religious tyranny, of whose dis-

astrous effects she is the witness. On the whole, however, her volume is equally good-humored and sprightly, and will be read with interest as the off-hand expression of an active and independent mind, in view of novel scenes and institutions. One of her most pleasing experiences was an interview with the Brownings at Florence, of whom she speaks as "the two noble poet souls, whose union is a poem, profounder and diviner than words can compose, and whose home is doubly sanctified by genius and love. Robert and Elizabeth Browning are, as the truly great and good ever are, simple, earnest, frank, and kindly in word and manner. An hour's conversation with them gives you the feeling of years of pleasant acquaintance. Nothing can be more touching and heavenly beautiful than the serene presence of quiet happiness which pervades their household. The very soul of contentment glows in the fine face of Browning, and rests on the calm brow of his wife, and smiles up from the profound depth of her eyes. Robert Browning is a brilliant author, and more, a pleasant, suggestive conversationist, and a sympathetic listener. He has a fine humor, a keen sense of the ridiculous—which he indulges at times, with the hearty abandon of a boy. In the gentle stream of Elizabeth Browning's familiar talk shine, deep and soft, the high thoughts and star-bright imaginations of her rare poetic nature. The two have oneness of spirit, with distinct individuality; they are united, not merged together." The volume contains numerous other sketches of distinguished literary men, and people of note, with whom the author made acquaintance, and, in our opinion, these form its most interesting portions.

The Autobiography of an Actress, by Mrs. Mowatt, is the remaining volume on our list of Ticknor and Co.'s publications, and, although not a work of any imposing pretensions, can not fail to be read with interest, as a naïve, fresh, and entertaining narrative of a life that has been diversified by an abundance of romantic adventures. It was undertaken in fulfillment of a promise made to the husband of the authoress, previously to his death, that before she took her final leave of the stage she would publish a record of the "strange eventful history" of her life. Commencing with her earliest recollections in a beautiful old French country-seat, near which she was born (her parents at that time having temporarily resided at Bourdeaux), the fair reminiscent describes the scenes of her childhood and school-girl days, her mad-cap runaway marriage at the age of fifteen, her gipsy life at a charming rural retreat in the vicinity of New York, the sudden reverses of fortune experienced by her husband, her consequent appearance in public as a dramatic reader, and afterward as an actress, her career as a miscellaneous writer, her religious experience as a member of the Swedenborgian Church, and the infinite variety of ups-and-downs incident to the pursuit of her profession. The impression made upon the reader by her confidential historiettes is by no means unfavorable to the character of the writer. She is evidently a person of a lively, mercurial temperament, an active intellect, great facility of expression, and a ready sympathy with elevated and noble ideas. Her experience in life has made her acquainted with strange companions, and still stranger incidents; and the apparent simplicity and genuine unction with which she narrates her adventures, give to her volume something more than even the usual charm of autobiography.

An original novel, entitled *Vascouselos*, by Frank Cooper, founded on incidents in the history of De Soto, has been published by Redfield.

In the department of practical theology, we have an important work from the pen of the Rev. Theodore Spencer, entitled *Conversion; its Theory and Process*, published by M. W. Dodd. The author has endeavored to present the cardinal evangelical doctrines without formality, avoiding dry abstract and theoretical discussions, although developing the leading principles at the foundation of the subject with a very considerable degree of particularity. The work is thrown into the form of a dialogue between a religious inquirer and his pastor. With this flexible method, a greater freedom and familiarity are attained, than would have been possible had the author adhered to a rigid didactic system. The same publisher has brought out a Selection from the writings of Fenelon and Madame Guyon, comprising extracts from the "Christian Counsels" and "Spiritual Letters" of the Archbishop of Cambray, and from the "Method of Prayer" and "Way to God" of his celebrated friend, the devout female mystic of the seventeenth century. The work is intended to be of a purely devotional character, and every thing sectarian or controversial has been studiously omitted.

Thoughts to Help and Cheer, is a little manual of devotional exercises, arranged for every day during the first six months of the year. It embraces appropriate selections from the Scriptures, together with a variety of thoughts and meditations, taken from ancient and modern writers. The style of the book is chaste, and its sentiments devout and edifying. (Published by Crosby, Nichols, and Co.)

A new edition of Dugald Stewart's works is in the press, in Edinburgh, embracing a series of his lectures on political economy not hitherto published—large portions of which are in the handwriting of Lord Palmerston, who was an inmate of the illustrious professor's house when he was engaged in the composition of those lectures, and relieved the sage of a large share of the drudgery of transcription.

Mr. Alexander Smith, the Glasgow poet, is a candidate for the office of Secretary to the Edinburgh University, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Blair Wilson. Mr. Smith recently lectured at the Dumbarton Mechanics' Institute on the Life and Genius of Robert Burns.

Mr. Ruskin, who is said to dress quite in a clerical fashion, and who almost *intones* his lectures, has been holding forth in Edinburgh against Greek architecture, and on the favorite themes of Turner and the pre-Raphaelites. His condemnation of the Greek architecture was, especially when we consider that he spoke in Edinburgh, bold and unsparing.

Dr. A. M'Caul succeeds the Rev. Frederick Maurice as Professor of Ecclesiastical History at King's College, and Mr. George Dasent as Professor of Literature and Modern History.

"In a recent visit to Oxford," says the *Leader*, "we were greatly struck by the enormous capabilities and their enormous waste which that 'centre of learning' presents. If any thing in this country imperatively demands organic reform, it is this University. Wandering through its beautiful colleges, reflecting on its wealth, its prestige, its libraries,

and its opportunities, Oxford appeared to us wholly to have lost its function in the social organism. It is no more the centre of learning than a fossil is the representative of a living animal. It produces gentlemen, excellent fellows, a few scholars, and some distinguished men; but it produces the last named in spite of, not in virtue of, its system. Its system is one which, admirably adapted to the age which originated it, is in complete discordance with this age."

While Mr. SHERIDAN KNOWLES is lecturing with great vehemence against Popery, his son, Mr. RICHARD BRINSLEY KNOWLES, is said to have become a Roman Catholic.

Mr. JOHN MARTIN, the celebrated artist, has suffered from an attack of paralysis, which has disabled his right hand, and impeded his utterance. He was at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, planning improvements for the harbor, when this affliction came upon him.

M. ELIE DE BEAUMONT has been elected Secretary of the Paris Academy of Sciences, in the room of the late M. ARAGO. M. Dupin contested the place with M. de Beaumont. The number of votes were—M. de Beaumont, 29; M. Dupin, 17. It is understood that M. LEVERRIER is to be appointed Keeper of the Observatory.

WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT, celebrated as a statesman and a scholar, has left, it seems, a quantity of sonnets, which are just published. Judging from the highly poetical character of some of his prose, especially his essay on the Philosophy of Greek Sculpture, the poems will be well worthy of his reputation. He forms another link in the long chain of statesmen who have cultivated literature as a secondary pursuit.

Of VICTOR HUGO'S latest production, *The Leader* pointedly remarks: "There is nothing so monotonous as philippics; even praise, of which we quickly tire, does not so weary us as abuse, thanks to the real kindness of human nature. Hence we conceive that Victor Hugo has committed an enormous mistake in his recent work, *Châtiments*. It is a thick volume of poems, fiery with indignation, terrible in sarcasm, copious in contempt, vehement in allegation directed against Louis Napoleon and his accomplices. Victor Hugo is a good writer and a good hater; but his hate is verbose. He thunders, but he thunders too much and too loud. Why, the very cannoneers will sleep upon their guns, wearied with the iteration of flashing wrath and terrible boomings; and if any reader keeps awake throughout Victor Hugo's cannonade, he must have a more ingenious restlessness of hate or a more ravenous appetite for rhyme than ordinary men can boast. *Châtiments* has all Victor Hugo's well-known force of epigram, antithesis, and imagery, and all his well-known weakness of the same. It is glittering—and tiresome; indignant—and tiresome; remorseless—and tiresome. What a strange place it will occupy in the ages of future generations among the poetical works of the author of *Les Orientales!*"

It is said that M. SCRIBE derives, as the profit of the pieces he has already written, the enormous income of £12,000 per annum, by a per centage on the gross nightly receipts of every theatre in France where his pieces are played. In Paris alone, six plays of M. Scribe are, on an average, played every night.

The Rev. Dr. WARDLAW, an eminent minister of the Congregational Dissenters, has recently died at Glasgow, in the 74th year of his age, and the 51st of his ministry. He was born in Glasgow, where, after a lapse of twenty years' preaching and ministration, his congregation built him a splendid chapel. He has written on many theological subjects. "In private life," says a Scotch journal, "Dr. Wardlaw, was greatly beloved. His manners were unaffected and conciliatory, and he was a genuine pattern of the refinements, accomplishments, and virtues which mark the scholar and Christian gentleman."

The death of Mrs. OPIE, the celebrated authoress, took place at her residence on the Castle Meadow, Norwich, at the advanced age of 84. The deceased lady was a daughter of the late Dr. Alderson, an eminent physician in the same city, and sister of Mr. Baron Alderson. She married Mr. Opie in 1784, and from a very early period of her life devoted herself to literary pursuits, her efforts being principally directed to the composition of works of fiction and moral tales. Her productions were chiefly admired for their simplicity and cordiality. Her career as a novelist commenced in 1805, in which year she published *Adeline Mowbray*, and extended down to 1834, when her *Lays for the Dead* issued from the press. In the course of this long period she published, among other works, *Detraction Displayed; Father and Daughter; Illustrations of Lying; Madeline; Temper; Valentine's Eve;* and several series of tales and poems. The *Illustrations of Lying* were, perhaps, her happiest effort. From 1834 to the present year Mrs. Opie had lived in the strictest retirement, and for the last twenty-five years of her life she was a member of the Society of Friends.

Dr. FISCHER DE WALDHEIM, of Moscow, one of the most distinguished naturalists of Europe, died recently in that city, at the advanced age of 82. With the exception of Baron A. Humboldt, he was the last of the glorious band of *savans* who began to appear prominently on the scientific scene at the beginning of the present century. He was born near Leipsic, and in 1797 went to Vienna with Humboldt, to practice medicine, but gave himself up entirely to the study of natural history, and especially to that of the fishes of the Danube. He afterward made a scientific journey through Germany and Switzerland, and then went to Paris, where he aided Cuvier in his work on fossils. In 1804 he accepted the situation of professor and director of the museum at Moscow, and continued to occupy this to his death. He founded the Imperial Society of Naturalists of Moscow, contributed largely to the Russian Annals of Natural History, and occupied himself most indefatigably with all branches of his beloved science. His writings are numerous, and among them is a curious and valuable typographical history of the Bible. He was a member of more than eighty learned societies and was knight of the principal Russian orders.

A subscription is being raised in Prussia for erecting a monument to LUDWIG TIECK. It is under the patronage of the King; and Baron HUMBOLDT and M. RAUMER are among the promoters of it.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



A WARNING FOR GREEDY BOYS.

FOND MOTHER.—Why, Georgy! what are you crying for? Such a good boy, too, as you have been all day!
GREEDY BOY.—I've eaten so much T-t-tur key, that I can't eat any P p plum-pudding at all!



IRREPARABLE LOSS.

AFFECTIONATE SISTER.—What is the matter, Theodore? You look quite broken-hearted.

DISCONSOLATE BROTHER.—I've advertised and advertised for her, but all in vain!

AFFECTIONATE SISTER.—Can't find whom?

DISCONSOLATE BROTHER.—The Woman who starched that collar!



A COOL PROPOSITION.

WILLIAM.—There's the bell ringing! What is it for?
MARIA.—Oh, it's the milkman. You just jump up and call the servants!



CAPITAL IDEA FOR COLD WEATHER.

Use a pan of warm water, and look at your shower-bath!

Fashions for February.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt, *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Child's Dress and Home Toilet.

THE dress is of silk, trimmed with No. 1 velvet, and black lace rather more than an inch in width. The body is high and plain, with two plaits; the waist is round and slightly pointed, the whole front being ornamented with No. 1 velvet, reaching at the tip from one shoulder-seam to the other, diminishing from below the arm until near the waist, the last being but two inches long. Six bows of the same, with

four loups and two short ends, trim the body from top to bottom. Duchess sleeve, cut slantwise, gathered in a band at the fore-arm, and trimmed by a frill. The band of the sleeve is concealed by small velvet bows, placed about an inch and a half apart. The skirt has five widths and seven flounces, of which the three upper and lower are each four inches deep, the central one being ten inches. The upper flounce is four or five inches from the waist, and contains five and a half widths; the three succeeding flounces have five and a half, six, and six and a half widths: the three lower have each seven widths. The wide central flounce is ornamented with velvet, placed at about a finger's breadth apart. The lesser flounces have each a row of velvet at the bottom, which is trimmed with black lace. The collar and under-sleeves are of lace. The hair is worn in waved bandeaux, with curls thrown behind as far as under the back hair.



FIGURE 3.—BONNET.

The Bonnet is of green terry velvet, crossed by two bands of green satin. It is trimmed with black lace. The outside is ornamented with an ostrich feather, with fancy feathers intermingled near its top. The ornaments of the inside are mingled blossoms and blonde.

We may remark, in general, that jacket bodies continue to be worn for dresses of every material; some are made close to the throat, in various styles, while others are open to the waist *à revers* or *en demi cœur*. Pagoda sleeves still predominate for in-door costume. They are worn rather short, with deep *engageantes* of lace or embroidery; while for the promenade large *bouillon* sleeves are preferred. These have deep worked ruffles, or the fullness is set on a narrow band. The skirts of dresses woven in large plaid will be worn full without flounces. Velvet is the favorite trimming for cashmeres; where they have flounces they will be embroidered with the same colors as the velvets. Slate colors of various shades, drabs, and the like, will be favorite colors for this material. Bonnets retain the oval form in front, and no special change has occurred in the manner in which they are worn, which is still far back upon the head.



FIGURE 4.—CAP.

This Cap is composed of groups of bows of silk ribbon and lace. The general effect is peculiarly graceful.

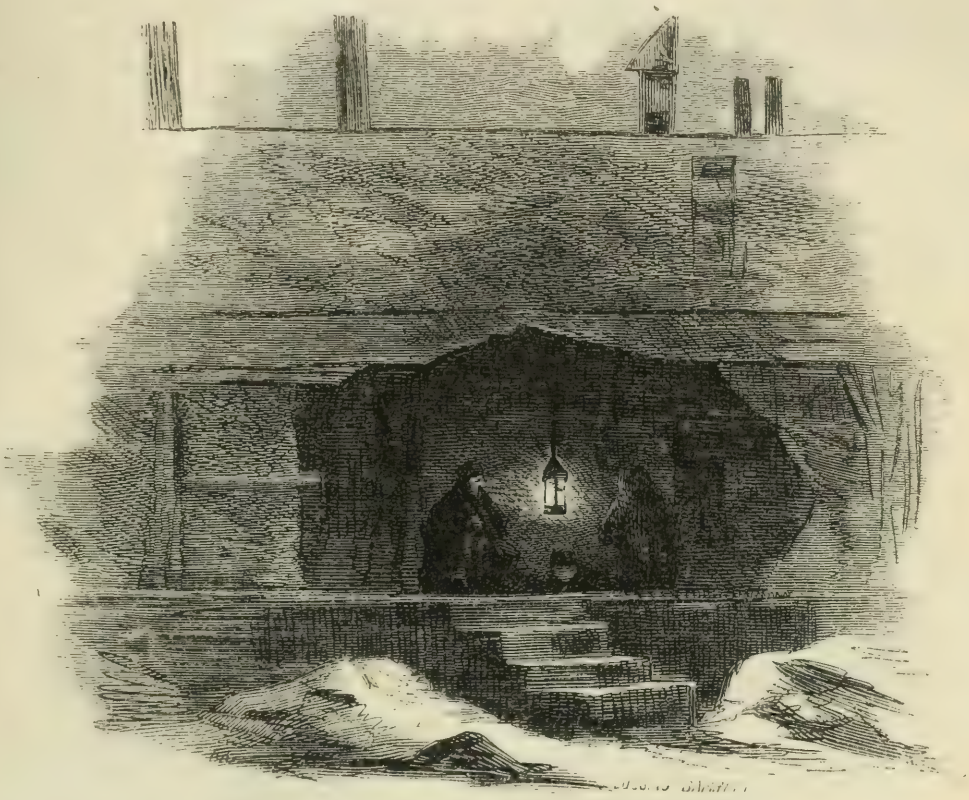


FIGURE 5.—BOY'S HAT.

Boy's Hat of black velvet, trimmed with plaid velvet ribbon. It is ornamented with a rich ostrich plume, tipped with iris-colored feathers. This will undoubtedly prove to be a favorite style.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XLVI.—MARCH, 1854.—Vol. VIII.



WINTER IN THE PACK: CABIN OF THE ADVANCE.

THE GRINNELL EXPEDITION.*

TWO years ago, upon the return of the American Searching Expedition, we expressed a wish that a detailed narrative of its adventures should be furnished to the public. This task could not have fallen into better hands than those of the accomplished voyager to whom has been committed the charge of the Second Expedition, fitted out by the munificence of the same New York merchant under whose auspices the former one was undertaken.

On the 12th of May, 1850, while Dr. Kane was bathing in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, he received a telegraphic dispatch from the Navy Department, ordering him to proceed forthwith to New York, to join the Arctic Expedition. In seven and a half days from the receipt of this order, he had performed the overland journey of thirteen hundred miles. In forty hours more, the vessel to which he was attached as surgeon, was beyond the boundaries of the United States, toward its Arctic destination.

This Expedition consisted of two small hermaphrodite brigs, the "Advance," of 144 tons, and the "Rescue," of 90, with a company of thirty-three persons, all told, of whom eight were officers. The paramount consideration in fitting up the vessels was strength. Nothing was omitted which foresight could suggest or liberality accomplish, to enable them to sustain the perils they were to encounter. The hulls were double-planked, and protected with iron plates. The bows were built up with a solid mass of timber, so thick that a foot or two might have been displaced without producing serious damage. To guard against the immense pressure of the ice from without, the framework of the vessels was braced by knees and cross-timbers in a manner for which there had been no precedent. It was well that these precautions were taken, for the "nips" to which they were subjected during that marvelous drift of almost three fourths of a year, would have crushed like an egg-shell, any vessel of ordinary strength.

Security thus cared for, and provisions made for the stores and fuel necessary for a three year's Arctic cruise, there was little space left for luxurious accommodations. The loudest declaimer against quarter-deck luxury would

* The U. S. Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. A Personal Narrative. By Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., U.S.N. 8vo. Profusely Illustrated. Harper and Brothers.

have found no occasion for strictures in respect to the equipment of these vessels. The cabin



THE ADVANCE AND RESCUE.

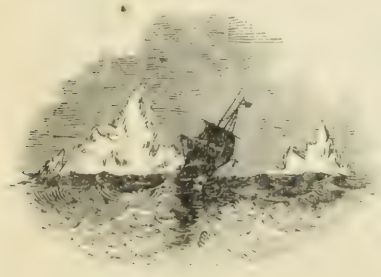
of the "Advance," which was shared by the four officers, was smaller than the cell of a convict. The only spot which each could claim as his own exclusive domain was his berth, an excavation in the side of the cabin, six feet long, two feet eight inches wide, and less than three feet high. The first care of Dr. Kane on taking possession of his dominion, was to render it water-tight by lining it with India-rubber cloth. The appurtenances were very simple. A lamp, to which he was indebted for light and heat; a couple of shelves for books; an ink-horn, suspended from a hook; a toilet apparatus, consisting of hair-brush, tooth-brush, and comb—a looking-glass seems to have been considered a superfluity—comprised their sum. In this narrow berth, with the thermometer for a great portion of the time scarcely above the freezing point, was written a large share of the Journal which forms the basis of this narrative.

The Expedition left New York on the 22d of



THE SUKKERTOPPEN.

May. A month later, after a premonitory encounter with a stray berg, they came in sight of the conical peak of the Sukkertoppen, rising sternly above the gaunt iron-bound

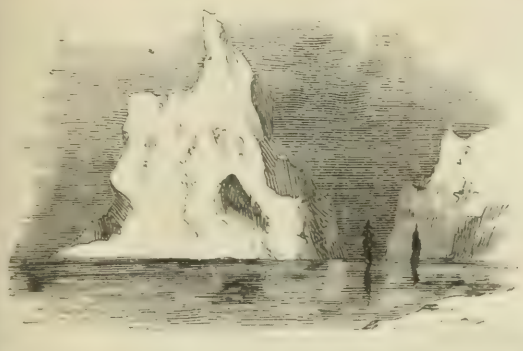


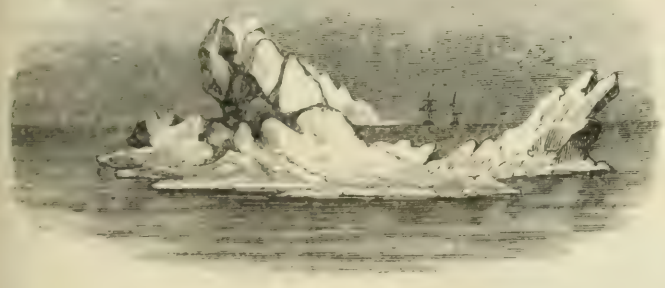
shores of Greenland. Of a more inhospitable coast it is impossible to conceive. Its general aspect is that of a perpendicular wall, broken here and there by the jaws of some deep fiord penetrating far inland. These fiords are the birth-place of the huge icebergs which form so striking a feature in Arctic navigation. At Jacob's Bight, one of the largest of these fiords, they counted, at one time, two hundred and forty of these huge monsters. If, as the old chroniclers say, Greenland received its name because it was greener than Iceland, the land of Odin and Thor must have been, in the ancient times, strangely deficient in verdure.

The Expedition reached the shores of Greenland just at the time when the distinction between day and night began to be lost. On the 24th of June, the sun, for the first time, passed its lowest descent without sinking below the level of the horizon. The Danish Government maintain two establishments upon these barren coasts. The official in charge of the one at Lievely, which was visited by the Expedition, was found to be a man of education and culture. Here such additions were made to their winter equipment as the scanty supplies of the inhabitants afforded. The Danes even robbed themselves to supply the wants of their guests. Little time could be spared for kindly greetings, or for scientific inquiries. The sole object of the Expedition was to search for the long-lost navigators. And by the first of July, the little vessels were threading their way northward through a crowd of icebergs, at the point of Cape Disco.

The immediate object of the Expedition was to reach the northwestern seas which open into Baffin's Bay. In order to do this it is necessary to make the transit of the "Middle Pack"

of ice in Lancaster Sound. Experience has shown that this is most easily accomplished by keeping to the north, along the coast of Greenland until the main body of ice is left to the south, when the passage across is made through a space comparatively free from ice, known as the "North Water." This involves the crossing of Melville Bay, a deep indentation in the Greenland coast, which is almost always crowded with icebergs, through which vessels must run the gauntlet. From the numerous shipwrecks that have here occurred, this bay has received from the whalers the name of the "Devil's Nip." Here it was that the Expedition encountered the first ice; and here began the peculiar characteristics of Arctic navigation.





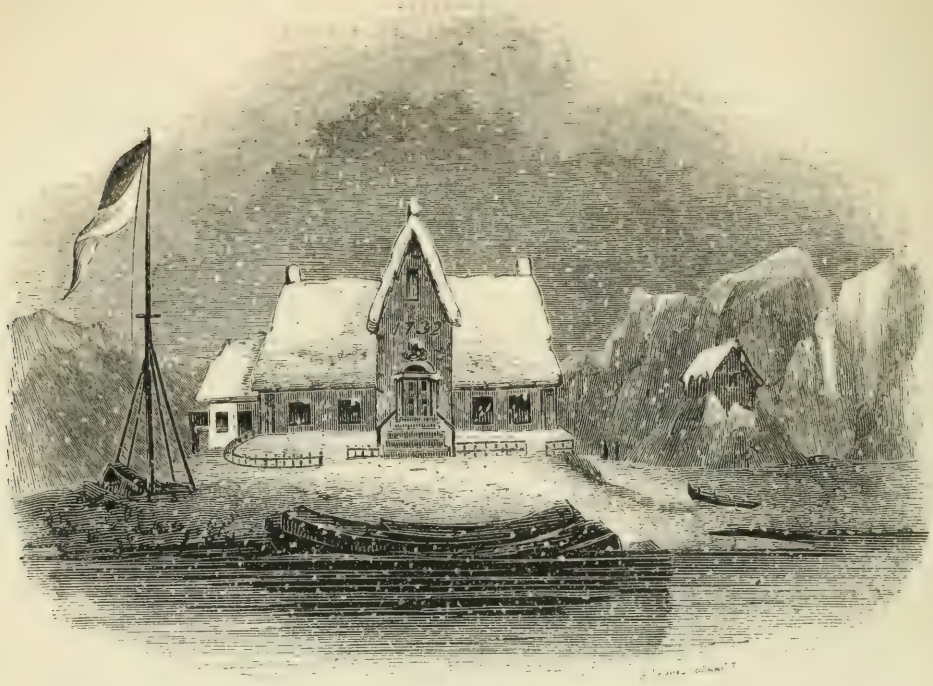
HUMMOCKS.

Thus far the season had been unusually favorable. Baffin's Bay might almost have passed for the sunny Bay of Naples. The 74th degree of latitude had been reached without any detention by the ice. By the 7th of July they encountered the pack; and on the day following they found themselves fast beset in the summer ice. They attempted to make their way through it by all hands jumping upon the floes, and working away with bars and hooks, anchors and warping-lines. The uninterrupted labor of a whole day advanced them but three miles, when they found the vessels again immovable. In this pack of ice they remained fast for twenty-one days, within a circle whose radius did not exceed half a dozen miles. The land lay at a distance of some fifty miles; a lofty columnar peak, known as the "Devil's Thumb," serving as a constant landmark. During all this time they continued their further efforts to work their way through the besetting ice. This long delay, doubtless, exercised a disastrous influence upon the progress of the Expedition.

At last, upon the 28th of July, the ice-floes began to separate under the influence of a strong wind; passages opened in various directions, sometimes closing again almost instantaneously. Through these they forced their way, skirting icebergs and hummocks, and succeeded in gaining the mysterious and dreaded circuit of Melville Bay. But it was no quiet lake into which they made their escape from their icy besetment. Melville Bay presented itself to them in all its terrors. From the dark headlands looming up in the distance, a solid shore of ice projected itself for miles into the bay. Along this solid ice the great drift moves, impelled by the varying winds and currents, sometimes close to its edge, sometimes at such a distance as to leave a passable channel of open water. Down this channel the great icebergs came sweeping along; and more than once during their first night in the bay, all hands were called upon deck to warp the vessels out of their course. Through the channel, between the advancing floes and the solid ice, the vessels made their laborious way, sometimes by towing, sometimes by their sails; but holding always upon their northwestward course. This transit across Melville Bay, a distance of not more than three hundred miles, consumed five entire weeks of a voyage, the success of which depends upon days and even hours. A small steamer would have towed them across in a couple of days.

As they skirted these icy shores, they not unfrequently found opportunities to leave the vessel, and sometimes came upon spots amid the snow and ice where the reflected rays of the sun formed a delicious little Alpine garden, green with mosses and carices, and surrounded with shrubs and trees—or what pass for trees in the paucity of Arctic vegetation; trees and plants like those dwarf specimens produced by Chinese art. There was the wild bleaberry in full flower and fruitage, yet so small that it might have been inclosed in a wine-glass; wild honeysuckles, an entire plant of which might have been worn in one's button-hole; willows like a leaf of clover; trees not one of which reached to the level of a man's knee, while the majority, clinging along the ground, scarcely rose to the height of the shoes of the navigators, who towered above them like the giants of Brobdignag among the vegetation of Lilliput.

By the middle of August it became evident that the Expedition would be able to pass the ice, and would winter in the almost unknown regions of the northwest. Their spirits rose, when the ice-pack was cleared, and instead of



INSPECTOR'S HOUSE, LIEVELY.

threading the winding channels among the ice, they bid good-by to the Bay of "the famous Mr. William Baffin," and with full sails headed toward Lancaster Bay. At three hours after midnight on the morning of the 21st, they overhauled the "Felix," the foremost of the vessels of the British Expedition, under command of the brave old veteran Sir John Ross. "You and I are ahead of them all!" was shouted from the deck of the British vessel as the Americans came up with her. The next day, while checked by the barrier of ice shutting up the passage to Port Leopold, they were overtaken by the gallant little "Prince Albert," fitted out by Lady Franklin to prosecute the search for her lost husband. Many of our readers will recollect the account of the meeting of these vessels, taken from the Journal of Mr. Snow of the Prince Albert, which we gave somewhat more than two years ago. They will recall the admiration which the British chronicler expressed of the gallant manner in which the Advance led the perilous way through the ice. How gallantly this was performed we should never have learned from the modest narrative of Dr. Kane.



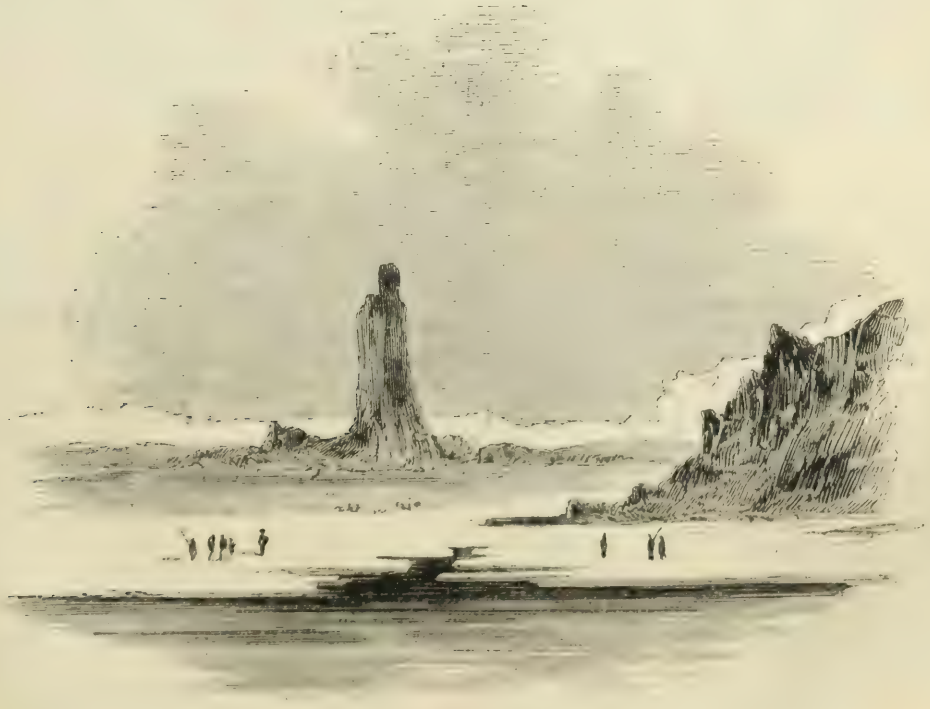
ENTERING MELVILLE BAY.



IN THE PACK.

On the 27th, the varying chances of the search in the contracted waters had gathered within a circuit of a quarter of a mile, near Beechy Head, five vessels belonging to three separate Searching Expeditions. The plan of proceeding was speedily arranged between the commanders, and they were on the point of separating to carry it into execution, when a messenger was seen hastening over the ice with the tidings that unmistakable traces of Franklin had been discovered. In our Number for December, 1851, we gave a minute description of these relics. There was the anvil-block, and the traces of the armorer's forge and the carpenter's shop; the trough which had served for washing; a rude garment fashioned by a sailor's hands from a blanket; a key; fragments of paper; the gloves of an officer, washed and laid out to dry under two stones, to prevent them from being blown away. There was the little garden-plot, with its transplanted mosses and anemones. There





DEVIL'S THUMB.



THE ADVANCE IN THE ICE.

were the three graves, the headstones inscribed with scriptural texts. The inscription upon one, "Departed this life on board the Terror, 1st January, 1846," shows that at this date at least the vessel of the brave old explorer had not been wrecked. Yet not a trace existed of any memorandum or mark to throw the least ray of light upon the condition or designs of the party. A melancholy interest attaches to these relics, from the fact that they are the last mementoes of the lost navigators; and every added day deepens the apprehension that they are the last tidings which will come from them, until the sea gives up its dead. Among the officers of the English squadron Dr. Kane found an old acquaintance. They had parted two years before, among the jungles of the Philippines, surrounded by the cycas, the bamboos, and all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation; and they now met among the icebergs and hummocks of the Arctic regions. In memory of this unpremeditated meeting of so many independent searching vessels, the cove in which the meeting took place was named Union Bay.

With the close of August, the brief Arctic summer began to come to an end. The sun traveled far to the south, and the red northern midnight began to assume the sombre hues of twilight. The ice grew thicker and closer around the vessels, which vainly attempted to urge their way to the western shores of Wellington Channel. The thickness of the tables of ice sometimes reached fourteen feet and huge hummocks were heaped up by the force of their impact to a height of forty feet or more, overtopping the decks, and threatening to topple down upon them. These great masses drifted past the vessels, usually just missing contact with them. On one occasion, however, the Rescue was caught astern by a drifting floe, and lifted bodily up until the cables by which she was moored to a solid mass of ice parted, when she shot ahead into a patch of open water. The Advance escaped the impact by hugging close to the solid ice. The British vessels were less fortunate, being swept on by the resistless force of the moving mass.

During the early September days the cold began rapidly to increase. The thermometer fell by night to 21°, and by day rarely rose above the freezing point. No fires had been lighted below. The historian of the Expedition, retiring to his narrow berth, and drawing close the India-rubber curtains, lighted his lamp within, and wrote his Journal in a freezing temperature. "This is not very cold," he writes, under date of September 8, "no doubt, to your forty-five degrees *minus* men of Arctic winters; but to us, from the zone of lirodendrons and peaches, it is rather cold for the September month of water-melons." On this same day our Expedition had the mortification of seeing the English vessels, in tow of their steamers, shooting ahead of them, right in the wind's eye. They felt that they were now the hindmost of all the searchers. "All have the lead of us," is



FORMATION OF HUMMOCKS

the desponding entry in Dr. Kane's Journal, 'and we are working only to save a distance. Ommaney must be near Melville by this time. Pleasant, very!" Two days later, however, the two American and the six English vessels found themselves together once more, anchored fast to the solid ice, with the way to the westward impassably blocked up before them.

Now began the real and earnest perils of the Expedition. On the 12th a storm arose, which swept the Rescue from her moorings, and drove her out of sight of her consort. It soon became evident that the great mass of ice to which they were moored, was slowly drifting—whither they knew not. The cold increased. The thermometer sank to 14°, then to 8°, then to 5°; yet no fires were lighted in the cabins of the Americans, though those in the British vessels were under full blast.



MOVING ICE.

The next day the Advance fell in with her lost consort, partially disabled. It being evident that all further progress westward and northward was for the season impracticable, the commander decided to turn his course homeward. But many a long and dreary Arctic night was to elapse before the vessels escaped from the ice of Wellington Channel.



Toward the close of the 14th of September, while the vessel was crunching her way through the ice that was rapidly forming around, the Doctor had retired below, hoping to restore some warmth to his stiffened limbs. It was a somewhat unpromising task, for the thermometer in the little cabin indicated a temperature close upon zero. The dull grinding sound of the vessel laboring through the ice grew jerking and irregular; it stopped, began again, grew fainter and fainter; at last all was still. Down came the Commander, with the words:

"Doctor, the ice has caught us: we are frozen up."

And so it was. There was the American Searching Expedition fast imbedded in the ice in the very centre of Wellington Channel. Here commenced that wonderful drift, which lasted more than eight months, back and forth through the Arctic Seas, wherever wind and current impelled the continent of ice. No vessel was ever before so beleaguered; and probably no other one that had ever floated, would have escaped from such a beleaguerment. Hitherto the explorers had been so thoroughly busied in endeavoring to carry out the objects of their voyage, that they had bestowed hardly a thought upon their own personal comforts. With the thermometer at zero, they had no means of producing artificial heat in the cabin. The moisture from so many breaths had condensed till the beams were all a-drip, and every thing bore the aspect of having been exposed to a drenching mist. The delay occasioned by their involuntary detention was put to some service, by fitting up a lard lamp in the cabin, by which the temperature was raised to twelve degrees above the freezing point. This degree of warmth was accounted a positive luxury.

So in uncertainty and gloom they drifted to and fro, sometimes to the north, sometimes to the south. Ten days after they were frozen in, occurred the first of the fearful "nips" with which they were soon to become familiarized. A field of ice, fourteen inches thick, overlaid with an additional half foot of snow, is driven, with a slow and uniform motion, directly down upon the helpless vessel, which is half buried beneath the shattered fragments. The force behind impels the broken fragments upward in great tables, rising in large mounds above the level of the deck, and threatening to topple over and overwhelm the vessel. Other fragments take a downward direction, and slide below the brig, which is lifted sheer out of the water, and rests unevenly upon shattered blocks of ice. Amid darkness, and cold, and snow, all hands are called aloft, with crows and picks to "fight the ice" that rises around. Well was it that the ice which thus drifted down upon them was the new ice just forming. Had it been the solid mass of later winter, no fabric that man has framed of wood or iron could have withstood it. As it was, the ice which was now their assailant, became afterward their protector, and warded off from them the collision with other packs against which they subsequently drifted. By the first of October the icy setting around



AURORA SEEN SOUTH OF CAPE FAREWELL.

them had become so firm, that for a time they experienced something like repose.

Deliberate preparations now began to be made for passing the winter in the ice. Stoves and fuel were brought up from the hold, and with the thermometer at 20° below the freezing point, the work of manufacturing a stove-pipe was undertaken. Embankments of snow and ice were raised about the vessel in which were deposited coal and stores. But hardly was this accomplished when the floe began to show evident signs of again breaking up, and all hands, officers and men, set to with all speed to replace the stores on board the vessel. So insecure was still their position that it was not until the 19th of October that they were able to set up stoves in the cabin, and for warmth they were still forced to rely upon the lamp.



THE COOK'S GALLEY.

So accustomed, however, had they become to a temperature but a few degrees above the freezing point, that they would have been quite satisfied, had it not been for the perpetual dripping from the condensed moisture. This was mitigated in some degree by canvas gutters, by which several cans full of water were daily collected, which would otherwise have found its way upon the cabin floor.

Thus passed the month of October, during which the Expedition was drifting about near the outlet of Wellington Bay, in a general southern direction, although a south wind would now and then force them back toward the north. But it soon appeared that their progress in this direction was impeded by more compact ice, and by a constant current; while a north wind drove steadily before it the thick floe in which they were imbedded. On the 9th of November the arrangements for the winter were completed. Over the entire deck of the Advance was thrown a housing of thick felt, resting upon a ridge pole running fore and aft. Under the main hatch was the cook's galley, with its pipe rising through the felt roof above. Around the pipe was built an apparatus for melting ice, to supply them with water. The bulkheads between the forecastle and the cabin were removed, throwing both into one apartment, occupied by officers and men in common. As the crews of both vessels were collected in the Advance, this one small room was the home of thirty-three persons. Warmth was distributed through the cabin by three stoves and a cooking galley; and as the unbroken night set in, four Argand and three bear's-fat lamps supplied the place of sunlight.

Need enough was there for all this array of warming apparatus, for the thermometer outside indicated a temperature of 40° below zero.

Let us present a picture of a day in the ice, as spent by the explorers:—At half past six the crew are summoned to rise; the officers are called half an hour later. A cup of snow-water serves to wash the accumulation of soot, that has gathered over night, from the mouth. Ablutions are performed in half-melted snow. Then come the duties of the toilet. Two pairs of stockings, three under-shirts, fur outer-robings, and hood, and seal-skin boots must all be donned, before the gallant Doctor can go on deck for a mouthful of fresh air. An appetite is soon got up, in the keen air of out of doors, a needful precaution when one has to breakfast among the nameless odors emitted from damp furs, wet woolens, ancient boots, sick men, stale tobacco-smoke, and all the multifarious processes of cookery and digestion. Breakfast consists ordinarily of griddle-cakes of Indian meal, hominy, and mackerel, accompanied with unexceptionable coffee, for Henri the cook is a Frenchman. To breakfast succeeds exercise, climbing the hummocks, floundering among the floes, a game at football, or a slide on the ice. Dinner is ready at two, and then comes the night to close in the unvarying scene, enlivened by the varying nocturnal notes of thirty or more sound sleepers. Thus wears away day after day. Or rather we should say the long night of the Arctic regions, for noon and midnight are hardly distinguishable. The last perfect sunrise took place before the middle of November. At nine in the morning not a gleam in the east announces the coming day; at eleven there is a faint twilight; noon is denoted by a streak of brownish red far away to the south; at two in the afternoon day is over, and the light of the moon is far brighter than that from the sun.



WINTER RIG.



ARCTIC HOOD.

Nothing more distinctly marked the extremity of the cold than the transformations wrought in various articles of provisions. Not a thing but

"suffers a cold change
Into something new and strange."

A fair geological cabinet might have been furnished from these indurated specimens. Dried apples and peaches assumed the appearance of chalcedony; sauer-kraut was mica, the lamina of which were with difficulty separated by a chisel; butter and lard were passable marble; pork and beef were rare specimens of Florentine mosaic; while a barrel of lamp oil, stripped of the staves, resembled a sandstone garden-roller.

This extreme temperature began to tell upon the health and spirits of the men. All faces began to assume a livid paleness, like plants growing in darkness. The men grew moody and dreamy. They heard strange words in the night. One dreamed of wandering off among the ice and returning laden with water-melons; another had found Sir John Franklin in a beautiful cove lined with orange trees. The scurvy made its appearance among them. Old wounds, long healed, opened afresh; old bruises, long forgotten, grew painful again; a strange apathy crept over them. All the art of the Doctor was called into requisition to check the progress of the disease, and all his ingenuity was called into exercise. The imagination must be acted upon. One old sailor with a stiff knee had to wag his leg by the half hour in front of a strong magnet, whose hidden virtues were thus transferred to the afflicted member. Another, who could not be brought to practice ablutions in pure water, was induced to use a medicated bath, composed of water colored with coffee-grounds, and slightly acidulated with vinegar. The prescription proved successful. Some old salts would not use the vegetables provided for food, but clung to salt junk and navy bread. The cunning physician compounded the hated food into medicine. Olive oil and lime juice, raw potato, sauer-kraut and vinegar mingled together, made a delectable compound, which they swallowed as a medicine, with a heroism worthy of martyrs. An extempore beer served as a vehicle for anti-scorbutic medicines, and the men drank it greedily. So successful was the treatment that of the crew not one was lost in this perilous voyage.

The adventurers were ever and anon reminded that the security afforded by their solid ice-setting was at best but precarious. Great cracks and fissures would now and then open around them, with an explosion like the sound of heavy ordnance, and masses of ice would come rushing down to overwhelm the vessel. Preparations were made for abandoning the vessel, and taking to the ice, at a moment's warning. Sledges,



THE ADVANCE, IN FEBRUARY.

boats, provisions, and necessaries of all kinds were so disposed as to be instantly available. The men were drilled, so that when the crisis came each might at once be ready for a start. One December night, when the thermometer stood at 57 degrees below the freezing-point, a party of the officers and men went out to try the experiment of passing the night upon the ice. The Doctor, during the course of a single four-and-twenty hours, had his Journal four times stitched up in a canvas-bag, ready to fling it overboard, in case of being forced to quit the ship. Time and again all hands were called up to be in readiness to take to the ice. Every thing foreboded that the American Searching Expedition would itself become an object for search.

From the 8th of December to the 11th of January, the floe in which they were fastened had steadily increased in solidity, till it seemed scarcely less firm than the granite ranges that girdle a continent; and, firmly imbedded in it, the vessels enjoyed a season of respite from apparent danger. The Advance all this time lay with her bows sunk in the snow and ice, and her stern elevated some five or six feet; she also canted over to starboard, so that walking her deck was up hill work. During this time, her bare sides had been "banked up" with snow, as New England farmers "bank up" their houses at the approach of winter. On the 12th of January a sudden shock brought all hands upon deck. A fissure appeared in the ice-plain which soon widened into a broad passage, through which the large fragments bore right down upon the vessel. At one hour past midnight the crew stood on deck, strapped and harnessed, ready to abandon the vessel, and take to the ice. Right down upon them bore the huge hummock upon the vessel's stern—a mass solid as marble, thirty feet broad at the base, and rising twelve feet above water; it stops, then advances again; approaches till it is so close that a man could scarcely pass between. That space crossed, and no structure that man could build but must be crushed. The advance of half a minute would have buried them all. That narrow space was not overpassed. The mass of ice stopped in its course, and became fixed close to their stern, where it clung for the remaining five months of their drift, a ghastly memento of their danger and deliverance.



OFF CROKER'S BAY, DECEMBER

Again and again was this scene repeated, with variations. Again and again were knapsacks and sledges in readiness for departure. But where should they go if the ship was abandoned? Should they betake themselves to the long-deserted Rescue? What hope could they have that she would escape the fate that had overtaken her consort? What shore should they seek to gain? Should they gain the shore, and

even be fortunate enough to fall in with Esquimaux, they would be unable to furnish them with supplies. As the result of all their deliberations, it was determined that their only course was to camp out upon the floes of ice, and as one was broken up, to try to make their way to another. Happily, they were not forced to hazard this desperate attempt.



We must pass over the incidents of that long polar night, during which the nearest approach to day was a dim twilight, with now and then a rosy streak in the far horizon; while the sole light on board the vessels was derived from the ever-burning sooty lamps. Some attempts at amusements were made. Christmas was celebrated by the performance of a play, and by holiday gifts. New-Year, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, and Washington's birthday, were duly observed. "Splicing the mainbrace" seems to have been a favorite holiday rite, on the part of the crew. The Doctor set about a course of scientific lectures; and now and then a faint attempt at seal-hunting was made. As the season advanced, the signs that heralded the appearance of the sun were watched with anxious longing. The clouds on the southern horizon grew daily rosier, and the rays shot up from below the verge. At last, at three quarters of an hour before noon, on the 29th of January, after an absence of eighty-six days, the Day-God made his radiant appearance, and was greeted with a homage like that with which the Parsees salute his diurnal rising. "Never," says our author, "till the grave-clod or the ice covers me, may I forego this blessing of blessings again! I looked at him thankfully, with a great globus in my throat."

It was not, however, till near the close of March that the great ice-pack began fairly to open, and a broad reach of water spread before the eyes of the voyagers, weary of the perpetual gaze upon ice, stretching beyond the reach of vision. From this time the process of their liberation went slowly, but surely, on. The prevailing northerly winds drifted the floe toward more genial latitudes. Frost-smoke began to arise from the ice. A slight moisture became perceptible on the surface; the paths trodden about the vessel grew soft and pulpy. The men, long accustomed to an Arctic temperature complain that it is "too warm to skate," though the thermometer indicates a temperature of ten degrees below the freezing-point. At last, on the 10th of April, that unerring monitor rises to 32° at noon-day. Up to freezing-point once more! A week after, the cabin lamps were put out; the crew of the Rescue took up their quarters on board their long-deserted vessel; the felt covering was removed from the deck of the Advance, and daylight ruled over the Arctic Expedition.

Early in May the ice-saw was put in operation, to free the vessel from her setting. Parallel tracks were cut, about ten feet apart, with the saw; the intervening ice was sawed and broken into fragments, and hauled by block and line upon the edges of the floe. In a fortnight, a barricade of these fragments almost surrounded the Advance. In ten days more the ship shows signs of changing her position, grating a little



THE ICE-PACK OPENING

in her icy cradle. They try, by means of strong tackle, to set her free, and launch her from the icy stocks upon which she has been tilted, with



CUTTING OUT.

stern in air, for five and a half months. In vain: she will not rest upon an even keel until the great break-up occurs. So they go drifting on, still fast to the floe, which is by this time reduced to a field measuring five miles by three. On the 19th, they caught a distant view of land, for the first time for more than three months. The closing days of May were passed drifting back and forth across the Arctic Circle. Still, the general course of their drift was to the south, and the imprisoned voyagers began to anticipate the fearful consequences which might ensue upon the great disruption, which could not now be very far distant. In addition to its regular onward drift, the floe of ice to which they were attached had for some time acquired a circular motion, occasioned by its edges coming in contact with other bodies, and ice and ships went slowly wheeling round in a gigantic dance.

So passed away the "merry month of May." June opened warmly; that is, the thermometer stood above the freezing-point. The ice, acted upon by a variety of natural agencies, was becoming daily less solid. With each succeeding day the patches of clear water visible from every elevated point grew nearer and larger, until they were surrounded by water in every direction, save one. Signs of summer multiply about them; animal life reappears; seals play around, and flocks of snow-birds, in increasing numbers, alight, twittering upon the deck, and fearlessly approach to the feet of the navigators. Every thing portended that the disruption was at hand; and it was awaited with mingled longing and apprehension.

At last, on the 5th of June, came the long awaited break-up. It was past five o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Griffin, the commanding officer of the Rescue, who had stepped over the ice to make a friendly call upon his neighbors of the Advance, had just taken his leave, and set out for home, when a cry was heard that the ice was cracking ahead. The officers of the Advance, from their own deck, saw him midway between the vessels, with the ice separating in front of him, while between him and them a fissure appeared, through which the clear water was spinning up. They hurried after him. "Stick to the floe," he cried, as they approached; "good-by. What news for home?" They sprang over the widening fissure, and were by his side. There was no time for long leave-takings. A hearty "God-bless-you" was exchanged; and a long leap was needed to recross the fissure, which momently widened into a little river. He made his way to his own vessel; they hurried back to their own—and in good time: ten minutes had hardly elapsed since the first alarm was given, but the ice was seamed with cracks in every direction. In half an hour more, many of the fissures were twenty paces in width. Every thing around was in commotion; fragments were moving in every direction.

So sudden was the disruption of that great mass of ice, which but half an hour before was apparently as firm as a continent, and over which the voyagers had for months been accustomed to take long and solitary walks. But a few hours before the breaking-up, Dr. Kane was



SEALS AT PLAY.

on the point of setting out on such an excursion, and it was only postponed because he chanced to get absorbed in the perusal of a book, by which he was detained till it was too late.



ERODED ICE-FLOE.

The Rescue was at once liberated from her icy chains, and floated freely in her own element. To the stern of the Advance a large mass of ice still adhered; this was some five-and-twenty feet in depth, and 22 paces by 14 in superficial extent. By its great buoyancy it acted like a "camel," heaving the stern high up in the air, while the bows were proportionally depressed. Two more days were spent in vain attempts to free themselves from this encumbrance; but it was too thick to be cut off by the ice-saw, and too strong to be parted by wedges. All sails were then set; and the Advance, with its icy attachment, forced its way through the ruptured fragments, at the rate of not more than ten feet an hour. Finally, about noon of Sunday, the 8th of June, one of the officers was in the act of clambering down upon this attached mass. Hardly had his foot touched it, when it parted from the vessel. He scrambled hurriedly up the side, tearing his nails in his haste, just in time to escape the great mass as it surged up to the surface. The Advance was free, and rested once more upon an even keel, with clear water all about her

That day they procured fresh water from an ice-floe to which they moored themselves—the first water, not thawed by artificial heat, which they had tasted since the 15th of September, eight months and twenty-four days before.

So ended that marvelous beset-ment—lasting from the 14th of September to the 8th of June—almost three fourths of a year. The remainder of the story of the Expedition may be briefly summed up. They made their way toward the Greenland shore, through labyrinths of ice, and among bergs, worn by the waves, and corroded by winds and sunshine into strange and fantastic shapes. It was their design to proceed to the Whale Fish Islands, on the Greenland coast; there as far as possible to refresh the crew, wearied by their labors, and exhausted by the scurvy. This accomplished, they were again to retrace their course, by way of Melville Bay, the North Water, and Lancaster Sound to Wellington Channel. None of the voyagers but entered heartily into the plan; though their zeal was rather the sober determination of veterans, than the eager impetuosity of young recruits, with which a year before they had set out on the perilous adventure.

They reached the Danish settlements by the middle of June. Winter had pressed hardly upon the Esquimaux, as well as upon themselves. Five days was all the time they allowed themselves to recruit; and on the 22d of June they were again upon their way to the north, touching at the various settlements on the coast.

The 4th of July found them driven into the little port of Pröven, after vainly endeavoring to find an opening through the pack. Here they celebrated our National Anniversary in the best manner that their means permitted. By way of salute, and in lieu of gunpowder, the seamen rolled a huge boulder down the cliffs; spliced the main brace by the means of egg-



INTERIOR OF A NATIVE HUT

nog made from the eggs of the eider-duck, and wound up the bay with a ball, in which figured a portion of the Esquimaux belles. Putting to sea the next day, they succeeded in working their way northward; and on the 13th they encountered their old acquaintance the Prince Albert, though under a new command, entering upon its second expedition. The two Expeditions kept together for three weeks. By watching every opening in the ice, they managed to make a few miles northing every day, which brought them early in August to the dreaded Melville Bay, sentineled by the Devil's Thumb.



SALUTING THE TOWN.

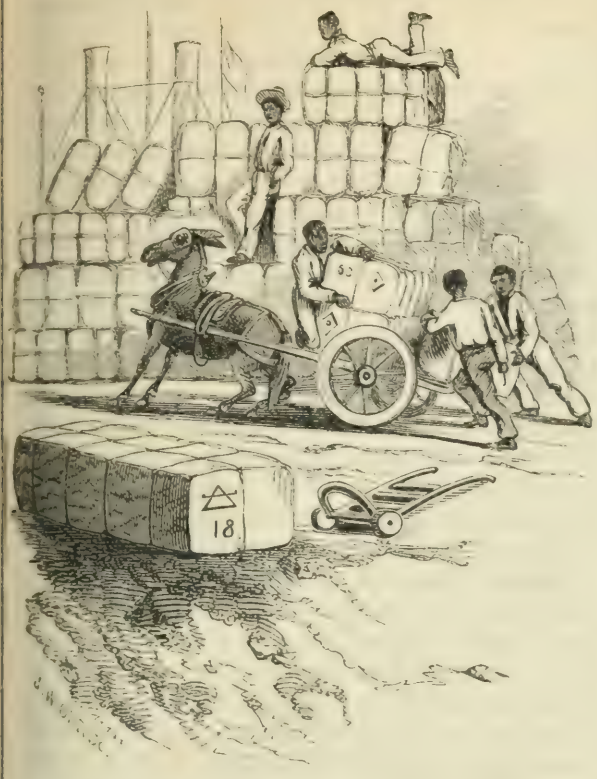
Here they found the ice still more impracticable than it was the year before. The icebergs came down, threatening them more than once with instant destruction. The leads were all closed, and solid ice blocked up the passage across the bay. The Prince Albert gave up as impracticable the attempt to advance toward the north, and determined to return to the south, and prosecute their search in that direction. Still the Americans held grimly to their purpose, and remained moored to a land-floe, waiting for the ice to open. All was in vain; their way was still blocked. The season was yet more unpropitious than the last had been; but a few weeks more of the summer remained, and Lancaster Sound was out of the question. At last an opening appeared between the immense bergs which overhung them, and through it, in deep silence they passed, escaping from the "Devil's Nip." The attempt to win to the north had been fairly made, and had failed, another nine months' wintering among the ice of Baffin's Bay was not to be thought of. So, on the 19th of August, it was determined to return to the United States. A week brought them back again to the Whale Fish Islands. In another ten days they left the last of the Danish settlements upon Baffin's Bay, and sailed for New York. Here they arrived upon the first of October, 1851. As they reached the pier, they were welcomed by the founder of the Expedition, who was awaiting their arrival.

If the Expedition failed in its immediate object of succoring those for whose relief it was designed, it has yet subserved a purpose even higher than this. It has shown that there are men to be found in every walk of life who are ready to expend their means and peril their lives for the sake of others. It was undertaken to subserve no private or selfish ends. Its sole design was to save those whose only claim upon the men who took part in it, was one growing out of our common humanity. Peace has its triumphs, nobler than those of war; and this is of them. The volume in which Dr. Kane has so vividly given the narrative of this Expedition, will furnish an enduring monument to the honor of the American Merchant, through whose suggestions, by whose exertions, and at whose expense, the enterprise was undertaken. To him, therefore, the volume is thus appropriately dedicated:

TO
HENRY GRINNELL,
THE AUTHOR, AND ADVOCATE, AND PATRON
OF THE UNITED STATES EXPEDITION IN
SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED.



PARTING WITH THE PRINCE ALBERT.



COTTON AND ITS CULTIVATION.

BY T. B. THORPE, OF LOUISIANA.

HOW unpretending is the cotton-plant, however luxuriantly it may flourish! Its soft, pithy wood, its delicate looking leaves, its quickly-fading blossoms, are characteristics that would not make it a favorite in the highly-cultivated garden; yet the gossamer filament, that envelops its hardy seeds, binds together great nations through the ameliorating pursuits of commerce, and gives subsistence to half of the profitable industry of the world. But, strange inconsistency of the human heart, cotton and its triumphs in behalf of the happiness of mankind is comparatively an unattractive theme. The plow-share—the symbol of peace, and the key that opens the treasures of the earth, that we may have food and raiment—lies neglected in the obscurity of the field; but beat that implement into the sword, and it is ornamented with gold and precious stones, and in honor hung upon our walls. The history of the plow is considered dull and commonplace—the doings of the sword command undivided attention.

This is the experience of all ages; for who has ever found among the decaying remains of antiquity other monuments than those erected in honor of "the destroyer." History records with flattering pen the bloody steps of the oppressor, yet the priests of humanity, who have in all times lived and labored for the good of their race, have been ignobly forgotten.

Among the rival products of a "World's Industry," the diamond bauble of an Eastern prince glistened over the gorgeous scene like a morning star. Through the day Argus-eyed sentinels stood by to protect it from the hand of the plunderer, and at nightfall the jewel sunk into the heart of an iron prison, still more safely to guard it from the sacrilegious hands of theft. The pilgrims of a world admired it, and the representatives of nations, princes, and kings desired possession of it. Yet a simple cotton seed deserved greater honor, for its downy covering produced not only the wealth that obtained the "Koh-i-noor," but also that which purchased the "Crystal Palace" in which it was exhibited.

EARLY HISTORY OF COTTON.

Treatises upon the annual production and value of cotton are of daily presentation; they form one of the important indices to the merchant for the government of trade. Magazines, absorbed in the elucidation of the interests of commerce, are crowded with articles devoted to the consumption, by manufacture, of the "giant staple." Every thing has been made familiar but the history of its cultivation and growth; and to give these particulars will more especially be the object of our present paper.

About the early history of cotton there is a mystery that seems difficult to solve. No vegetable production has a wider field of climate and soil adapted to its cultivation; none seems to have been more universally known; and yet it is only within the memory of man that it has assumed its present important place in the commercial affairs of the world.

Cotton was cultivated in India in the earliest times; in fact, it seems to have been known and used by all the Oriental nations, as far back as history has made any record, and yet, in its manufactured form, it never occupied in ancient times a place of importance for the wants of man.

The Hindoo, Arab, and Persian have no doubt, from time immemorial, formed their loose robes of cotton. It was more agreeable as apparel in their hot climates than any other fabric, but it is evident that it was confined to household manufacture, and no attempt was made to go beyond the local demand. This custom prevails still in the countries we have named, particularly in India; for almost every Hindoo family of the present day has its patch of cotton, from which is taken what is required for daily use, and the surplus is left to decay in the fields.

But the most extraordinary fact regarding cotton is its never being mentioned in Scripture, and that the ancient Egyptians, although they were familiar with its uses—for merchants from neighboring countries, by their clothing, must have made it familiar in the streets of Memphis and Thebes—seem to have religiously proscribed it as an article of domestic use. Upon Egyptian tombs we find piously sculptured the active employments of the venerated dead. The field of flax, from which was spun the "fine linen" of the sacred writings, is common, but the picture of the cotton-plant has never been found among the relics of this mysterious people.

The art of embalming has not only preserved

the bodies of the ancient Egyptians, but it has exposed to the gaze of the curious of modern times millions of yards of cloth once used by them in their household establishments; for it has been ascertained that the wrappings of the mummies are composed, in part at least, of the napkins and sheets that were probably desecrated by contact with the body of the dead; and yet, with this indiscriminate gathering together of cerements, the products of flax alone have been found.

A century ago, a learned savan of France asserted that the coverings of the mummies were of cotton. A curious and voluminous discussion was the consequence. It was contended that some of the mummy-cloths looked like cotton, felt like cotton, and that it was reasonable to suppose that they were cotton. In the midst of these "philosophical transactions" connected with the subject, one or two practical men applied the microscope to the fibre of cotton and flax. The former, they found, was composed of transparent tubes; the latter was jointed like cane. The magnifying-glass looked more deeply into the subject than the specious theories of the philosophers, and confirmed the truth of history and tradition, that the Egyptians used linen cloth alone; for the fibre of the threads of the mummy-cloths is *jointed*, as is the fibre of flax of the present day.

As we have already suggested, there must have been a religious condemnation of the use of cotton by the ancient Egyptians; but, after their nationality was destroyed by conquest, it is evident that corruptions, or, rather, more enlightened systems of commerce, prevailed, and "prohibited things" came gradually into use, among which was cotton cloth; and at the commencement of the Christian era, it was used more or less throughout the Roman Empire, and was therefore not unfamiliar to the then civilized world.

There are vague notices of cotton gleaming through the obscurity of succeeding centuries, but at no time did it assume an important place in the commerce of nations. It no doubt continued to be used in localities, particularly in India and Arabia, as had been the case from the earliest times; but it was not until Mohammed commenced agitating the East that cotton seems to have attracted any attention.

The followers of the Prophet were wearers of cotton; it even seems to have had a sacredness of association among these stern fanatics. Hence it was that, as they spread over Asia and Southern Europe, they carried the example of the value of cotton with them, and made it for the first time an important article of commerce.

At the time the Moors occupied Spain, they were celebrated for the manufacture of cotton into costly fabrics; and wearing it profusely themselves, it became a kind of badge to the Christians of the "turbaned infidel," which no doubt caused a prejudice that operated against its more rapid introduction into the European world.

COTTON IN AMERICA.

Columbus found cotton growing spontaneously upon many of the West India islands; and among the Mexicans and Peruvians cotton cloth was universally worn. Cortez sent home to Spain, after his conquest of Mexico, mantles and robes of native manufacture, which were remarkable for beauty and the perfection of their workmanship. There can not be a doubt that the royal robes of Montezuma and of the Incas of Peru would at this day surpass anything produced at Manchester or Lowell in beauty and fineness; for it is a singular fact that machinery, even in its present state of perfection, can not equal the delicate workmanship of unaided semi-barbarian hands.

The skill in weaving cotton into cloth, so remarkably displayed among the ancient Mexicans, still exists in their descendants. We have seen blankets, which are the common dress of the Indian, which surpass any that are produced by the most perfect and expensive looms. These "ponchos" are part cotton and part wool, and many are of singular beauty and brilliancy of color. We remember one in particular, that for many years had served a Texan Ranger for tent-cover, saddle-blanket, and bed. For months together it had remained stretched out on poles, subject to the heat, the humidity, and the scorching sun of a tropical climate, and yet it had not lost a single sparkle of beauty in its rainbow-tinted border, or apparently decayed the least in its fabric. These "ponchos," though soft, and apparently loose in texture, are as impervious to water as if made of India-rubber. The admirable mixture of vegetable and animal fibre, swelling and acting upon each other, close up all the meshes of the fabric; yet, when the same blanket is dry, the cool sea-breeze finds its way through its folds.

But in the "reboso" or long scarf, so witchingly worn by every class of Mexican women, as might be expected, do we find the native excellence of the cotton manufacture most beautifully illustrated. The ladies of the polished circles of modern Mexican society possess an Oriental fondness for flowing robes, and untold treasure is often expended to procure the rich fabrics of the French and Flemish looms. But those only are to be envied who can procure the still more beautiful manufacture of the simple native Mexican, who, without any other aid than a rude needle, surpasses the skill of modern art, and shows that the hand, when cultivated, possesses a sentiment and precision in labor that can never be attained by machinery.

These native Mexican "rebosos" seem, from their glossiness, to be fabricated of silk, and yet they give the sense of cotton to the touch. So carefully has the web and the woof been manufactured by the fingers, that a new character is imparted to the cloth, that can not be understood or appreciated except from personal in

spection. Had any native Mexican placed his "poncho" or his "reboso" among the costly fabrics accumulated in the vast palace of the World's Fair of England, he would have carried off the palm for his unequaled, and, to us, his incomprehensible skill.

But we are not to infer that the wonders of a New World gave an impulse to the use of cotton; the staple only became better known, for it still struggled for an important place among the wants of man. There was an invisible yet powerful obstacle, seemingly, in the way of its general appreciation. Enough of cotton, to cause it not to be forgotten among the things that were, was wrought up in the looms of France, Italy, and the Low Countries; but it never assumed an absorbing interest until its merits were appreciated in England, where it was eventually destined, as a return for protection, to become the right arm of power to that commercial country.

But even the English advanced in the manufacture of cotton goods as people who feel their way along an uncertain road. Linen was first adulterated with cotton, but not acknowledged in the manufactured goods; next, the great progress was made of using cotton to fill in a linen warp; this went on until some daring genius completed the discovery, that good cloth could be made altogether of the hitherto neglected staple. This fact once established, all prejudice seemed to give way, and, unconsciously to the politicians and statesmen of the day, there was laid the foundation of the present wealth and power of the British nation.

VARIETIES OF COTTON.

There appears to be no limit to the varieties of cotton. In Africa and Asia, more than sixty different kinds in each country have been found growing spontaneously; and it would seem that, in every part of the world where the climate is congenial, cotton springs up to meet the wants of man. As we become familiar with the agricultural wealth of the southern portion of our own continent, and the islands bordering on the Pacific coast, we constantly hear of the discovery of new varieties, and it is probable that, before many years shall have passed away, it will be found that North America possesses greater varieties of the cotton-plant, native to the soil, than any other portion of the world.

There can not be a doubt that among some of the tribes of our Southern Indians the plant flourishes with a vigor and profuseness unknown to our producers. It is said that the cotton of the Pinos of Texas is extraordinary for length and fineness of staple. The Navajos, living in the country bordering on New Mexico, have abundant cotton fields, and a careful examination of their "national blanket" displays the fact that the staple they use is remarkable for strength and fineness.

The varieties familiar to our Southern States produce an article for commerce that can only be divided into "short" and "long staple;" and if there were any original differences in the plant, they have assimilated until any really great distinction is lost. The "short staple," or upland cotton, so familiar to every household in the form of shirtings and sheetings, was originally procured from the West Indies, and is cultivated in North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Florida, and Texas.

The "long staple," or Sea-island cotton, is supposed to be a native of Persia, and is the finest cotton in the world, commanding four or five times the price of upland cotton. It is only used in the manufacture of the finest fabrics that come from the loom. The ingenious artisans of Europe frequently combine Sea-island cotton with silk, and the mixture is rarely discovered by the most practiced judges.

The familiar "upland cotton," when prepared for the market, has a short staple, but presents many qualities, denominated "fine," "middling," "fair," and to commercial men and manufacturers, other distinctions, caused by favorite colors and freedom from foreign substances. These, to the uninitiated, almost imaginary distinctions, give character to the current prices paid for cotton, and the "buyer" becomes in time so sensitive to inequalities of appearance and touch, that nothing less searching and demonstrating than the machinery that works the cotton fibre into gossamer thread will display the justice of these critical distinctions; for to the unpracticed eye and touch all cotton is cotton, whatever may be the vast differences that really distinguish its characteristics.

One of the amusing incidents connected with the growth of cotton is the interest taken in procuring "fancy" varieties of seed. The wise planter knows the full value of using seed that is procured from a distance, and thus secures himself against the deterioration of his crop, resulting from replanting continually that which is produced upon his own field. But occasionally favorable circumstances cause the cotton plant to yield more than the usual amount to the planted acre, and instantly it is announced that a new variety of cotton has made its advent upon the earth, and the local newspapers teem with advertisements, and the commission houses are filled with the magic seed. No wonder is it that the planter should rejoice at any improvement in the growth of his favorite plant, or that he should allow his hopes to carry his reason captive. When, with the usual amount of labor, the prospect of increased production presents itself, the consequences to him and the commercial interests of the world are too great to be contemplated with a cold and philosophic eye.

The florist, with an indifference to intrinsic merit that seems cruel beyond precedence, takes the sweet rose, and by ten thousand tortures, by depletions with arid soil, and repletions with "guano earth," by roasting in hot-houses, and smothering under glass retorts, brings forth the



"THE BLOOM," LEAF AND BLOSSOM.

queen of flowers, brilliant in poverty, or fattened into deformity, and then giving these products of artificial means such unpoetical names as "Bourbons," "Noisettes," and "Banksias," creates an immense excitement among the fanciers of titles instead of flowers. If this happens where only the gratification of luxury is concerned, imagine what must be the feelings of many who, cultivating cotton, and admiring it for its money-producing value, hear florid reports of new varieties of seed, that, regardless of the manner of being sown, or of excellence of soil or care of cultivation, spring into plants, from which flows the rich cotton as from an overfilled basket. The "White Seed," "the Petite Gulf," "the Okra," "the Multibolled," "the Mastodon," "the Sugar-loaf," and "the Prolific," are the fanciful names of these wonderful germinators, which have for a time commanded admiration, and then sunk into obscurity; the universal law still prevailing, that good land, with judicious cultivation and the blessings of Providence, are the only securities for a good crop.

INTRODUCTION OF COTTON INTO THE UNITED STATES.

The history of the introduction of the cotton plant into the country is vague and unsatisfactory. Enterprising planters, and gentlemen fond of agricultural pursuits, had from the earliest periods of our history procured the cotton seed from abroad, and, as a matter of mere speculative interest, had small patches of cotton in their gardens and fields. In this unpretending manner the plant became acclimated, and prepared for the important part it was soon to play in the commercial prosperity of the Southern States. As the improvements in cotton machinery progressed, the demand for the staple increased, and, the ancient fields of production failing to supply the demand, inducements were offered for the extension of its cultivation. The impulse once given, it became a rapidly increasing, but still an inconsiderable article of commerce.

With the increasing popularity of cotton goods came the demand for machinery to facilitate their manufacture. The hand of the artisan, however skillful and rapid, was found insufficient to supply the new demand, and mechanical genius was induced to seek new channels of usefulness. It would seem to be the economy of Providence that useful inventions should always keep pace with the wants of mankind; and, if we examine into the history of machinery used for weaving cotton into cloth, we find that progress toward its present completeness to be exactly equal to the increasing necessity that it should have advanced toward perfection, to enable it to supply the growing demand.

The first improvement upon the simple loom was the "fly-shuttle," which was drawn across the warp without direct interposition of human hands; this enabled the workmen to weave twice the accustomed amount, compared with the primitive manner. Cotton goods becoming more universal, the "spinning-jenny" was produced. The demand still increasing, Arkwright accomplished the mighty work of making cloth *entirely by machinery;* still the demand increased—hand-carding was displaced,

and the cards were driven by the untiring labor of wood and iron. By slow but certain approaches, every combination of power was united necessary to produce cotton goods without the direct labor of man; cotton therefore became cheaper than linen, and the manufacturers of cotton goods, for the first time in the history of the world, assumed an important place among the suppliers of the wants of mankind.

At this very period of the triumph of the cotton manufacturer, the growth of the staple for the first time was becoming a matter of solicitude to the planters of the colonies of Georgia and South Carolina; and at the very moment when Egypt and other portions of Africa, with Hindostan (1784), failed to supply to England her increasing demand for the staple, eight bags of cotton were seized at Liverpool, on board of an American vessel, because it was supposed by the custom-house officers that such a vast amount could not have been raised in the United States.

The eighteenth century of the Christian era was drawing to a close. The value of cotton, as adapted to the wants of man, had become, for the first time in the world's history, universally acknowledged, when a new and unexpected obstacle presented itself. It was found that the labor of preparing cotton for market was so expensive, that it never could be brought into universal use. The machinery necessary for its manufacture had been made so complete, that it far outstripped the capacity of a cheap supply of the raw material. Could cotton be prepared for market with the same facility that it could be transformed into cloth, a new era of commercial as well as social prosperity promised to dawn upon the world. But, alas! the fibre was attached to a seed, and by such a mysterious connection, that it could not, without immense labor, be separated: the cotton was in the field, but, Tantalus-like, it seemed to be forever destined to torment as well as bless mankind.



THE FLOWER IN THE MORNING.



THE SAME FLOWER AT EVENING

Had the history of cotton ceased here, how different would have been the destiny of the civilized world. Strange as it may seem, one of the mightiest and most humanizing social revolutions that ever happened depended upon the event whether the fibrous envelope could be cheaply and expeditiously separated from the cotton seed. If it had to be picked off by human hands, or by any of the rude machinery already adopted for the purpose, the expense of its preparation for commercial purposes still rendered it a luxury, and caused its uses to be limited to the few; but if some great genius could accomplish the desired end, and, by a process at once rapid and cheap, prepare the staple so abundantly that it would choke up the unfailing spindles and looms that waited for work, then the rich and poor would alike be clothed in "fine raiment," and a new impulse, inferior only to the advent of printing, would be given to the improvement of the human race.

THE INVENTOR OF THE COTTON-GIN.

In the cold regions of the North, where the winter snows hide away among the mountain precipices, and the summer through successfully defy the meridian sun—in barren regions, where the cotton-plant would wilt and die, and where its nat-



THE "BOLL" NEARLY RIPE

ural history was less known than that of the citron and clove, was pursuing his collegiate studies a modest youth, who had decided that he would leave his native haunts, and, in the then distant South, found his fortunes and find a home.

Eli Whitney, a New England boy, was destined to accomplish the object so much desired. Upon his arrival in Georgia, the subject at once attracted his attention, and, after many weeks of patient industry, he produced the SAW-GIN, which from its first construction was so perfect, that his successors in the mechanical arts have found nothing that could be materially improved.

A deeply interesting but melancholy chapter could be written upon Whitney, the great benefactor of his race, who, by his genius, so intimately connected his name with the cultivation of cotton. It was Whitney who gave profitable direction to the agricultural resources of the South—that caused what seemed to be interminable solitudes to suddenly echo with the population of empires, and rejoice beneath the sun of Christian civilization; who gave materials for the untiring industry of the North, and, more than any other single mind, contributed to the substantial prosperity of our glorious Union. And yet Whitney's life was a struggle with adversity, and his remains repose quietly beneath its simple monument, raised by the hand of personal affection. The nation did nothing for him, have done nothing for his family. The South has raised no monument to his honor, and yet the statues of a Jefferson and a Calhoun are, after all, but mementoes to statesmen who were mighty, because Whitney, by his invention, had made mighty interests to call forth their eloquence and their protection.

Here closes the struggle cotton had for centuries carried on with the world for the supreme place among all staples devoted to the purposes of man. It would seem, that when the proper time had arrived, every obstacle to its use melted away. By the inventions of Arkwright and his associates, all was accomplished that was desirable to manufacture cotton goods. By the genius of Whitney, the agriculturist was able, at profitable prices, to supply the growing demand. Under the genial influences of these great benefactors of the human race, a pound of cotton, that by the exhausting labor of the hand was spun into a thread of five hundred feet, was, by machinery, lengthened into a thread of one hundred and fifty miles; and the value of our cotton exports was increased, in sixty years, from fifty thousand to one hundred and twelve millions of dollars. These statistics stand unparalleled in the history of the world.

MAKING COTTON.

The cotton region, extending as it does over more than two thirds of the geographical division of the Union, possesses therefore every variety of scenery, and, consequently, cotton plantations, unlike sugar estates, are made picturesque by the combinations of hill and dale. Some favorite site, which commands a view of the surrounding country, is generally chosen for the "residence," while a gushing spring hard by will form the nucleus of the "quarters." The roads follow the favorable suggestion of the surface of the country, and, of course, wind pleasantly through the cultivated fields and untouched woodland.

The preparations for planting cotton begin in January; at this time the fields are covered with the dry and standing stalks of the "last year's crop." The first care of the planter is to "clean up" for plowing. To do this, the "hands" commence by breaking down the cotton stalks with a heavy club, or pulling them up by the roots. These stalks are then gathered into piles, and at nightfall set on fire. This labor, together with "housing the corn," repairing fences and farming implements, consume the time up to the middle of March or the beginning of April, when the plow for the "next crop" begins its work. First, the "water furrows" are run from five to six feet apart, and made by a heavy plow, drawn either by a team of oxen or mules. This labor, as it will be perceived, makes the surface of the ground in ridges, in the centre of which is next run a light plow, making what is termed "the drill," or depository of the seed: a girl follows the light plow, carrying in her apron the cotton seed, which she profusely scatters in the newly-made drill; behind this sower follows "the harrow," and by these various labors the planting is temporarily completed.

From two to three bushels of cotton seed are necessary to plant an acre of ground; the quantity used, however, is but of little consequence, unless the seed is imported, for the annual

amount collected at the gin-house is enormous, and the surplus, after planting, is either left to rot, to be eaten by the cattle, or scattered upon the fields for manure.

If the weather be favorable, the young plant is discovered making its way through in six or ten days, and "the scraping" of the crop, as it is termed, now begins. A light plow is again called into requisition, which is run along the drill, throwing the *earth away from the plant;* then come the laborers with their hoes, who dexterously cut away the superabundant shoots and the intruding weeds, and leave a single cotton-plant in little hills generally two feet apart.

Of all the labors of the field, the dexterity displayed by the negroes in "scraping cotton" is most calculated to call forth the admiration of the novice spectator. The hoe is a rude instrument, however well made and handled; the young cotton-plant is as delicate as vegetation can be, and springs up in lines of solid masses, composed of hundreds of plants. The field-hand, however, will single one delicate shoot from the surrounding multitude, and with his rude hoe he will trim away the remainder with all the boldness of touch of a master, leaving the incipient stalk unharmed and alone in its glory; and at nightfall you can look along the extending rows, and find the plants correct in line, and of the required distance of separation from each other.

The planter, who can look over his field in early spring, and find his cotton "cleanly scraped" and his "stand" good, is fortunate; still, the vicissitudes attending the cultivation of the crop have only commenced. Many rows, from the operations of the "cut-worm," and from multitudinous causes unknown, have to be replanted, and an unusually late frost may destroy all his labors, and compel him to commence again. But, if no untoward accident occurs, in two weeks after the "scraping," another hoeing takes place, at which time the plow throws the furrow *on to the roots* of the now strengthening plant, and the increasing heat of the sun also justifying the sinking of the roots deeper in the earth. The pleasant month of May is now drawing to a close, and vegetation of all kinds is struggling for precedence in the fields. Grasses and weeds of every variety, with vines and wild flowers, luxuriate in the newly-turned sod, and seem to be determined to choke out of existence the useful and still delicately-grown cotton.

It is a season of unusual industry on the cotton plantations, and woe to the planter who is outstripped in his labors, and finds himself "overtaken by the grass." The plow tears up the surplus vegetation, and the hoe tops it off in its luxuriance. The race is a hard one, but industry conquers; and when the third working over of the crop takes place, the cotton plant, so much cherished and favored, begins to overtop its rivals in the fields—begins to cast a *chilling shade of superiority* over its now intimidated groundlings, and commences to reign supreme.



THE "BOLL" PERFECTLY RIPE

Through the month of July, the crop is wrought over for the last time; the plant, heretofore of slow growth, now makes rapid advances toward perfection. The plow and hoe are still in requisition. The "water furrows" between the cotton rows are deepened, leaving the cotton growing as it were upon a slight ridge; this accomplished, the crop is prepared for the "rainy season," should it ensue, and so far advanced that it is, under any circumstances, beyond the control of art. Nature must now have its sway.

On some plantations there is no "overseer;" the owner manages his place with the help of a skillful and trustworthy negro, termed the "driver." These drivers are very ambitious, and are, like their masters, exceedingly sensitive if a stranger, or other disinterested person, gives an unfavorable opinion of the general appearance of the crop under their management. If much grass is seen in the cotton field, it is supposed to be an unfavorable testimony of the industry or skill of the driver. Upon a certain occasion, a gentleman riding along a cotton field remarked to the negro manager, "You have a good deal of grass in your crop."

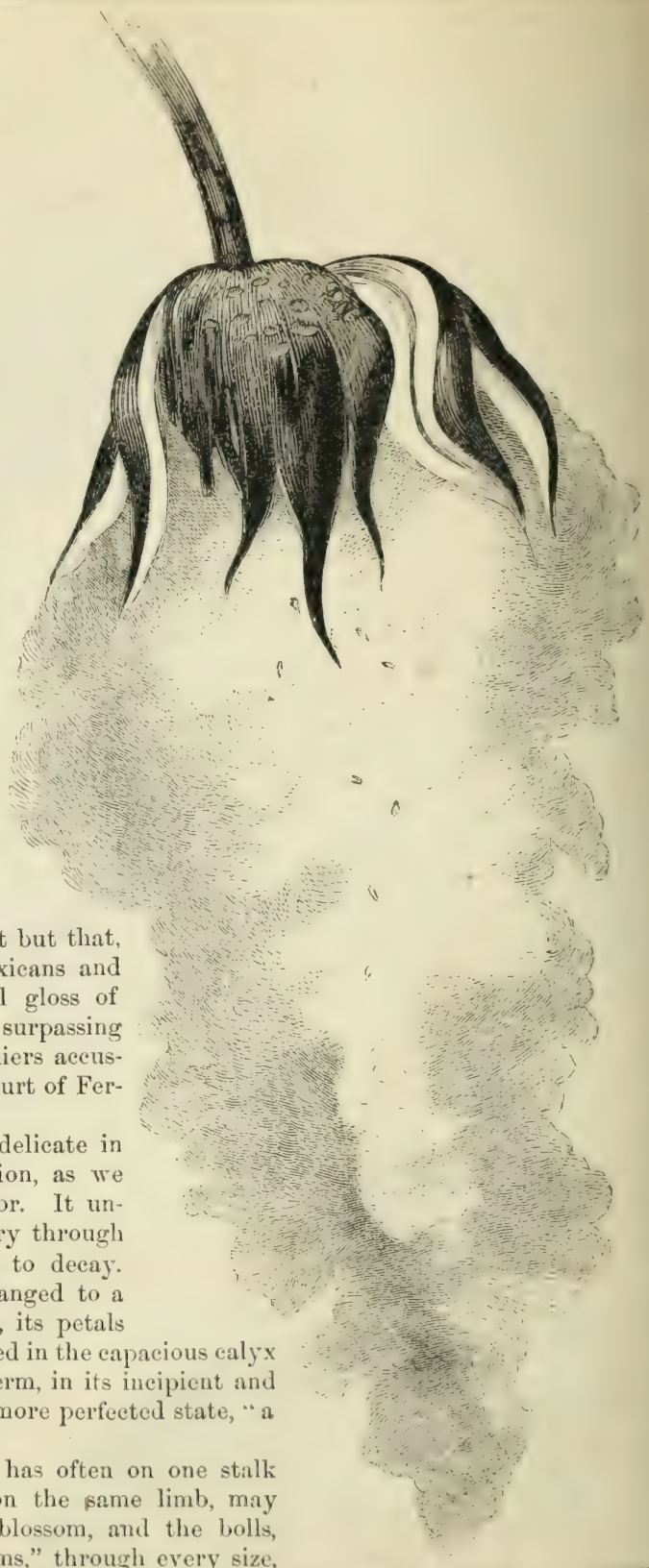
The negro felt mortified, and, anxious to break the force of the insinuation, coolly replied, "It is poor ground, master, that won't bring grass." The finest intellect could not, under the circumstances, have said a better thing.

The "cotton bloom," under the matured sun of July, begins to make its appearance. The announcement of the "first blossom" of the neighborhood is a matter of general interest; it is the unfailing sign of the approach of the busy season of fall; it is the evidence that soon the labor of man will, under a kind Providence, receive its reward.

It should perhaps here be remarked, that the color of cotton in its perfection is precisely that of the blossom —a beautiful light, but warm cream color. In buying cotton cloth, the "bleached" and "unbleached" are perceptibly different qualities to the most casual observer; but the dark hues and harsh look of the "unbleached domestic" comes from the handling of the artisan and the soot of machinery. If cotton, pure as it looks in the field, could be wrought into fabrics, they would have a brilliancy and beauty never yet accorded to any other material in its natural or artificial state. There can not be a doubt but that, in the robes of the ancient royal Mexicans and Peruvians, this brilliant and natural gloss of cotton was preserved, and hence the surpassing value it possessed in the eyes of cavaliers accustomed to the fabrics of the splendid court of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The cotton blossom is exceedingly delicate in its organization. It is, if in perfection, as we have stated, of a beautiful cream color. It unfolds in the night, remains in its glory through the morn—at meridian it has begun to decay. The day following its birth it has changed to a deep red, and, ere the sun goes down, its petals have fallen to the earth, leaving inclosed in the capacious calyx a scarcely perceptible germ. This germ, in its incipient and early stages, is called "a form;" in its more perfected state, "a boll."

The cotton plant, like the orange, has often on one stalk every possible growth; and often, on the same limb, may sometimes be seen the first opened blossom, and the bolls, from their first development as "forms," through every size, until they have burst open, and scattered their rich contents to the ripening winds.



THE "BOLL" SHEDDING ITS COTTON.

The appearance of a well-cultivated cotton field, if it has escaped the ravages of insects and the destruction of the elements, is of singular beauty. Although it may be a mile in extent, still it is as carefully wrought as is the mould of the limited garden of the coldest climate. The cotton leaf is of a delicate green, large and luxuriant; the stalk indicates rapid growth, yet it has a healthy and firm look. Viewed from a distance, the perfecting plant has a warm and glowing expression. The size of the cotton-plant depends upon the accident of climate and soil. The cotton of Tennessee bears very little resemblance to the luxuriant growth of Alabama and Georgia; but even in those favored states the cotton-plant is not every where the same, for in the rich bottom lands it grows to a commanding size, while in the more barren regions it is an humble shrub. In the rich alluvium of the Mississippi the cotton will tower beyond the reach of the tallest "picker," and

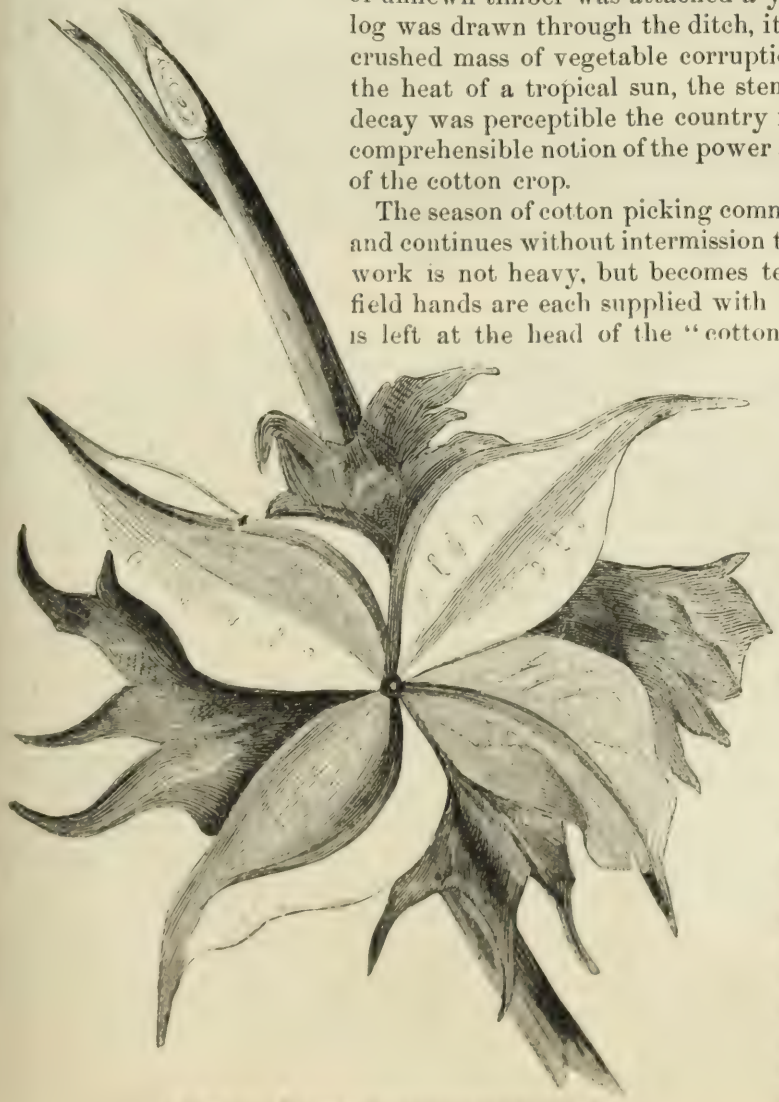
a single plant will contain hundreds of perfect "bolls;" in the neighboring "piney-woods" it lifts its humble head scarcely above the knee, and is proportionably meagre in its produce of fruit.

The growing cotton is particularly liable to accidents, and suffers immensely in "wet seasons" from the "rust" and "rot." The first named affects the leaves, giving them a brown and deadened tinge, and frequently causes them to crumble away. The "rot" attacks the "boll." It commences by a black spot on the rind, which increasing, seems to produce fermentation and decay. Worms find their way to the roots; the caterpillar eats into the "boll" and destroys the staple. It would be almost impossible to enumerate all the evils the cotton-plant is heir to, all of which, however, sink into nothingness compared with the scourge of the "army-worm."

The moth that indicates the advent of the army-worm has a Quaker-like simplicity in its light, chocolate-colored body and wings, and, from its harmless appearance, would never be taken for the destroyer of vast fields of luxuriant and useful vegetation.

The little, and, at first, scarcely to be perceived caterpillars that follow the appearance of these moths, can absolutely be seen to grow and swell beneath your eyes as they crawl from leaf to leaf. Day by day you can see the vegetation of vast fields becoming thinner and thinner, while the worm, constantly increasing in size, assumes at last an unctuous appearance most disgusting to behold. Arrived at maturity, a few hours only are necessary for these modern locusts to eat up all living vegetation that comes in their way. Leaving the localities of their birth, they will move from place to place, spreading a desolation as consuming as fire in their path.

All efforts to arrest their progress or annihilate them prove unavailing. They seem to spring out of the ground, and fall from the clouds; and the more they are tormented and destroyed, the more perceptible, seemingly, is their power. We once witnessed the invasion of the army-worm, as it attempted to pass from a desolated cotton-field to one untouched. Between these fields was a wide ditch, which had been deepened, to prove a barrier to the onward march of the worm. Down the perpendicular sides of the trench the caterpillars rolled in untold millions, until its bottom, for nearly a mile in extent, was a foot or two deep in a living mass of animal life. To an immense piece of unhewn timber was attached a yoke of oxen, and as this heavy log was drawn through the ditch, it seemed absolutely to float on a crushed mass of vegetable corruption. The following day, under the heat of a tropical sun, the stench arising from this acidulated decay was perceptible the country round, giving a strange and incomprehensible notion of the power and abundance of this destroyer of the cotton crop.



THE "BOLL" AFTER SHEDDING THE COTTON.

The season of cotton picking commences in the latter part of July, and continues without intermission to the Christmas holidays. The work is not heavy, but becomes tedious from its sameness. The field hands are each supplied with a basket and bag. The basket is left at the head of the "cotton-rows;" the bag is suspended from the "picker's" neck by a strap, and is used to hold the cotton as it is taken from the boll. When the bag is filled it is emptied into the basket, and this routine is continued through the day. Each hand picks from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds of "seed cotton" each day, though some negroes of extraordinary ability go beyond this amount.

If the weather be very fine, the cotton is carried from the field direct to the packing-house; but generally it is first spread out on scaffolds, where it is left to dry, and picked clean of any "trash" that may be perceived mixed up with the cotton. Among the most characteristic scenes of plantation life is the returning of the hands at nightfall from the field, with their well-filled bas-



PICKING COTTON.

kets of cotton upon their heads. Falling unconsciously "into line," the stoutest leading the way, they move along in the dim twilight of a winter day with the quietness of spirits rather than human beings.

The "packing-room" is the loft of the gin-house, and is over the gin-stand. By this arrangement the cotton is conveniently shoved down a causeway into the "gin-hopper." We have spoken of the importance of Whitney's great invention, and we must now say that much of the comparative value of the staple of cotton depends upon the excellence of the cotton-gin. Some separate the staple from the seed far better than others, while all are dependent more or less for their excellence upon the judicious manner they are used. With constant attention, a gin-stand, impelled by four mules, will work out four bales of four hundred and fifty pounds each a day; but this is more than the average amount. Upon large plantations the steam-engine is brought into requisition, which, carrying any number of gins required, will turn out the necessary number of bales per day.

The *baling* of the cotton ends the labor of its production on the plantation. The power which is used to accomplish this end is generally a single but powerful screw. The ginned cotton is thrown from the packing-room down into a reservoir or press, which, being filled, is tramped down by the negroes engaged in the business. When a sufficient quantity has been forced by "foot labor" into the press, the upper door is shut down, and the screw is applied, worked by horse. By this process the staple becomes almost as solid a mass as stone. By previous arrangement, strong Kentucky bagging has been so placed as to cover the upper and lower side of the pressed cotton. Ropes are now passed round the whole and secured by a knot; a long needle and a piece of twine closes up the openings in the bagging; the screw is then run up, the cotton swells with tremendous power inside of its ribs of ropes—the baling is completed, and the cotton is ready for shipment to any part of the world.

Nothing would be more difficult than to give a correct idea of the profits arising from the cultivation of cotton. Statistics afford no certain data. The growing crop is liable to so many accidents, that the amount to be raised the current year can never be calculated with

any exactness, and the demand for cotton seems to vary with every ship arrival to this country from Europe. The difficulty of obtaining the number of bales of cotton that will be raised any given year is illustrated in a remarkable manner by the fact that certain commercial men in New York advertised for estimates of the "coming crop," and the result may be given as follows: The written opinions of two hundred and nine parties, scattered over the United States, were sent in and recorded, and between the lowest and highest estimate there was found to be *a range of one million four hundred thousand bales!*

A "great yield" is one thousand pounds of "seed cotton" to the acre, which makes two thirds of a bale of ginned cotton of four hundred and fifty pounds. Cases could be given where twice this quantity has been produced, but these examples would not be fair illustrations of the general production. The average of a bale of ginned cotton to every cultivated acre is set down by the most experienced planters as a very liberal reward for their labor. Ten acres of cotton and five acres of corn are considered the work of each "field hand;" yet five or six bales of cotton, of four hundred and fifty pounds to the hand, would greatly exceed the average production, for it will be found, on examination, that an average of two acres are cultivated in order to produce one bale.

LIFE ON THE PLANTATION.

The cultivation of the soil being the earliest as well as the noblest of pursuits, it seems to create a manliness and patriotism in those who follow it. The Southern planter presents the agriculturist in the most dignified form. He directs, he plows, he sows, he reaps, and yet he does nothing of mere physical labor. He has all the advantages that come from a familiarity with the open fields, combined with all the accomplishments that flow from elegant leisure. Surrounded with an overabundance of the necessaries of life, and, from his isolated position, ever glad to see the face of a friend or stranger, he has become proverbial throughout the world for his accomplished manners and unbounded hospitality.

In the cotton-packing season, when the lassitude of summer has given way to the invigorating influences of "an early frost," the planter and his guests frequently indulge in the manly sport of "following the hounds." Spirited horses and excellent fire-arms are in abundance, and the plantation-house presents a scene of rare excitement at the moment of the "start for the hunt." The neighing of horses, the yelping of hounds, the boisterous laughter of negroes, mingle together in strange but enlivening confusion.

CHASE OF THE FOX.

A fox-hunt is a matter of exercise as well as amusement, and is never considered perfect unless there is a fashionable "cit" along, who has been for years an accomplished sportsman in imagination, and now for the first time puts his theories into practice.

It is useless to deny it, the Metropolitan can not sit well upon his horse; and Pompey, who rides "bareback" in the rear, grins with ineffable delight at the exhibition; but the planter, of course, sees nothing the while. The retreat of Reynard is reached, and the pack is already insane with excitement. The young dogs "open," but the old ones pay no heed; presently "Leader," a dog of fame, examines the



CARRYING COTTON TO THE GIN



THE GIN-HOUSE.

earth about him, and for the first time seems absorbed in the business of the day; a moment more, he utters one clear, shrill cry of exultation, which is answered back by the dogs and men; the horses now rouse themselves, their eyes flash fire, and in another moment the beating hearts of all are sweeping over the broken landscape.

Now it is not to be supposed that fox hunting is not attended with its evils. It is followed at the season of the year when the ripening cotton is in perfection. A troop of mad-caps in full tilt across a cultivated "hundred-acre field" is at an expense of "a bale" at least; and there are certain unpoetical people who hear the ringing notes of the hound approaching from the distance with any other feelings than those of pleasure. Still, resistance would be useless, for public opinion rather claims it as a right than a favor to pursue the fox wherever he may run.

We knew an old gentleman, however, who, from his admitted and often demonstrated courage, and his patriarchal character, could enforce laws regarding *his* property upon "the boys" that were dead letters if invoked by younger men. Now this "fine old gentleman" determined to give all due notice of consequences to "trespassers," and so he posted, at favorable places along his fields, a printed exposition of the pains and penalties attending the breaking down of *his* fences, and destroying *his* property, more particularly by "the misdemeanor" of running foxes and hounds through the "said plantations."

Now it so happened that on a fine morning of the hunt we have briefly alluded to, that our fox-hunters, pushing pell-mell over brake and sward, were brought to a stand by these "official advertisements." The inconsiderate, either by youthful thoughtlessness or the excitement of the chase, leaped the frail barriers of the fence, when the more reflecting of the party called a halt, urged the deference due the feelings of the old gentleman, and at what little cost it would be to reach the hounds by turning the proscribed boundaries in their way; and, with a hearty response, in another instant away swept the foaming steeds down the road hard by. Now our old planter had heard the ominous cry of the hounds, and had gone out among his acres for the especial purpose of defending them from invasion. While riding about, the deep, shrill cry of the approaching pack, unconsciously to himself, struck chords that half a century before had so keenly vibrated in his own bosom. He leaned back upon his horse, his eyes flashed with unwonted fire, his nostrils dilated, and, as if by magic, he was young again; and, waving his hat aloft, he gave forth a wild note of encouragement to the pack, which, at the moment, like fleeing spirits swept his path. Then noticing the hunters, apparently at fault *by taking the road*, he galloped toward them, and, to their astonishment, pointed out the course of the chase with the handle of his riding-whip; and as the sportsmen leaped into his fields, again and again the notes of encouragement burst from the old man's heart, and thus exulting, away he went with the crowd, that knocked the cotton from the stalks until it wastefully covered the earth, and flew in the air, enveloping horse and rider like a driving storm of snow.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

The "cotton-picking season" is generally brought to a close by the middle of December. The crop ready for shipment, the negroes are permitted to relax from their labors, and are in fine spirits, because "the work of the year is finished." The Christmas holidays are strictly kept, and is the great gala season of the negro. It may be likened to the saturnalia of the Romans, modified by decency and decorum. The wagons and carts are at their service to carry their corn, fodder, chickens, and eggs to the neighboring city or village, "the return load" being made up of finery and luxuries for the feasts of the holidays. Invitations for exchange of visits are circulated among the negroes of different plantations; fiddlers are in demand; and dancing and merriment characterize the hours of night and day

At this season "the master" is seldom from home; his presence is needed to preserve order; but he never interferes, unless there be rude-



COTTON-GIN.—GINNING COTTON.



HAULING COTTON TO THE RIVER.

ness and violence, which is seldom the case. No people in the world are more polite and courteous than the negro while enjoying their "high life below stairs." They now drop their plantation names of Tom, Bill, Dick, and Cæsar, Moll, Kate, and Nancy, and use, in addressing one another, the prefix of Mister, Mistress, or Miss, as the case may be; and the highest compliment that can be paid them is to be called by the surnames of their masters. Splendid entertainments are now given, at which are served up the rarest dishes, and in a style sometimes surpassing the best exhibitions of the "master's house."

This may be more readily comprehended when it is known that, for the time being, the ladies of the family interest themselves in the amusements and entertainments of the negroes, giving superintendence to the making of pastry, the adornment of the tables, and whatever else will add to the refinement of the festivity. On such occasions, the "stately mistress" and her "aristocratic daughters" may be seen assisting, by every act of kindness, and displaying in the most charming way the family feeling and patriarchal character of our Southern institutions; while the negroes, on their part, never feel that they are duly and affectionately remembered unless the white family, or most of its members, are present, to witness and participate in their enjoyments. And perhaps the most amusing incidents of the holiday festivities are the toasts and speeches of the plantation beaus, and the affected diffidence and assumed refinement of the belles; they are always indicative of kind feeling, and sometimes most decidedly ludicrous. In these imitations of "white folks," some "sable wild flower," that it was supposed had never looked into a parlor, will put on airs that would be quite impressive amidst ton at Saratoga or Newport; while a "field nigger" will hit off some of the peculiarities of master, or of an eccentric visitor, that are instantly recognized, but had never been noticed before.

The festivities of Christmas commence at the break of day. Just as the light appears they form themselves into a procession, and preceded by a fiddle and a variety of rude instruments, above all of which is to be heard boisterous singing and laughing, they march round the

house, crying out at intervals, "Wake up! wake up! Christmas has come!" and repeating every expression of good-will and gratulation that comes to their minds. It is for the curious to trace this custom to its origin, for almost every nation has had its morning Christmas hymns. In "merrie old England," long before "America was discovered," its simple inhabitants, similar to the Southern negroes, had their day-break processions and songs for the benefit of their feudal lord.

In a short time the people of the house are astir, the family assemble in the great hall, and the delivering of presents begins. Coats, vests, and other articles of clothing are given to the men; head-handkerchiefs, dresses, and ribbons to the women; flour, sugar, tea, coffee, and other delicacies to all, and the whole of Christmas morning is a scene of joyous, "orderly confusion."

Illustrative of the humor of the negro, and the familiarity of the master on these festal occasions, is the anecdote of old Governor B., who addressed "a merry Christmas" to one of his old negroes. Uncle Mose, with a dignity that would have done honor to the best manners of "Old Virginia," turned to "his son Ben" and said, "Give Governor B. a picayune for his Christmas."

Now that we have insensibly wandered from our intention in illustrating the life of the great laborer in the "cotton field," perhaps a few more paragraphs devoted to the same subject may lighten the otherwise heavy pages of this article.

Negroes have a nice sense of the ridiculous, and enjoy a joke with keen relish. On one occasion, Judge —— was spending a few days at a plantation of a friend. The Judge was dignified, and, never trifling with others, he was particularly sensitive to any thing like a joke, if aimed at himself. During the Judge's visit, there was a plantation wedding, and the Judge desired, as a favor, that he might perform the ceremony, which was readily agreed to. As the procession was coming "from the quarters," one of "the guests of the house" put a half dollar in the hands of the groom, and told him, "As soon as the ceremony is over, step up before the family and the whole company, and give this to the Judge." The affair went off with much solemnity; when the negro advanced, and with a grave face handed the money to the Judge. The functionary looked confused, and, not comprehending the matter, asked, "What was the meaning of that?" The reply was, "The wedding fee, sir." The victim of the joke colored, became confused, a loud laugh ensued, and the "quarters" were made more than usually merry at the negro wit that quizzed the "big man" at the "white house."

Negroes have a very clear idea of justice, and when punishment is deserved, it is yielded to with a consciousness of its necessity. Negroes never complain as much of severity as they do of injustice and impulsiveness. Some of the best masters, and those most beloved by their slaves, are those who are proverbially strict, but conscientiously just. The negro, under such management, knows what he has to expect, and acts accordingly.

Among negroes themselves there is much wrangling. This arises from trading among themselves, and from jealousy. When a difficulty arises, and the master can not find out who is to blame, it is quite common to "hold a court," the master acting as judge. The complainant and defendant are each required to appear, produce their witnesses, and make their statements. It often happens that some smart, knowing fellow—as among white people—has been imposing upon some ignorant and trusting one. The cause is heard, and justice is rendered, and great rejoicing takes place that the right has triumphed over cunning.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF SLAVES.

On some plantations, Sunday is an idle and lounging day; on others, it is kept with proper observances. In many families, instead of having worship in the parlor on Sunday morning, the "whole family," which term in the South includes white and black, assemble in the "plantation chapel." These occasions are improved by the interchange of conversation and religious instruction. In the afternoon the negroes again assemble, when Divine service is performed by a regularly appointed intelligent clergyman. The sick and aged are particularly addressed, and after service, if thought useful, visited at their cabins.

The attention paid by planters to the religious instruction of their negroes yearly increases; the benefit is felt mutually by master and slave. The dependent becomes more moral, more trustworthy, more industrious; the superior has less solicitude, and the gratification of witnessing happy reformations. Some of the most worthy and intelligent clergymen of the South devote much of their time, and in some instances all of it, to the religious instruction of the slave. The religious feelings of the negro are easily touched and excited. If not properly directed, they become superstitious and fanatical; if intelligently dealt with, they form clear and practical views of morality and religion.

A gentleman who was very attentive to the religious instruction of his slaves, was a good deal distressed at hearing one or two flagrant delinquencies "on his place." He called up one of his most faithful people, and expressed his mortification that, notwithstanding all his care, and the expense he went to in procuring them religious instruction, he had heard of several cases of highly improper conduct; and concluded by remarking that he did not believe that the negroes were better than before they had preaching. The old man answered as follows: "You see, massa, the thing is jest this; a heap of things used to go on before dat you didn't know nothen about: *but now*, when any thing

goes wrong, it gets to your hearin' 'mediately; we aint badder, but we are more honest in tellin' you de truth."

ENGLAND AND INDIA COTTON.

The great question in the future regarding cotton that remains to be solved, is, Will the time ever come when England can supply herself from her India possessions? It is not a fact that she is now a great consumer of our staple; what she receives from us in raw cotton is nearly all again shipped to other countries in the form of manufactured goods; for more than half of England's export trade depends upon cotton alone. It can not be denied that England is struggling to release herself from her dependence upon us. The energies of her greatest statesmen are concentrated to accomplish this object; and if it is ever consummated, the epoch of the official announcement of the fact by the British government, it is conceived, will be celebrated by the nation with all the enthusiasm that characterizes to us the annual return of the birth-day of our national independence.

Great Britain has ever made the growth of cotton, not only in her dependencies, but with friendly nations favorably situated for raising it, a source of constant encouragement. On the Gold Coast of Africa her agents have supplied the native chiefs with seed; and it is said they annually increase the quantity in cultivation. In New South Wales, announces "a philanthropist," cotton can be raised to any considerable extent, and capital is at once applied to produce it upon the rich banks of the rivers of Australia. But to India England looks with the greatest hope; and as her statesmen cunningly devise ways and means for the maintenance of her greatness from the decaying resources of the present, her future is made prophetic of continued power, because they feel that on the banks of the Ganges and Burrampooter, and their tributaries, lie sources of inexhaustible wealth.

It is asserted "that the Great Republic owns the cotton-growing region of the world." That there lies within the United States the most favored land and climate, there can not be a doubt, but, strange as it may appear, India produces, even now, more cotton annually than the "Southern States." From time immemorial "the East" has been celebrated for the production of cotton, and it is but comparatively a few years since that the whole world was supplied with the staple from her inexhaustible fields.

It is true that certain known experiments upon the lands of India to raise cotton have not been successful. "Mississippi River planters" and unacclimated seed have failed, and the fact has been announced without qualification and without explanation. Yet it is nevertheless true that "interior India," beyond the source of profitable exportation to commerce, annually manures its soil with unappropriated and almost spontaneously-grown cotton, that would, if gathered and brought to market, crowd the warehouses of Liverpool, and clog the mills of Manchester. The idea of raising cotton upon lands in India convenient to the naturally-formed channels of intercommunication with Europe has been abandoned; but England is not discouraged, for she is about to overcome natural obstacles by the creative power of Art. Already is announced in her "official journal" a project of rail-roads, steamers, and electric telegraphs, that will, when completed, for the first time open to the commerce of the Christian world the unappreciable agricultural wealth of the heart of Asia. Following these great improvements will be the introduction of the gin-stand into every Hindoo village, and the incentive will be given for scores of millions of people to bring their surplus labor in competition with the American planter.*

It is within the memory of those living when the first bale of cotton was exported from our Southern States to England. Should we then be surprised if, in the startling changes of the nineteenth century, it may be within the memory of thousands now living when India shall even more rapidly increase her exportations, and take our place as the great producer of the raw material?

FACTS WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.

The arguments adduced by some to show the impossibility of such an event, and the levity

* "There is nothing so remarkable in the present age as its zeal for great public works and material improvements. To develop the resources of a country is now understood to be among the first duties of its inhabitants. The vast achievements of the American States, the railway enterprise of England, and, we may fairly add, of Germany, the great improvement in physical science, and the increasing attention to the comforts and welfare of the multitude, have all caused the performances of the East India Company to be estimated in 1853 by a far higher standard than that which regulated the expectations of 1833. The Governor-General has sent home, for the adoption of the home government, a large and comprehensive plan of rail-ways for India, which, if carried out in its integrity, will effect the greatest and most sudden revolution in the habits, the commerce, and the resources of India that ever fell upon any country in the world. An agricultural and thickly-peopled country, without roads or internal communication of any kind, is an anomaly which it is hard to understand—famine in one place, glut in another, misery in all, no outlet for surplus produce, no inlet for external manufactures, every thing extravagantly dear, except what is grown on the spot, and that in ordinary years ruinously cheap, and in years of scarcity absolutely unattainable. The tax on salt, of which we have heard so much, is nothing as an element in the price compared with the enormous cost of carriage. To open a rail-way through India is to call a new world into existence—to reunite to the world districts almost as effectually separated from it as if they had been placed in another planet. The efficiency of government will be enormously increased, the powers of control and supervision immensely augmented, the necessity for retaining so large a body of men under arms greatly diminished. The government of India has rightly felt that these great objects are not to be attained by a timid or partial development of the rail-way system; that rail-ways, as a whole, can not fail, though, if treated in detail, they easily may; that we must move altogether if we move at all, and, beginning on as many different points as possible, and urging the work forward with the utmost possible zeal and assiduity, endeavor to make up by present vigor for past negligence and indecision."—*London Times.*

with which the consequences to the cotton-growing interests of the South are treated by others, do not keep the true political economist and patriot from reflection; and it is a consoling fact, that frequently a comparatively new direction given to industry produces good and not evil; and it may be in the course of Providence, that what would free Great Britain from purchasing the products of our Southern fields, would render us independent of her mills, and the superior and unequal profits of manufacturing over agricultural labor would accrue to us; and still possessing the advantage, forever denied England, of having our spindles beside our plow, we should be able to undersell the manufactures of England, not only in the opening marts of China, Japan, and all the distant seas, but in all the ports of her own vast empire, which triumph we must achieve to give the last blow to effective rivalry; for, this accomplished, we have no parallel, and can boast of lacking no element of enduring national greatness.

CONCLUSION.

Within the last few years the cotton planters have had "their conventions," and we have in these "signs of the times"—whatever may have been the result—an evidence of a growing community of feeling, that is bound to increase until the cotton-growing states understand and practice what is to their true interests.

Georgia has set an example of wisdom, and very soon she will possess within herself so completely all the elements of empire, that she might be forever separated from the surrounding world, and yet flourish with unexampled prosperity. Upon her hilltops begin to smoke the wealth-achieving furnace; the buzz of the cotton spindle mingles with the whisperings of her clear blue streams; the "iron horse" is far and wide circulating her products; her heretofore isolated population is beginning to feel that a market is created for "home industry," and that Georgia could, if the demand was made, make her shipments of unginned cotton as obsolete as is now the shipment of cotton in the seed. What cares such a state whether a foreign country enriches itself by spinning her cotton? The staple is produced by the wearing labor of the muscles of men, defiant of malaria, and regardless of fever-breeding heat—the easier, and *quadruply* more profitable work of manufacturing, by the never-tiring engine, and the sinews of the spindle and loom, is at her command. Georgia has but to grasp the sceptre, and she is commercially free.

Will her sister states, so rich in agricultural products, and which are equally interested with her in the cultivation of the "great staple," imitate her example? If they do so, "the South" will become, in the natural course of things, the most independent portion of our extending empire, and thus forever hold the benefits of a great cotton monopoly in her hands.

THE RAVEN.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

FROM my earliest to my latest days, I have always had a peculiar delight in what I may call "the society of mere animals." By that term, I mean the members of that part of creation which are termed in Holy Writ "the brutes that perish," and to which the general opinion of mankind denies the privilege of soul. Perhaps it is so; perhaps they have not souls; for I have come to the conclusion, after much pondering and some observation, that here below we have not a double but a triple existence, and that, however intimately linked together in our human nature, body, intellect, and soul are distinct entities.

I can conceive, then, that "the brutes that perish" have no soul, although many of them display intellectual qualities equal to those of man, and perceptive qualities—probably (if we could see deep enough) entirely corporeal—often greatly superior. Nevertheless, their habits, their faculties, their strange approximation to the human creature—the share of reason and even imagination which many of them possess, have always been to me matters of deep interest and study.

When I was a mere boy, I had innumerable pets, living the short life of all such slaves of childhood, and succeeded immediately by others. I remember some scores of owls and starlings, dogs and squirrels, parrots and dormice; but they afforded me, I believe, a different kind of amusement from that which they generally furnish to children. They set me thinking, observing, analyzing. They all had to me a spirit, as it were; and although I had never, at that time, heard of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, it seemed to me that somehow they were akin to me. As I grew up, I loved to discover some resemblance between the bird or beast and persons whom I knew—sometimes in the mere shape of the face and head, sometimes in the expression, sometimes in the traits of character. I believed and still believe that there are in the vast creation of things seen and unseen, links of sympathy, harmonies, relationships, which escape the eye of coarse observers, and I fondly hoped to make something out of the enigma by much study.

One of my early pets, and one which remained longest with me, was a raven, proverbially enduring and long lived. He was hardly fledged when I bought him of a man who sold birds in Covent Garden Market in those days; but as he advanced in life he grew troublesome, and was removed to a house belonging then to my father (now my own), some ten miles from London. One wing was clipped, to prevent my erratic friend from absconding; and there he lived for many years, while I passed through the schoolboy stage of life, seeing him occasionally during the holidays, and onward till I attained maturity and middle age.

Various were the mischievous tricks which

Ralph—the invariable name of a raven—played, various the offenses he committed, and at first he run great risk of having his neck twisted for his depredations; but gradually the servants began to find out that his pranks might prove a vail for their own, and that Ralph might be made the scapegoat of many sins. If any thing was lost it was sure to be the raven that took it; and yet, when he was threatened with capital punishment, all voices were raised to intercede in his behalf.

A very provident gentleman was Master Ralph. Every fragment of his dinner, over and above what he thought fit to consume, was carefully buried for future use; and, with the true spirit of a miser, he would hide in strange holes and corners any glistening piece of metal he could lay his beak upon. The story of the maid and the magpie was too well known for the servants to run any risk in consequence of his depredations, though, as I have stated, he might sometimes be brought into peril in consequence of theirs. He was mightily pugnacious, too; and if any one approached one of his hiding-places, he would attack them boldly with his formidable bill, and peck their feet till he forced them to retire.

One year the gardener forgot to cut his wing after moulting, and away he flew, greatly to my consternation, though I was then more than one-and-twenty; but Ralph had become so accustomed to the place—all his associations were so entirely there—that after enjoying his liberty for an hour or two, he returned at the usual hour of being fed, and hopped about the garden as familiarly as ever.

I gave strict orders that no one should scare by attempting to catch him, and a sort of tacit convention was entered into between himself and me, to the effect that he should be free to come and go as he pleased, provided he did not forsake his old home, and that he should be regularly fed upon his return.

Unlike most of the human race, he did not abuse his privilege; but, on the contrary, seeming to comprehend at once his position, he made himself quite at ease, frequented the garden, hopped into the kitchen, eyed every thing with knowing and concupiscent eye, and pecked the feet, as usual, of those who approached too near his storehouses.

Thus matters proceeded for some years. Time pressed upon me; sorrows and cares bowed me, and the wearing of mind upon body was sometimes heavily felt. Often I would escape from the city or the crowd—often I would return from foreign travel to that old country-house, and strive to let my thoughts rest in quiet. And there, as in a summer evening I would sit out in the garden under an old apple-tree that grew there, my friend Ralph would frequently hop up to my feet, and turning his head on one side, would look shrewdly up in my face as if inquiring what I was meditating.

But let me say a word or two of that old house without attempting to describe it accurately. It was built, I suppose, about the beginning of the reign of George the Third, though it might have seen that monarch's grandfather. It is neither very large nor very commodious; but it does well enough for me; and its tall rooms, each almost square, with its grave-looking red face, suit the humor in which I usually seek its seclusion. It looks, in its grave straightness, so like a gentleman of a century ago, that I am sometimes inclined to think that the only thing it wants is a periwig. There is a quaint lawn behind it of some extent, partly filched from the kitchen garden; and I suppose that it is to that circumstance I must attribute the persistence of the old apple-tree I have mentioned, which has been spared by former owners, probably from some affections or associations now long forgotten.

Heaven help us, how many sacred feelings and dear memories are blotted out by time!

Beyond the lawn is the kitchen garden, with three walks running up all the length, and several others crossing them, forming squares surrounded by fruit trees *en espalier*, bearing delicate pears and apples. The lawn and the garden—as well, indeed, as the ground the house stands upon, and the little flower garden in front—are all let into a wide and very wild common, but not at all near the centre thereof. On the contrary, behind the garden, and on the western side, the space of open ground between the fence and the next hedge-row is not more than three hundred yards in width. But, on the east, the common extends some mile and a half, to a village, the church steeple of which may be seen rising over the inequalities of the ground. A clean sandy road runs in front, with a neat country house or two, and some small, tidy cottages on the other side.

The village church itself is a curious old building, of the reign of one of the Edwards. The pavement of the nave is raised a good deal above the level of the church-yard, so that one is obliged to enter by steps; and underneath is what has once been evidently the crypt, though it is now called "the vaults," and in these vaults repose the mortal remains of several families in the neighborhood, some coffins dating back as far as the reign of Elizabeth, while others are much more modern. None, however, are very recent, for the last heir of the last noble family that had a right to bury there fell in battle, in 1813, and the grated door has never been opened to admit a coffin since. Through that grated door, when the sun, due southwest, shines between the two old yew trees upon that side of the church, one can see far into the crypt, among the tattered velvet, and shreds of gold lace, and tinsel coronets, with which the friends of the dead have bedecked their last resting-place. It always struck me with a sort of homily feeling—the vanities of death shut out from the vanities of life, by the rusty old bars of that grated door.

The old sexton was an oddity in his way, as I have remarked old sextons very often are; but he was a shrewd, cunning, worldly old man, with hanging lower eyelids, showing the red lining thereof. He boasted of having been very handsome in his day; and his son, who bore some resemblance to him, certainly was handsome. But the father had lost all beauty, and the son, who was a purser on board a man-of-war, I never liked. I am not sure what it was I did not like, but it was a something tangible enough to instinct, though perhaps not to reason.

Let it be recollected that this is no afterthought: that this instinctive dislike existed from the first moment I saw him, which was some where about the year 1826, when he had returned from a cruise, with a good deal of money—at least all the villagers said so. It is marked to memory by peculiar circumstances. There was then a young girl in the village, an exceedingly pretty young girl, with small, delicate features, and beautiful brown eyes, the daughter of the apothecary, who died the year before, leaving a very considerable fortune for a man in his walk in life. She was about nineteen; and her father, by some strange whim, had thought fit to name me her guardian, an office which I had never sought, but did not think fit to refuse. Poor thing! she wanted some one to take care of her. She was very gentle, and very confiding—not without character, however, though unwilling to pain the meanest of God's creatures.

Poor Mary Bell! how well I remember her.

But it is in connection with her that my repugnance to Dick Cumberland first displayed itself. He came up to the house one day, with his confident and yet rather uneasy air, to ask my consent to his paying his addresses to Mary Bell; and talked a good deal of his means, and the money he had made. I asked if she had directed him to apply to me; but he acknowledged that she had not, talking very properly, however, and saying, that he thought it most decorous to ask my consent, in the first place, before he explained himself to her.

I had no objection to make, but yet I could not get over my dislike to him; and I told him it would be better to wait till she was of age, when she could judge for herself—getting rid of him somewhat unceremoniously.

I cross-questioned her too, as closely as an old bachelor could venture upon with a young ward; and I found no reason to suppose that she had the slightest predilection for him. Thus I returned to town without any misgivings, and was very little in the country for some time.

It was in the autumn of 1828 that, fatigued in mind and body, I returned to my lonely dwelling, intending to abstract myself entirely from all care, anxiety and labor; and the first day passed quietly enough. I contented myself with repose, asked after nobody, cared for nobody, walked about my garden, examined my house, enjoyed my newspaper, and was almost vexed when the curate came in to take a glass of wine with me after dinner. I suppose that was his object, for he came just as the dessert was put upon the table, and if he did not gain much from me, he certainly gave nothing in exchange. He was the quietest man I ever saw—provokingly quiet.

The next day, however, perfect repose was too perfect, and I begun to busy myself about various matters. I had not long to endure tranquillity, for the noon stage brought me a visitor in the shape of the son of my old friend Sharp. He was a young lieutenant in the navy, as active as a monkey, and as little disposed to rest. In an hour he had run over the whole house and grounds, and then he walked out upon the common. By the time he came back, he had seen almost every body in the village, and among the rest young Dick Cumberland and Mary Bell. The former had sailed in the same ship with him, and Charles—that was the boy's name—said he was a good sort of fellow enough. He had, however, told my young friend of a pretended engagement between himself and Mary Bell, and Charles had insisted upon being taken to see her.

"She's a sweet pretty creature," said the boy, "a great deal too good for Dick Cumberland—not that he is altogether a bad fellow, but I would rather be his commanding officer than his wife. I think I could fall in love with her myself, if I were to try hard."

I do not know whether he did try hard or not; but I know he staid four days, and every day he went over to the village.

When he returned to town I missed him a good deal, for he was a blithe, cheerful creature, pleasant to the eye, and well able to wile away an hour or two with tales of many lands—none better.

After he went, his words in regard to Dick Cumberland returned to my mind, and I thought it but right to go to my pretty little ward, and see a little what she was doing. I spoke to her about her lover; but she denied, with an honest blush, there was any thing like an engagement between them.

"Oh no," she said, "she had no thought of marrying such a person."

There was a little pride in her tone, and, Heaven forgive me, I said nothing to take it down. I spoke to her about my young friend Charles, and for some reason or another the color grew deeper in her cheek than ever. She said little about him indeed, but the schoolmistress at whose house she lodged, told me he had been there every day, and called him "a charming young gentleman."

The dog had a terrible way of winning old women's hearts, as well as young ones.

Two days after I had a note from Mary telling me that she intended to go to London for a day or two, to escape a persecution that annoyed her. She mentioned no name, but I

easily understood what she meant, and I put myself in the coach with her, as she was now of age, and it was time I should give up to her the command of her own property. She had an old maiden cousin living in London, and at her house we settled accounts.

She was looking exceedingly lovely that day, and there was a sort of graceful timidity about her as she took possession of what was her own, and a warm-hearted fervor as she thanked me for my care, which marked that parting interview with sweet and harmonious colors.

The next day I returned to my old house, to carry out the scheme of relaxation, which had suffered a little interruption. But, I know not how it was, time wore heavily with me. I was restless; I was uneasy without cause. My sleep was troubled with evil dreams, my waking thoughts were melancholy. I read a good deal to amuse my mind; but, as if by a power beyond myself, I was driven to choose books of sombre import. I remember Blair's Grave was one of them, and Charles Lamb's pathetic tale of poor Rosamond Gray, another.

The evening of the 7th September was one of the most beautiful I ever beheld. I shall never forget it. There were clouds enough following the sun in his decline to gather up all the scattered rays, but not to impede them; and all the glories of an autumnal sunset were drawing near, when I walked out upon the lawn and seated myself in a garden chair, beneath the old apple-tree. I had a book in my hand, but I did not look at it; gazing over the sky toward the west, and meditating upon the themes which sunset always suggests to my mind—life, death, and immortality. As I gazed, I saw flying toward me, through the golden air, my old friend Ralph; and I said to myself, "he is coming to take up his nightly rest in the old elm-tree."

I was mistaken, however. The elm-tree was quite at the end of the garden, and he came on toward the lawn. He had something, too, in his bill. I could see it distinctly as he came nearer and nearer, but I could not make out what it was. In my fanciful mood I said to myself, "Perhaps he is coming to feed me in my solitude as his ancestors did with the prophet of old;" and I laughed with that sort of grim feeling which a joke excites when we are gloomy. But he did not come as far as my feet, dropping just on the other side of the haha, which separated the lawn from the garden, with a hop and a bound. Still I could not see what it was he carried in his bill; but I could plainly perceive it glitter in the rays of the setting sun.

My curiosity was somewhat roused, but I did not stir, sitting apathetically and watching him, while he dug a hole to hide his prize. Sometimes I compared him, in my fancy, to a grave-digger, and called him Sexton Ralph; sometimes I tried to picture to myself all the sights and scenes of the places where he gathered his banquets—the murderer's gibbet; the lost traveler's moor-side grave; the church-yard; the lone sea beach. I made myself shudder. I loved him not; and calling him a foul marauder, I went through the little gate to see what he was about.

Divining my intentions, and having as great an abhorrence to the discovery of any of his secrets as a scurvy politician, he hopped toward me, and, after first giving a warning look up in my face with one eye, he bestowed upon my feet sundry pecks with his tremendous bill, which effectually repelled me.

"What is it to me?" I asked; "the bird, like man, is stout in the defense of his unrighteous gains," and then, covering my retreat with a sneer, I went back into the house. I had marked well, however, the exact spot where he had hidden his treasure by a dwarf pear-tree, and I determined, sometime or another, to dig and examine.

Other things occurred to make me forget my resolution. On the following afternoon the schoolmistress came up to say something funny, as she termed it, had happened. She had received a note, she said, from Miss Bell, telling her that she would be down by the coach, and bring her the money that she wanted without fail.

"Now, Lord bless the dear child," said the good lady, "I don't want any money, and I can't tell what she means. Besides, the morning coach has been down these three hours, and she has not come by that, nor by the evening coach last night."

"To-morrow will probably explain, Mrs. Gregory," I answered, without attaching much importance to the subject at the moment; "something has most likely prevented her from coming; and as to the money, she is a liberal-hearted girl, and perhaps thinks you want it, though you don't."

The old lady shook her head with a grave air and went away, and she was hardly gone when I began to trouble myself about her intelligence, and to think the circumstances more strange than they had appeared at first. "What could have put it in the girl's head," I asked myself, "that old Mrs. Gregory wants money! All the world knows she is very well off. Can any one have deceived her by false intelligence! If so, what can be the object?"

Now the coach passed just on the other side of the hedge, which I have described as within three hundred yards of the eastern end of the garden, and gradually diverging from a straight line toward the village, dropped its passengers for that place at the distance of little more than half a mile from the church. So ringing the bell, I told my old man-servant Paul to go out upon the road, at the time the coach passed, to stop it, and if he did not find Miss Bell in it, to ask the coachman if he had seen any thing of her.

I did not choose to go myself, for nothing

has so absurd an appearance as needless anxiety.

A full half-hour before the time, Paul set out upon his errand, and I betook myself to my seat upon the lawn again, endeavoring to persuade myself that I was not the least anxious in the world. I teased myself with a great number of conjectures, however, and listened with all my ears for the coach.

I heard it coming just as the sun was about a hand's breadth above the horizon; but at that very moment I saw the raven once more winging his flight toward me. I know not how I came to give way to such a folly, but I said in my heart, "It is a bad omen."

I heard the coach stop, but my eyes were upon the bird; and once more I perceived he had something in his bill—a good deal larger than that which he carried the night before. What strange undefinable link of connection established itself in my mind between that bird and Mary Bell, I can not say; but I felt that there was one; and starting up, I determined I would see what he carried. I cut myself a switch from one of the shrubs, while he lighted at a little distance, and thus armed I crept behind the low trees, hoping to catch him in the act of burying his prize; but he was too cunning for me, espied me in a moment, and coming up with prodigious hops, again attacked my feet.

I would not be baffled now, however, and I applied the switch to his broad back and half-extended wings with more fury than the case deserved. He gave me one tremendous peck even after I had struck him, but another blow of the switch drove him to take wing, and I darted on to the place near which he had lighted. I hunted about among the current bushes for a moment or two before I could discover any thing worthy of attention; but then what was my horror to behold, protruding from the ground, where he had commenced digging, a long lock of wavy nut-brown hair, some of its curls as glossy as in life, but others dabbled with clay, and, it seemed to me, with blood.

I shook in every limb; and for a moment or two I could not make up my mind to examine further; but at length I stooped down, and drew the ringlet out of the ground. There was human flesh attached to it. It had evidently been torn from a dead body. Poor Mary Bell! I knew no one, but her, who had hair like that. But as I gazed at it with feelings of horror, and grief unspeakable, the raven croaked hoarsely from the tree where he had perched, as if triumphing in the result of my satisfied curiosity.

I was half inclined to go into the house for a gun, and shoot him.

Just then I heard the sound of quick steps coming across the lawn. Paul was seeking me, but I had given up all hope. I knew he would bring me no good news. Those which he did bring, only served to confirm my worse fears, though he knew not, poor man, that I entertained any. He came up with quite a cheerful air, saying, "Miss Mary is in the village, Sir. Styles says he brought her down last night."

Then he saw what I had in my hand, and exclaimed, "Lord, Sir! that's a lock of hair. Where did it come from?"

"The bird brought it," I answered; and then the remembrance of the night before coming back upon my mind, I added, "quick, Paul, bring a spade. The wretched animal brought something last night, and buried it by that pear-tree. We must see what it is—my heart misgives me, Paul—my heart misgives me."

The old man stood and shook. He saw what was in my mind—perhaps recognized the ringlet. But the next moment he darted away faster than I thought he could run, and, in a moment or two, came back with a spade.

"Here's the place, Sir," he said, standing by the pear-tree, "he's been digging here lately. I know *his* marks quite well."

"Dig away," I said; and he threw out one shovel full. I turned it over with my foot, and something glistened among the earth. It was a broach: a broach I had given to the poor child, some two years before.

"There is no hope left," I said; "she is gone—it is too clear!"

"Miss Mary?" asked the old man, with a tremulous voice.

"Ay," I said; "she has either been murdered, or met with some dreadful accident."

"Let me go for the constable!" cried Paul.

"Stay," I said, "let me think—what lies between the place where the coach stops, and the village?"

"Nothing, Sir, but the road over the common," answered the old man, "and the bit of copse, with the sand-pit in it, and then the road again, and Mr. Levi's house, and then the church—which way did Ralph come, Sir? Did you see him fly?"

I then remembered that, on the previous evening, the bird had come exactly from the direction of the copse he talked of. But this night his course had been more from the village. He might have turned in his flight however; and at all events it was necessary to do something.

I walked down to the village at once with old Paul, got hold of a magistrate, the constable, and several other men; and taking lanterns, for it was now dark, we sallied forth, pursuing the road from the church toward the place where the coach usually deposited its passengers. Young Dick Cumberland, who had just returned from London by the coach, accompanied us, and his father hobbled after. The young man said he had called upon poor Mary, that morning in London, but was told she had come down by the stage. We all forgot to go and ask at old Mrs. Gregory's; but it would have been no good, if we had remembered, for she never set foot in those doors again.

We searched the whole road along, and the ground on every side, from the village to the copse, a distance of about half a mile; but we discovered nothing. We then searched the copse and the sand-pit; but there was nothing there. On the edge of the sand-pit, just where the road ran along it, young Cumberland fancied he saw drops of blood, and I traced, what I thought was the print of a woman's foot, but the road was very hard, and many people passed along daily. The drops of blood were pronounced no drops of blood, by the surgeon, on the following morning, and we found the traces of what might or might not be women's feet, going all ways along the road. The next day we searched the whole common, we made all sorts of inquiries in the village, and I myself went to London, and saw poor Mary's old cousin. The result of all was only to render the business more dark. Not a trace of her was discovered in the country, and the cousin could only tell, that she had received a letter which seemed to vex her, and that shortly after, she had said that she must run down to see "poor Mrs. Gregory;" but would return the following day. It appeared, however, that she had gone to her banker's—old friends of her father's and of myself—and had drawn out six hundred pounds.

Every one was sad and puzzled; and it did seem as if the gloomy effect produced upon the whole village would never pass away. Those who thought so, however, were very much mistaken. Every thing passes away. In less than a fortnight people began to think of other things—except one or two, who could not shake off the weight so easily.

I myself determined I would not rest till I had found out the depth of the mystery. How, was the question. I had no resource but the raven, yet I fancied he might lead me right at last. He was not likely to abandon his fell repasts so long as there was a frail fragment of the soul-abandoned tenement remaining. He, only he, knew where the body lay, and could tell if he would speak; but it was only by watching all his movements, that one could get evidence from him, and to watch them with effect, was very difficult. He had grown very shy since he had received chastisement, seldom lighted in the garden, and kept himself the greater part of each day, upon the old tree, which he had chosen for his resting-place, for the preceding eighteen, or twenty years. He would put down his head and spread his wings, and make his usual hoarse, mournful noise, when he saw any one whom he knew in the garden. But there seemed a sort of cunning consciousness about him, that his flight was observed, which was very curious. Sometimes, when all eyes were off him, he departed from his perch, and would return toward dusk; but he always took a long rambling sort of flight round, before he lighted again, as if to be sure that there was no one watching him. One could almost have fancied that he was in league with the murderers.

In the mean while, as I have said, the excitement created by the first discovery of poor Mary Bell's disappearance died away with every one but myself and two others. One was the parson of the parish, a very excellent but somewhat dull man. He had always seemed to me somewhat selfish—selfish in small things. But his deep persisting interest in the dear lost girl, and in all that concerned her, redeemed his character in my estimation, and we used often to meet and discuss every particular of the event with unavailing efforts to arrive at some clew to the labyrinth of thought into which it had plunged us. The other was young Dick Cumberland. He did not talk of it so much; indeed, he did not willingly follow the topic when it was introduced. A few words, stern, low, and emphatic—a suggestion as to some inquiry that had not been made—a gloomy reference to some past event, were all that he gave utterance to. He did not at all parade his grief—he rather sought to conceal it. But yet his deep melancholy was very evident; it preyed upon—it consumed him. I used to meet him walking alone, with his hands behind his back and his eyes bent down upon the ground, the picture of despair; but his walks were all at a distance from the spot where the terrible event must have happened. He would walk along the public road between my house and the village, or on the other side of the village, and often he would pass those he knew best without even seeming to see them. Sometimes he would stand for an hour with crossed arms, leaning upon a gate and looking dully over into a field. All the purposes of life seemed gone for him, and nothing left but the dull, hard blank of existence.

I felt sincere compassion for the young man, and thought it a duty to do the best I could to give him consolation, and to lure him back, as it were, to resignation. I asked him to dine with me, but he said he was not fit. "I am a sad, gloomy companion, Sir," he answered; "I should only make you melancholy. However, if you will permit me, I will come in some evening when I feel a little lighter than usual, and sit an hour with you, if you are quite alone."

I tried to reason with him against yielding to repining, and tried both the mere worldly and the religious arguments suited to the case. To the first he listened in silence; but to the second he answered, "I have not been religiously brought up, Sir. I am sorry for it—very sorry for it; but so it is; and I fear that I can not mend now."

Indeed, I had remarked that he was seldom at church—never, indeed, now; nor had he been very regular before. This made me more sorry for him still, and I pressed him to come often.

"We both loved her, Mr. Cumberland," I said, "and we may console each other."

"I did love her—I did love her, indeed!" he answered as he turned away, and I never saw such a look of anguish as then crossed his face.

Two evenings after—it was just a fortnight after the poor girl disappeared, and it had been a sad, rainy day, going off into a misty drizzle toward the afternoon—they told me that the rain had come into some of the upper chambers of the house, and I went up to see. There had not been much damage done, and when I had examined it I turned to the window and looked out. It was as melancholy an atmosphere as ever I beheld, gray and cold like the cheek of death; but one could see through it distinctly enough, and, indeed, the objects at a distance seemed magnified with hazy, indefinite outlines, like figures in a horrid dream. I could see the dripping trees in the garden and the hedgerow on the left, and the church steeple, with the part of the nave which rose over a slope in the ground, looked taller than usual, like an enormous giraffe painted upon the leaden background of cloud. I felt chilly at the very aspect of the scene, but yet I stood and gazed, and presently I saw a sort of bustling flapping in the tree where the raven roosted. It had already lost some of its leaves. The moment after, the bird emerged from among the branches, and took his flight directly away from me toward the village. He did not suspect that he was watched, and there was no concealment about him now. Straight on he flew, as if intending to light upon the church steeple; but before he reached it he rose a little, and then descended with a heavy swoop. The spot where he lighted, I knew, must be in the church-yard. It wanted about an hour of sunset, and I resolved to stay and watch, without ever taking my eyes off the place where I had seen him go down. It was the most tiresome task I ever set myself, but still I kept it up with an eager anxiety I can not describe. It seemed to me as if the secret was at length about to be disclosed—as if the clew to the mystery was almost within my grasp, and I stood like a statue, with my eyes fixed upon that one spot for at least twenty minutes. I could see a shade come over the sky—a darker hue pervade the air, and I feared that before he appeared again night would be too far advanced to discover whence he rose distinctly. Just then, however, I saw a black object rise between me and the church, nearer to the building than the spot where he had gone down, and a little to the left of it. I thought it might not be the same bird, and remained watching. It was the raven, though now the cunning creature took a circuitous flight, whirling away to the right over the cottages before he came home to his tree. The very manœuvre, however, convinced me that he had betrayed his secret—that the place of his ghoul-like banquet was in the church-yard, and very near the church. It is strange we had never thought of seeking for the dead in the place of the dead. I saw him light in his tree, and then went down stairs resolved to go and examine that very night. Before I reached the library, however, some one rung the bell, and I paused upon the lowest step to see who it was. Paul opened the door to young Richard Cumberland, and I beckoned him hastily into the library. There I told him what I had seen, and informed him that I was going at once to the church-yard.

"I will go with you," he said quite calmly; but then he added, "I think we shall be disappointed. Two Sundays have passed, and if there had been any thing there, the people coming and going must have discovered it."

"True," I answered, "but the bird certainly lighted there, and rose from there. The ground is wet, and we shall be able to trace his feet. Stay, we had better have a lantern."

"We can get one at my father's," he replied, in a dull tone, "it would make the people stare to see us walking along the road with a light."

What he said was true, and only staying to put on my great coat, I set out upon our gloomy business. He walked by my side with a heavy firm tread, and nothing but his deep silence betrayed the agitation I knew he must feel, till we were near his father's house, and then, somewhat to my consternation, he gave a short low laugh, apparently at something passing in his own thoughts. I feared his brain must be turned with the bitter grief he had endured, and doubted whether it was wise to go on with him. But there were one or two houses within call of the church-yard, and I am not accustomed to give way to fear.

At his father's door we stopped, and I remained without while he went in for a lantern. He staid long, I thought, but at length he came forth with the light in his hand. I could not see his face, but he held the lantern quite steadily.

"Now, let me lead," said I; "for I marked the spot where the bird lighted and where it rose so accurately, that I am certain we shall find marks of him."

"Lead on!" he answered.

Entering the little side door next his father's house, we crossed toward the old yew-trees, and about twenty yards before we reached them I stopped, saying. "He came down near here."

Dick Cumberland held down the lantern; but at first we could see nothing but the glistening of the light upon the little plashy path which led to the gate of the old crypt, or "the vaults," as it was called. A moment after, however, I caught sight of the broad marks of the raven's feet, and we traced them on—on up the path, right to the iron grate I have mentioned. His hand shook enough now; but we came to nothing as yet, such as I expected to find. I was truly sorry for him.

"Hold up the light," I said, "let us look in."

He held it up, and slowly the rays penetrated the gloom as I gazed between the bars. There was nothing to be seen within, however, but the

mouldering coffins, and the tatters of crimson velvet and gold lace with the dust of years upon them.

I then took the lantern from his hand to ascertain more exactly in which direction the last footmarks of the bird had turned. But now came a new discovery. The gate ended with a bar below, into which the other perpendicular bars were let, and, at the corner where the irons hinged upon the stone door-post, I perceived a little pile of earth dug out, and numerous traces of the bird's feet. It was clear he had enlarged the aperture beneath the door, so as to make his way into the vault.

"We have found it out at last," I cried, pointing out to him the circumstances I had remarked.

"You have, indeed!" he answered in a tone that made me instantly look up in his face. He was standing with his arms crossed upon his chest, his eyes fixed upon the spot at which I had been looking, and an expression on his countenance full of strange, stern, gloomy wonder. Suddenly he gave a start, took the light out of my hand, and bent down his head almost to the little hillock caused by the bird's excavation.

"I will trace this strange thing to an end," I said, "we must see what the vault contains."

"Of course," he answered, raising himself and speaking quite in a different tone, "we must see all."

"Well, let us get the keys from your father," I said.

"I have got the keys with me," replied the young man; "though I do not visit the church very much with the rest, I sometimes visit it alone—especially lately."

As he spoke he put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out the large bunch of church-keys. He found the key of the grate in a moment—it was a very remarkable old key with a filigree handle—and put it in the lock. He could not turn it, however, and I turned it for him. I then took a step or two into the crypt, and he followed with the lantern, drawing to the grated door behind us.

"There is no need of shutting the gate," I said; but he answered with a bitter scoff. "The dead can not hurt you."

A sort of chilly sensation came over me as he spoke, and as his voice vibrated along among the arches with coffins and mouldering bones all around us.

I felt ashamed of my own feelings; but as I went forward, thoughts began to cross my mind, inquiries to present themselves, suggesting motives for fear more reasonable, more tangible. But we are very cunning when we are afraid, and I knew that it was vain—nay, might be dangerous to show alarm, though ever and anon I asked myself, "If she has been brought here, who can have brought her?"

Suddenly, when we had gone about a dozen steps, his hollow voice said, "Look to the left!" and turning my eyes in that direction, I beheld what I had been so long seeking. The lifeless body of poor Mary Bell was lying stretched out by the side of three coffins piled one on the other, so that the corpse was hidden from the grate.

Some pains seem to have been taken to compose her limbs. Her arms were calmly resting by her side, her garments decently arranged. But oh, her face! The foul bird had been at those pretty features—but I dare not think of it. I shuddered as I gazed, and stole a glance to my companion's face. His teeth were firm set together; his brow knitted up; his eyes almost starting from his head—fixed, as if immovably upon that dead form.

"Let us go," I said, as calmly as I could, "let us go. We know all now;" and I was turning toward the grate again, when he stretched forth his powerful arm, and pushed me back.

"Sit down there," he said, in a fierce tone, pointing to a coffin lying near. "Sit down there. You do not know all, but you soon shall."

I hesitated for an instant, thinking that, perhaps, I might spring past him. But he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a pistol, repeating the words, "Sit down there! Don't drive me to any more!"

I seated myself where he pointed; and he himself continued standing for a moment or two, gazing sternly at the ground in silence. His lips moved, indeed, but he uttered no word. Then he rolled his eyes round, as if in search of something, and spying an old trestle, from which some coffin had been removed, he leaned, rather than sat upon it, fixing his eyes upon my face.

"Don't move," he said, "or I will shoot you, and I would rather not;" but he cocked the pistol as he spoke.

Then came a long gloomy pause during which he never took his eyes off me, and at length, with a sort of convulsive gaze, he said, "I killed her! You have divined that, I suppose."

"How could I divine so terrible a thing?" I asked; "I thought you loved her—I thought you mourned for her."

"Ay, I loved her," he answered in a tone the saddest, the most plaintive, that ever met my ear. "Heaven knows how I loved her—hell knows how I loved her—mourned for her, did you say? Who has mourned like me? But I killed her, old man, notwithstanding."

"It was an act of madness," I answered, "surely, it was madness."

"Madness!" he said, in a musing tone, "madness!" and then he laughed aloud, adding, "as such madness as they kill dogs for. Sit down! —don't move!—I'm mad now; but I won't hurt you, if you don't move. But I'm not mad either. It's all nonsense—it's all a lie! I'm not mad now! I was not mad then. It was the devil then, and it's the same fiend now. I lured her down cunningly, for I thought she had gone after that young lad, and my brain was all in a flame about it. I told her that Mrs.

Gregory was suddenly pressed hard for money. I knew that would bring her; but that was not like madness, was it?"

"Then it was not her money you sought to take?" I asked.

He sat for a moment or two glaring at me by the light of the lantern; and then answered slowly, "I don't know what I sought—I don't know what I intended. Men put the whip into the hand of Fate and leave him to flog them on. No, no. It was not her money. But she had given me cold words, and I swore a great oath that she should never be another man's wife. Yet, if she had but been a little gentle with me when I met her down there by the sand-pit; if she had only given me any hope; if she had not snatched away her hand as if it touched a snake, I should not have done what I did—or what I dreamed of either."

A cold shudder passed over me; but as he seemed more calm, I kept silence in order to let him proceed quietly. He did not say much more, however, and what he did say was broken and sowewhat incoherent.

"It's not the first time I've shed blood," he said, "but I never shed a woman's blood before. Yet the horror did not last more than a minute or two. It went away and left me. Mad! Why, I was as sane as you are. Didn't I play my part well? When it was night I brought her here and then walked to London; and then came down again; and searched with the rest of you. But it was when things began to get still that the fit came back upon me, and night and day it has been all the same ever since. I slept like a stone the two first nights; but I have never slept since. I'm not going to be hanged, though; never you think it. Hark! wasn't that a step? The old man will be here in a minute; he'll come after the lantern. Here, you take it to him. Now, Mary—"

I stretched out my arm to take the light from him; but before I could reach it, he raised his hand to his head, and I heard a loud report. I could just see him reel, for an instant, and, then the lantern fell and the light was extinguished. The moment after came a sound of staggering and falling, and when I groped my way to the grated door of the vault, my hands were dipped in a wet warm pool that had gathered upon one of the coffins. Shaking with horror, I at length reached the outer air, and paused a single instant to draw a free breath. The mist had cleared away—the clouds were nearly gone; and the calm stars were shining out in the tranquil heavens.

I soon gave the alarm, and calling neighbors to my aid, re-entered that dismal place of death and crime. We found him, with the pistol still firmly clasped in his hand, lying bent as he had fallen, near the feet of the poor girl he had murdered, with his head resting upon the last abode of one who had gone long before him to the place of final account. May God have mercy upon all!

SIGHTS AND PRINCIPLES ABROAD.

INTRODUCTION TO ITALY—GENOA.—HOW MUCH TEMPER AND MONEY IT COST TO GET TO FLORENCE.

SUPERB Genoa, shall I ever forget thee?—thyself but one of a series of beautiful entrances to a land favored of God and cursed of man! By thy gates I first entered Italy. What other country can boast such magnificent portals! Naples, Genoa, Venice, and the Alps, announce thy treasures on the very threshold of thy domains. By whichsoever side thou art approached, thou welcomest son and stranger to a plentiful feast provided by nature and spread by art.

Genoa the Superb! and superb she is; more beautiful even now, when her power has departed, than when to be a doge was to be more than king. The child of commerce has not been forsaken in old age, because she has not despised the hand that in her youth fashioned her to wealth and glory.

I like Genoa. I like it the more from its contrast with Marseilles. True, it has but few streets, but they are streets of palaces. Its other avenues are more like subterranean passages than streets, for the houses are so lofty that only a vertical sun can light their depths. Even this is in general shut out by projecting eaves that almost meet. Then they are so irregular as to defy all calculation on the part of a stranger who ventures to explore their intricacies. He doubles on his own track, and thinks himself going east, when his face is toward the setting sun. Then, too, he finds streets far above him; others below; some terminated abruptly by a rock; while many look as if they were about to leap into the sea. At one moment carriages are rolling along, a hundred feet over his head, on bridges which spring from one precipice to another. The next instant he stands at the base of a lofty palace, and yet finds himself looking into the chimneys of seven-story houses beneath. One edifice begins at an elevation where another terminates, and thus they rise, layer upon layer of buildings, far up the precipitous hills, down their sides, in their crevices, spanning their chasms, clinging to the rocks like shell-fish, or growing like moss wherever a foundation can be had. In many places the streets are walled in to prevent wayfarers from falling off. If you wish to arrive quickly at any spot, you must walk. Comparatively few streets are accessible to carriages, which makes Genoa the paradise of pedestrians. At one angle opens a most charming sea-view—the surf foams at your feet—if perfectly clear, the mountains of Corsica can be seen. At another are disclosed the forests of masts in the harbor, with a fleet of white sails studding the horizon, and an occasional steamer's pipe leaving behind it a comet-like tail of black smoke. Turn, and you see terraced gardens, fountains, statuary, bright flowers, and perhaps smiling faces from latticed windows looking down upon you. Farther back rise villas and vineyards upon the sun-

ny hillsides. Their summits are crested with a dark array of forts and bristling ramparts, standing out in strong relief against the clear sky. Genoa is a perpetual ascent or descent, but each pace brings with it something worth seeing.

I breakfasted at a café, amid an orange-grove, loaded at the same time with the ripe fruit, bud, and blossom. At home it had already snowed in a latitude to the south of this.

Passing through the Strada Balbi, absorbed in admiration of the exterior of the noble palaces built by merchant princes, and recognizing in them not only a taste, but a humanity vastly superior to the castles of feudalism which had so recently attracted my attention on the Rhone, I was accosted by a rusty-looking individual, who, for the small consideration of three francs, proposed to introduce me into their interiors, and pilot me to all other lions of Genoa. He looked withal as honest as he was poor, so I told him to be on hand at an early hour the next morning. In the mean while, as there was some daylight left, he might commence operations with the most distinguished of the ecclesiastical museums, by the taste of man, rather than by the will of God, called churches.

On entering the Holy Annunciation, second in size only to the Cathedral, my eyes were fairly dazzled with the blaze of gold from the ceilings, and the rich colorings of the frescoes. This is, indeed, a magnificent temple, and as completely outshines the Madeleine at Paris in richness of ornament as it excels it in correct taste. The sumptuary laws of republican Genoa forbade its trading Crœsuses to expend their wealth in personal prodigalities. Being thus deprived of the more vulgar mode of display, they competed with each other in the erection of churches, each distinguished family building for itself a temple of its own. Thus the "Annunziata" is the monument of the wealth, and, if you will, the piety of the Lomellini family. It was built two centuries since, and gives one a strong idea of the comfortable position of a family which could afford, after having reared a sumptuous palace to itself, to invest its superfluous millions in a house of God, and keep up a befitting state for both.

The Carignan bridge, one of those that crosses streets and not a river, uniting two mountains and passing over very lofty houses, was the work of the family Sauli, and leads directly to the church of Sainte Marie de Carignan, built also by them. Its origin was in this wise. The Marquis Sauli was the owner of several palaces, one of which occupied the site of the present church; but as he possessed no chapel of his own, he often went to mass in a church that belonged to his neighbor Fiesque. One day, finding himself too late, he laughingly complained to his noble friend of his disappointment.

"My dear Marquis," replied Fiesque, who had designedly anticipated the hour of worship to give force to his hint, "when one goes to mass, he should have a chapel of his own."

Sauli took the hint in good part, demolished a palace, and built on its foundation a church which cost enough to have satisfied even Solomon.

St. Laurent, the cathedral, pleased me greatly. The Saracens evidently had had something to say in its construction, for the Moorish and Christian styles of architecture are singularly blended in its interior. Like all the others, it is a museum, and the visitor is irreverently conducted by its officials for a small fee through all its sacred precincts, and unceremoniously invited to examine any thing curious without scruple, whatever may be its claims to sanctity. This system of making a mercenary show of the gifts of the altar, which prevails in all Catholic countries, struck me as peculiarly destructive of the respect due the temples of the Most High. One insensibly forgets their holy purposes in admiration of the works of man, or in irreverent ridicule at the absurd claims of false relics. Frequently the extravagant execution of some saintly picture or work of art is such as only to excite laughter. I saw a Madonna—not, however, in this church—holding in her hands, as a mother holds a babe when it first begins to know the pleasure of exercising its limbs, a naked adult Christ, of the proportion to her of a small doll, with the shrunken muscles, bowed head, and rigid attitude given in the Descents from the Cross. The Virgin had the appearance of holding him up to take a dance on her knees. My clerical cicerone pointed me out a portrait of Mary, painted by St. Luke. The apostle appears to have worked diligently in this line, if we can believe the claims of all the churches that possess original paintings of the mother of Christ. "Do you really think St. Luke did this one?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders, half smiled, and called my attention to something more modern.

The side chapel of St. John the Baptist possesses the mortal remains—so they say—of the victim of Herodias; but as I expected, before my travels in the region of relics were terminated, to meet with a duplicate set, I only left half of my faith at this shrine. This is very rich and beautiful. A service was being performed in it for the soul of a criminal to be executed on the morrow. On account of the agency of woman in the death of the prophet of the wilderness, her sex are allowed to enter this chapel but once a year—not much of an interdiction, as it is perfectly open to the eye. Besides, if woman wished, it was man that performed the crime.

St. Laurent contains also the famous emerald dish given by Queen Sheba to King Solomon, and afterward preserved in the Temple. How it escaped the prying eyes of the ransacking lieutenants of Nebuchadnezzar the monks do not explain, but assert that from it Christ ate the Last Supper. It was found among the spoils of Cæsarea, upon the capture of that town by the combined armies of Genoa and Pisa in 1101. At that

date, the Genoese, possessing more faith than avarice, took the "Sacro Cattino" for their share of the booty, leaving to the Pisans in exchange the entire mass of filthy lucre. It was brought to Genoa, where it continued to be held in such veneration that twelve nobles were appointed to guard it, or, rather, the tabernacle which contained it, each a month in turn. It was exhibited but once a year to the adoration of the crowd. Then a priest held it aloft by a cord, while its twelve guardians formed a circle around. In 1476 a law was enacted condemning to death whoever touched the holy emerald with any substance whatever. Unless the booty at Cæsarea was very large, the Genoese did not make a bad investment in their emerald, for within fifty years the Jews lent them four millions of francs on its security. In 1809, among the other valuables borrowed of Italy by Napoleon, it traveled to Paris, where it remained until 1815, when it was restored without difficulty, broken, and ascertained to be glass—an ancient specimen, undoubtedly, but worth something under eight hundred thousand dollars. It is still preserved on account of its souvenirs, and as a curious glass dish; but Genoa has lost, in losing her belief in the relic, a capital of nearly a million of dollars.

Faith in Catholic relics is essentially the substance of things unseen, for, when seen, faith vanishes.

St. Laurent possesses a rare merit for an Italian church. It is finished, although not quite seven hundred years old.

Enough of churches. My old friend was prompt to his engagement for the next morning. We passed from one palace to another with all the freedom of ownership, by the aid of a trifling fee bestowed upon their guardians. The liberality of the Italians in throwing open their collections to the entire world is worthy of praise and imitation elsewhere. It is done so unostentatiously that one feels at home within their halls. Great as were the masters that I passed in review—Genoa is rich in paintings—I felt still more interest in the various princely residences commerce had bestowed upon her successful sons. Her prizes were few, but they were worth drawing. There was the old Ducal Palace—the least pleasing, but grandest of them all—coldly aristocratic, like the government it represented; then that of Andrew Doria, with its charming garden, offering to the port as fine a view as it gives from its own unrivaled marble terrace. It was upon this terrace that the old admiral gave his famous repasts to embassadors, served in silver vessels which were renewed three times. At every change, of course, the vessels were thrown into the sea. Fine fishing in those days, but I suspect the humbugging host reserved that right to himself; for, notwithstanding his frequent banquets, no shoal of silver ever made its appearance under his windows. Strozzi, at Florence, for want of a more refined method of exhibiting his wealth, used to seat his guests upon bags of dollars. It is to be hoped that they were cushioned.

The Durazzo Palace, occupied by the king on his visits to Genoa, is a fine specimen of a comfortable regal residence, not so grand as to be cold, nor so homely as to be unroyal. To facilitate the passage of their majesties from one story to another—in other words, to save stair-work, a sort of dumb-waiter boudoir has been contrived, into which they have simply to place themselves to be landed at any elevation they desire in their mansion. It is lined with yellow satin, and looks very safe and comfortable.

The Brignole Palace contains a galaxy of distinguished names. Titian, Paul Veronese, Paris Bordone, Louis Caracchi, Carlo Dolci, Guercino, Guido, and particularly Vandyck, have contributed liberally to adorn its walls. But the palace that pleased me most—it contained the fewest pictures—was the Balbi. It is the home of the most beautiful woman of Genoa. The exquisite bust of the Countess, which the guardian asserted did not do her justice—she must be ravishingly beautiful!—was in the principal salon. It was more like one of Power's inimitable heads of Proserpine than the bust of a real mother. Her children, in stone, were no less beautiful, and, as report said the truth had not been exaggerated, it was a laudable vanity to perpetuate the memory of so rare an assemblage of loveliness. We were taken into the boudoir and bedrooms—both displaying the taste of a cultivated woman; elegance and comfort so combined as to extort at first glance from every visitor an exclamation of envious admiration. Surely it is no wrong to wish for such a home. There were indications, too, that the Countess made it also the house of prayer. With the crucifix at the head of her bed hung a touching memorial of a lost child—a double remembrance of her hopes in heaven.

I will not compel my readers to ascend and descend as many steps, and to explore as many streets as I did with my venerable guide, for fear that they might do, what he would never have done, drop me, at least without his pay. At last I sought the "Arsenal of the Holy Ghost"—forgive me the incongruity of the name, for it is none of my making—to seek the famous rostrum of an ancient vessel found long since in the Port of Genoa. It was supposed to be the beak of one of the galleys of Magon, brother of Hannibal, and broken off in a naval combat in this harbor in the year 524 of Rome. No one was allowed to enter the Arsenal without a permit. The sentinel, in deference to my antiquarian zeal, and my assurance that I would overlook all modern engines of war, let me pass. An officer, however, soon informed me that the "rostrum" had traveled to Turin. It should have been set up as a monument to Jason, on some conspicuous classical promontory.

I had pretty well done up Genoa—at all events, its crust. My guide was done up too. He had asked but three francs—I gave him four

In return, he said he should pray for my illustrious self every day of his life. As he was a good man, I was not sorry to hear this, but as he turned to go, doubts arose in my mind as to whether I should long have the benefit of them.

Many hard sayings are current of Genoa. Louis XI. said of its citizens, "The Genoese have given themselves to me, and I give them to the devil." They might have retorted that it was unnecessary, as in doing the former they had accomplished the latter. As for myself, I found every thing good at Genoa; I was satisfied with my hotel, my guide, table prices, and visit altogether, even to their Bedouins of the water, the boatmen. And yet the proverb—it must have come from the Pisans—runs to this day, "Mare senza pesci, monti senza ligno, uomini senza fede, donna senza vergogna"—which signifies, "Sea without fish, mountains without wood, men without faith, women without shame." If other Italian cities possess cleaner skirts than Genoa, I am yet to learn it.

Reader mine, did you ever read the advertisement of a Mediterranean steam-boat? There are numerous lines diverging from Marseilles east, west, and south, along the neighboring coasts, sailing under the French, Sardinian, Spanish, or Neapolitan flags, but they all sing the same song. Sumptuous accommodations, spacious family saloons, an epicurean table, prompt dispatch, and great speed. Such is the burden of their chant. One may fairly be pardoned for indulging in the presumption that they are about to go on board of a craft that could claim a place, at all events, in one of our coasting lines of sea steamers. But it is all a crafty snare. Lest you, my reader, should be deluded by the many adjectives of a steamer placard, while on your classical tour, I will give you a charitable forewarning of what you may expect.

You say, Why not go on board, and test for yourself the description? Exactly because you can not. If you are able to distinguish in the distance your own smoke-pipe from the grove of others, you are lucky. The nearest you can get to it is a sight of a lithographic sketch in the agent's office of the accommodations, made, of course, to correspond with the advertisement. Indeed, an American is so accustomed to believe that a steam-packet is a steam-packet, that it does not occur to him to verify the description with the reality. He selects his place, pays two dollars where he would pay one in the United States, and thinks the affair settled. Not so. There is another charge for putting you on board, and a heavy one too; another for a health certificate, ditto for police; then you are told that you must pay two dollars to the American consul, and a sliding scale of from fifty cents to a dollar each to each one of the consuls of the several countries the steamer touches at. If you wish to land, you are compelled to do this, for although they often remain from one to several days in a port, they furnish no food on board during that time, notwithstanding the original fare terminated with a round sum per day charged for meals. In leaving Marseilles, it cost me nearly eight dollars to get on board the steam-boat, one quarter of which the American consul, whom I never saw, pocketed. He levies this tax upon his countrymen by an understanding with the officials of other powers that they are not to visé passports that have not his signature.

See us, then, alongside of the steamer, punctual to the hour of departure. Our first surprise was at her dimensions, which would have entitled her to the place of a launch in comparison with an Atlantic boat. It was the Castore, of Genoa, one of the best of the Sardinian line, newly refitted and in fine order. For a gentleman's yacht her size would have been unexceptionable, although above the water line she was too lightly built for the stormy Gulf of Lyons. The baggage was piled up on deck and a tarpaulin lashed over it, but not so thoroughly but that some of the trunks were exposed to a heavy rain. The whole mass would have gone a voyaging on its own account had even a moderate sized sea came on board. Some hours after the time appointed we steamed out of the port, distressingly surcharged with passengers.

The spacious family saloons were the frailest and most diminutive of state-rooms, alongside the paddle-boxes, in dangerous proximity to the sea. The boat was very low in the water, and fitted up with berths after the fashion of the old steerage arrangements of the California steamers; that is to say, eight persons to occupy the room of two, and to pay the passage of sixteen. Below, the economy of space was still greater. The division was the reverse of that of our packet schooners. Two state-rooms for ladies were forward, and the cabin for gentlemen aft. In the former were crowded ladies, nurses, and children, in one promiscuous pile, so thickly brought together that the atmospheric air had no room to enter, or entered only to leave in disgust. In the latter the pressure was equally great. The berths were merely open shelves, of not the width of the shoulders of an ordinary sized man, and with no support to prevent one from imitating the motion of the ship, and rolling upon a neighbor stretched at full length upon a cushioned bench beneath. Floor and table had also their living freight, but this was after what was dearly paid for as a dinner had been served. The passengers are required to pay a price for meals, whether they partake or not, which would entitle them in Paris to a seat at the table d'hôte at the Hotel des Princes. The hours for eating are ingeniously contrived to fall upon that period when there is most motion and no one can come to the table, or else the steward hurries off the few cold dishes on the plea that, as there is no rack, his crockery will be broken. I had come on board at the hour notified for sailing, too early to dine on shore, expecting to eat the meal, for which I had paid,

on board. It was not served until after eight o'clock; I had breakfasted at nine, and being an old sailor, felt disposed to assert my masticatory rights. In this I was joined by a young English lady, to whose appetite the sea had no terrors. By this time the boat was polkaing her way through the waters right merrily. Equilibrium was at a discount, and appetites in general as if they had never been. To nineteen twentieths of the passengers food was about as welcome as water to a mad dog, although an hour previous they had been mutinous with hunger. But the steward-contractor knew his game, and could calculate to a minute where for one dinner eaten he could save twenty. The berths were full of groaning victims of Neptune. We must eat in their midst or not eat at all. The lady and myself were determined neither to be sea-sick nor to lose our dinners. A few attempted to follow our example, but one by one they came and went like ghosts, until we were left alone. The steward grew wroth at our pertinacity. We ate slowly, calling for all we could get—small matter that—to enjoy his vexation, ever and anon hinting that it was a shabby meal for so extravagant a price, and of course that he must have some gustatory surprise in store for us. He was a stout, surly Italian, a devout disciple of Mammon, and he watched every mouthful of disappearing chicken with all the eagerness of a hungry cat, dancing about in the mean while, like a jumping Jack, to catch the falling dishes. In his anxiety for his beloved crockery, he would not have left me even a plate, had I not decidedly insisted upon the article, and something on it. He even had the impudence to insinuate that I was eating enough for two. I retorted that that was not surprising, as I paid for four. My lady friend was as agreeable as she was sea-proof—a polyglot in the most charming of bindings; so we made merry in English, French, or Italian alternately, as we charitably concluded we could most aggravate our penurious old purveyor. But he soon had his revenge. Distant sea-sickness we were fortified against, but the commotion of stomachs grew nearer and louder. At last an old gentleman immediately opposite, to whom, I doubt not, the smell of our viands had been a most unsavory incense, turned suddenly over, drew from his berth a nameless vessel, placed it within a few feet of our faces, and with a rushing, roaring noise, avenged his wrongs and the dyspepsia of fifty dinners at once. My fair friend had detected the coming storm sooner than I, and, by the time the white apparition had fairly appeared, was on deck. I saw only the gleam of her skirt as she turned the hatchway. I grasped blindly at the nearest edible and rushed in pursuit. The remainder of the evening we devoted to admiration of the sublimity of a classical storm at the base of the moon-lit mountains of the Italian shore, venturing no allusion to our inglorious retreat.

The steward was now complete master of the field. Man, woman, and child were at his mercy, and neither he nor his myrmidons would stir to their assistance without a fee. I remonstrated with him, not on my own account, for his covetousness, after the high price paid. "That entitles you only to a *passage;* we are not obliged to give you even a glass of water," was the reply, worthy of a Midas. A nice speculation he made of the wants of the helpless sea-sick. Every morsel to eat, every lemon to wet the lips, each cup of tea or coffee, or drop of brandy and water, brought him a Californian profit. Dumas says, in this same passage of ten hours he swallowed twenty-eight francs' worth of tea. It would have cost Dr. Johnson a fortune. Dismal were the groans and cries from the ladies' cabin as the night bore on. The boat behaved very well after the fashion of a sea-dog, but very badly in the excited imaginations of the sea-sick. Rip—rip, thump—thump, would go a sea upon her side, canting her over until those on the floor fancied they were transported to the ceiling; the engines meanwhile straining and tugging to pull her along, now jumping, now plunging, the boat creaking in every joint of her frame, until she became one chaos of sounds and struggles, and the ladies frantic with fright. "Steward, oh, steward, the bowl, quick!" "Coming, marm—all in use—in a minute." "Tell me, is there danger?" "Not at all; we are getting on finely." Another roll and general capsize of persons and liquids—enlivened by the sound as if of timbers twisting off, or a rock of a ton weight had hit her side. "Mercy on us, we shall sink—I am sure the boat will break in pieces—what shall we do?" A dozen calls for the unfortunate steward at once, for vessels, tea, and consolation. In his distraction, he hands the wrong article to each. At this juncture a heavy fall, struggle, and naughty exclamation in the gentlemens' cabin. Some one has been pitched from an upper berth on to the table, and thence on to his lower neighbor's abdomen. No one pities sea-sick men: they are at once the most helpless and the most disgusting of objects; all poke fun at them—a faint laugh, fresh gurgle, and all have relapsed into their previous condition of unutterable misery, the most despairing wishing that some Samaritan might be found to throw them overboard. For a few minutes there is a lull inside and out, but the rain soon descends afresh, the wind howls still more frightfully, the boat squirms like an impaled centipede, and the ladies wax more desperate than ever. "Do you call this a steam-boat?" at last exclaims one imperfectly, furious in her terror and sickness; "we would not go down the harbor in it at home. I hope it will sink as soon as we are all out of it." The steward looked aghast. He worshiped the boat, for it was as good as a gold "placer" to him. He was, too, a bit superstitious, and this staggered him. "Oh, you do wrong to say so, madam; it is the best boat in the Mediterranean." And he launched off into an eloquent eulogium on her merits, to which the lady retorted

with certain invidious comparisons with transatlantic boats, to him utterly unintelligible. The storm abated, tempers grew sweeter, the demand for tea increased, and the steward was appeased. It continued to rain, and ventilation was impossible. At last even the rain ceased, and those able to stand went on deck. There was a call for the wherewithal for the morning toilet. Two wash-bowls were placed on the dining-table, which had just ceased doing duty as a bedstead, and some fifty passengers had the privilege of alternating at them, or going ashore dirty. We had entered the port of Leghorn, and were detained some hours before receiving permission to go ashore. Then the captain detained us some time longer before he would order his crew to leave off coaling to find our baggage, which they had stowed away among the freight. Finally, we were ready to be off. The crew demanded something for delivering to us our baggage, and the steward, not content with his previous fleecings, which he solemnly swore all went to the owners, informed us that his fee was so much a head; I forget how much, but it was a bouncing sum. We were too glad to put our feet over the gangway not to say Amen to every imposition.

The old proverb, out of the frying-pan, &c., was never more practically realized. Leghorn boatmen are a cross between New York hackmen and South Sea savages—a compound of importunity, extortion, and indifference. We tumbled right into their hands, of course, as their boats were the only bridge to the shore. We paid toll accordingly. They delivered us at the custom-house, where we were ushered up a narrow stair-way into a dirty office, and confronted individually with our passports. After the Grand Duke's servants were satisfied that the Mr. Jonathan, Mrs. Jonathan, Miss Jonathan, and baby Jonathan, were the veritable Jonathans, of the same height, color, age, form of nose, and signature, as certified to by the Secretary of State at Washington, then we were graciously informed we could go about our ways in Leghorn by taking our passports to another office, and paying the lawful fee therefor. At the foot of the stairs we were beset by an avalanche of runners of every description. One made a dive at my passport, and ran off with it, saying he would soon bring it back, all right—for a fee. The hospitality of the hotel agents was beyond all description. Olympus itself never possessed half the advantages of their respective houses. One caught me by the left arm; another by the dexter; one swore that the other was a liar and would take me in; the other responded by declaring his rival to be the greatest rogue in Leghorn, which was equivalent to the climax of rascality the world over. All offered to perform for me every possible service. Cards were thrust into my hands and into my pockets. I was in bodily danger of being carried off by force, had not the hackman overheard me declare that I would not go to any hotel, but direct to the rail-road. This created a diversion, for they rushed forward, *en masse*, vociferating in Italian, French, and English, like so many madmen. To witness the excitement, one would suppose that but one traveler ever arrived at Leghorn, and that he was made of gold. I retreated into the police station, and came to a parley, selecting, no doubt, the greatest rogue among them on condition that he would see me safe from the others. As I was to pay him quadruple fare, he became a stalwart champion. My baggage was turned upon the quay, searched, and found according to tariff. Each article was seized, and borne off to the carriage by whomsoever of the crowd the spirit moved. It was useless to remonstrate. Every member of the cortége was bound to touch my money this day. We were divided between two carriages, and attempted to drive off. My coachman urged on his horses, but it was of no use. There was still somebody's claims to settle—more *bucksheesh*. I had already paid enough to have carried me through some of our American States, and had got only a few rods from the quay. The coachman fought stoutly for me, the crowd and he disputing at the top of their voices, until the din and excitement became overpowering. The police looked on as indifferently as if every thing was going on as well as could be expected. Any thing was better than being the centre of such a circle. I took out my purse. The sight of it was like oil on water. "How much does the beggar want?" He named the sum—sufficient for him to have lived on for a week. I passed it to him, and ordered the driver to go on. He drove rapidly to escape a fresh assault, for he wanted me entirely to himself. He contrived, however, to be too late for the train, and then he had a proposition to make. He would take me to Pisa himself for a consideration, put me through all the sights, and see me safely in the afternoon train for Florence. I cut down his price one third, and told him yes. He moved about it with an alacrity that convinced me that he respected the depth of my purse, and therefore he Jewed me. I was more glad to get out of Leghorn than I had ever been to get out of the Castore, an amount of pleasure not often condensed into the experience of one morning. But my baggage had all to be reopened, searched, and sealed up to avoid examination at Pisa, and another at Florence. The charge for this was cheap in comparison with the trouble saved. I have been in many seaports in various parts of the world, and in them all combined I never met with so much annoyance and imposition as were condensed into two hours at Leghorn. Not so remarkable either, when we consider that at Leghorn a galley-slave's suit, that has upon it the mark of a murder or assassination, commands a premium among the criminals who sweep the streets, because it attracts notice and alms, as the badge of a dashing fellow, while he who is only distin-

guished simply by the stamp of a thief is considered but a pitiful chap, and is but too glad to obtain the right to wear the suit of deeper hue.

Was I wrong to be grateful to my coachman for having at last got me fairly out of the gates of Leghorn? He was a jovial, communicative fellow, and I mounted the box to chat with him. There was nothing worth looking at on the road, not even the Arno, which, where we crossed it, I should have mistaken for a ditch of dirty water if the driver had not explained its consequence. He loved America, the driver—he was thinking of his prospective "pour boire" when he said it, and wished he could go there. He was a republican himself. He had about as adequate an idea of the institutions of the United States, as he had of Timbuctoo. The Austrians he hated; the Grand Duke was a fool; the stiletto was his idea of a ballot-box, and the good time was coming when republicanism would avenge its recent humiliations. There were many like him all over the country, but they could do nothing so long as Austrian bayonets were in sight. I asked him about the brigands on the roads. "They call them brigands," he replied, "but they are republicans." I should not like to rely upon their spirit of "fraternité" to spare my purse.

We arrived at Pisa punctual to the coachman's promise, and he drove us to an inn of his own selection to dine. I had given myself unreservedly to him for the day for two reasons; first, to save temper and trouble, and, secondly, to let its experience be a test for future operations. The lesson would be worth its cost. One must pay an initiative fee on entrance into society any where, and my plan was to condense all possible varieties of Italian tricks upon travelers into this one day, that I might start upon the morrow with clean eyesight. For the dinner—a shabby affair—we paid just treble the ordinary price, but it was economical at that, as it taught me how to deal with tricky hosts.

Jehu procured us a fresh coach, and drove us to see the lions. I always had an inclination for the Leaning Tower, and now was gratified to see that it had an inclination toward me of thirteen feet from the perpendicular—so they say who have measured it. As it has preserved this leaning toward mankind with impartial precision for six centuries, it is to be presumed that no future generation will be favored with any closer intimacy. Its proportions are very beautiful, so light and elastic that if it should tumble over, I believe it would pick itself up as sound as ever. From the Tower we passed to the Duomo. Here descended upon us one of the plagues, not of Egypt, but of Italy, in the shape of a cicerone, a race who seem to think that a traveler without their presence is as miserable an object as Peter Schlemihl without his shadow. My Genoa guide was a jewel, for he spoke only when he was spoken to, answered questions briefly and sensibly, and told only what he knew; but the tribe that waylay travelers on the thresholds of monuments are in general as great nuisances as were the money-changers on the steps of the Temple. However, as I was bent on learning the tricks of the trade, I let him pass me along in his own way. We got through the ranks of the maimed, leprous, blind, and vermin-infested horde which, in Italy, cluster about the entrances of churches, nourished there, as toadstools grow in the same soil that gives life to the monarch oak, without much depletion of the purse. They were reserving their final onset for our departure. After entering the magnificent church, worthy itself of a voyage across the Atlantic to see, it was amusing to detect the brethren of our cicerone darting at the sight of our party from behind columns and altars toward us, like spiders from their holes on their prey, and slinking reluctantly back upon seeing that we were already bought and sold. I inwardly chuckled over each disappointment, and formed plans how for the future I would examine churches unmolested, calling for a guide only in the last extremity. There was here an ancient statue of Mars baptized into a Saint Ephèse, but my cicerone was too good a Catholic to call my attention to this transformation, though the church that can convert even the stones should be acknowledged to possess miraculous powers.

From the church we passed into the baptistery, where the guardian was by no means disposed to allow us to be monopolized by our lawful owner. I was obliged to pay him something to let us alone. There was nothing to be seen, because a scaffolding totally eclipsed the dome, the building being then in that interesting state called restoration.

Next in order was the Campo Santo, the most interesting of the four monuments that constitute an architectural group, unique even in Italy in beauty of location, artistic wealth, and historical souvenirs. Other cities possess edifices of equal or greater pretensions than any one of these, but none can boast four such gems assembled in one inclosure. Formerly the dead were admitted into the Campo Santo by paying a fee, but of course they never left it; there was nothing more to be made out of them. Now the living enter gratis, but the custode's hand must be crossed with silver before they can leave its sepulchral walls.

This cemetery dates from 1218, but was not finished until 1283. It is a vast rectangle, surrounded by porticoes with sixty-two semi-Gothic arches. The interior walls are covered with frescoes by the old masters, taken from scriptural subjects. The guide pointed out, with particular zest, a fancied resemblance between the portrait of Napoleon and the head of one of the damned writhing in the flames of hell. If this were accidental it was singular, as the resemblance was striking; but if the work of some restoring artist, it displays at once his ingratitude and bigotry, as the preservation of this monument is due to Napoleon.

The earth which forms the field that fills the hollow square inclosed by the porticoes was brought from the holy places at Jerusalem in fifty galleys of the Republic of Pisa in 1228. It is now covered by a rich crop of grass of uniform height, like a mantle of green velvet. It has been long disused as a burial-place; but when used, it is said to be so strongly impregnated with acids as to entirely decompose the fleshy portions of corpses within forty-eight hours after their burial. One of these frescoes illustrates this statement in a somewhat painfully grotesque style. The magistrates of Pisa are assembled to witness the disinterment of three bodies that have lain in the earth longer or shorter periods of that time. The coffins are placed side by side and uncovered. The first two display different stages of decomposition too repulsive to describe. In the third appeared only the skeleton, the earth having picked the bones clean.

The floor and sides of the arcades are crusted with tablets and monuments of deceased Pisans; the records of virtues and talents are as bountifully accorded the dead as they are scantily awarded to the living. Master chisels of all ages, from John of Pisa to Bartolini and Thorwaldsen, have helped to perpetuate the flattering tale of ancestral virtue and beauty. It is an interesting spot as a museum of epitaphs, and a chronological exhibition of painting and sculpture for six hundred years, but for a burial-place far less beautiful and appropriate than the rural cemeteries of our own land.

I had almost forgotten the little church of the Holy Mary of the Crown of Thorns, a fantastic piece of architecture, beautiful in its way, but so prolifically spired as to correspond very well with its name.

On leaving the Campo Santo, the beggars made a final and desperate charge upon us. Two women in the very last stage of filth and rags seized me by the elbows, and by the love of that Virgin, of the neglect of whose worship they bore in their arms living evidence, demanded charity. Aside from any motive of benevolence, a few coins were well applied in stopping their tongues and sending them in pursuit of fresh prey. The guide proved the greatest beggar of all. He had forced himself upon me in the outset, followed me about for an hour, sold me a number of engravings of the monuments from his portfolio at double the shop price, and now, when I handed him a sum that would have drawn out of any Parisian showman a profusion of "merci biens," and an avalanche of bows, he bluntly said that his services were not half paid. The beggars, thinking their right to a stranger as good as his, renewed their importunities. I jumped into the carriage, threw him another piece of silver to silence his tongue, and ordered Jehu to cut short all further claims by driving to the railway station for Florence. As we passed the inn at which we had dined, the landlord rushed out to demand a new contribution in the shape of a bill for water furnished for washing hands. Our driver thought this a little too strong even for an Italian Boniface, and summarily told him to go about his business, and be content with his first exactions. He then completed his contract by delivering us safely and in season at the cars, and went back to Leghorn with a weightier pocket than he had had for many a day, but not without attempting to demonstrate to me that he had not individually made much out of the operation. But a laughing eye and profusion of thanks were better evidence than his tongue.

There are certain days in a traveler's calendar in which no amount of previous experience will keep him on the right track. He is doomed to be humbugged and cheated from sunrise to sunset—to be annoyed and crossed in every thing he undertakes—to have the weather all wrong, and to be the special mark for every species of pickpockets. At Leghorn there is no escape on any day. The only way is to quietly abandon yourself to your fate. The fewer struggles, the fewer scratches. On the morrow one can laugh heartily over the storms of its predecessor. It is usually the case, when one most wishes to indulge in quiet and sentiment, that he finds most noise and distraction. It is not until one is at "home" in Italy that he can profitably pursue his various tastes, free from the interruptions of the gallinipping gentry that pursue strangers with such relentless fury. It was amusing, after arriving at a comfortable hotel at Florence, to sum up the day's experience. We had had to satisfy six stewards, two boatmen, two sailors, three coachmen, and as many "pour boires"—a sum which every traveler knows has no limit in a "whip's" imagination—two landlords, six fees for baggage and passports, to have six trunks opened and searched twice within an hour, four guides, ten porters, rail-road charges and beggars not included; some thirty odd disbursements on a distance which, in America, would have been traveled over in two hours and a half, at a very moderate proportion of the same expense. And this was not all. Our progress through Leghorn was one continual street-row. Insatiable porters demanding more, and quarreling among themselves—commissionaires yelling in our ears in different tongues the praises of their several hotels—beggars whining their wants—the coachmen disputing with every body, and in vain endeavoring to whip a way through the crowd. Our baggage did not belong to us—our passports were not our own—we did not even belong to ourselves; and it was not until we promised, on our return to Leghorn—which God forbid—that we would put up at as many different hotels as there were runners in the crowd, that we could get clear of this gentry. Even then they returned to refresh our memories by thrusting fresh cards into our hands. To add to the comforts of the landing, one of

the ladies of my party had, in the goodness of her heart, promised to see a venerable spinster, who knew not a word of any language but the English, and had come thus far on her way to find a brother at Lucca, safe as far as Pisa. The old maid—I say it in its most respectful sense, for she was the impersonification of amiability and softness—had never before been out of sight of her village steeple. She had started by herself from England on this journey. The consequence was, that her solitary, antique hair trunk and calico bundle went to London, while she found herself at Paris. It took a week, and not a little expense, to get them reunited. An English family protected her as far as Genoa, and then consigned her to me. It was a pleasure to help her, she was so grateful; but before we left Leghorn, we had two street contests on her account. That is to say, the porters perceived her weakness, which was to pay her way out of every scrape with an open purse, and made scrapes for her accordingly. It was no use insisting that she was one of my party. They would not stand that gammon. She must pay separately for every thing. I fought stoutly for her for a while, but it was of no use. At the Custom-house, the officers, attracted by the singularity of her costume, which, perhaps, savored of republican simplicity in their eyes, insisted upon ransacking her trunk and bundle from one end to the other. Every thing was turned out—bags opened—bundles unrolled—boxes emptied—it was a curious collection—the poor woman stood by weeping bitterly, wringing her hands, saying, "O dear, what shall I do!" and refusing to be comforted. This but rendered the officers more suspicious. They were looking, evidently, for dispatches from Mazzini, or perhaps they expected to find Kossuth himself coiled up in one of her rolls of odds and ends, the gatherings of a long life of neatness and saving. Alas for them, they found only a yard or so of cotton, some pet remnant, which they measured, and finding it an inch wider than Tuscan law allowed, charged accordingly, and told the luckless female to repack her trunk. She was too bewildered to do it herself, so we did it for her. She made eight more charges in addition to my previous list before we discharged her at Pisa, but I laughed heartily when I heard her explain, after all, how she had thrown dust in the eyes of the officers of the customs, by bringing a new silk dress in the piece, cunningly folded up in the skirts of some antiquated garment. She was not so unfit to travel by herself, after all.

If any one thinks that I have done injustice to Leghorn, I refer them to Dumas. He says, "I have been to Leghorn three times; the last two I was forewarned—I took my precautions; I held myself upon my guard; each time I paid still more dear. I never knew such a cut-throat place as Leghorn. One may escape being robbed on the Pontine Marshes sometimes, but at Leghorn—never."

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE RETREAT.

THE French army remained four weeks at Moscow. Napoleon had entered the city with a hundred and twenty thousand men. He devoted a month to most incessant labors, in reorganizing his exhausted troops, in obtaining supplies, and in healing the sick. His tender care of the wounded endeared him to every man in the army. He preferred to encounter almost any risks, rather than abandon the sufferers in the hospitals to the savage cruelty of the Cossacks. He was also quite sanguine in the hope of effecting a reconciliation with Alexander.

The army under the efficient discipline of Napoleon soon presented again a noble and imposing appearance. Perfect order was established. The soldiers, having entire confidence in their chieftain, were free from care and in good spirits. Napoleon however discerned distinctly the impending peril. His anxiety was intense. He grew pale, and thin, and restless.

The month of October had now arrived. The leaves had fallen from the trees. Cold winds from the North swept over the smouldering ruins of Moscow, whose buried embers were still smoking. Napoleon had carefully consulted the registers of the weather for the last forty years, to ascertain at what time winter usually commenced. On the 13th of October, almost three weeks earlier than was ever known before, a heavy fall of snow whitened the fields.

Napoleon looked out with dismay upon the scene. He decided at once to return, and establish his winter quarters in the friendly cities of Poland. It required a dreary march of nearly a thousand miles, through regions of desolation and gloom. The imagination was appalled at the contemplation of such a retreat, wading through drifted snows, pursued by the storms of the North, and harassed by clouds of Cossacks, even more merciless than the hostile elements.

It was necessary to move with much apparent leisure and circumspection, that no despondency might pervade the army, and that the activity of the foe might not be aroused. Napoleon resolved to retire to Smolensk by a new route. The region through which he had already passed, was so entirely ravaged by the desolations of war, as to present no hope for supplies. With the utmost care, the sick and wounded were placed in the most comfortable vehicles which could be obtained, and were sent forward under a strong escort, toward Smolensk. The soldiers obeyed every order of Napoleon with great alacrity. On the evening of October 18th, the troops commenced their march. The next morning, before daybreak, Napoleon left Moscow, and placed himself at the head of his troops, to advance upon Kaluga, about a hundred miles from Moscow. Ku-

tusoff was established there with a strong army to watch the movements of the French. As Napoleon left the city, he said to Mortier, who had been appointed governor of Moscow, and who was superintending its evacuation,

"Pay every attention to the sick and wounded. Sacrifice your baggage, every thing to them. Let the wagons be devoted to their use; and, if necessary, your own saddles. This was the course I pursued at Jean d'Acre. The officers will first relinquish their horses, then the sub-officers, and finally the men. Assemble the generals and officers under your command, and make them sensible how necessary, in their circumstances, is humanity. The Romans bestowed civic crowns on those who preserved their citizens. I shall not be less grateful."

During the month in which Napoleon was at Moscow, the army had been assembled within the walls of the city, in repaired dwellings, and in houses which had escaped the conflagration. Many of the sick and wounded had been healed, so that Napoleon left Moscow with more than a hundred thousand effective men, fifty thousand horses of all kinds, five hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, two thousand artillery wagons, and an immense baggage train.

The rear of the army consisted of a confused crowd of about forty thousand stragglers, Russian serfs, who desired emancipation, recruits without uniforms, valets, wagoners, and a large number of women and girls, wives of the soldiers, or abandoned followers of the camp. Calashes, carriages, trucks, and wheelbarrows followed, filled with bales of the richest merchandise, costly articles of furniture, precious furs and robes, and various trophies of the conquest of Moscow.

Napoleon was still a victor. He had advanced with resistless tread to the very heart of his enemy's empire. He was now marching, with banners floating in the breeze, to attack the foe at Kalouga, thence to retire, with dignity, to Poland, where he intended to establish himself in winter quarters, and to resume his operations in the spring. Tremendous as was the peril which surrounded him, he had been surrounded with still greater peril before.

It was the 19th of October, 1812. The dawn of the morning had not yet appeared as Napoleon left the Kremlin. The stars shone brilliantly in the unclouded sky. The air was cold and serene. Napoleon, at the head of a division of his faithful guard, had just passed out from the gates of Moscow, when the sun rose in cloudless splendor over the frozen hills. He pointed to it and said,

"There you behold my protecting star. We will advance upon Kalouga. Woe to those who attempt to obstruct our progress."

For several days the interminable throng was pouring out of the gates. Like a prodigious caravan, the army extended for many leagues along the road. The head of the column could afford no protection to the centre or the rear. Vast armies had been assembled to cut off its retreat. Swarms of Cossacks, on fleet and wolfish horses were every where hovering around. The casualties which interrupt and embarrass such a march, are innumerable.

For two days the head of this column pressed unassailed along the road, drawing after it its enormous serpentine train. To Mortier, with a band of but eight thousand men, was assigned the perilous task of remaining behind to superintend the evacuation of the city. The Russian army had accumulated in such strength, that there was every reason to fear that the rear-guard would be destroyed. There were vast quantities of powder and of military stores which could not be removed, and which was not to be abandoned to the enemy. Napoleon embraced his devoted marshal in taking leave, and said to him frankly yet sadly,

"I rely on your good fortune. Still, in war we must sometimes make part of a sacrifice."

The heroic soldier, without a murmur, assumed his allotted task. His companions in arms bade him adieu, never expecting to see him again. The Cossacks crowded upon him in vast numbers. For four days, while the enormous mass of men and carriages were retiring, Mortier defended himself within the massive walls of the Kremlin, keeping the enemy at bay. In the vaults over which he stood and fought he placed one hundred and eighty-three thousand pounds of gunpowder. Barrels of powder were also deposited in all the halls and apartments. He was compelled to do this even while the flames of war were blazing fiercely around him. It might be necessary at any hour to retire before the accumulating numbers and to touch the torch. A single spark from one of the enemy's guns would have blown the heroic soldier and his whole division into the air together.

Having successfully protected the march of the army from the city, Mortier placed, in connection with the mines of powder, a lighted fuse, whose slow combustion could be nicely calculated. With rapid step he hurried from the volcano, which was ripe for its eruption. The Cossacks, eager for plunder, rushed within the deserted walls. Suddenly the majestic fabric was raised into the air. The earth shook under the feet of Mortier. The explosion, in most appalling thunder peal, startled the army in its midnight bivouac. From the darkened and sulphurous skies there was rained down upon the city a horrible shower of fragments of timber, rocks, shattered weapons, heavy pieces of artillery, and mangled bodies. Napoleon was thirty miles distant from Moscow. That terrific peal roused him from sleep, and told him that the Kremlin had fallen, and that his rear-guard had commenced its march. Mortier hastened his flight, and succeeded in rejoining the army.

On the evening of the 23d Napoleon slept at Borowsk, about sixty miles from Moscow. Eu-

gene, with eighteen thousand French and Italians, was encamped some twelve miles in advance of head-quarters. At four o'clock in the morning, as the soldiers, exhausted by their march, were soundly sleeping, fifty thousand Russians, with loud outcries, burst upon the encampment, spearing and sabering all they met. Prince Eugene rallied his troops. After a desperate conflict, which lasted many hours, the Russians, though vastly outnumbering their foes, were, with immense slaughter, driven into the woods. The next morning the Emperor advanced to the scene of battle. The plain was still covered with the dead and the wounded, the Russians having lost more than two to one. Napoleon, with paternal pride, embraced Eugene, exclaiming,

"This is the most glorious of your feats of arms."

He was here informed that the Russians, in great numbers, were occupying positions in defiles, through which it would be impossible for Napoleon to force his way. Bessières was sent to reconnoitre. He reported that at least a hundred and thirty thousand Russians were established in positions quite unassailable. Napoleon, for a moment, seemed struck with consternation.

"Are you certain?" he eagerly demanded. "Did you see rightly? Will you vouch for the fact?"

The marshal repeated his statement. The Emperor crossed his arms, his head fell upon his breast, and he paced the room slowly and heavily, absorbed in the most intense and gloomy thought. He slept not that night, but lay down and rose up incessantly, examined the maps, and asked a thousand questions. His restlessness indicated intense anxiety. Not a word, however, escaped him to betray his distress.

At four o'clock in the morning, though informed that bands of Cossacks, under cover of the darkness, were gliding between his advanced posts and the main army, he mounted his horse, and proceeded forward. In passing a wide plain a band of mounted Cossacks came sweeping along, like a pack of wolves, making the sombre morning hideous with the wild warcry of their country. The Emperor, disdaining to fly, drew his sword, and reined his horse to the side of the road, when the phantom-like troop dashed past, and within spear's-length of the imperial party. Rapp and his horse were wounded by the savage lancers.

A moment after, Bessières and the cavalry of the guard came up, pursuing the Cossacks as the whirlwind pursues the chaff. A council of war was held in a dark and comfortless hovel. It was deemed impossible to advance upon Kalouga. The Russians were so posted, and in such strength, that to march into these defiles, bristling with batteries, seemed to insure the annihilation of the army.

With anguish unutterable, Napoleon decided to retreat, and to strike across the country to the war-scathed road through which he had proceeded to Moscow. Until this moment, Napoleon had been every where during the campaign, and at all times, a victor. He left Moscow in triumph, not retreating before his foes, but to scatter them from his path, that he might establish his winter quarters in Poland. But here, before the defiles of Kalouga, for the first time, he found the Russians too strong for him, and he was compelled to turn from them. And now commenced that Iliad of woes, to which history presents no parallel. Along a line of seven hundred and fifty miles, there were but two points at which Napoleon could halt and refresh his troops. At Smolensk and at Minsk he had established immense magazines, and had left a strong guard.

The terror inspired by the name of Napoleon was however then unimpaired; and it is a singular fact, that at the same hour, the Russians also, alarmed by the extraordinary victory of Eugene, and by the bold front of the approaching army, had decided to abandon their positions and retreat. Thus each army, leaving a rear-guard to conceal its motions, turned its back upon the other and sullenly retired. Had Napoleon been informed of the retreat of the Russians, he would have advanced rapidly and triumphantly onward, and the disasters of the retreat from Moscow would never have occurred. Upon what casualties, apparently so slight, are the great destinies of earth suspended.

The retreat commenced on the morning of the 26th of October. Every soldier shared the anguish of his chieftain. Gloomy and silent, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, they turned from that foe whom they had never met but to vanquish. The moment the Russians heard that the French were retiring, with the wildest enthusiasm, they commenced a pursuit. The most shocking barbarities ensued. Napoleon made strenuous efforts to infuse more humanity into the struggle. He issued a decree, stating that he had refused to give orders for the entire destruction of the country he was quitting.

"I feel a repugnance," said he, "to aggravate the miseries of the inhabitants. To punish a Russian incendiary and a few wretches, who make war like Tartars, I am unwilling to ruin nine thousand proprietors, and to leave two hundred thousand serfs, who are innocent of all these barbarities, absolutely destitute of all resources."

Through Berthier he wrote to Kutusoff, proposing "to regulate hostilities in such a manner that they might not inflict upon the Muscovite Empire more evils than were inseparable from a state of war, the devastations that were then taking place, being no less detrimental to Russia, than they were painful to Napoleon."

Kutusoff returned an insolent reply, stating

"that it was not in his power to restrain Russian patriotism." This was the signal for the demon of war to run riot. The barbarian Cossacks, practiced every conceivable atrocity. The French retaliated with frightful devastation.

On the 28th, the retreating army passed over the field of Borodino. Thousands of unburied corpses, half devoured by wolves, still deformed the ground. Even the veteran soldiers, were appalled by the sickening spectacle, and silently hurried by. On the 29th, Napoleon came to a large and gloomy monastery, which had been used as an hospital. To his surprise he found that many of the most desperately wounded had been left under the pretense that there were not sufficient carriages for their conveyance. He gave instant orders that every carriage, of whatever description, should furnish room for at least one of the sufferers. Those, whose wounds were in such a state that they could not be removed, he left under the care of wounded Russians, who had been healed, and treated with the utmost kindness by the French.

He halted to see with his own eyes that this order was carried into effect. As he stood warming himself by a fire, kindled from the fragments of his wagons, he heard repeated explosions. They proclaimed to him the melancholy fact that it had been found necessary to blow up many ammunition and baggage wagons, which the horses, diminished in numbers and enfeebled by famine, could no longer drag along.

Napoleon had thus far, from the commencement of the retreat at Kalouga, kept with the rear-guard of the army. On the 31st he reached Viasma, where he remained for two days, to rest his weary troops, and to concentrate his forces. Here the perilous command of the rear-guard was assigned to Marshal Ney. On the 2d of November, the retreat was recommenced. The Russians, sixty thousand strong, fell upon the rear-guard of the French, but thirty thousand in number. The Russians, abundantly supplied with artillery and cavalry, anticipated an easy victory. Many of the French were still covered with bandages, or bore their arms in slings, on account of wounds received at Borodino. They, however, fought with desperation for seven hours, repelled their foes, and leaving four thousand of their comrades dead upon the ground, having slain also an equal number of the Russians, in good order pressed on their way. For three days the retreat was rapidly continued with but little molestation.

Napoleon had now traversed, in ten days, about three hundred miles. Still he had many weary marches before him. The pursuing foe was gathering strength and confidence; and the weather was becoming very inclement. On the evening of the 5th of November, dense clouds commenced forming in the sky. The wind rose and howled through the forests, and swept freezing blasts over the exhausted host. At midnight a furious snow-storm set in, extinguishing the fires of the bivouacs, and covering houseless troops in cheerless drifts. A dreadful morning dawned. No sun could be discerned through the dense atmosphere, swept by the tempest. The troops, blinded and bewildered by the whirlwinds of sleet, staggered along, not knowing whither they were going. The wind drove the snow into the soldiers' faces, and penetrated their thin and tattered clothing. Their breath froze and hung in icicles from their beards. Their limbs were chilled and stiffened. The men could no longer keep their ranks, but toiled on, in disordered masses. It was an awful day. Many, stumbling over a stone, or falling into concealed cavities by the wayside, were unable to rise again, and were soon covered with a winding sheet of snow; a small, white hillock alone, marked their cold graves.

Nothing could be seen above and around but desolation and the storm. A few gloomy pines, surging in the gale, added to the bleakness and the desolation of the scene. Innumerable men and horses fell and perished. The muskets dropped from the benumbed hands of the soldiers, while many had their hands frozen to their weapons of war. Flocks of ravens emerged from the forest, mingled their shrieks with the uproar of the elements, and, with bloody fangs, tore the flesh of the prostrate soldier, almost before life was extinct.

To add to the horrors of the scene, clouds of Cossacks hovered around the freezing host, making frequent attacks. These barbarians, stripped the wounded and the dying, cut them with their sabres, goaded them with their bayonets, and with shouts of laughter, derided them as they reeled and staggered in convulsive agonies, expiring naked in the snow.

Night came; a dreadful night. There was no shelter. There was no dry wood to kindle a fire. The storm still raged with pitiless fury. One wide expanse of snow spread every where. The wretched soldiers, exhausted, supperless and freezing, threw themselves upon the drifts, from which thousands never arose. During the long hours of that stormy night, they moaned and died, and ascended to the judgment-seat of a righteous God. The horses perished as rapidly as the men. The soldiers stripped off the reeking skins of the horses as they fell, and used them as cloaks, for protection against the storm. Many horses were killed, that the perishing soldiers might obtain a little nutriment, by drinking their warm blood. The Russians offered thanksgivings to God, and to their saints, for the potent alliance of the wintery tempest, and prayed for its continuance.

This awful night, of sixteen hours' duration, at last passed away. A cold, bleak winter's morning dawned. The scene of horror presented to the eye, appalled the stoutest hearst. Circular ranges of the soldiers, stiff in death,

and covered with the drifted snow, marked the sites of the bivouacs. Thousands of snowy mounds, scattered over the plain, showed where, during the night, horses and men had perished, while the storm had wrapped rudely around them their winding sheet.

Winter was now enthroned in all its majesty. Marshal Ney, with herculean struggles, and through unequaled sufferings, protected this awful retreat. Slowly retiring before an enemy, by whose countless hordes he was often surrounded, he disputed every mile of the road —with extraordinary genius availed himself of every chance, and often, turning back upon the foe, plunged into their dense masses with superhuman energy. The heroism with which Marshal Ney conducted this retreat, has excited the admiration of the world.

The indomitable army again resumed its line of march, through scenes of woe which can never be told. Muskets dropped from the frozen hands of the soldiers. At every step guns and baggage wagons were abandoned. With the younger soldiers, all subordination was lost. Officers and men, in a tumultuous mass of confusion, struggled along. The Imperial Guard alone, retained its discipline, and its character.* The fierce Cossacks followed close in their rear. They picked up the exhausted and the dying, and tortured them to death with savage barbarity.

Marshal Ney, shocked at the wild disorder and ruin into which every thing was plunged, sent an aid to Napoleon with a soul-harrowing recital of disasters. Napoleon, conscious that there was now no remedy for these woes, and that nothing remained for the army but a succession of the most terrible sacrifices, interrupted the aid in his narrative, by saying mournfully, "Colonel, I do not ask you for these details." Through all this awful retreat, Napoleon appeared grave, silent, and resigned. He seemed quite insensible to bodily sufferings, and uttered no complaint. It was, however, at times evident to those about his person, that his mental anguish was extreme.

On the 9th of November Napoleon reached Smolensk. He had hoped to find here shelter, clothing, and provisions. He found only rain and famine. There was brandy in abundance. The soldiers, in despair, drank to utter stupefaction, and during the night perished miserably in the icy streets. In the morning the pavements were covered with the frozen bodies of the dead. Enormous quantities of provisions had been accumulated here. The most gigantic efforts had been made for transporting these provisions to scattered divisions of the army. But by the casualties of war, the magazines were now found nearly empty.

Just at that time a convoy of provisions reached Napoleon. He immediately forwarded it to Marshal Ney, saying, "those who are fighting must eat before the rest." At the same time he sent word to Ney to arrest the progress of the Russians for a few days, that he might have time, in Smolensk, to refresh and reorganize his army. The indomitable Marshal immediately faced about, and attacked the Russians with such determined courage, as to compel them to retreat. The French had lost nearly all their artillery. But the Marshal seized a musket, and exposed himself in the ranks like a common soldier! While thus, under these circumstances, exhibiting the reckless valor of a private in the ranks, he also displayed in his arrangements, the genius of the consummate general. His skillful manœuvres, and the impetuosity of his men, so effectually thwarted and overthrew the multitudinous foe, that the army obtained a respite of twenty-four hours.

Just before Napoleon entered Smolensk, an express reached him upon the road. It was a stormy day. Clouds of sleet and snow were sweeping both earth and sky. A circle of vedettes immediately formed about the Emperor, as he opened the important dispatches. Troubles were indeed multiplying. A conspiracy had been formed in Paris, taking advantage of the disasters in Russia, for the overthrow of the imperial government, and the establishment of the Jacobin mob.

An officer, by the name of Mallet, forged an account of the death of Napoleon. Availing himself of the panic, which the announcement caused, he gathered around him a few hundred of the National Guard, and made the most audacious attempt to take into his own hands the reins of power. The conspirator was soon however arrested and shot. But the event alarmingly showed how entirely the repose of France depended upon the life of Napoleon. It seemed very evident that the imperial government was by no means firmly established, and that the death of the Emperor would be but the signal for a strife of parties.

Napoleon was greatly agitated when he read the dispatches. He saw that the tidings of his death was the signal for the overthrow of the Empire, and for the bloody struggle of rival parties; that the government, which he had organized with such toil and care, to be a permanent blessing to France, and his memorial to posterity, was all suspended upon his personal supremacy, and could not survive his death. It had been the object of his constant study, so to establish and consolidate a government, as to secure the repose of his beloved country after his death. To accomplish this, he had made the tremendous sacrifice, and had committed the sin, of separating himself from the noble Josephine, and had married a daughter of the degenerate house of Hapsburg. He now found, to his inexpressible chagrin, that the king of Rome had no more been thought of, than if he had never been born. He now saw, when it was too late, that the repudiated Josephine,

* For the organization and discipline of this extraordinary body of men, see the admirable work of J. T. Headley on the Old Guard of Napoleon.

would have been a far more potent ally for himself and for France than the daughter of the Cæsars. It is clear that Napoleon had no intention of doing wrong in the divorce of Josephine. It was a "sin of ignorance." But it was none the less a sin. It was committed in the eyes of the world. And before the whole world he received his fearful punishment. In the anguish of his feelings at this time, he exclaimed in the presence of his generals.

"Does my power then hang on so slender a thread? Is my tenure of sovereignty so frail, that a single person can place it in jeopardy? Truly my crown is but ill-fitted to my head, if in my very capital, the audacious attempt of two or three adventurers can make it totter. After twelve years of government, after my marriage, after the birth of my son, after so many oaths, my death would have again plunged the country into the midst of revolutionary horrors. Napoleon II. was forgotten."

He immediately formed the resolution to return, as soon as he could honorably leave the army, to Paris. Retiring to his chamber, he said to General Rapp,

"Misfortune never comes singly. This event fills up the measure of evil here. I can not be every where, but I must absolutely return to my capital. My presence there has become indispensable, to restore public opinion. We have need of men and money. Great successes and victories will repair all." This intention was, however, communicated to but few, lest it should increase the prevailing disorders.

Napoleon remained at Smolensk five days, collecting his scattered forces, receiving reports from those divisions of the army which were traversing different roads, and making arrangements for rendering the continuation of the retreat less disastrous. Eugene, who was endeavoring to retreat by way of Witepsk, had suffered dreadfully in killed and wounded, and was now struggling along, having abandoned all his artillery and baggage. Swarms of Cossacks were also prowling about the divisions of Davoust and Ney, afraid to venture upon an open attack, but breaking down the bridges, and burning the villages; taking advantage of woods, forests, defiles, and heights, to attack the French in flank and rear, cutting off the stragglers, and precipitately retreating before any blows could be returned.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 14th of November, the retreat was resumed. It was dark and bitter cold as the troops gloomily defiled from the ruined city of Smolensk. The army was now reduced to about forty thousand effective men. It was divided into four corps, commanded by Murat, Eugene, Davoust, and Ney. Thirty thousand stragglers hung upon them, encumbering their march. The Emperor placed himself at the head of the first column, which was under the command of Murat. Marshal Ney, who was to remain in the city until it was evacuated, was ordered to drive all stragglers before him, to saw off the trunnions of the cannon he would be compelled to abandon, and to blow up, in the towers of the city, the munitions of war which could not be removed.

The horses, with their shoes worn smooth, or lost from their feet, continually fell beneath their riders. With incredible toil the men were obliged to drag the cannon and baggage-wagons up the icy hills. Frequently in the darkness, men, horses, and artillery were rolling down the slippery declivities together. The cannon-balls and the grape-shot of the enemy were often, at the same time, plowing their ranks. The days were short, the nights were long and dreadful. The sufferings of the wounded were awful beyond description. The first day the artillery of the guard advanced but fifteen miles in twenty-two hours.

Kutusoff, with an army of ninety thousand men, well clothed and armed, and with abundant supplies, was marching on a line parallel to that of the French. He soon outstripped the exhausted fugitives, and took a strong position in their advance, across the road, planting batteries upon the adjacent heights, and attempted to dispute the passage; but the Imperial Guard sternly, proudly, desperately advanced, and swept their assailants before them. The Russians retired to their batteries on the hills, and showered innumerable bullets upon their foe. As Napoleon marched through this storm of iron and of lead, which was scattering death on every side, the grenadiers of the Guard closed in a dense circle around him, that they might protect him, by their own bodies, from harm, and the band commenced playing the air, "Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his family?" The Emperor, considering this exclusively applicable to himself, requested them to play instead, "Let us watch over the safety of the empire."*

The first division of the army having forced its passage, the Russians made an effort to stop Eugene, who was several miles behind. They intrenched themselves in great force in the road before him, and summoned him to surrender.

* Sir Archibald Alison thus describes Napoleon's habit of passing through the corps of the army: "The imperial suite, like a whirlwind, swept through the columns, too fast for the men either to fall into the ranks or to present arms; and before the astonished crowd could find time to gaze on their beloved chief, the cortège was disappearing in the distance. Room, however, was always cleared; the outriders called out to make way, and, at the magic words, the Emperor, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were, pell mell, hurried to the side, often in frightful confusion, and with fractures of legs and arms."

It is curious to witness the complacency with which hostile historians represent Napoleon as a monster of depravity, while, at the same time, they are compelled to confess that he was loved, almost to adoration, by all who approached his person. In the above absurd calumny, Mr. Alison represents the soldiers as looking up with gratitude to their "*beloved chief*," even while squirming in mutilation beneath his chariot wheels. We may well inquire with Colonel Napier, to what undiscerning men do these writers venture to make such representations. Napoleon is represented as a demon in character, who won almost superhuman love from all who knew him.

A terrible battle ensued. Fifteen hundred of Eugene's division, in advance of the rest of the corps, for an hour resisted the onset of more than twenty thousand Russians, by whom they were surrounded. Repelling all demands to capitulate, they resolved to cut their way back again through the Russian lines to join the viceroy. They formed themselves into a solid square, and rushed upon the enemy's columns.

The Russians opened their ranks, and allowed this feeble and almost defenseless band to advance into their midst. Then, after they comprehended their object, either from pity or admiration, the enemy's battalions, which lined both sides of the road, entreated them to surrender. They seemed reluctant mercilessly to shoot down such brave men; but the only answer they received was, a more determined march, stern silence, and the presented bayonet. The whole of the enemy's fire was then poured in upon them at once, at the distance of but a few yards, and the half of this heroic column was stretched lifeless or wounded upon the ground. The survivors instantly closed up into another compact square. Not a man wavered. Thus they marched on through this awful fire, until nearly every individual had fallen. A few only of these resolute men saw the advancing divisions of Eugene. They then ran and threw themselves into those feeble ranks, which opened to receive them.

Eugene had now to fight his way through more than double his own numbers, while breasting batteries, which plowed his ranks with grape-shot. It is difficult to conceive how a single man escaped. The enemy occupied a position which swept the road. There seemed to be no hope unless that wooded height, bristling with cannon, could be carried. Three hundred men were selected to ascend to the forlorn assault. The battery opened upon the devoted band, and, in a few minutes, every individual was weltering in blood. Not one survived those terrific discharges.

Eugene had now but four thousand men left. Night, cold, long, and dark, came roughly to his aid. Leaving their fires burning to deceive the foe, these indomitable men, with noiseless step and almost suspended breath, crept at midnight along the fields, and passed around the unassailable position. There was a moment of frightful peril in this critical march. The moon suddenly burst from the clouds, revealing the retreating band to the Russian sentinel. He immediately challenged them. They gave themselves up for lost. A Pole ran up to the Russian, and speaking to him in his own language, said, with great composure, "Be silent! We are out on a secret expedition." The sentinel, deceived, gave no alarm. Eugene thus escaped, and early in the morning rejoined the Emperor. Napoleon had been waiting all the preceding day for the viceroy, in intense anxiety, on the plains of Krasnoi.

Napoleon now became extremely anxious for the safety of Ney and Davoust. Notwithstanding the peril of his position, in the midst of accumulating hosts of Russians, he resolved to await their arrival. For two days that little band stood upon the plain, bidding defiance to the hostile armies which frowned upon them from all the adjacent heights. The name of Napoleon was such a terror, that the Russians dared not march from their encampments.

"Kutusoff," says Sir Walter Scott, "seems to have acted toward Napoleon, and the Grand Army, as the Greenland fishers do to the whale, whom they are careful not to approach in his dying agonies, when pain, fury, and a sense of revenge, render the last struggle of the leviathan peculiarly dangerous."

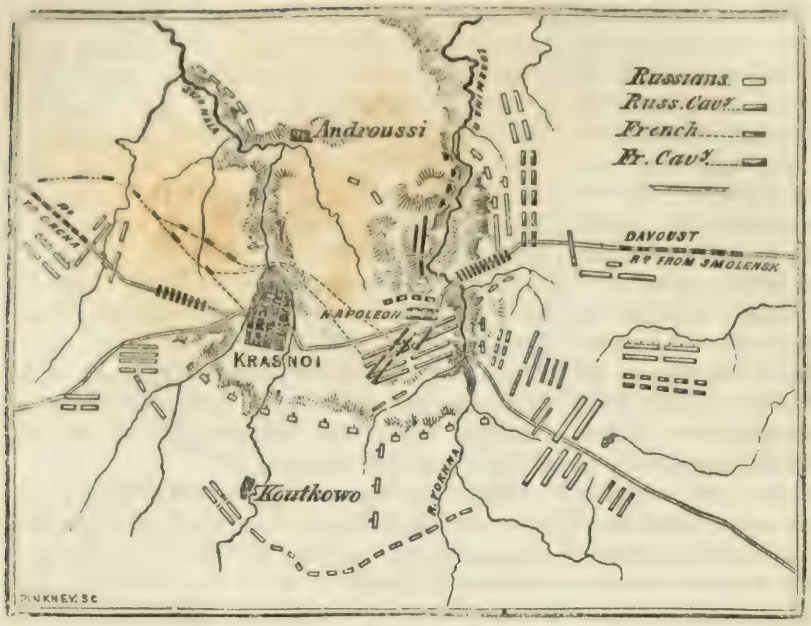
Still no tidings could be heard respecting the lost marshals. Napoleon now adopted the most extraordinary resolve, to turn back for their rescue. A bolder or more magnanimous deed history has never recorded. Napoleon, with his little band accompanying him, was now safe. He had forced his way through the last barrier. An unobstructed retreat through Lithuania was open before him. By delay, he was enabling the enormous forces of the enemy to get possession of rivers and defiles in his advance, and cut off his retreat. He distinctly saw all this. And yet he determined to fight his way back into the wilds of Russia, to deliver his friends, or to perish with them.

England and America have wondered why those who knew Napoleon loved him with such strange devotion. It was because he was worthy of their love; because he was one of the most generous, magnanimous, and self-denying of mortals. Could Davoust and Ney forget this man, who, regardless of famine and the blasts of winter, and of a retreat, still before him, of more than a thousand miles, could turn back, into the snow-drifted wilderness, for their rescue, and in face of an army outnumbering his own almost ten to one! With but *nine thousand men*, half famished, exhausted, and almost without arms, he resolved to assail *eighty thousand of the enemy*. By plunging into the very midst of their batteries and their thronged intrenchments, he would draw upon himself the sabres and the shot of the foe, and thus might produce a diversion in favor of Davoust and Ney. By so doing there was a chance that his friends might be enabled to break through those defiles which barred their escape from the wilds of Russia. Such traits of character resistlessly command the love and homage of all generous hearts.

Napoleon was nearly surrounded by the Russians. Unintimidated by those perils, he vigorously adopted measures for breaking through the foe.

"I have acted the Emperor long enough," said he, as he left his miserable quarters; "it is time I should again become a general."

A powerful division of the enemy occupied an important position on his left. He called



MAP OF KRASNOI

General Rapp, and said to him, "Set out immediately, and, during the darkness, attack that body with the bayonet. This is the first time the enemy has exhibited such audacity. I am determined to make him repent it in such a way that he will never again approach my headquarters."

After a few moments' thought, he recalled him, saying, "No! let Roguet and his division go. Remain where you are. I must not have you killed. I shall have occasion for you at Dantzic."*

Two nocturnal attacks were made, preparatory to the great conflict in the morning. They were perfectly successful. The French, without firing a musket, plunged with the bayonet into the densest masses of the foe; and the Russians, amazed at such desperate valor, retired before them.

Morning dawned. The Russian battalions and batteries encircled the French on three sides. Napoleon, placing himself at the head of his six thousand guards, advanced with a firm step, into the centre of that terrible circle, to break through. Mortier, with a few thousand men, deployed to protect his right. A battalion of foot men of the Old Guard, formed in a square, like a fortress of rock, to support the left wing of this feeble, yet indomitable column of attack.

The battle commenced. The enemy were still sufficiently numerous to crush Napoleon and his wasted battalions, by their mass alone, in marching forward, without firing a gun. But they did not dare to move from their intrenchments. With their artillery they made wide and deep breaches in the ranks of the French, whose advance they could not retard. The enemy's guns were flashing in the east, the west, and the south. The north alone remained open. A heavy column of the Russians were marching to an eminence, there to rear a battery which would complete the inclosing circle, and which seemed to render the escape of the French impossible. Napoleon was apprised of the peril.

"Very well," said he, calmly: "let a battalion of my *chasseurs* take possession of it." Giving no more heed to this peril, he continued with unflinching perseverance to pierce the masses of his foe.

The battle continued until two o'clock in the afternoon. At last, Davoust made his appearance. Aided by the attack of Napoleon, he had been able to force his way through the Russians, driving swarms of Cossacks before him. The valiant bands met, struggling through clouds of smoke, and reeling before the terrific discharges of batteries, which incessantly plowed their ranks. There was no time for congratulations, upon that field of peril and of blood. Napoleon inquired eagerly for Ney. He had not been heard from. He was probably lost.

Still Napoleon hesitated to retire. He could hardly endure the thought of leaving his heroic Marshal in the hands of the foe. At last, the danger that all would be destroyed was so imminent, that Napoleon reluctantly decided to continue the retreat. He called Mortier to his side. Sorrowfully pressing his hand, he said:

"We have not a moment to lose. The enemy is overwhelming us in all directions. Kutusoff may reach the last elbow of the Boristhenes before us, and cut off our retreat. I must therefore proceed rapidly thither with the Old Guard. You and Davoust must endeavor to hold the enemy in check until night. Then you must advance, and rejoin me."

Napoleon, his heart almost bursting with grief at the thought of abandoning Ney, slowly retired from the field of battle. Mortier and Davoust, with but three thousand men, remained to arrest the advance of fifty thousand enemies. A shower of balls and grape-shot swept their ranks. Proudly refusing to accelerate their steps, they retired as deliberately as they would have done from a field of summer parade. Their path was marked by the gory bodies of the dead. Their wounded comrades they bore in their arms. "Do you hear, soldiers?" said General Laborde; "the Marshal

* "Rapp, as he was carrying this order to Roguet, could not help feeling astonished that his chief, surrounded by eighty thousand of the enemy, whom he was going to attack the next day with nine thousand, should have so little doubt about his safety as to be thinking of what he should have to do at Dantzic, a city from which he was separated by the winter, two hostile armies, famine, and eighty leagues of distance."—COUNT PHILIP DE SEGUR, vol. ii. p. 188.

orders ordinary time! ordinary time, soldiers!"*

Napoleon, with a beechen stick in his hand, toiled along on foot. He proceeded slowly and hesitatingly, as if still half resolved to turn back again in pursuit of Ney. As he advanced, he manifested the deepest grief for the lost Marshal. He spoke of him incessantly, of his courage, of his genius, his true nobility of character. The twilight of the short winter's day soon disappeared, and another dismal night of woe and death darkened over the wasted and bleeding army. In the night Napoleon was overheard saying to himself,

"The misery of my poor soldiers cuts me to the heart. Yet I can not relieve them, without establishing myself in some place. But how is it possible to stop without ammunition, provisions, or artillery? I am not strong enough to halt. I must reach Minsk as quickly as possible."

He had hardly uttered these words when an officer entered, and informed him that Minsk, where he had centred his last hope, with all its magazines, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. For a moment Napoleon seemed overpowered by the blow. But instantly recovering himself, he said firmly, yet sadly,

"Very well! we have now then nothing to do but to force our way with the bayonet."

At one o'clock in the morning he sent for General Rapp.

"My affairs," said the Emperor, "are going very badly. These poor soldiers rend my heart. I can not, however, relieve them."

At that time an alarm of attack was made upon the encampment. The silence of midnight was suddenly interrupted by the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry. A scene of indescribable confusion and clamor ensued. Napoleon seemed as tranquil as if seated on a sofa at St. Cloud.

"Go," said he gently to General Rapp, "and see what is the matter. I am sure that some of those rogues of Cossacks want to prevent our sleeping."

The midnight alarm, like the rapid sweep of the whirlwind, soon passed away. The exhausted troops again threw themselves upon the snow-covered ground, where the freezing blast was even more merciless and fatal than the bullet of the foe.

The extreme sufferings of the French army, during this period, were faithfully narrated to France by Napoleon, in his twenty-ninth bulletin. In this celebrated document, he made no attempt to conceal the measurelessness of the disaster.

"The cold," says the bulletin, "suddenly increased after the 7th. On the 14th, 15th, and 16th, the thermometer was 16 and 18 degrees below freezing point, and the roads were covered with ice. The cavalry, artillery, and baggage horses died every night, not by hundreds, but by thousands, especially those of Germany and France. The cavalry were all on foot. The artillery and baggage were without means of conveyance.

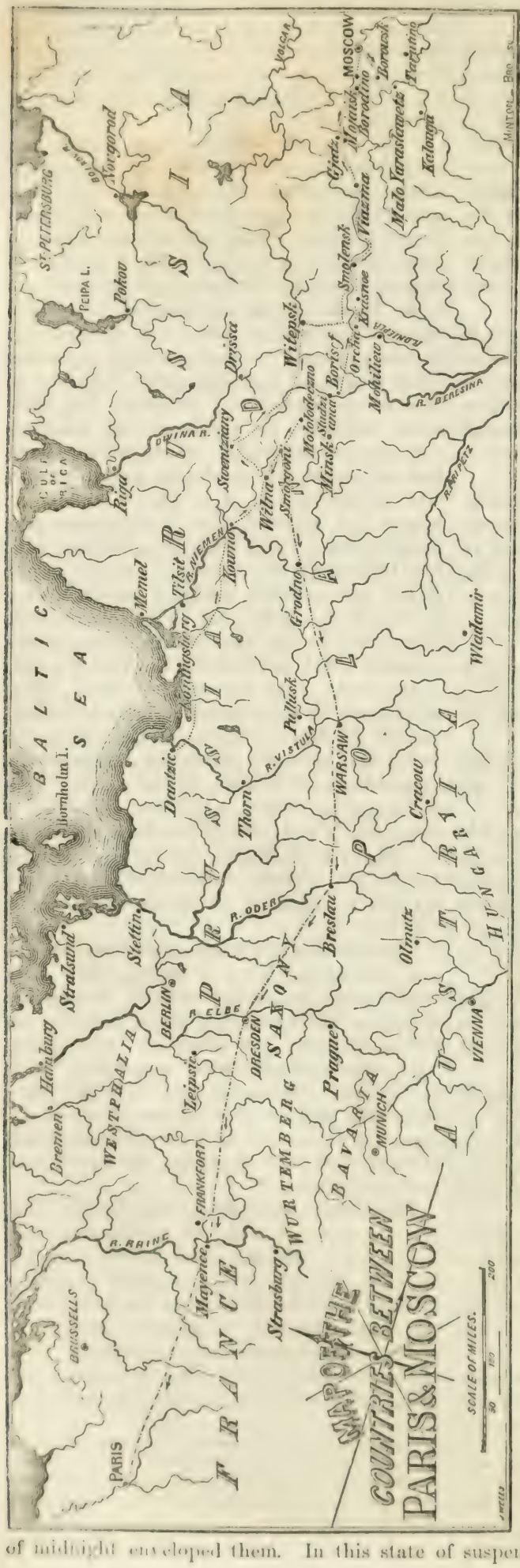
"The army which was so fine on the 6th, was very different on the 14th, almost without artillery, cavalry, and transports. Without cavalry we had no means of reconnoitering a quarter of a league, while, without artillery, we could not firmly await or risk a battle. It was requisite therefore to march, in order not to be forced into an engagement, which the want of ammunition prevented our desiring. It was necessary for us to occupy a certain space of ground, and that without cavalry to lead or to connect our columns. This difficulty, added to the immense frost, rendered our situation miserable. Those whom nature had not sufficiently steeled to be superior to fate or fortune, lost their gayety and good-humor, and dreamed only of misfortunes and catastrophes. Those whose constitutions enabled them to brave vicissitudes, preserved their spirits and ordinary manners, and saw new glories in the difficulties to be surmounted. The enemy, finding upon the road traces of the disasters which had befallen the French army, endeavored to take advantage of them. They surrounded all the columns with Cossacks, who carried off, like the Arabs of the desert, the trains and carriages which for a moment diverged from, or loitered on the march. This contemptible cavalry, which can only make a noise, and is incapable of penetrating through a company of voltigeurs, was rendered formidable by circumstances. Nevertheless, the enemy had to repent of all the serious attempts which he made."

The enfeebled army soon crossed the Dnieper and entered the town of Orcha. Here they found houses, fire, and provisions. For the first time since leaving Moscow, the soldiers enjoyed shelter, comfort, and abundant refreshments. "Napoleon entered Orcha," says Segur, "with six thousand guards, the remains of thirty-five thousand; Eugene with eighteen hundred soldiers, the remains of forty-two thousand; and Davoust with four thousand, the remains of seventy thousand."*

The heroic Marshal had lost every thing. He was emaciate with toil, sleeplessness, and fasting. His clothes were in tatters. He had not even a shirt. Some one gave him a handkerchief with which to wipe his face, which was white with frost. He seized a loaf of bread, and devoured it voraciously, exclaiming, "None but men of iron constitutions can support such trials. It is physically impossible to resist them.

* For a more full account of this extraordinary enterprise, see "Napoleon's Russian Expedition, by Count Philip de Segur."

* The apparent inconsistency in the numbers which are frequently mentioned in the narrative, arises from the fact that each day thousands were perishing, while other thousands were joining the army, from divisions posted along the line of retreat



There are limits to human strength, the utmost of which have been exceeded." Still, his determined spirit had never for one moment been vanquished. At every defile he halted and beat back the foe, struggling incessantly against an inundation of disorder.

Napoleon was still inquiring for Ney. A feeling of grief pervaded the whole army. Four days had now passed since he had been heard from. Nearly all hope had vanished. Still, every one was looking back across the Dnieper, hoping to obtain a glimpse in the distant horizon of the approach of his columns. They listened to catch, if possible, the sound of his conflict with the foe. But nothing was to be heard but the cold sweep of the wintery wind; nothing was to be seen but swarms of Cossacks, crowding the opposite banks of the stream, and menacing the bridges. Some proposed, since there was no more hope, to blow up these bridges, and thus retard the pursuit of the Russians. Others, however, would not consent, as it seemed to seal the doom of their lost companions in arms.

Night again set in, and the weary soldiers, in comfortable quarters, for a moment forgot their woes. Napoleon was partaking of a frugal supper with General Lefebvre, when a joyful shout was heard in the streets, "Marshal Ney is safe!" At that moment a Polish officer entered the room, and reported that the Marshal was a few leagues distant, on the banks of the river, harassed by swarms of Cossacks, and that he had sent for assistance. Napoleon sprang from his chair, seized the informant by both arms, and exclaimed, with intense emotion,

"Is that really true? Are you sure of it?" Then, in an outburst of rapture, he added, "I have two hundred millions of gold in my vaults at the Tuileries. I would have given them all to save Marshal Ney!"

It was a cold and gloomy winter's night. The soldiers were exhausted by almost superhuman toil and suffering. But, without a murmur, five thousand men, at the call of Eugene, roused themselves from their slumbers, and left their warm fires, to proceed to the rescue of the Marshal. They traversed unknown and snowy paths for about six miles. Often they stopped to listen; but no sound of their lost friends could be heard. The river, encumbered with ice, flowed chill and drear at their side. Dismal forests of pines and firs frowned along their way. The gloom and silence of midnight enveloped them. In this state of suspense Eugene ordered a few cannon to be

discharged. Far off in the distance they heard the faint response of a volley of musketry. The Marshal had not a single piece of artillery left. Eagerly the two corps hastened to meet. Eugene Beauharnais, one of the noblest of men, whom no perils could daunt, and whom no sufferings could subdue, threw himself into the arms of his rescued friend, and wept for joy. Soldiers, officers, generals, all rushed together, and mingled in affectionate embraces.

The reunited bands returned rejoicingly to Orcha. As Marshal Ney related to the Emperor the perils through which he had passed, Napoleon grasped his hand, and hailed him by the proud title of "Bravest of the Brave." The unconquerable Marshal had infused his own energy into the bosoms of his troops. In view of these extraordinary achievements, accomplished by the genius of one man, Napoleon, in characteristic language, remarked, "Better is an army of deer commanded by a lion, than an army of lions commanded by a deer."

Ney had left Smolensk, about one hundred miles distant, on the 17th with but six thousand soldiers. He arrived at Orcha with but fifteen hundred, and without a single cannon. He had been compelled to leave all his sick and wounded to the mercy of the enemy. The road over which he passed, he found strewed with the traces of the dreadful rout of his friends who had preceded him. Every where were to be seen broken muskets, and sabres, overthrown carriages, dismounted cannon, and the frozen bodies of men and horses.

He passed the battle-field of Krasnoi, where the Emperor had halted, and had so heroically fought for the rescue of his lost companions. It was covered with the icy bodies of the dead. On the ensuing day a wintery mist enveloped them, so that they could see but a few feet in advance. Suddenly they found themselves directly in front of a Russian battery, where the enemy, in vastly superior numbers, disputed their passage. A Russian officer presented himself, and demanded the sword of Ney. The commander of the Russian forces was so conscious of the valor of this extraordinary man, that with the demand for surrender, he sent an apology for making such a summons.

"Field-marshal Kutusoff," said the envoy, "would not have presumed to make so cruel a proposal to so great a general, to a warrior so renowned, if there remained a single chance of safety for him. But there are eighty thousand Russians surrounding Marshal Ney. If the Marshal doubts this, Kutusoff will permit him to send a man to pass through his ranks, and count his forces." Ney gave the noble response, "A Marshal of France never surrenders."

Even while this scene was passing, the enemy, either through treachery or by mistake, discharged a battery of forty guns loaded with grape-shot, directly into the bosoms of the French. The carnage was awful. A French officer darted forward to cut down the Russian messenger as a traitor. Ney restrained him, and the man, who was probably innocent of all guile, was disarmed and made prisoner. The enemy's fire was now poured in upon the French without mercy and without cessation. "All the hills," says an eye-witness, "which but a moment before looked cold and silent, became like so many volcanoes in eruption." But these perils did but fan into increased intensity the ardor and the courage of Ney.

"Kutusoff," says Segur, "had not deceived him. On his side there were indeed eighty thousand men, in complete ranks, well fed and in double lines, full and deep; a numerous cavalry; an immense artillery, occupying a formidable position; in short, every thing, and fortune to boot, which is alone equal to all the rest. On ours, five thousand half-famished soldiers—a straggling and dismembered column, a wavering and languid march; arms defective and dirty, and the greater part of them mute, or shaking in enfeebled hands. And yet the French leader had no thought of yielding or perishing, but to cut his way through the enemy."

Ney, undaunted, placed himself at the head of a column, and rushed upon the hostile intrenchments. With five thousand men he undertook to force a passage through eighty thousand. With six pieces of cannon he ventured to march upon batteries bristling with two hundred pieces. The unequal combat was maintained until night enveloped the field. Ney, then finding it impossible to break through, and leaving half of his little army dead upon the field, ordered a retreat back again into the inhospitable wilds of Russia, toward Smolensk.

His troops heard this strange command with utter amazement. They, however, instantly obeyed. Turning their backs upon their comrades who had preceded them, upon their Emperor, upon France, they retraced their steps into those frozen regions from which they were so anxious to escape. For an hour or two they hastily traversed, in the darkness, an unknown and savage road, until they came to a small river. Ney broke the ice to see which way the current ran.

"This stream," said he, "flows in to the Dnieper. It shall be our guide." Cold, hungry, weary, and bleeding, the feeble band struggled along the frozen banks of the stream, until they came to the Dnieper, the Borysthenes of the ancients. A lame peasant, the only inhabitant whom they encountered, informed them where they might probably pass on the ice. A bend in the river had at this point clogged the floating masses. The cold had cemented them. Above and below, the stream was still filled with movable fragments. In this spot only was a passage possible; and here it was full of danger.

Ney, wrapped in his cloak, threw himself upon the snow, and slept while the troops pressed across in single file. The ice was thin, and bent and crackled under their feet. The

wagons, laden with the sick and wounded soldiers, next attempted to pass, but the frail surface broke beneath the weight. Many of the wagons sank. A few faint shrieks were heard as the mutilated sufferers were submerged in the icy waves, their cold and silent sepulchre. The Cossacks tracked the retreat of the French, and, keeping beyond the reach of musket-shot, fired incessantly upon their helpless victims with artillery. Ney pressed vigorously on, by day and by night, without rest, and a little after midnight, on the 20th, the wrecks of the Grand Army were sadly united at Orcha.

During this retreat, an unnatural mother abandoned her child in the snow. Marshal Ney took the little sufferer in his arms, soothed it with tenderness, and carried it back to its parent. Again the wretched woman, rendered fiend-like by misery, cast the poor child from the overladen sledge. Again the Marshal, as tender-hearted as he was brave, rescued the child. The indignant soldiers threw the mother from the sledge, to perish in the ice. They covered the friendless child with furs and blankets. They subsequently watched over him with great care. This little orphan was afterward seen at the Beresina, then at Wilna, and again at Kowno. He finally escaped all the horrors of the retreat.

Napoleon could now muster but about twelve thousand effective men. Still, a vast and uncounted train of stragglers encumbered the army. For the next three days the suffering band pressed on, defying all the efforts of their multitudinous foes to arrest them. When Napoleon left Moscow to attack Kutusoff, with his assembled army, at Kalouga, General Wittgenstein, with a large army, was three hundred miles in the rear of Napoleon's left wing. Six hundred miles farther off, General Tchitchagoff was returning with his army of sixty thousand men, which had just been released from warfare with the Turks. Both of these well-appointed hosts were marching, to unite their forces, upon the banks of the Beresina. Three armies were thus crowding upon the Emperor. The passage of the Beresina had now become the great point of peril.*

Napoleon had left a strong force, with abundant magazines, at Borisoff, an important town which covered the passage of the stream. At this place he was sanguine in his expectation of finding refreshment, repose, and powerful additions to his army in men and in the enginery of war.

On the evening of the 23d, Napoleon received intelligence that, through the great negligence of one of his generals, Borisoff had been captured, and, with all its stores, was in the hands of the enemy. He was quite unprepared to hear of this terrible disaster. For a moment he was silent; then, raising his hand toward heaven, he sighed heavily, and said,

"Is it written there that we shall commit nothing but errors?"

"Nevertheless," says Napier, "these first words of impatience were the only ones which escaped him, and the valet-de-chambre who assisted him was the only one who witnessed his agitation. Duroc, Daru, and Berthier all said that they knew nothing of it—that they saw him unshaken. This was doubtless so as to outward appearance, for he retained sufficient command over himself to avoid betraying his anxiety."

The path of the army seemed now entirely hedged up. Escape was apparently impossible. Napoleon was still nearly seven hundred miles from where he had crossed the Niemen, at Kowno. The officers, who were with him, expressed their earnest wishes that their sovereign, by abandoning the army, might himself reach France, "were it even through the air," said M. Daru, "since the passage of the earth seems barred. Your Majesty could much more certainly serve the army in Paris than here."

Napoleon carefully studied the maps, examined the situation of Borisoff, and suggested one or two other points of passage. It was, however, found that the Russians had strongly defended all those places. The weakened army, freezing and starving, could not force the stream in the face of such formidable hostile batteries. He finally determined to attempt a passage at Studzianca, a village a little to the right of Borisoff. The river was here about three hundred yards wide, and six feet deep. It was a desperate venture. There was no bridge. The stream was filled with floating ice. The landing on the opposite side was in a marsh, surrounded by heights, occupied by a powerful and well-organized army. Napoleon, however, relied firmly upon the resources of his genius, and upon the courage and devotion of his followers. With alacrity he made preparations for the fearful enterprise.

He collected all the remaining Eagles of the

* "A secret treaty of peace had been signed at Bucharest between the Russians and the Turks. This peace was the work of England, and was secured through the instrumentality of a false document, which the cabinet at London caused to be presented to the Grand Vizier. It was a forged letter from Napoleon, in which he proposed to Alexander the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. Joseph Fonton, who for a long time had been a stipendiary of England, being consulted by Galib Effendi, testified to the authenticity of the document. When the Sultan learned of the entrance of Napoleon into Russia, he refused to ratify the treaty, and was only induced to do so by the menacing attitude of England. This delay of the ratification delayed the Russian army in Moldavia, and did not release it until October. It consequently was unable to oppose the French army at any time during the retreat, until it encountered the French at the famous passage of the Beresina."—*Histoire de Napoleon*, par M DE NORVINS.

Thus Russia became hostile to Napoleon because he *would not consent* to the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire; and the Turks became his foe because England had convinced them, by false documents, that Napoleon was co-operating with Alexander for the conquest of Constantinople.

several regiments, and caused them to be burned. All the unnecessary carriages were destroyed. Eighteen hundred of his dismounted guard were formed into two battalions. He assembled around his own person, all the officers who had been able to save their horses. This corps, being formed into a company of five hundred officers, was denominated "the sacred squadron." Generals of division performed the functions of captains, and inferior officers, with cordial good-will, shouldered the musket, and took their places in the ranks. The spirit of this feeble band, animated by the indomitable energy of Napoleon, still remained unbroken.

These arrangements being completed, the troops again commenced their march through the dark pine forest, which there covers the country. The retreating army presented a motley array, of about forty thousand men, women, and children. As they approached Borisoff, loud shouts were heard, which they supposed arose from the exultant and defiant Russians. A party was sent forth to reconnoitre. They soon returned with the almost blissful news, that the corps of Marshals Victor and Oudinot had retaken Borisoff, and were waiting for Napoleon.

The joy and the anguish of this meeting of the French soldiers can not be described. Victor's men were ignorant of the disasters which the Grand Army had encountered since its evacuation of Moscow. They were totally unprepared for such a spectacle of misery. Their comrades presented themselves clothed in rags, pieces of carpet, and untanned horse skins. Their feet were covered with wretched substitutes for shoes. They were emaciate, haggard, frozen, and bleeding. The veterans wept together over the recital of hitherto unheard of woes; and all were horror-stricken, when informed that this skeleton band of fugitives was all that remained of that triumphant army, which had recently been proclaimed throughout Europe, as the conquerors of the capital of Russia. With the addition of the divisions of Victor and Oudinot, Napoleon had now twenty-seven thousand troops, and forty thousand stragglers.

Through all these disasters the attachment of the soldiers to Napoleon continued unbroken. "Thus, amidst so many persons," says Segur, "who might have reproached him with their misfortunes, he marched on, without the least fear, speaking to one and all without affectation, certain of being respected as long as glory could command respect. Knowing perfectly that he belonged to us, as much as we to him, his renown being as it were a common national property, we should have sooner turned our arms against ourselves, which was the case with many, than against him, as being the minor suicide.

"Some of them fell and died at his feet; and though they were in the most frightful delirium, their suffering never gave its wanderings the turn of reproach, but of entreaty. And, in fact, did he not share the common danger? Who of them all risked so much as he? Who had suffered the greatest loss in this disaster? If any imprecations were ever uttered it was not in his presence; for it seemed that, of all misfortunes, that of incurring his displeasure was the greatest."

The river Beresina flows rapidly along its channel a few miles beyond Borisoff. The retreating Russians had destroyed the bridge. Upon the opposite bank of the river they had planted very formidable batteries. Napoleon remained two days at Borisoff refreshing his troops. On the 25th a variety of movements were made, to deceive the enemy, as to the point at which he intended to cross the river. In the mean time, with secrecy, arrangements were made for constructing a bridge where a dense forest would conceal their operations from view. The Russians, in vast numbers, occupied the adjacent heights. The French troops were secreted all day in the woods, ready to commence the construction of the bridge the moment night should come. Hardly had the winter's sun gone down behind the frozen hills, ere they sprang to their work. No fire could be allowed. They worked through the long and dark night, many of them often up to their necks in water, and struggling against immense masses of ice, which were floated down by the stream. The tires of the wheels were wrenched off for cramp-irons, and cottages were torn down for timber.

Napoleon superintended the work in person, toiling with the rest. He uttered not a word which could indicate any want of confidence in this desperate adventure. He was surrounded by three armies, constituting a mass of one hundred and fifty thousand men. "In this situation," says the Russian historian Boutourlin, "the most perilous in which he had ever found himself, the great captain was in no way inferior to himself. Without allowing himself to be dismayed by the imminence of his danger, he dared to measure it with the eye of genius, and still found resources, when a general less skillful and less determined would not even have suspected its possibility."

The French generals deemed the passage of the river utterly impracticable. Rapp, Mortier, and Ney, declared that if escape were now effected, they should forever after believe in the Emperor's protecting star. Even Murat, constitutionally bold and reckless as he was, declared that it was impossible to save the army. He urged that it was time to relinquish all thoughts of rescuing any but the Emperor, on whose fate the salvation of France depended. The soldiers in the ranks expressed similar fears and desires. Some Polish officers volunteered to extricate Napoleon, by guiding him through obscure paths in the forest to the frontiers of Prussia. Poniatowski, who commanded the Polish division, offered to pledge his life for the

success of the enterprise; but Napoleon promptly rejected the suggestion, as implying a cowardly and dishonorable flight. He would not forsake the army in this hour of its greatest peril.

"Napoleon," says Segur, "at once rejected this project as infamous, as being a cowardly flight; he was indignant that any one should dare to think, for a moment, that he would abandon his army, so long as it was in danger. He was, however, not at all displeased with Murat, either because that prince, in making the proposition, had afforded him an opportunity of showing his firmness, or, what is more probable, because he saw in it nothing but a mark of devotion, and because, in the eyes of a sovereign, the first quality is attachment to his person."

At last the day faintly dawned in the east. The Russian watch-fires began to pale. Napoleon, by the movements of the preceding day, had effectually deceived his foes. The bewildered Russian admiral consequently commenced withdrawing his forces from Studzianca, just as Napoleon commenced concentrating his army there. The French generals, who were anxiously, with their glasses, peering through the dusk of the morning to the opposite heights, could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the Russians rapidly retreating. The Russians had received orders to hasten to a point some eighteen miles down the river, where the admiral was convinced, by the false demonstrations of Napoleon, that the French intended to attempt the passage.

Oudinot and Rapp hastened to the Emperor with the joyful tidings. Napoleon exclaimed, "Then I have outwitted the admiral."* A squadron of horsemen swam, on their skeleton steeds, through the icy waves, and took possession of the opposite bank. The bridge was soon finished, and two light rafts were constructed. The passage of the troops was now urged with the utmost rapidity. In the course of a few hours, the engineers succeeded in constructing another bridge for the transportation of the baggage and the cannon. During the whole of that bleak winter's day, and of the succeeding night, the French army, with its encumbering multitude of stragglers, were crowding across these narrow defiles. In the mean time the Russians began to return. They planted their batteries upon the adjacent heights, and swept the bridges with a storm of cannon-balls. Early in the morning of the 27th, the foe had accumulated in such numbers, as to be prepared to make a simultaneous attack upon the French on both sides of the river. Napoleon had crossed with the advanced guard. On attaining the right bank of the river, he exclaimed, "My star still reigns."

An awful conflict now ensued. The Russians were impelled by the confidence of success; the French were nerved by the energies of despair.

* Admiral Tchitchagoff.

In the midst of this demoniac scene of horror, mutilation, and blood, a fearful tempest arose, howling through the dark forests, and sweeping with hurricane fury over the embattling hosts. One of the frail bridges broke beneath the weight of artillery, baggage, and troops with which it was burdened. A vast and frenzied crowd were struggling at the heads of the bridges. Cannon-balls plowed through the living, tortured mass. They trampled upon each other. Multitudes were crowded into the stream, and with shrieks, which pierced through the thunders of the battle, sank beneath the floating ice. The genius of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than on this occasion. It is the testimony alike of friend and foe, that no other man could have accomplished what he accomplished in the awful passage of the Beresina.

Undismayed by the terrific scene and by the magnitude of his peril, he calmly studied all his chances, and, with his feeble band, completely thwarted and overthrew his multitudinous foes. It is difficult to ascertain the precise numbers in this engagement. According to Segur, who is perhaps the best authority to whom we can refer, Napoleon had but twenty-seven thousand fighting men, and these were exhausted, half famished, and miserably clothed and armed. There were also forty thousand stragglers and wounded, embarrassing his movements and claiming his care. Sixty thousand Russians, well fed and perfectly armed, surrounded him. General Wittgenstein, with forty thousand effective men, marched upon the portion of the army which had not yet crossed the stream. Marshal Victor, with but six thousand men, baffled all his efforts, and for hours held this vast force at bay. Admiral Tchitchagoff, with twenty thousand men, attacked the columns which had crossed. Ney, with eight thousand troops, plunged into the dense mass of foes, drove them before him, and took six thousand prisoners.

Through all these awful hours the engineers worked in preserving and repairing the bridges, with coolness which no perils could disturb. The darkness of the night put no end to the conflict. The Russians, trained their guns to bear upon the confused mass of men, horses, and wagons, crowding and overwhelming the bridges.

In the midst of all the horrors of the scene, a little boat, carrying a mother and her two children, was overturned by the floating ice. A soldier plunged from the bridge into the river, and, by great exertions, saved the youngest of the two children. The poor little thing, in tones of despair, kept crying for its mother. The tender-hearted soldier was heard, endeavoring to soothe it, saying, "Do not cry. I will not abandon you. You shall want for nothing. I will be your father."

Women were in the midst of the stream, struggling against the floating ice, with their children in their arms. And when the mother

was completely submerged in the cold flood, her stiffened arms were seen still holding her child above the waves. Across this bridge the soldiers bore tenderly the orphan child, which Marshal Ney had saved at Smolensk.

Many persons were crushed and ground to pieces, by the rush of heavy carriages. Bands of soldiers cleared their way across the bridge, through the encumbering crowd, with their bayonets and their swords. The wounded and the dead were trampled miserably under their feet. Night came, cold, dark, and dreary, and did but increase these awful calamities. Every thing was covered with snow. The black mass of men, horses and carriages, traversing this white surface, enabled the Russian artillery men, from the heights which they occupied, unerringly to direct their fire. The howling of the tempest, the gloom of midnight, the incessant flash and roar of artillery, the sweep of cannon balls, through the dense mass, and the frightful explosion of shells, the whistling of bullets, the vociferations and shouts of the soldiers, the shrieks of the wounded and of the despairing, the wild hurras of the Cossacks, presented one of the most appalling scenes which demoniac war, has ever exhibited. The record alone, one would think enough to appal the most selfish and merciless lover of military glory. At last Victor, having protected the passage of all the regular troops, led his valiant corps across, and set fire to the bridges. The numbers lost on this occasion, has never been ascertained. When the ice melted in the spring, twelve thousand dead bodies, were dragged from the river.

On the 29th of October the Emperor resumed his march. Each hour brought an accumulation of horrors. For four days the army passed along the icy road, marking their path by an awful trail of frozen corpses. On the 3d of December they arrived at Molodeczno. Here they were met by convoys, sent to them from Wilna, and found provisions and forage in abundance. The wounded officers and soldiers, and every thing which could embarrass the movements of the army, were sent forward under an escort to Wilna. Several thousand fresh horses were obtained, and the cavalry remounted. The artillery was repaired; and the troops, refreshed and reorganized, were placed in marching order.

But intelligence was also brought to Napoleon that portions of Prussia, taking advantage of his reverses, were arming against him; and that even the Austrian aristocracy, deeming this a favorable hour to put down democracy in France, were assuming a hostile attitude. Napoleon called a council of all his officers, related to them these new impending perils, and informed them of his consequent determination to return speedily to Paris. The Generals unanimously approved of this design. He, however, remained with the army two days longer. On the 5th the troops arrived at Smorgoni.

They were now within the borders of ancient Poland. Though still within the dominions of Russia, they here met with sympathy and friends. The great difficulties of the retreat were now surmounted. Napoleon invited all his Marshals to sup with him. At the conclusion of the repast, he informed them that he should set out that night for France. He assured them that he would soon return at the head of three hundred thousand men, and repeat the conquest which the frost had retarded.

"I leave," said he, "the command of the army to the King of Naples. I hope that you will obey him as you would me, and that the most perfect harmony will reign among you. He then embraced them all and took leave. It was ten o'clock at night. Two sledges were drawn up before the door. The officers gathered sadly and affectionately around the Emperor. Napoleon took his seat in one of the sledges, with Caulaincourt by his side. Duroc and Lobau followed in the other sledge. Their only escort consisted of a few Poles of the Royal Guard.

For leaving the army under these circumstances, Napoleon has been severely censured. It has been called a shameful and a cowardly abandonment. A Russian historian has, however, been more just. General Boutourlin, aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, says,

"Various judgments have been formed respecting this departure. Yet nothing would be more easy than to justify it. Napoleon was not merely the general of the army, which he left; and since the fate of all France was dependent upon his person, it is clear that, under existing circumstances, his first duty was, less to witness the death-throes of the remnant of his army, than to watch over the safety of the great empire which he ruled. Now he could not perform that duty better than by going to Paris, that by his presence, he might hasten the organization of new armies, to replace that which he had lost."

Even Bourrienne, though unable to conceal the hostility with which he was animated, exclaims, "It is not without indignation that I have heard that departure attributed by some to cowardice and fear. Napoleon a coward! They know nothing of his character who say so. Tranquil in the midst of danger, he was never more happy than on the field of battle."

In reference to this astonishing retreat, Colonel Napier says, with candor which honors his character, and which proves him to have been indeed a magnanimous foe,

"To have struggled with hope under such astounding difficulties, was scarcely to be expected from the greatest minds. But, like the Emperor, to calculate and combine the most stupendous efforts with calmness and accuracy; to seize every favorable chance with unerring rapidity; to sustain every reverse with undisturbed constancy, never urged to rashness by despair, yet enterprising to the utmost verge of daring, consistent with reason, was a display

of intellectual greatness, so surpassing, that it is not without justice Napoleon has been called, in reference as well to past ages as to the present, the foremost of mankind."

"During fourteen days and nights," says Caulaincourt, "which followed the disasters of Moscow, I am enabled to affirm that never, under any circumstances, did I see him manifest such heroic magnanimity. Seated by my side in a narrow sledge, exposed to every kind of danger, suffering severely from cold, and often from hunger, for we could not stop any where; leaving behind him the scattered wrecks of his army, Napoleon's courage never forsook him. Yet his spirit was not buoyed by any illusory hope. He had sounded the depth of the abyss. His eagle eye had scanned the prospect before him."

"Caulaincourt," said he, "this is a serious state of things; but rest assured my courage will not flinch. My star is clouded; but all is not lost. In three months I shall have on foot a million of armed citizens, and three hundred thousand fine troops of the line. I, the Emperor, am only a man. But all Frenchmen know that on that man depend the destinies of their country, the destinies of their families, and the safety of their homes."

After a very narrow escape from being captured by the Russians, Napoleon passed rapidly through Wilna; and on the 10th of December entered Warsaw. The Abbé de Pradt, who was then the French embassador at Warsaw, has given a very singular account in his "Embassy to Warsaw in 1812," of an interview he had, at that time, with the Emperor. It is regarded by Napoleon's friends as a gross caricature, intended to represent him in an odious light.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, referring to the Abbé de Pradt, said, "But the Abbé did not fulfill, at Warsaw, any of the objects which had been intended. On the contrary he did a great deal of mischief. Reports against him poured in from every quarter. Even the young men, the clerks attached to the embassy, were surprised at his conduct, and went so far as to accuse him of maintaining an understanding with the enemy, which I by no means believed. *But he certainly had a long talk with me, which he misrepresents, as might have been expected;* and it was at the very moment when he was delivering a long prosing speech, which appeared to me a mere string of absurdity and impertinence, that I scrawled, on the corner of the chimney-piece, the order to withdraw him from his embassy, and to send him, as soon as possible, to France; a circumstance which was the cause of a good deal of merriment at the time, and which the Abbé seems very desirous of concealing.*

It will be found, in a succeeding chapter, that the Abbé subsequently paid a noble tribute to the character of the Emperor, as he indignantly repelled the insults which the allies heaped upon their fallen foe. Napoleon, who is represented by all who knew him, as one of the most forgiving of men, was much gratified by this virtual *amende.*

Napoleon was well aware of the perfidy of his feudal allies. The celerity of his movements alone prevented his being made a prisoner, as he passed through Bavaria. He was, however, reserved for a more melancholy fate than that of Richard Cœur de Lion. Earth could have no heavier woes for him, than the lingering torments of St. Helena. The Emperor drove forward, without intermission, by night and by day. At one o'clock in the morning of the 14th of December, his solitary sledge entered the streets of Dresden. But a few months before, Napoleon had left that city, surrounded by magnificence such as no earthly monarch has ever equaled. He immediately held a long private conference with the king of Saxony, the most faithful and devoted of all his allies. Again entering his sledge, and outstripping even his couriers in speed, in four days he reached Paris.

It was midnight on the 18th of December. The Empress, sick, anxious, and extremely dejected, had just retired to rest, at the Tuileries. She supposed that the Emperor was still struggling with his foes, in the midst of the wilds of Russia. Suddenly the voices of men were heard in the ante-chamber. A cry from one of the maids of honor made the Empress aware that something extraordinary had happened. In her alarm she leaped from the bed. At that moment the door was opened, and a man, enveloped in furs, rushed in and clasped her in his arms. It was the Emperor.

The news of the Emperor's arrival spread rapidly through the metropolis. Napoleon had issued a bulletin, frankly communicating the whole extent of the disaster, which had been encountered. He had made no attempt whatever at concealment. Though the bulletin had been dispatched from the army, before the departure of the Emperor, it did not arrive in Paris until the morning after his return. The important document was immediately published. A calamity so awful and so unexpected, filled Paris with amazement and consternation.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the Emperor held a levee. It was numerously attended. Gloom and anxiety pervaded every counte-

* The Abbé de Pradt subsequently wrote of Napoleon in a far more appreciative tone. Las Cases, in his Memorial of St. Helena, says, "At this part of my journal were inserted several pages, full of details, very discreditable to the Archbishop of Malines (the Abbé de Pradt) which were received from the Emperor's own mouth or collected from the individuals about him. I, however, strike them out in consideration of the satisfaction which I was informed the Emperor subsequently experienced in perusing M. de Pradt's Concordats. For my own part I am perfectly satisfied with numerous other testimonies of the same nature, and derived from the same source. An honorable and voluntary acknowledgment is a thousand times better than all the retorts that can be heaped on an offender."

nance. The Emperor appeared calm. He made no attempt to evade the questions, which all were so anxious to ask. Frankly and fully he communicated the details of the retreat.

"Moscow," said he, "had fallen into our power. We had surmounted every obstacle. The conflagration even, had in no way lessened the prosperous state of our affairs. But the rigor of winter induced upon the army the most frightful calamities. In a few nights all was changed. Cruel losses were experienced. They would have broken my heart, if, under such circumstances, I had been accessible to any other sentiments, but the welfare of my people. I desire peace. It is necessary. On four different occasions, since the rupture of the peace of Amiens, I have solemnly made offer of it to my enemies. But I will never conclude a treaty, but on terms honorable and suitable to the grandeur of my empire."

After the departure of the Emperor from the army, the cold increased in intensity. As they approached Wilna, the mercury sank to 36° below zero, Fahrenheit. The misery which ensued can never be told. Sixty thousand men, troops and stragglers, had crossed the Beresina. Twenty thousand had since joined them. Of these eighty thousand, scarce forty thousand reached Wilna. This destruction was caused almost entirely by the cold. The Russians who were in pursuit, perished as miserably as did the French. It is a remarkable fact, but well attested, that the soldiers from a more southern clime endured the cold better than did the native Russians.

On the 12th of December, the French arrived at Kowno, upon the banks of the Niemen. On the 13th they crossed the bridge, but about thirty thousand in number. The "Old Guard" was now reduced to three hundred men. They still marched proudly, preserving, even unto death, their martial and indomitable air. The heroic Ney, through miracles of suffering and valor, had covered the rear, through this awful retreat. The march from Viasma to the Niemen, had occupied thirty-seven days and nights. During this time, four rear guards had melted away, under his command. Receiving four or five thousand men, the number would soon be reduced to two thousand, then to one thousand, then to five hundred, and finally, to fifty or sixty. He would then obtain a fresh supply to be strewn in death, along the road. Even more perished from fatigue and the cold, than from the bullets of the enemy.

In the following way he conducted the retreat. Each afternoon, at about five o'clock, he selected some commanding position, and stopped the advance of the Russians. His soldiers then, for a few hours, obtained such food and rest as was possible, under such circumstances. At ten o'clock he again resumed, under cover of the night, his retreat. At daybreak, which was about seven o'clock, he again took position, and rested until ten o'clock. By this time the enemy usually made his appearance. Cautiously retiring, Ney fought them back all day long, making as much progress as he could, until five o'clock in the evening, when he again took position.

In order to retard the advance of the Cossacks, powder and shells were placed in the wagons, which it was found necessary to abandon, and a long lighted fuse attached. The Cossacks, observing the smoke, dared not approach until after the explosion. Thus, for more than a month, by night and by day, Ney struggled along against blinding storms of snow, and freezing gales, with his ranks plowed by the shot and the shells of the enemy.

At Kowno, Marshal Ney collected seven hundred fresh troops, and planting a battery of twenty-four pieces of cannon, beat back the enemy during the whole day, while the army was defiling across the bridge. As these troops melted away before the fire of the foe, he seized a musket, and with difficulty, rallied thirty men to stand by his side. At last, having seen every man safely across the river, he slowly retired, proudly facing the enemy. The bullets flew thickly around him. Still he disdained to turn his back upon the foe, or to quicken his pace. Deliberately walking backward, he fired the last bullet at the advancing Russians, and threw his gun into the stream. He was the last of the "Grand Army," who left the Russian territory.

General Dumas was seated in the house of a French physician, on the German side of the river, when a man entered, enveloped in a large cloak. His beard was long and matted. His emaciate visage was blackened with gunpowder. His whiskers were singed by fire. But his eyes beamed with the lustre of an indomitable mind.

"At last I am here," said he, as he threw himself into a chair. "What! General Dumas, do you not know me?"

"No," was the reply; "who are you?"

"I am the rear guard of the Grand Army, Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno. I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms; and I have walked hither, as you see me, across the forest."*

* "During the Russian campaign, France is believed to have lost about three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers; a hundred thousand were killed in the advance and retreat, a hundred and fifty thousand died from hunger, fatigue, and the severity of the climate, and about a hundred thousand remained prisoners in the hands of the Russians, not more than half of whom ever returned to France. The account has been swollen, by including the Jews, suttlers, women and children who followed the army, and by those who joined it in its retreat from Moscow, amounting to about fifty thousand persons. Upward of sixty thousand horses were destroyed, a thousand cannon, and nearly twenty thousand wagons and carriages.

"Alexander's losses have never been well ascertained but including the population of the abandoned cities, who perished for want of food and shelter, they must have far exceeded those of the invaders. In commemoration of his deliverance, the Czar caused a medal to be struck, remarkable for the simplicity and literal truth of the inscription. '*Not to us, not to me, but to Thy name. January*, 1813.'" —M. LAURENT DE L'ARDECHE, vol. ii. p. 182

MIGHTY HUNTERS.

JOHN PALLISER, by birth an Irishman, by education an Oxford man—six feet four in height, with inexhaustible spirits and humor, a taste for the polka, a talent for singing and making himself agreeable in all company, a fearless horseman, a tolerable cook, and a dead shot, having exhausted the excitement of European game, panting for fresh fields and pastures new—determined to take himself to the prairies, and to have a shot at the buffalo and the grizzly bear. In his voyage out to America he had for one fellow-traveler General Tom Thumb, whose great amusement was climbing to the shoulders of the tall Irishman, and then making a perilous descent at one leap to the bottom of his shooting-jacket, until by repeated droppings the bottom of the garment gave way. At New Orleans, he commenced operations in the marshes by waging war on snipe to the extent of twenty-one brace, and the following day took the solo parts, first of Goliah, and then of Saul, in the oratorio of David, performed by amateurs to purchase a new organ for an Episcopalian church.

In Arkansas Mr. Palliser shot deer by night, with a fire-pan, and carried off seven deer-skins for buck-skin clothes, as trophies. Here, too, he met his first experience of the hospitality of American sportsmen, and tried his first experiment in camping out. He remarks "It is only when left to our own resources that we sportsmen feel how very helpless we are rendered by our civilization. Very delightful is the refinement of sport in England, rising not too early, shaving with hot water, and tea cream-softened waiting for you in the breakfast-room, guns clean as if not used the day before, the gamekeeper following with the load of shot, and an excellent dinner awaiting, without any stint in consequence of the birds being wild, or your shooting nervous. Such were my thoughts as, for the first time, I sat solitary by my fire; but they presented themselves much more forcibly on subsequent occasions when, tired, cold, and hungry, I encamped after a day's unsuccessful hunting on one of the wild plains of the Rocky Mountains." His first night's lonely camp was marked by the stealthy approach of something in the dark; which something turned out to be a panther. He became tired of tame life in Arkansas, and joined a fur party traveling across the prairies from Independence to the Yellow Stone River. On this journey, daily before sunset, they unsaddled and unpacked the horses; formed with the pack a circular inclosure about ten feet in diameter, and hobbled out the horses with straps and chains to prevent their straying; then cut and gathered wood, kindled fires, fetched water in kettles, put meat on to cook, roasted coffee-berries, pounded them in deer-skins on the stump of a tree with the back of a hatchet, put them in the coffee-pot and boiled them; then, the meat being cooked, set to work to eat, made beds of saddle-cloths and buffalo robes, then smoked their pipes, and so to sleep, as only travelers in the prairie can sleep.

One day they arrived at a lake, and camped when their meat was exhausted and they had nothing but beans to eat; so our sportsman was set to work to kill ducks for dinner, and Mr. Palliser naïvely observes: "I had to work hard for my ducks that evening. They all fell into the water and I had to swim for them, but they formed a great addition to the boiled beans we had been reduced to."

After a long journey, sometimes "struggling through immense wastes where, feeling my own insignificance, I seemed carried back to some long past age, and as though encroaching on the territories of the mammoth and the mastodon," Mr. Palliser reached Fort Vermilion and found it surrounded by a camp of six hundred Sioux Indians just returned from a successful foray; so he witnessed a scalp dance, and then bought the scalp and the "poor devil's head-dress made of the scalp of a black bear, for fifteen rounds of ammunition." He also got up a subscription and purchased a poor woman prisoner, whom the Indians were about to put to death with great solemnity, and set her free at night. She finally escaped: running all night, guiding her course by the stars and concealed all day; so that in two days and nights she reached her husband and children, "half starved but very happy."

In spite of savage Indians, who sometimes shot at him by mistake, and nights in the prairie—where he woke in the morning and found himself lying in a pool of water—on he went, now starving, now feasting on the spoils of his gun, until, as the winter set in, he reached Fort Union. There the inhabitants of the fort were one after another laid up with the mumps; until, the supply of fresh meat depended entirely on the traveler. One day he set out covered with a white blanket, and "stalked" a herd of buffalo in the snow so successfully, that he crept about undetected for an hour and laid five of the fattest low; "then the herd bolted in a body, tossing their shaggy heads and plowing up the snow." He cut out the tongues of those he had killed; and, leaving a blanket on one animal, a cap on another, a pocket-handkerchief floating from the head of a third, to scare the wolves, "set off full speed for the fort; for it was pudding day, and worth while to make haste." He entered just as the clock struck twelve and feasted on buffalo and venison of his own providing, "dressed in delicious bear's grease and buffalo marrow, by a capital cook."

Listen to that, ye Norfolk pheasant-slaughterers, and hide your humbled heads! Practice makes perfect. After a time Mr. Palliser flayed, cut up, and disposed of his game as neatly as any Indian hunter, and congratulates himself on driving a good trade as a dead shot, by earning white wolf-skins worth two-and-a-half dollars each. But he was not destined to slay buffaloes scathless. After firing four times at an old buffalo, our hunter walked up and lodged a final shot, when the old brute charged, pursued, and overtook him. "I swerved suddenly on one side to escape the shock, but to my horror, I failed in

dodging him; he bolted round quicker than I did, affording me barely time to protect my stomach with the stock of my rifle, and to turn sideways in hopes of getting between his horns, when he came plump upon me with a shock like an earthquake; one horn shivered my rifle-stock, the other tore my clothes. I flew in mid air, scattering the prairie hens that hung from my belt in all directions, and fell unhurt in the snow, while my dying victim subsided not quite over me in a snowdrift."

Some time after this adventure, Mr. Palliser purchased from an Indian woman a magnificent dog, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of his volume—"Ismah." When purchased, it took time and trouble to reconcile the animal to its white owner; but eventually Ismah became a faithful efficient servant, drawing a small sledge called a "travail," during the day, and sleeping on his master's bosom saving him from being frozen to death at night. With Ismah as sole companion, he set out on a solitary winter's journey along the shores of the Upper Missouri.

Ismah dragged all the spare clothing, dry food, and the flesh of the deer last shot, as they traveled along the ice. "When I stood and looked about to choose a convenient spot to camp, Ismah used to gaze into my face, and whine, as much as to say, 'I am tired too.' When I trampled down the snow, cut and strewed the willows, and proceeded to collect wood, he used to watch me eagerly, and prick up his ears when he saw me take the flint and steel from my pouch, and the dry inner bark of the cotton-wood tree from my chest, in order to kindle a spark. The fire secure, I turned my attention to him, unpacked his travail, and placed it aloft against the side of a tree to protect the leather straps from the voracity of wolves. This done, I spread my bed and filled my kettle, took a handful of coffee berries from my bag, washed them in the cover of the kettle, then, pounding them, put them in the smaller kettle, and the meat in the larger to boil. These operations Ismah used to regard with intense interest. When supper was over—and his share was often very scanty—he sat up close beside me as I smoked my pipe and sipped my coffee. When at last I got into bed, he used to lie down with his back close against my shoulders, and so we slept until morning. As soon as it was daylight we rose; Ismah submitted patiently to be harnessed, and we resumed our march.

"Ismah's relationship to the Lupus [he was of the wolf-dog breed] family was often inconvenient to me, as he used to run off and play with the young Luperkins. One day, after a long march, while looking out for a camping place, a she wolf crossed the ice, and in spite of coaxing and threats, Ismah set off to join her. I shouted to the wolf, the wolf ran off, and away ran Ismah after her, with his travail behind him loaded with every thing I possessed in the world. I followed, shouting, until he disappeared, and then followed the tracks upon the snow, until darkness obliged me to abandon the pursuit, and I found myself alone on a vast waste of snow, stretching around me on every side, a hundred miles from any human habitation, without warm covering for the night, with very little powder in my horn, and only two bullets in my pouch! I turned back and fortunately made the way to the river again, by the light of the moon collected fallen wood, lighted a fire, and sat down to consider what to do next if Ismah did not return. The cold north wind froze the perspiration—which, in the hot pursuit, had run down my face—and formed icicles on my beard and whiskers, that jingled like bells as I shook my head, and dismissed one project after another. I took out my pipe to console myself with a smoke; alas, on feeling for tobacco, that was gone too. I looked at the North star, and calculated, by the position of the Plow, that it must have been about ten o'clock—the time in England when we discuss a bottle of the best with our knees under the mahogany, awaiting the summons to the drawing-room. I endeavored to trace familiar faces in the glowing embers, till I almost heard the rustling of fresh white *crêpe* dresses round me; when hark! I did hear a rustle—it approaches nearer and nearer, and I recognize the scraping of Ismah's travail on the snow; another moment and the panting rascal was at my side! Nothing of the load missing or injured. I laughed aloud from sheer joy at the cringing movements by which he showed how well he knew that he had behaved very ill, but I was too well pleased to beat him. I had nothing more to do but unpack, make my bed, cook our supper, and go to sleep."

On the same journey the hunter again fell short of meat; for one day he sought game in vain, without coming on a single track. On the second day he saw Wapiti deer, but was unable to get near them. That night, tired and hungry, he dreamed continually of delicious feasts and hospitable friends, and waked all the more hungry and disappointed. On the third day, having had no solace but a pipe, he hunted hard without success, and suffered less from hunger than on the second day. He was upheld by the confidence that sooner or later he would fall in with game. At length he came upon the fresh tracks of deer, zig-zagging, as they do before lying down. He says: "I remained perfectly still, looking intently, with eyes sharpened by hunger, at the copse; something stirred in the willows—it was a deer going out to feed; most fortunately he came on toward me, slowly feeding, until he approached to within about one hundred yards and stopped. I drew up my rifle; but he came still nearer, feeding slowly forward, until scarcely sixty yards off, when I took a steady deliberate shot as he turned his flank toward me. I heard the bullet crack against his shoulder; he rushed a short distance back, and rolled over in the snow. Wood was close at hand. I made a fire, cut, broiled, and eat sparingly of a little venison; fed my dog. Then made a rope of the deer-skin, and dragged the carcass to my camp of the previous night, cooked and eat an enormous supper, smoked my pipe, and slept comfortably."

At length Mr. Palliser reached a hunter's paradise on the Yellow Stone River; built himself a boat of bulls'-hide, with willow frames to carry his baggage, spoils, and attendants; manufactured a shirt and breeches of deer-skin, and encamped and enjoyed himself. "If I wished to shoot from horseback, a ride of a few miles afforded sport after buffalo; if to stalk Wapiti deer, or black-tailed, there were plenty to be had, with enough toil and labor to afford sport; *grosses corves* (wild sheep) were to be seen balancing themselves on the tops of cliffs as I sat in my own camp; lots of pheasants were handy on the prairie, antelopes were constantly bounding past, and many a prowling wolf received a bullet while feeding on offal, cunningly disposed to tempt him. The dinners of this Yellow Stone camp would make a European epicure's mouth water—buffalo tongues and humps, elk meat and venison, antelopes' livers, wild mutton, and cat fish, which is a sort of miniature fresh-water dolphin, white, firm, and rich, marrow-bones of buffalo bulls, with a fair supply of coffee and sugar;" bread is not mentioned.

But our hunter could find no grizzly bear. Their fresh tracks were found, but the monsters were gone. This grizzly bear, when full grown, measures eight feet six inches from muzzle to stern, and about that size round the body, with feet eighteen inches in length, armed with claws five inches long—a lion can not be more formidable.

One day, having shot a fine buck, he heard Dauphin, a French Canadian, one of a party he had joined, cry loudly, "*Monsieur, venez ici!*" (Come here, sir), and, looking up, saw him disappearing at his best pace over the brow of a hill; Palliser, following with his loaded rifle, beheld a bear standing on his hind legs staring about while Dauphin, concealed behind a rock, was industriously snapping a pistol that would not go off. First master and then man took a shot with the same rifle; and then Mr. Palliser, in spite of the remonstrances of Dauphin, followed the enemy into a clump of trees, and finished him. "He was young, only in his third year; but he measured five feet four inches from the rump to the muzzle, and had he been full grown, it would certainly have fared badly with us."

The next grizzly bear adventure was with a five year old female with two cubs, who chased Boncharville as he was washing his carbine at a river. "I at first ran to assist my companion; but, seeing the bear at fault, I rushed back to secure my horse, fearing that, on smelling the bear, he would gallop off and be lost on the prairie forever. Seeing me run the bear charged after me; I rolled the halter round my arm and prepared to face her—had my horse flinched I had been lost—she rose on her hind legs, then turned aside, and followed her cubs. I fired through the bushes, but only hit her far back in the flank, on which she stopped, wheeled round and round, tore at her side with her teeth and claws, and allowed me, fortunately, sufficient time to load again; my ball was hardly down when Boncharville cried out, "*Gardez vous, gardez vous, Monsieur, elle fonce encore!*" (Take care, take care, sir, she is after us again!) and on she rushed. I had barely time to put on my copper cap as she rose on her hind legs; I fired, and sent my bullet through her heart. She doubled up, and rolled to the bottom of the slope; but we did not venture to approach until we had ascertained she was dead by pelting her with sticks and stumps. After this, Dauphin, with a stick and a coil of rope, set out to catch the young sucking bears; but they fought so hard that he was obliged to kill one, and the other bit and scratched so that the old hunter was glad to let him go."

Mr. Palliser was not content until he had shot three more of these grizzly monsters, of the largest of which he says, with his usual candor, "He rose up displaying such gigantic proportions as almost made my heart fail me. I croaked again like a bull calf: he came cantering up slowly. I felt I was in for it, and that escape was impossible, so cocking both barrels of my firelock I remained kneeling until he approached very near, when I suddenly stood up; upon which the bear with an indolent roaring grunt raised himself once more upon his hind legs. Just as he was balancing before springing on me, I fired, aiming close under his chin; the ball passing through his throat, broke the vertebræ of the neck, and down he tumbled floundering like a great fish out of water, until at length he reluctantly expired. I drew a long breath, and felt right glad at the successful issue of the combat."

And here we may as well end the hunting adventures, of which we have given only a few. Many amusing and pleasing traits of the character of the author are unconsciously scattered through the narrative. The self-possessed manner in which, at New Orleans, having forgotten the name and street of his hotel, and, having wandered into a house by mistake, he receives a candle through a narrowly-opened door from a white jeweled hand, and retires, to be awakened the next morning by an offer of ivory-backed hair-brushes from a lady who turns out to be the wife of a friend—such is the hospitality of New Orleans—is delightful. So is the ball at St. Louis, where he rushed into a kitchen and made pretty Madame Zoller leave the cooking, and come up and dance the Sturm Marsch Gallop with a pair of shoes that kept continually coming off.

If he has the toothache and can not eat venison, he goes down and kills a buffalo bull, and feasts off his marrow bones. Then he will catch alligators at Cairo; and finally embarks for England with a menagerie of one black bear, two bisons, two bison calves, a deer, and antelope, after being indebted to the bear for defending his chum, the antelope, against the attacks of a great mastiff in the streets of New Orleans.

And so we take leave of John Palliser—good sportsman; who does not gloat over his [illegible] with half savage exultation.

AMY, THE CHILD.

I FOUND the story of Amy, the Child, in an old German pocket-book.

One Sunday afternoon, in summer-time, the village children went into the church to be taught their catechism. Among them was Amy, the shepherd's step-daughter, some seven years old. She was a tender-hearted child; and when the clergyman, after speaking of our duty toward our neighbor, said, "All people who would please God, must do good according to their means, be those means ever so little," she could not refrain from weeping.

For, Amy was very poor, and felt innocently persuaded that she had no power whatever to gladden by her love or kindness any earthly creature; not even a lamb, or a young dove. She had neither, poor child.

So, Amy came out of church with sadness in her heart, thinking that God would take no pleasure in her, because (but that was only her own idea) she had never yet done good to any one.

Not wishing that her eyes, now red with weeping, should be seen at home, she went into the fields, and laid herself down under a wild rose bush. There, she remarked that the leaves of the shrub, tarnished with dust, were dry and drooping, and that the pretty pink blossoms looked pale and faded; for there had been no rain for a very long time.

She hastened to a brook that flowed by at no great distance, drew water in the hollow of her hand (for cup she had none), and thus toilfully and by slow degrees, often going and as often returning, she washed the dust away from the languishing rose bush, and so refreshed its roots by the timely moisture, that soon it reared itself again in strength and beauty, and joyfully and fragrantly unfolded its blossoms to the sun.

After that, little Amy wandered on by the side of the brook in the meadows, whence she had obtained the water. As she gazed upon it, she almost envied the silver stream because it had been able to do good to the rose tree.

On what she herself had done, she did not bestow a single thought.

Proceeding a little way further, she observed a great stone lying in the bed of the narrow brook, and so choking up the channel that the water could only struggle past it slowly; and, as it were, drop by drop. Owing to this obstacle, all the merry prattle of the stream was at an end. This grieved Amy on the water's account; so, with naked feet she went into the stream, and shook the heavy stone. Some time elapsed before she could move it from its place; but, at length, by tasking all her strength, she rolled it out, and got it to remain on the top of the bank. Then the streamlet flowed merrily by, and the purling waves seemed to be murmuring thanks to the gentle child.

And onward still went Amy, for at home she knew there was no one who cared to inquire after her. She was disliked by her step-father, and even her own mother loved the younger children much better than she loved her. This constituted the great sorrow of Amy's life.

Going far about, and ever sad because she had done good to no one, she at last returned to the village. Now, by the very first cottage she came to, there lay, in a little garden, a sick child whose mother was gone to glean in the neighboring fields. Before she went, however, she had made a toy—a little wind-mill put together with thin slips of wood—and had placed it by her little son, to amuse him, and to make the time appear shorter to him during her absence.

Every breath of air, however, had died away beneath the trees, so that the tiny sails of the wind-mill turned round no more. And the sick child, missing the playful motion, lay sorrowfully upon the green turf, under the yellow marigolds, and wept.

Then, Amy stepped quickly over the low garden-hedge, heedless that it tore her only Sunday frock, knelt before the little wind-mill, and blew with all her might upon its slender sails. Thus impelled, they were soon in merry motion, as at first. Then the sick child laughed, and clapped his little hands; and Amy, delighted at his pleasure, was never weary of urging the sails round and round with her breath.

At last the child, tired out by the joy which the little wind-mill had given him, fell fast asleep; and Amy, warned by the evening shadows which began to gather round her, turned her steps toward home. Faint and exhausted was she, for since noon she had eaten nothing.

When she reached the cottage door, and stopped there for a moment with beating heart, she heard her step-father's voice, loud and quarrelsome, resounding from within. He had just returned from the ale-house, and was in his well-known angry humor, which the least cause of irritation might swell into a storm. Unfortunately, as Amy, trembling, entered the room, her torn frock caught his eye. His passion was kindled at the sight. Roused to fury in a moment, he stumbled forward, and, with his powerful fist, struck the poor little child on the forehead.

Then, Amy bowed her head like the withered roses in the field; for the blow had fallen upon her temple. As she sank, pale and dying, to the ground, her mother, with loud lamentations, sprang forward and kneeled beside her. Even the stern and angry man, suddenly sobered by his own deed, became touched with pity.

So, both the parents wept and mourned over Amy, and laid her upon her little couch in the small inner chamber, and strewed round her green branches, and various kinds of flowers, such as marigolds and many-colored poppies; for the child was dead!

But, while the parents bitterly reproached

themselves, and wished they had been kinder to poor Amy, behold a wonder?

The door of the chamber gently opened, and the waves of the Brook which Amy had set free, came gently rippling by, in the stillness, and sprinkled the mouth and eyes of the dead child. The cool drops flowed into her veins, and once more set the arrested blood in motion.

Then, she again unclosed her eyes, which so lately had been dim and motionless, and she heard the soft waves, like gentle voices, murmuring these words in her ear:

"This we do unto thee, in return for the good thou didst unto us."

Yet a little while, and the chamber was again stirred by the presence of some kindly power.

This time it was a gentle Breeze which entered with softly fluttering wings. Tenderly it kissed the forehead of the child, and lovingly it breathed its fresh breath into her bosom.

Then, Amy's heart began to thrill with quicker life, and she stretched out her hand to the many-colored flowers, and rejoiced in their beauty.

And the Breeze softly said:

"I bring thee back the breath which thou didst expend upon the sick child's pleasure!"

Then, Amy smiled, as if she were full of bliss.

When the Breeze had ceased to murmur its soft words, an Angel came gliding in, through the low door of the little chamber, and in his hand he held a garland of fresh fragrant roses. These he laid against the cheek of the pale child; and, lo! they restored to it the hues of life, and they bloomed again. And the flowers seemed to whisper:

"This we do unto thee, in return for the good thou didst unto us!"

And the Angel kissed Amy on the forehead, eyes, and mouth; and then came life back to her in its strength.

And the Angel said to her:

"Forasmuch as thou hast done good according to thy means, and thou knewest it not, therefore shall a tenfold blessing rest upon thee!"

A LEAF FROM THE PARISH REGISTER.

THE story I am going to tell you is wonderful enough, though there are no ghosts in it. I do not believe in ghosts. If any man ought to have seen ghosts, I ought; for, I may say, without any offense to my kind friends of to-day, that all my truest and oldest friends are gone to the ghost-land; and I am sure they would pay me a visit if they could. Besides, I never feared to walk about an old house in the dark at midnight, or to go at that silent time through the churchyard where most of my friends lie, or even into the church if I had occasion.

On Christmas Eve—I can not say exactly how many years ago it is now, but it was not very long after I was made clerk—the rector (that was poor Mr. Godby) told me he was in a little perplexity about the sexton's being ill, seeing that there would be no one to ring the bells. Now I always made a point of sitting up with the sexton on that night, and taking a hand at the bells; for I could ring them pretty well, and it seemed to me only a little kindness, proper to the season, to offer to keep him company in such a lonely place. He was a much older man than I was, and I knew he was glad of my society. We used to have a little fire up in the belfry, and make toast and posset an hour or two after midnight. But this time the sexton was ill, and I promised the rector at once that I would ring the bells; and so it was agreed that I should.

I used to offer my company to the old man because I knew that he was timid and a little superstitious; but, for myself, I did not mind at all going there alone. At exactly half-past eleven, on that Christmas eve, I took all the church keys, and started from my house to fulfill my promise. It was very dark that night, and windy, and several of our old lamps had either dropped out for want of oil, or been blown out by the gusts. I could not see any one in the street; but, as I left my door, I fancied that I heard footsteps a little way behind me. I should not have noticed it then, if it had not been that on several nights previously I had fancied that some persons had secretly followed me, as I went about the town. I came up to a little band of carol singers soon after, and stood listening to them a minute or two. When I bade them good night and a merry Christmas, I had forgotten about the footsteps. It was striking the three-quarters as I passed over the stile into the church-yard; and just after that I caught a sound like the footsteps again. I looked back, and waited a while; but I could hear nothing more. I was ashamed to walk back a little way, for I began to think that I was becoming a coward, and conjuring up things out of my fear. It was true I had fancied this before that night; but it had never troubled me till then, and so I did not doubt it was some superstitious feeling about my task that was at the bottom of it. "What object could any one have in following a poor man like me, night after night?" I asked myself. So I went on through the pathway between the gravestones, humming an old ditty.

Now, though I had resolved to banish all thought of the supposed footsteps from my mind, I could not help just turning half round as I stood with the great key in the lock and looking about in the direction I had come. I own I was frightened then, for, at about thirty yards' distance, I saw distinctly, as I believed, the dark head of a man peeping at me over the top of one of the tombstones. I stood in the shadow of the church porch, so that it would be difficult for any one at that distance to observe I was looking that way. The tombstone was some way from the gravel path, and out of the line of any one passing through the church-yard, and indeed, as you know, no one would have occasion to pass through the

church-yard unless he were going to the church, like myself. I hesitated for a moment, and then walked briskly toward it: but the head seemed to withdraw itself immediately and disappear. What was more strange, I walked round the very stone, and could see no one near; nor could I hear any movement. A little further was another tombstone, somewhat higher and with a carved top, and I tried to persuade myself that it was this top coming close behind the other stone which had deceived me. But this could not be; for stand how I would in the church porch, I could not bring the second tombstone exactly in a line with the first, to my eye. I felt a little uneasy at this strange fancy; but it would not do to go back, for it was near twelve, and I had promised the rector to be in the belfry, ready to ring out a peal on the stroke of midnight. So I opened the door quickly, closed it behind me, and walked feeling my way down the aisle.

I was quite in the dark, for my lantern was in the vestry-room, and I kept a tinder-box and matches there to light it. I had to grope about for the keyhole of the heavy iron-plated door, and again to fumble among my bunch of keys to find the right one. I am not a man of weak nerve; but a strange sensation came over me, as I stood there in the dark, feeling through all the bunch for the key. The air of the church was close, and had a faint smell of mouldering leather, such as you smell in some libraries. I believe it made me feel faint; for just then, I had so strong a tingling in the ears, that I seemed to hear the bells already beginning to peal forth in the belfry. I listened, and fancied I heard distinctly that confused jingle which precedes a full peal. The fancy terrified me for the moment, for I knew that I had seen the sexton ill in bed that day, and that even he could not be there, unless he had got the key from me. But when this notion had passed, I set it down for another invention of mine, and began to think the tombstone affair no more worthy of belief than this. So I turned the great key with both my hands; and, opening an inner fire-proof door, I let myself into the vestry-room.

When I was once in there, I knew where to find my lantern and tinder-box in a moment. I always kept them on the second shelf from the ground, in the closet just behind where the plan of the parish estate at East Haydocke hangs up framed and glazed. But the pew opener kept her dusters and brushes there also, and we used to have words about her throwing my things out of order sometimes. This time I found that she had scattered my matches, and I had to stoop down and feel about for them among all the things at the bottom of the closet, which took some time. When I found them I struck a light and blew the tinder with my breath. I saw the sexton do exactly the same thing one night as I stood in the dark, right at the end of the aisle, and his face reflected the fire at every puff and looked quite devilish as it shone out strongly and faded away again. I mention this because I have thought of it since, and I believe it had something to do with what befell me that night. I lighted my candle, and shut it up in my lantern. It gave a very weak light and the sides of the lantern were of thick yellow horn, very dirty and dusty with lying in the closet; for I rarely had occasion to go into the church after dark.

Swinging this lantern, then, in one hand and holding some fagots under the other arm to light my fire with, I went up the steps again into the dark side aisle. Just at that moment, and as I was shutting the vestry room door, I suddenly felt a heavy hand laid upon my arm. I started, and cried "Who's there?" letting my lantern fall, so that the light went out. Nobody answered; but some one immediately held me from behind, trying to keep back my arms with extraordinary strength. I was not a weak man then, although I am short; but I struggled long to get round and face my enemy, and just as I was getting a little more free, another one came to his assistance. I called aloud for help; but they stuffed my mouth with something, and swore if I called they would shoot me through the head. Upon this they bound my arms tightly, and led me back into the vestry-room, where I sat on a chair, while they lighted a candle they had with them.

I was a little frightened, as you may suppose; but I thought they were only thieves, who had followed me, and got into the church, through my forgetting in my fright about the tombstone, to fasten the church door; and as I knew that there was very little of value in the vestry-room, I was rather glad to think how they would be baffled. When they got a light, I saw that they had half masks on. They were well dressed, and although they swore at me, it was evident that they were not common burglars: I could tell that from their language. One laid a long shining pair of pistols on the baize that covered the table, out of my reach. I knew he did it to intimidate me; for he asked me immediately for my keys, in a loud voice. It was no use my refusing them; I was quite helpless, and they had nothing to do but to take them out of my hands. I told them that the rector kept all the plate in his house, and that there was nothing in any of the closets but a few bottles of wine, and some wax candles. The oldest man, I think, asked me then where the books were kept; but I would not tell him. I determined that, let them do what they might to me, I would keep to my determination not to tell them where the books were. They tried much to terrify me, with words at first, but finding that did not do, the elder one, who was the principal in every thing, put his pistol to my ear, and declared he would ask me three times, and after the third time, fire. Now I was in great terror at this, and never believed myself so near death as I did then; but I had made a kind of vow to myself, and being in a church, I thought a curse would be upon me if I yielded; so I held my tongue; and, when he found I was firm, instead of firing he flung his pistol down upon the table again, and began sullenly to try all the locks he could find about the room with the keys he had taken from me. In this way he soon found the books he wanted in a fire-proof safe.

And now both of them began to pore over the books by the light of the candle. They chose two with vellum covers, which I knew to be the marriage registers—the old and the new one—containing all the marriages that had taken place at old Chorley church for seventy years back. I heard one ask the other if there was no index; for they did not understand our way of indexing, which was merely to write down all the letters of the alphabet, with the numbers of the pages at which names beginning with each letter could be found—taking the first letter from the bridegroom's name, of course. So they had a long search, each of them turning over the leaves of one book and examining it page by page. I watched their faces, and tried to bear in mind at what part of the book they were, in case they should stop. The one who had the old book came to a place, at last, which seemed to contain what he was looking for. He showed it to his companion, and they conferred together for a moment, in a whisper. Immediately after, the older one tore out, I thought, some half-dozen leaves. He was going to burn them in the flame of the candle at first; but his companion stayed him, and he tore them up, and put them in his pockets. As soon as they had done this, they turned hastily to depart, as if they were anxious to be gone now their business was done. The older one took some more cord from his pocket, and bound me fast in the great vestry chair, drawing the cords round my wrists and ankles, till I cried out with the pain. Then threatening again to return, and blow my brains out if they heard my voice, they went out down the aisle, leaving the vestry-room door open. All this happened in little more than half an hour; for the clock chimed the two-quarters after midnight at this very moment.

I sat there two hours alone; but it seemed to me so long that, if I had not heard every quarter chime, I should have expected to see the day dawn through the stained glass window. It was the dreariest two hours that ever I passed in my life. It was bitter cold, and sitting there helplessly in one position, my limbs grew frozen, and the cords seemed to get tighter and tighter, and stop the movement of my blood. It is no wonder I felt nervous after such a scene. Where I sat, with my back to the wall, I looked right into the church, and the door was left open. I could feel a cold wind rushing from it into the room; and, as I sat staring into the darkness, strange fancies troubled me. I saw dark shapes floating about, as I thought, and peeping at me from the sides of the doorway; and now and then I noticed something like little flakes of light, moving in the gloomy space beyond. I would have given any thing for the power to close the door. I fancied strange noises, and began to think of the people I had known who lay in the vaults just below me or in the graves about the church; and several times a heavy hand seemed to be laid upon my arm again, just in the spot where the man had first seized me. Once I could not persuade myself but that I could hear a low, deep tone from the organ; and again the supposed jangling of the bells annoyed me. So I sat, listening intently, when the whistling of the wind paused out of doors, and hearing and seeing all kinds of strange things, till the chimes went the quarter after two.

Soon after that, I saw a little shining light moving about at the bottom of the church. It came nearer to me, and I heard a footstep. I had fancied so many things, that I was not sure yet whether I was deceived again, but now I heard some one call "Abraham Stedman! Abraham Stedman!" three times. It was the rector's voice, and I answered him; but he did not know where I was till I called to him to come into the vestry-room. He held up his lamp, and was much surprised to find me as I was. I related to him what had happened, and he unbound me. He told me he had lain awake since midnight wondering to hear no bells ringing, and had grown uneasy; for he thought I could not have failed to keep my word, and he knew that I was in the church alone. So at last, he had determined to come in search of me.

This affair made a great stir in Chorley. But we could get no clew to the parties; nor to their object in mutilating the register. They had taken out so many leaves that it was impossible to tell what particular entry they had wanted to destroy; but it was a curious thing, that on examining the skeleton index, we found that, although there were as many as thirty entries in those six leaves, every one of them began with one of three letters. This was a very small clew, and the marriages at that part were all of many years back; so that no one could ever tell what the names were. It was no wonder that we could get no trace of the two men. Before the next year came round, Chorley people had got some new thing to talk about; and, as no one came for a copy of the missing entries in the register, they began to forget all about my adventure.

Eighteen months after the night which I was bound in the vestry-room, old Mr. Godby sent for me one night, and told me he thought he might yet be able to trace the two strangers. He had got a copy of a London newspaper, in which there was an advertisement addressed to parish clerks, inquiring for the marriage register of a Mr. Maclean, which took place about thirty years before. The initial of that name was one of our three letters; but as the advertisement mentioned no place, that would seem a very small matter to go upon. But I had always thought that the entry which the two strangers had searched for was on the first of the leaves which they tore out, and that it was the other leaves underneath which were torn with it, to put us off the scent. Now, on this first page, we found there were two entries, both beginning with M; which was something more. Besides, Mr. Godby reasoned, that a register, about which the parties interested were so uncertain, was the very one which, any person knowing of its existence, and having an interest in preventing its appearance, might endeavor to destroy. These three reasons seemed to him so good, that he went up to London about it; and a

day or two after, he wrote to me to join him. We were soon upon the scent now; for Mr. Godby had ascertained who were the persons likely to be guilty, supposing that we were right in our conjecture, that the missing register concerned this family. When I saw one of them, I recognized him immediately, although he had worn a mask in the church. I knew him by his appearance, but when he spoke, I could swear that he was the man, and the officer accordingly arrested him. We got such evidence against him afterward, as clearly to prove him guilty. People were hung for such a crime then; and it was with great difficulty that he escaped with transportation. He confessed all about it afterward, and said his companion had gone abroad since, he did not know whither; and I believe they never caught him. His motive—as you may suppose—was to defraud children of large property, by destroying the proofs of their legitimacy; by which he benefited as the next of kin of the deceased person: but the lawyers set all to rights again, in spite of the missing register.

LORD BROUGHAM.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

MEN may be divided intellectually into the following classes: the Great, the Extraordinary, the Odd, the Imitative, the Energetic, the Mediocre, the Feeble, the Small and the Dull. First, there are the Great—a term which will become more intelligible if we translate it into the word "whole;"—the truly great are all "whole ones," combining genius with talent, culture, and self-respect: wisdom dwelling with prudence, and with virtue, in the wide house of their ample nature. We name Milton, Burke, and Wordsworth, as the best specimens we can just now remember of this very rare order of men, who, verily, are "only a little lower than the angels." The second class consists of the Extraordinary—men in whom some one or two, or more lofty faculties of mind are pronounced and developed in a wonderful degree, but who do not exhibit the same exquisite completeness and harmony of powers—nay, in whose mind, or moral nature, there is often some vital deficiency—some ghastly gap—which serves to neutralize, in a measure, the effect of the whole. Such an one was Julius Cæsar, such was Napoleon, such was Mirabeau, such was Coleridge (who *might*, however, have become the greatest of the sons of men), such was Byron. The third—the class of the Odd—consists of those in whom, although they possess many good qualities and faculties, the most prominent is eccentricity: a certain disarrangement of powers and tendencies, which renders all their actions abrupt, angular, uncertain, queer. Such was Rousseau, such was Shelley, such was Lamb, such was Hazlitt, such are Walter Savage Landor and Professor Wilson. The fourth consists of those who, with only ordinary original talents, are gifted with an extraordinary principle, power, or bump of imitation, and who, like mocking-birds, with no native note, or that note a scream, can imitate, and, by imitation, can vie in harmony with every songster in the grove. Sheridan was one of this class; Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon were two others; Willis of America, and a hundred more at home and abroad, are living representatives of it still. In the fifth, we class those who make up for mediocrity of gifts and powers by prodigious energy: their gift is an iron will, their power is a decided character; they are born with a horn on their foreheads, and with that they push eastward, and westward, and northward, and southward. Robespierre and Joseph Hume may be classed together in this category. There is a sixth class, and their name is Legion, who are what is called respectable persons, and who are often found in town-councils, and in synods, and in parliaments, and in cabinets, but who labor under a deep stamp of mediocrity, which their greatest efforts, highest flights, and severest labors, are entirely unable to surmount. Others, with fine powers, are infected with a certain general feebleness—"fashed wi' a waikness," as we Scotch say; they are as well-formed and as weak as shadows; their limbs, like those of our dream images, seem to sink from below them in every race; and in every battle their arms sink down, as if smit by sudden and viewless wounds. Others are intellectually elegant miniatures of men: they would be perfect were they not so small, although sometimes a lowly, lovely light, shed like a fairy day over their minute proportions, seems to supply the want of strength, and height, and dignity. The ninth and last division is that of the Dull: but on this we must not dwell, lest, first, we should hurt the feelings of a vast number of writers in our periodical and newspaper press, and lest, in the course of dilating on the subject, we should become ourselves the "great sublime" we were attempting to draw! We pass to classify the singular and illustrious subject of our following sketch.

Now, whatever Henry Brougham be, he is certainly neither a dull, nor a small, nor a feeble, nor a mediocre man. If not great, he is strong; if not wise, he is powerful; if not even in the highest sense a man of genius, he possesses vast and varied talents; if not learned, he has boundless knowledge; if not complete, he is fertile; if never inspired, he has often been irritated into something like inspiration; if the "gods have not made him poetical," they have given him great intellect, and an eccentricity more wonderful still. In short, he seems to us a curious compound of the Extraordinary and the Odd—the Extraordinary predominating in the earlier, and the Odd in the later stages of his career.

What a life Lord Brougham's has been! and were he giving us a full and faithful autobiography, what a record it were of study and of pleasure, of jest and of earnest, of energetic action and strenuous idleness; of hard reading, travel, frolic, dissipation; of *Noctes cœnæque Deûm*, spent in high converse with the mighty dead, and of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, passed in joyous intercourse with the mighty living! There is but one man of this generation whose biography shall be read with even greater interest than Brougham's—we

mean Christopher North; although since he has not himself written it, where is one qualified, either by knowledge of the facts or by perfect sympathy, to describe *his* queer, romantic, and most poetical career; his hair-breadth 'scapes, his Highland rambles, his adventures with gipsies, sailors, smugglers, shepherds, and parish-ministers; his fishing, and leaping, and racing up mountains, and boating on lakes, and visiting midnight stills among the mountains, and chasing midnight bulls on horseback; not to speak of the strange circumstances connected with his marriage; and all the thousand and one Scotch Nights' Entertainments afloat, in the shape of stories about his personal habits, manners, and intellectual achievements? Alas! we fear that now his life must remain forever unrecorded, since none but his own "meteor pen" could have done it justice, and since that has dropped like a dreg on the ground. We only trust that no feeble copy and shadow of him, although he should be linked to his side by a conventional tie, shall be permitted to insult his memory by any cold, biographical bust of the great, wild, warm, original, when he has departed from among us.

We are not writing a biography of Brougham any more than of Christopher North. But we may simply recount, ere proceeding to our critical task, the few facts in his history which are notorious. By his father, an Englishman, he was in the place of his birth, and through his mother, a Scotchman. He was bred in "Auld *Reekie*," then, as well as now, truly so described, although darkened still more at that day by the double folds of a legal and a philosophic "reek," through which Burns then (as did Wilson afterward) burst like a sunbeam, to satirize and to scatter it for a season, and to get himself first applauded and then abused for his pains. He became, after a short, successful college career, a lawyer, and a reviewer. He was one of the three who projected and established the "Edinburgh Review." Finding Edinburgh a field too narrow for him—perhaps, also, a place "too hot to hold him"—he repaired to London, carrying in his hand, as a recommendation and peace offering, two big volumes on our "Colonial Policy." He rose rather slowly into fame as a barrister. He had intrigued with the mathematics at Edinburgh, and at Cambridge; and the men who meddle with those prim, ancient, austere, square-toed damsels, are not soon rewarded with success, nor is their success always of much value, even when obtained. He threw himself, however, still more decidedly into politics, and at last got into Parliament. There, too, his rise was slow. So far down as 1819, we find Lockhart, in his "Peter's Letters," speaking of the "charlatan reputation Brougham had in Parliament." The Queen's trial, in 1820, which had nearly dethroned the King, and turned Britain into an eastern branch of the United States, was the making of Brougham. It retarded, indeed, his progress toward the woolsack, but it greatly increased his popularity in the country; and millions who had never heard of him as the barrister and the reviewer, were startled by the energy, eloquence, and boldness with which he pled Queen Caroline's cause. He stood before her, if not like a lion before Una, yet at least like a bear before Duessa, and fought with tooth and nails her desperate battle. Then commenced his contest for popularity with Canning, continued till within a short time of the latter's death. Then, with the entrance of the Grey administration, came the culmination of this extraordinary man's name. What a height he now attained! Lord Chancellor of England; *facile princeps* of parliamentary orators; chief favorite of what was then the most popular of ministries; leader, too, when he pleased, of the fierce democracy of Britain—laying his one hand fearlessly on the throne, and the other familiarly on the mane of the people. Such a dictator-like eminence had he reached; and from it how suddenly he fell! One absurd, eccentric trip in Scotland shook public confidence in him; and all his Herculean attempts since to regain it, by cajolery, by labor, by literature, by manœuvre, by fierce attack on his ancient coadjutors, and by dexterous flattery of his old foes, have all proved abortive. He has survived himself. He belongs already to the eccentrics of history, and it is as a historical character that we propose now to deal with him.

Perhaps we shall not err, if we define Brougham's principal power to be clear-headed sagacity, attended by three ministering spirits—perseverance, promptitude, and passion. He has, if not the head of a profound philosopher, or of an inspired poet, that of a singularly acute and able lawyer. He does not see very deeply, and his insight is never of the poetical cast; no moonlight of imagination pours around him its "holier day:" his light is what Lord Bacon calls a "dry light;" but, so far as it goes, it is like an Italian sky, in which towers, trees, temples, mountains, and stars, are defined to an almost unearthly sharpness; and to a spectator from our Norland clime, seem all struggling into life. To this aboriginal power he adds indomitable perseverance. He has never known what it was to close or to weary. He knows only of one period in his career—and that full and final stop has not yet arrived. Dissipation has only breathed him for business. Rest has only served to accelerate his motion. Sleep has only renewed him for toil, and even dreams have murmured to his soul "onward." His life has been a campaign without a furlough—a march without a pause—a war without winter's quarters—a college curriculum without a vacation. His faculties, bodily and mental, like sailors on watch, have relieved each other by turns, and none of them have for any length of time slumbered and slept. "He has time for every thing." Most truly so said of our hero Sir Samuel Romilly, and we may extend the application of the words Brougham has had time for every thing: for studying mathematics; reading classics; acquiring, according to Lord Lyndhurst, a "little law;" contemplating human nature in all its phases; defending a thousand clients; writing a hundred volumes, including pamphlets and articles; making speeches, the

number of which no arithmetical ratio known among men can compute; gaining and losing the highest of honors; making and marring the most triumphant of names. And all this, and far more than this—for time would fail us to speak, besides, of his journeys, his political intrigues, his correspondence, his schemes, his anonymous productions—he has effected without much apparent straining of the powers either of his body, or his brain, or his nervous energy; done with as little effort and as much ease as if he were one of the giant forces of the universe, which move because they can not help it, and which, if they never rest an hour, never haste a moment.

For, besides indomitable perseverance, Brougham has been distinguished by his amazing promptitude. This, indeed, even more than his perseverance, accounts for the quantity of work he has gone through. He has not only "done what he could," but he has done it immediately, and on the spot. Almost all indolence and (Scotticé) *fecklessness* spring from procrastination. While thinking about what we shall do, and doubting whether we can do it or not, we allow the opportunity of action to slip through our hands. What thou doest, do quickly, is the maxim of human as well as of divine wisdom. Ledyard was a driveler, when, in reply to the question, when he would be ready to start for the interior of Africa, he answered, "To-morrow;" he should have said "To-day." Brougham always said so, and hence, by using every spare moment, by embracing every available opportunity of gaining or spreading information, by leaving no stone unturned, by weighing moments against hours, and finding that they were often vastly more valuable, he was able to accomplish feats of intellect and industry, which appeared to common men magical, but which were miraculous, not from the preternatural power, but from the prodigious promptitude of their author. But why dispute about mere words? Promptitude *is* power, and power, too, of the rarest, most enviable, and most useful kind.

Add to this, that fierce and mighty flame of passion which burned in Brougham's breast, and which was wont to shine out from his eye, like the lightning glaring from the clouds, withering, scorching, and blasting all before it. Many look upon passion with contempt or indifference, and are for trusting all to pure intellect. Here, again, let us have done with mere words and critical niceties. Passion is power; it is a certain amount of rude native feral force, which, in many minds where it is paramount, has no intellectual outlet or restraint, but which, whenever it finds this, moves the world. Who ever heard a great orator, such as Chalmers, speaking, without feeling "that energy, had it not been intellectualized and sanctified, would have made him who is now the greatest of orators the strongest of ruffians; a mighty murderer upon the earth?" Passion, which has found the restraint of intellect or of grace, reminds you of a lion in his cage, or a cataract curbed by his strong keeper-crags. Destitute of this, you tremble at its unmeasured fury. Yet, without it, we may venture to say, that no man ever reached true power over the minds of his fellow-men, whatever were his intellectual pretensions. To Brougham's dark and terrible passions, at least, we are disposed to ascribe more than one half of his influence, and to find in it the principal reason alike of his rise and of his fall.

We were never so fortunate as to witness any of his oratorical exhibitions, yet we have so often read and realized descriptions of them, that he seems even now present before us, as he was in the heyday of his parliamentary glory. Let us catch the image ere it fade from our vision. Canning, we shall suppose, is finishing one of his most brilliant harangues, and, in the enthusiasm of his success, ventures to point to his principal opponent, and to dare him to contradict his statement or meet his argument, if he can. All eyes are instantly directed to the bench where sits Henry Brougham, his hat drawn over his eyes, and his face wearing one of its most inscrutable aspects. The orator closes amid a tempest of applause, which is succeeded by cries for "Brougham, Brougham." After sitting still for a minute or two, till the uproar is hushed, he begins, slowly, reluctantly, inch by inch, to rise from his seat. Carefully, as though he were Joseph Hume, he takes off his hat, and adjusts his papers. He then, with great deliberation, and amidst the cheers of the House, advances to the table, and prepares to speak. Mark him there as he stands, and ere he has opened his lips, with that high, much-marked, strong-lined forehead, that dark, swarthy visage, that short yet shaggy hair, that nose, twitching with nervous passion, those eyes full of slumbering fire, vailed in artificial darkness; those harsh but expressive features; that air of subdued yet perfect self-possession, and that figure, twisted into the attitude of the couching cougar; the *tout-ensemble*, exciting intense interest, and saying to his friends, "expect," to his enemies, "beware," to all, "attend." He hangs over the House like a thunder-cloud, still retentive of its lightnings, rolled together in its mysterious darkness, collected in its massive might; glooming impartially on all its opponents, but giving no indications on whose head the special fury of his ire is to alight first, although conveying to all the impression that, when once the blaze bursts forth, none can expect to escape. He begins in rather a low tone, and with a few rather commonplace compliments or apologies, uttered, too, in a hesitating manner, and in roundabout terms. He then hurries into the subject in hand, and proceeds, with great force, but with some effort, and many repetitions, to bring its merits before the House. At this stage of the speech he is perhaps interrupted by a "No, no," or an ironical cheer, or a contemptuous laugh. He pauses a moment, his eye looks out from under its environment of lids, like the point of a sword from a sheath; he fixes a withering glance upon the interrupter, and throws at him some molten sarcasm or stern rebuke, like a hand-grenade, and proceeds with his argument. The in-

terruption, however, has done him good—it has roused him; and the chain of his reasoning, previously stern and cold, begins to glow and burn. He appeals from principles to facts, and then transfigures facts into feelings, and the House vehemently applauds the transfiguration. He next, amidst breathless silence, commences to reply to his brilliant opponent. He first praises the speech with a species of portentous flattery, which, without being altogether ironical, produces all the effects of bitter irony. He proceeds, then, to apply a logical vice to Canning's arguments, from which they come out battered and sorely bruised. He next assails them with the tremendous figure of "Reductio ad absurdum;" he pushes them to certain imaginary consequences, and, while doing so, he uses now veritable irony, and sinks, the while, his voice into a rasping whisper, which goes on in its own piercing current like a separate existence, amidst the roars of laughter from all sides which it has provoked. And then he restores silence like that of the grave, when the raising of his voice proclaims that he is about to grasp the quickest and hottest of his thunderbolts—that of invective. His brow flushes, his eye is unvailed to its pit-like depths, which are found to be filled with flame; his arms vibrate and tremble, not with weakness, but with excess of power; his lips quiver; he has become, in the sight of all, an Accusing Spirit. His words against tyrants abroad, and their sycophants at home, seem echoes of the trump of doom; and his enemies, cowering, shivering, yet admiring, with the enthusiasm of despair, are tempted to murmur out the awful words, "Fire goes before him, and it is very tempestuous round about him."

This picture may appear, nowadays, somewhat exaggerated; but it is a mere translation into our own language and imagery of descriptions by such writers as Mudie, Jonathan, and others, who were eye-witnesses of the effects Brougham's oratory produced in the days of Queen Caroline and the Holy Alliance. No man on the arena of Parliament ever wielded like him the weapons of sarcasm, red-hot argument, and terrible invective, weapons reminding you of those which Moloch's gloomy and desperate imagination sought to grasp—"infernal thunder," "Tartarean sulphur," and "black fire and horror."

The defects of this extraordinary man are not less conspicuous than his merits. His thinking, as hinted above, is seldom philosophical. A dash of the lawyer mingles with it all. Even in his discussions on the being of a God, prefixed to Paley, we see little real depth or subtlety of reflection. He is always, indeed, an acute and clear, but seldom a profound thinker. One proof of this is, that very few of his single thoughts are ever quoted. Long, diffuse, eloquent, and energetic passages abound in his speeches: little compact sentences, like vials full of essence, are scarce. Compare him, in this respect, with Burke, whose pages sparkle with maxims, like a January heaven with stars. Subjects never rise upon Brougham's mind as wholes—as globes, shall we say? at once completely round, and minutely accurate in detail; they come in series, and in parcels—in swift series, indeed, and in parts and parcels exceedingly numerous, and distinctly marked. Not a mere special pleader, not a mere *nisi prius* barrister, he does not sufficiently look abroad into universality. He seldom sees the large in the little, the infinite in the finite, and the dew-drops of his fancy have no suns swimming in them. But, in truth, of such dew-drops there are few. Brougham has not much either of fancy or imagination. His pictorial power is often vividly discovered, but it is rough, stern, literal painting, reminding you of Crabbe; never of the high and idealizing sort. Take, for example, his famous description in the "Edinburgh Review" of the witnesses against Queen Caroline. Here is a touch which recalls Crabbe very forcibly to your mind:—"Pimps of hideous aspect, whose prurient glance could penetrate through the keyhole of rooms where the rat shared with the bug the solitude of the deserted place." This is true, but does not startle the imagination, or give it any thrilling suggestion. The rat and bug do not *pair* very well, and rather disgust than terrify. How differently Bulwer manages his toad in the dungeon of the house of Arbaces the Egyptian. How differently would any great artist describe, we shall suppose, a vault below ground in the Inquisition, where, after the first deluge of darkness has passed off the eye of the newly-come victim, the dim and dubious light, which remains imprisoned like himself, discovers the huge, fat, slimy monsters who have fed on darkness for years, the spiders, and scorpions, and centipedes, hastening to their prey; first surrounding him with a circle of loathsome eyes, and then crawling over his limbs with horrid wrigglings, and hisses, and contortions of unearthly gladness, till the wretch shrieks as at the touch of demons, and maddens or dies in unseen and single-handed contest with those accursed and unutterable abortions of his prison-house!

Yet we grant, that, as Brougham has a strong love for powerful and harrowing pictures, he often succeeds in them. He has, with vehement literalness, with almost Dantesque gusto, described the debasing and degrading practice of flogging in the army, the distresses of the manufacturing classes, the miseries of the down-trodden poor, and the horrors of Negro slavery. His genius—if genius we grant him to have—must not be painted with dove's eyes and wings, mildly moving over subsiding waters; nor as an eagle, soaring to the sun, and taking in the broad earth below at one imperial glance; but as a raven, bent and brooding over carcasses, with a look as intense, keen, and narrow, as the object over which he flaps his wings is naked, hideous, and putrid.

Brougham, in fact, has little sense of the beautiful. We defy any of his warmest admirers to point out one passage in his speeches or writings which can be called elegant or truly refined, or in which gentleness mitigates strength resting on it, like

"The soft shadow of an angel's wing"

upon a marble column or a rock of granite.

Burke is often graceful and refined, and could be always so, if he pleased. Brougham seldom tries to be, and never succeeds. He can argue closely, flog fiercely, flutter "Volscians in Caroli," include his adversaries in a merciless mesh of satire and irony till they writhe again; but he can not soothe any mind, melt any heart, or beautify by idealizing any subject. His mark has been a certain severe simplicity and stern sublimity, and to that he has but hardly attained, and is only a demi-Demosthenes or demi-Dante, after all.

His style requires a passing notice. It is a style the reverse of classical—much as he speaks of classical models—if classical mean polished, finished, and rounded. It is a rough, ragged, roundabout style, nearly as unwieldy as John Foster's, with long sentences stuffed with parentheses, and as full of folds as a sleeping boa-constrictor. It has, of course, much energy and fire, but seldom those compact, shining sentences, those meteoric images, flashing over the page, those brief and sudden felicities, which mark the mind of genius. Even in its noblest passages there is an air of heaving effort. It is a great stream; but the waters are troubled, swollen, and beating against their banks. It is a colossal Laocoon; but Laocoon wrestling with serpents, and uplifting "clamores horrendos" to the sky. It is the effort and the agony of Power—not weakness; but still it is an agony and an effort. Brougham, in no sense of the term, understands what *ease* is. He can be powerful, passionate, fierce, and overwhelming; but is all this consciously and often convulsively. His style, too, is essentially a spoken style—better to hear than to read; and which, to those who have not heard him, can never, we understand, give any full conception of the effects and impressions he has produced. The man is there, but is dimly mirrored. This disadvantage, however, he only shares with some of the greatest of orators. Demosthenes' speeches, in spite of Brougham, are exceedingly flat and dull. Fox's are strong in reasoning, but singularly poor and mediocre in language. Erskine's are fine in passages, but as wholes are either lame or stilted. Brougham, indeed, although inferior on the written page to what he seemed in the spoken declamation, is one of the few whose triumphant speeches are legible to all, after the prestige and excitement of their occasions have passed away. And, as we mean to show afterward, many parts of them are in composition admirable, and justify us in calling him a great writer as well as a great orator.

Ere looking to his speeches in detail, we have something to say about his character as a reviewer and a critic. In this respect he has gone through a singular change. The truculent satirist and fierce libeler, the man who wrote the reviews of Walker's "Defense of Order," Byron's "Hours of Idleness," "Don Pedro Cevallos," &c., who praised no one if he could help it, and treated principalities and powers, peers and poets, as if they were broken-down hacks, created chiefly for the purpose of proving the mettle of his whip, became, latterly, in the "Edinburgh Review," on the whole, one of the mildest and milkiest of critics; and showered indiscriminate floods of laudation upon most of his contemporaries, including even many of his political and personal foes. We must say, that we prefer him greatly in the former character. He was in it truer to himself. He has not subsided gracefully into a panegyrist. His praise seems sometimes to sound hollow, and is often clumsy in its expression. His "Gallery of Statesmen" is, of course, interesting from the names it includes, from the vast amount of information it contains, from the prolific fields over which it conducts us; but is not trustworthy, as a whole, in its judgments. Vigorous as many of the portraits are, there is none of them of which you say, This is a perfect likeness—a daguerreotype of the man. Like most critics, he has his pets and fondlings, and one or two, at least, whom he exempts from his lavish praise, he hardly treats with justice. He seems, for instance, greatly to overrate the Grecian school of eloquence, in comparison with that of modern times. In his "Inaugural Discourse to the Students of Glasgow," he says, "Addison may have been pure and elegant; Dryden airy and nervous; Taylor witty and fanciful; Hooker weighty and various: but none of them united force with beauty; the perfection of matter with the most refined and chastened style." And then he speaks of the "vast superiority of the chaste, vigorous, manly style of the Greek orators." We just advise the student who has read this to take up the best English translation of Demosthenes, and to compare it, for thought, for imagery, for richness, for suggestive matter, with Jeremy Taylor's "Sermons," or with Bacon's "Essays," or with Barrow's "Sermons," or with Milton's "Areopagitica," and conscientiously declare the result of the comparison. Away with chatter about style! Whether does the Greek or any one of these Englishmen discover more mind, or thrill you with profounder emotion? Can you without much difficulty read Demosthenes through? Can you avoid recurring again and again to the moderns? What passage in the Greek orator is there to be named beside Milton's description of the Eagle in the "Areopagitica?" It may be said, indeed, that Demosthenes suffers from translation; yet why should he suffer more than Homer or the Bible? And yet you can read both these, or rather can not help reading them, even in rude and poor translations; but we defy you to read Demosthenes, in the best rendering, without tedium or disgust. Or, shall we propose another test still? Let the student read Brougham's own speeches, which are meant to be formed upon the Grecian models, along with Burke's, which he accuses of diffuseness and amplification; and, waiving all comparison as to the genius and soul of the two men, as one from which Brougham would probably shrink, we ask, which of the two has produced the more interesting and readable compositions?—over which series of speeches do you yawn least, or does your eye sparkle most clearly? We have no fear as to the result, even with the most devoted Grecian alive.

Brougham has carped at Burke's picture of the "Cloud," in his speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts, and prefers to it the single word of Demosthenes "as a cloud" applied to the passing away of a danger in the history of Athens. He says, "Demosthenes uses but a single word, and the work is done." Yes, *his* work is done; but not such work as Burke has performed. What schoolboy, in his first exercise, could not have compared a great calamity to the gathering of a cloud; and this is all Demosthenes has done. But Burke has taken up this every day figure, and has, by elaboration and genius, expanded it into one of the noblest of pictures. With Demosthenes it is a commonplace of the flattest sort —with Burke it is a glorious image. He has impregnated the cloud with poetry; and those epithets to which Brougham objects—"menacing meteor," and "blackening the horizon," &c.— serve to deepen the suspense, to magnify the skyey preparation, and to swell the grandeur of the burst of the whirlwind of fire which it at length pours over the plains of the Carnatic. How many a preacher had prated, and prates still, about the rising of the sun, the glory of sunrise, &c.; but it was reserved for Jeremy Taylor to compare his rays to the horns of glory which appeared on the head of Moses when he came down from the Mount. Thus Genius often seizes upon a hackneyed thought or image, and surprises it into new and unheard-of brilliance. It "touches" a barren hill, and it smokes. The dull stone becomes a lump of gold in its radiance.

We did not hear Lord Brougham deliver this Inaugural Discourse; but we remember that, coming to Glasgow College shortly after, we found many of the students raving about it; and not a few whom it had set to read Demosthenes, with a resolute determination to admire him. The result was rather amusing than edifying. Some had the honesty to confess that they saw little beauty or merit in his orations, but the humility to grant that it might be their own fault. Others read on, muttering "celestial," while all the time it was evident that they thought the heaven rather a dry and dreary one, and were sick of it in their hearts. Others (like Drs. Hutton and Gregory over their dish of snails) were waiting anxiously till one of their fellows, or till some person of reputation, should cry out, "Don't you think these speeches, eh? a little *green*, eh?" But Brougham's influence was then paramount, and ten years had to elapse ere one quite qualified, by scholarship as well as by taste (De Quincey), ventured, in "Tait's Magazine," openly to avow himself a doubter in the plenary inspiration of Demosthenes, and an assertor of the superiority of some of the moderns.

Next to Demosthenes, Lord Erskine is Brougham's great favorite. Now, that a number of sparkling, splendid passages are to be found in Erskine's speeches, is admitted on all hands. But, in the first place, as Hazlitt justly remarks, his "general matter is quite flat and dead." And, secondly, the gorgeous passages, which occur now and then, are the very reverse of those Brougham admires so much in the Grecian orators. They are flowery, diffuse, exaggerated, and, had they occurred in Burke, would have been called by him extravagant. Erskine's real *forte* lay in those animated *impromptus*, those passionate retorts, which broke from him in the course of his pleadings, and which proved him, if not a man of genius, a man of high spirit, ready intellect, and great moral courage.

Brougham, we repeat, excels most in severity of criticism. Even his collected speeches contain nothing so racy, so thoroughly hearty, so sincere and pointed, as some of his early diatribes in the "Edinburgh Review." We remember, with especial gusto, his assaults on poor George Rose, on the author of "Calumnies against Oxford," and the running fire of commentary he kept up for so many years upon the bad ministries which preceded the rise of Canning. He went to this kind of work with a savage satisfaction—like a cannibal rushing to his feast of blood. He hacked and hewed at his adversaries till they were down, and then he trampled them in the mire; raising now subdued chuckles, and now loud shouts of laughter over their discomfiture. It was said of Canning, that he never made a speech without making an enemy; so Brougham never wrote a review without either making a new foe or increasing the exasperation of an old one. We have been told, upon good authority, that he often forced Jeffrey to insert some of his savage papers sorely against his will. This was true of his bitter ironical attack on Walker's "Defense of Order." Mr. Walker, afterward Professor of Humanity in Glasgow, if not a great poet, was a most amiable and accomplished man; but Brougham, finding the poetry mediocre, and knowing the author to be a Tory, and connected with the revenue, made him the object of his vengeance, although the more amiable Jeffrey tried to get him to withhold the article. Now, every author of any mark expects attacks, and laughs at them when they come. They are just left-handed certificates of his eminence. It was otherwise in these days, when a cut-up in the "Edinburgh" was equivalent to a literary ruin, if not also to pecuniary bankruptcy. Brougham, too, was the author of the review of the "Hours of Idleness," and might thus be called Byron's *stepfather*. He tickled the slumbering lion by the hair, and he roused, and rose, and began to roar for revenge; and seldom was there heard

"So musical a discord—such sweet thunder."

Brougham and Byron, unlike Jeffrey and Byron, were never reconciled; but continued to hate each other mortally, till the close of the poet's life. They were too like each other, not indeed in genius, but in ambition and in fierce passions, to become friends. Once or twice, too, Brougham, we believe, went out of his way to assail some of the finest poets of the time; such as James Montgomery, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. As might have been expected from his prosaic nature and peculiar training, his criticism on their poetry, although clever and caustic in style and manner, are in substance cold, unjust, and worthless.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

——— "His rising heart betrayed
Remorse for all the wreck it made.
Her tale untold—her truth too deeply proved."—BYRON.

"YOU here, *mon ami!* Who would expect to find you in such a place as this?"

The scene was the cemetery of Père la Chaise; the exclamation occasioned by the presence of a young man whom I encountered suddenly in a shady spot, closely bordering on the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, where I had been standing in sentimental mood for at least half an hour. Now, there was no doubt he had as much right in the pretty burying-ground as I. The pleasant May-breeze was as free for him as for me; the sunshine was common property; the soft willow-leaves had not opened themselves exclusively for my enjoyment; nor had the scented violets bloomed for me alone. Nor should I have exclaimed thus had I met him any where else, in possession of these sweet spring privileges; but here—in Père la Chaise—that was the wonder! and therefore I exclaimed—

"Who would expect to find you in such a place as this?"

He smiled—not the smile that electrified the audience every evening in the theatre, but a melancholy smile, tinctured with satire, that I should share the common prejudice—that comic actors must be comic fellows.

"Pardon me," I said, answering this look. "I am aware I have no right to inquire; but confess a god of mirth is not often seen wandering among the tombs!"

"Not often sought there, at any rate," said D——. "But do you think this place sad?"

"On the contrary, to me it is cheerful as the gayest promenade in Paris. The dead are so cared for, their tastes so minutely consulted, their tombs so prettily decked, that one's thoughts are pleasantly sobered down, but by no means oppressed, as in our English burying-grounds."

"Ah! every thing is sad in your country," said the Frenchman, raising his eyebrows piteously.

"While here," I said, laughing, "only the comic actors are so."

D—— passed his arm through mine.

"You shall see why," he said, briefly; and led me back along the narrow path by which he had come.

Presently we stood beside a tomb, hung with wreaths of everlastings, and planted with choice flowers.

On the simple cross, of purest marble, was written:

"Estelle de B——,
Aged eighteen years."

The words, "To my daughter," were also inscribed below; and among the garlands were many in which the words, "A ma Fille" had been interwoven. One, evidently freshly placed among the rest, bore this motto, "Régrets éternels," in black and white immortelles.

I stood looking at this last resting-place of some cherished child, who had just budded into womanhood, to be culled by death, and wondering how many there were in the circle that once idolized her, who still brought flowers to her grave, when D——, laying his hand lightly on my arm, pointed to a seat near us. He was in one of those moods when the soul, too weak to bear alone the sorrow that weighs it down, turns to the first comer, and finds relief by the mere utterance of its woes.

"Sit down," he said; "I will tell you her tale."

"You knew her?" I asked.

"Or she would not be there," he replied. His voice was broken. I did not look at him, but waited till his emotion had passed away. Presently he continued: "A year ago she was pure and beautiful as an angel. We met, we loved, and she is there!"

"You were faithless?" I asked, reproachfully.

"Faithless!" he repeated. "No; men are not faithless to women like Estelle, especially when they stoop from a high-born sphere to love one infinitely below them. Unworthy as I was of her innocent love, I returned it with as sincere a passion as my soul is capable of. How often have these quiet spots witnessed our glad meetings; how often has the solemn shade of cathedral pillars, or the glitter of a masked ball, concealed our love from those who watched over her. Enough! she was mine—mine forever, as I fondly thought; but love had mingled poison with his sweets. Can angels fall, and forget the heaven they have lost? Estelle's remorse was stronger than her love; the one would have given her immortality—the other planted death in her bosom.

"Suddenly I lost sight of my beloved. In vain I sought her in our former haunts: she no longer visited them; in vain placed letters in the hands of our *confidante:* she never came to receive them.

"Fool that I was to doubt her! to fancy any thing could shake her faith, or make her false to her vows of constancy. Had she not sacrificed all for me?—forgotten family and parents, nay heaven itself! and yet I mistrusted her!

"I ceased my inquiries—I sought to forget her.

"One evening I was disturbed while at dinner, by the announcement of a stranger. It was the medical adviser of Estelle's family. He came to tell me that Madlle. De B—— was dangerously ill; and in consequence of mental aberration, as her friends supposed, had for many days been calling on my name, and entreating that she might see me once more before she died. By the doctor's advice, and as a last resource, her parents had consented to this strange request, and now sent to invite my presence in their house, hoping the sight of me would be sufficient to dispel the dying girl's delusion. There was an intelligent look in Dr. L.'s face as he told me this, which gave me intuitive confidence in him, and convinced me, when I afterward recalled it, that he had a strong suspicion of the real state of the case, which was doubtless confirmed by my overwhelming grief.

"I flew to the dwelling of my beloved; and

the doctor insisting that only he and I should enter the sick room, scarcely a moment elapsed ere I stood in her presence.

"Her open arms received me, her eyes flashed with the same pleasure as of yore; but oh! how changed—Estelle, Estelle."

The unhappy man bent his head and sobbed aloud.

I did not attempt to comfort him; I knew remorse was mingled with his grief, and that it was better so.

He went on after a while:

"At seven o'clock I was compelled to be at the theatre, to perform in the first and last pieces. It was within half an hour of the time.

"She suffered me to go with difficulty.

"'You will come back—will you not?' she asked, as I held her once more in my arms. 'I shall not sleep till I have seen you again.'

"I promised, and tore myself away from that clinging embrace. I reached the theatre, I dressed, and played my part. Yes, played it, laughed, jested, mocked at love, and was cheered, doubly cheered! The applause delayed me. Impatient to have done, I hurried on with my part; the piece seemed the livelier for it—the applause became greater. In the interval between the pieces I rushed out of the house, and fled along the streets, toward Estelle's home. I knew I could not reach it—it mattered not. It seemed to me some miracle must be worked in my favor; that some one would meet me with news of her; that time itself would stand still in my behalf. The night air, the exercise, recalled me to my senses; I stopped, and conscious of my madness, retraced my steps.

"Enough; it was over at last! both pieces; and at midnight I reached her house. I had rushed from the stage without changing my dress; I knew she would not reproach me for such haste.

"The entrance-door stood open; the concierge was absent. I remember even then noting, as I flew by, how her candle was dying fitfully away in the socket. There was no one on the stairs as I bounded up them—no one watching in the anteroom beside her bed-room door. The silence that reigned in the house was frightful. I entered, gasping and horror-struck; I knew not why. Long tapers were burning beside her couch; two priests kneeling in prayer—but she had not kept her promise; she slept before I came—never to wake again.

"I was one of those who followed her here. The white garland lay upon her coffin; I alone knew that she who slept beneath it had no right to bear that snowy wreath."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BARELY, indeed, had a more lovely evening been known, even in the fairy-like land of the Isle of France, than that of the last day of December. The bright genial weather of the monsoon months following copious rains, had brought every product of the earth to its fullest perfection and beauty; the rich stores of the vegetable world vied with the glories of the animal kingdom; and while trees, and shrubs, and plants put forth their greatest powers, insects innumerable, and birds of gayest plumage, hummed and sang their richest notes in gentle harmony, through grove, and wood, and mossy dell—and this on New-year's eve.

The day had been a glorious time of sunshine—the sky all clear and radiant, like a sea of liquid blue, seemed wedded to the ocean. No cloud was there to dim the lustre of the one, no breath of air to stir the glassy face of the other. Fruits, flowers, and leaves, thick as they were over field and garden, hung listlessly; and even busy man forgot to toil, lost in his admiration of that golden eve. All nature seemed at rest, as though the world had willed the year should die so brilliantly, so peacefully, that not one sound or sight unwelcome might cross its latest hours

The sun was sinking fast, transforming, as it did so, the lovely azure of the sky to a rich golden hue, tinted with softest blushes. A gentle breeze was springing up, and played, as though in very wantonness, among the broad leaves of the green bananas, the feathery foliage of the lofty palms, and the thick groves of orange-trees. Many a wide and cool veranda in Port Louis was filled with fair and youthful forms, listening to the idle gossip of the day; many a wealthy merchant leaned back on downy ottoman, enjoying his pipe, and casting up the profits of the year; many a sunburned planter reposed on matted couch with long-necked bottles in his company, listening to his neighbors' tales of sugar-canes, slaves, and rum.

Within a mile of the Port, on the road leading toward the Pamplemousses, stood, and, for aught I know to the contrary, stands at this moment, a most picturesque-looking villa, delightfully placed among palm-trees and mango-groves, with a perfect paradise of a garden and lawn, studded with the richest fruit-bearing trees and flowering shrubs. As is the case with all tropical dwellings, an ample veranda encircled the house; and to render the place still more enjoyable, a shady avenue of bananas, figs, and rose-apples, led the way to a pretty bridge, over which the passenger found himself conducted to a miniature island laid out, like the garden, with lawn and flowering-plants, and round which ran a rippling stream, washing its mossy banks.

In the vicinity of this abode were clusters of neat thatched cottages, each with its knot of palms and bananas, and a small patch of garden in the rear. These were the dwellings of the slaves, who cultivated the many fields of sugar-canes that stretches for miles along the skirts of the mountain-land in the rear of the road—the property of one of the wealthiest planters of the island, M. Durant.

This enchanting spot, seen on such a lovely evening as I have attempted to describe, may well have been deemed the resting-place of happy mortals. It seemed the home of tranquil happy hearts, where nothing sorrowful might find a corner; where men might have been content to end their days on earth. Yet this was not so. The apple of the desert, all beauty to the eye, was not

more bitter at the core than this same planter's homestead. Watching the parting sunlight from the front veranda, sat the young wife of the proprietor. Reclining on a couch of ebony, garnished with richest drapery, with the incense of sweetest flowers about her, with a crowd of slaves to obey her every wish, with all that physical life could demand, this wife was unhappy.

Alas! the one thing needed to make a joyful home was wanting—domestic sympathy No man could be more thoughtful for his wife's comfort, no one more liberal in his arrangements for her household; but his heart, though not against her, was not with her. Ambition was his bane, reckless speculation his sole enjoyment. For such he seemed to live, and wondered why his Florence drooped, and pined, and wept, while he was wrapped in giant schemes of wealth. Warm-hearted as a woman can truly be, yearning vainly for a return of the love that dwelt in her own breast, Florence Durant cared little for the Eastern splendor that encircled her in this little earthly paradise, while she saw her husband giving up his whole heart and soul to business, with but seldom a word or look for herself.

The disappointed wife was pondering over all this on the evening in question, casting her eyes alternately from the setting sun to the infant that lay sleeping at her feet, fanned gently by a little slave-girl. The planter had been absent for many days, and as yet had not seen this last addition to his family; but Florence promised no pleasure to herself from their meeting She knew too well, from past experience, that he would look upon her new-born infant as he would on a piece of furniture just added to their drawing-room. He would show no unkindness, use no harsh words; but there would be that utter disregard, that abstraction from all but business, which sinks into the heart of a wife of sensitive mind almost as deeply as actual wrong.

It was in vain the slave-girl chanted her prettiest Indian love-song; as vainly did the little infant, by its very muteness and helplessness, appear to solicit sympathy and protection. Florence felt that she would gladly have exchanged her wealth and station for the humble lot of any poor slave-girl on their estate, to have enjoyed requited love.

The sun had sunk full deep below the many-tinted horizon; the birds had sought their leafy homes; the infant had been laid to rest on downy pillows; the moon had flung its first soft rays upon the distant hill tops, and on the waving leaves of the lofty palms—yet Florence still sat there, gazing in deep thought upon the opening prospect of another year so like the last that her heart fainted within her, and forced out bitter tears.

But let us look elsewhere. If we turn our eyes toward the little stream, that fed by gurgling mountain-brooks, speeds merily past the plantations of M. Durant, toward the Port, we shall see how many cane-fields it refreshes, and how many sugar-works it supplies with water. Along this little river a light canoe was floating, half paddled, half-borne upon the stream. Seated in the stern of the little craft was a young planter, who, with folded arms and darkened brow, seemed lost to all that was passing around him. As the last rays of the sun disappeared, the canoe touched the mossy bank of the little island in the rear of the house, and awaking to consciousness, Durant —for it was he—sprang to shore.

Instead of hastening to his house, as usual, the planter began to pace the lawn in the island with rapid and unsteady strides. To and fro the gloomy man walked in the deepest excitement, as though uncertain or careless of what his course should be. The speculations he had been so long engaged in, and which had accumulated about him until they had assumed enormous magnitude, had broken down in hopeless ruin, and now, crushed and oppressed beneath this sudden weight, the ambitious man felt maddened with disappointment. What he might have determined upon, or whither he might have bent his steps had he been left to his own meditations, matters not to our present purpose. But the sound of many merry voices came floating down the rose-apple avenue toward the bridge; nearer and nearer the boisterous throng approached; louder and quicker the bursts of laughter fell upon his ear. They were the voices of his own children, whom he could see approaching in company with one or two of the slave-children, and a gray-headed negro in charge of the party. In no mood to encounter all this merry-making, the planter turned aside from the little lawn, and diving into a mass of evergreen behind a sort of grassy mound, he flung himself upon the ground among rushes and lotus-leaves, compelled, however unwillingly, to listen to the childish talk of the merry group

Such a happy party they were! There was Rose, a dark-eyed girl of eleven, full of thought and kindliness; Edward, the eldest boy of nine, with Ernest and little Minnie, and old Pierre, a negro of sixty years, who had in his early days nursed their mother; and, besides these, there were Peto, and Caspar, and Lugo—young slaves born and bred on the estate. There was also Brutus, the old brown goat, with his long silvery hair, and his great hard horns, and his quiet gentle eyes Why, bless you! he would not have hurt one of those dear little children—though they did climb on his back, and stick all sorts of odd things on his horns—he would not have trodden on one of their dear toes for any quantity of green sugar-cane, and he was remarkably fond of it too!

How delighted they were to romp and dance on that nice green lawn, and tumble the old negro among the pomegranates, and make the goat quite giddy with dancing a waltz on his hind-legs, while little Minnie stuck his horns full of garlands and green boughs! Happy children! The world was as yet all sunshine to them. The New Year that was about to visit them had no cares or griefs for their young hearts They could see nothing but flowers in their path, and heeded not the thorns.

When they had romped to their hearts' con-

tent, some one asked what fête they were to have on the morrow, which set them all guessing and thinking. Each one, from the laughing Rose down to black-skinned Peto, opened up some especial source of delight for New-year's Day; while the good-natured goat strolled from one to the other, rubbed his shaggy coat against them, licked their hands, and looked up in their faces, as though to guess what they were debating.

The most favored idea was that of a grand ball on the island to the whole establishment; and as there was yet a good half hour till supper time, they agreed to try a little rehearsal of what they would wish for the morrow. In a moment, every one set to work. Green boughs were torn down; broad leaves were stripped from branches; palm-blossoms and rose-apples were twined into chaplets and garlands; and leaves, and fruit, and flowers, were so transformed by their many skillful little fingers, that in a short time there was a goodly array of festal ornaments, quite enough for their rehearsal

Brutus helped them as well as he could, by carrying branches and garlands in his mouth, and depositing them on the little mound that was to serve them as a sort of natural ottoman. Having hung their garlands and bouquets on the nearest shrubs, and twined flowers and branches of young limes among the leaves of stately laurels, Rose desired her companions to imagine as well as they could, that the most beautiful festoons of palm-leaves and show-flowers were hanging the whole way from the house, with cocoa-nut lanterns blazing away at intervals. They were told, likewise, to picture an arch of triumph at either end of the bridge, with an altar of flowers and fruit in the centre; and lastly, that they must fancy themselves looking at the green mound as a most beautiful throne of moss, lotus-flowers, jambo-blossoms, and talipot-leaves, with a bower by its side full of wine, and cakes, and fruit, and all the estate people assembled about them, with Tonchee, the old blind harper, and the two horn-blowers, who could play any thing from cathedral music down to an Indian war-dance.

They all, as in duty bound, fancied what they were bid, whereupon Rose led her elder brother to the imaginary throne, and bade the rest range themselves about. Then the child, in a voice of grave earnestness, told them that the New-year's fête was to begin, that she would act "Mamma," while Edward would take the part of "Papa." At this proposal, the rest of the children raised such a shout of laughter as quite astounded the goat. The idea of their papa taking part in any festivities, seemed to their infant minds a joke of such stupendous absurdity as to be beyond their small comprehensions

Why Rose, silly child, might as well have voted him to be the Pope of Rome, or even the governor of the island! But she, taking her brother by the hand, bade him act the part allotted him; whereon the boy said he would try and look as grave and unhappy as he could, but he was sure he could not look or feel like his papa.

Rose chided him, and said that she was sure their papa was very good, and loved them all, and would not make one of them unhappy for the world, if he knew it. Edward inquired, if that were the case, why did he go away so often and leave their mamma alone for so many days and nights: when she was ill too, it was all the same.

But Rose was not going to be put down in that manner; not she. To be sure, she did wish that dear papa would not leave them so often as he did; she wished he would give up those long journeys, burn the nasty canoe on their imaginary altar of flowers, and stay at home to take care of the cane-pieces and the people, and so make dear mamma and all of them quite happy. Then she added, if Edward would not act Papa, she would, and tell them what she would do and say on the morrow. She would first kiss mamma and the new baby, and wish them a happy New Year, and say that she had resolved to give up every thing but home from that day; that there was to be no more traveling in the canoe; that mamma and the sugar-works should have all her time. Then she would give a grand fête to every body on the plantation; and to crown all, and begin the New Year well, old Pierre should have his liberty, and Brutus the goat be decorated with a new set of ribbons. Saying this, Rose embraced her brother, and the whole party raised such a shout of approbation as might have been heard at the house.

Perhaps it was; for at that moment, just as they were going to dance, the conch-shell was blown, as a signal for their return to supper and bed. They started away home as rapidly and joyously as they had come; and in a few minutes more the island was as still as the night that was closing fast over it.

Again the planter paced that quiet lawn, but this time calmly, slowly, and thoughtfully, until the moon had risen high above the palm-trees. Then, by that pale light, one might have seen how changed he seemed; how something had been busy in his mind, and still was working there; how heavy wintery clouds had passed away, and summer calm reigned gently in their place. Each word and syllable of those dear children's talk had found its way and done its work within. A sweeter sermon man clad in priestly robes had never spoken.

The New-year's Day broke brilliantly as man need wish to see it. The early morning breeze from off the hill tops came loaded with the breath of forest-flowers; birds caroled merrily from groves of shady trees; the insect world broke forth in one great universal hum of happiness; the little river rippled cheerily past the wooded island; and then the sun came gently over the mountains, heralded by gorgeous rays of rainbow quality, sipping the dew-drops from myriad buds and blossoms. The household of the planter had just begun to stir; dogs shook their shaggy, drowsy heads, and negroes rubbed their heavy eyes, and, in their Oriental apathy, groaned that the night had fled. The earliest sunny rays of morning light that stole through lattice door and window found Florence still asleep: a little more light, a little more warmth, a little more warbling

of the birds without, and the sleeper's eyes were opened. Was it a vision of the night, still hovering about her, that she saw?—It was her husband, indeed, and with their new-born infant in his arms! He laid it gently by her side, and bending softly over her, as though she still had slept, and he had feared to wake her, kissed her a score of times, called her darling wife, and wished her and all beneath that roof a happy long New Year. Blessed wife! It seemed as though a new world had opened before her with a fresh existence. And when he took her hand in his, and asked her to forgive him all the past, to look only to the future, rich in each other's love, Florence could not speak; but tears of happiness, more eloquent than words, told all she had to tell.

That was a busy bustling day for all the household. As usual upon the first day of the year in that island, the slaves crowded in after the morning-meal with their simple gifts of fruit, flowers, or cakes. Pomegranates, oranges, limes, citrons, bananas, pine-apples, jambos, and many other tropical fruits, came pouring in, as though all the corners of the earth had been robbed for the occasion. If some fairy, reversing the story of Cinderella, instead of transforming fruit into carriages had converted all the vehicles of the island into fruit, there could hardly have been a greater abundance than was heaped in the planter's ample veranda on that morning.

Every one perceived how changed was the manner and tone of the master; and many were astounded to see how he worked at something that was evidently in preparation. Under various pretences, he contrived to dispatch the children upon errands all day long; then the dinner-hour came, and then evening, and then they were told to prepare for the New-year's fête. As the whole family walked down the avenue of bananas and rose-apples toward the bridge, one long exclamation of wonder and delight burst from the children's lips. Pretty festoons of bright green leaves and flowers of many colors drooped across their path from tree to tree; at intervals hung, swinging in mid-air, small cocoa-nut lanterns; further on, at each end of the bridge, was an arch of evergreens and fruit; while midway between them stood the very altar that Rose had the evening before wished to see placed there; and, stranger still, upon its summit lay burning, like some sacrificial monster, the identical canoe, the detestable canoe, that had so often robbed them of their dear papa!

Wonder seemed never ending upon that eventful evening. Well might the children feel astonished at all they saw, and ask inwardly if it were not a dream. Why, there was the little mound on which Rose and Edward had stood the previous night, decked and ornamented as they had pictured in their play! Some wizard of the woods had transformed the simple spot to a festive throne. While, stranger still, there was the identical bower by its side that Rose had conjured in her mind, full of all sorts of refreshments, boiling over with wine and cakes! And there, too, were the horn-players and the blind old negro harper. And as the party approached from the bridge, surveying all this work of fairyland, the brass and stringed music welcomed them with such a voluntary, as quite took away the children's breath.

It would need some time to relate one-half of what occurred on that joyful evening; but I may venture to tell how happily every thing passed off: how old Pierre was made a free man; how the goat was decorated by Rose's hand with a new garland of ribbons and flowers; and how, in the very midst of some intricate piece of dancing, Brutus insisted on joining in the amusements, tripping up many a vigorous dancer by the force of his horns, and utterly perplexing and bewildering every kind of figure that was attempted.

The last of the guests had disappeared, the little island was once more quiet, and again the moon shone brightly upon tapering leaves and quivering grass; but this night two walked there. How differently, how happily did their hearts beat then! As they gently strolled toward their home, the planter whispered to his wife that there was yet one thing left untold, which he would break to her. He had not done so earlier, lest it should have marred the pleasure of the day. He was a ruined man—a beggar! He had been following a deceptive bubble; it had burst, and all was lost save home, and that was won. The loss of fortune had been a gain to him and amidst the struggle which had then to come, the memory of that happy New-year's Day would lighten many a task.

The sequel of their fortune is soon told. A few years of steady application made the planter once more a thriving man; a few more years on that, and all was safe. If you wish to know how many New-year's Days they passed together you must multiply twenty years by three hundred and sixty-five; for every day in their life was to them a New-year's Day, and a happy one!

STORY OF A MOTHER.

A MOTHER sat watching her little child: she was sad, so afraid lest it should die. For the child was very pale; its eyes had closed; its breathing was faint; and every now and then it fetched a deep sigh, and the mother's face grew sadder and sadder as she watched the little tiny creature.

There was a knock at the door, and a poor old man, wrapped up in a great horse-cloth, came in. He had need of warm clothing, for it was a cold winter's night; the ground outside the house was covered with ice and snow, and the wind blew keen and cutting into the wanderer's face.

And as the old man was shivering with cold, and the little child seemed just at that moment to have fallen asleep, the mother rose up and fetched some beer in a little pot, placing it inside the stove to warm it for her guest. And the old man sat rocking the cradle; and the mother sat down on a chair beside him, still gazing on her sick child, listening anxiously to its hard breathing, and holding its tiny hand.

"I shall keep him, do not you think so?" she inquired. "God is good. He will not take my darling away from me!"

And the old man—it was Death himself—bowed his head so strangely, you could not tell whether he meant to say "yes" or "no." And the mother cast down her eyes, and tears streamed over her cheeks. She felt her head growing so heavy, for three whole days and nights she had not closed her eyes, and now she slept—but only for a minute; presently she started up, shivering with cold. "What is this?" she exclaimed, and she looked around her. The old man was gone, and her little child was gone; he had taken it with him. And yonder, in the corner, the old clock ticked and ticked; the heavy leaden pendulum swung lower and lower, till at last it fell on the floor, and then the clock stood still also.

But the poor bereaved mother rushed out of the house, and cried for her child.

Outside, amidst the snow, there sat a woman, clad in long black garments, who said, "Death has been in thy room; I saw him hurry out of it with thy little child; he strides along more swiftly than the wind, and never brings back any thing that he has taken away!"

"Only tell me which way he has gone?" entreated the mother. "Tell me the way, and I will find him."

"I know the way," replied the woman in black robes; "but before I show it thee, thou must first sing to me all the songs thou hast ever sung to thy child. I am Night, and I love these songs, I have heard thee sing them many a time, and have counted the tears thou hast shed while singing them."

"I will sing them all, every one!" said the mother; "but do not keep me now, let me hasten after Death, let me recover my child!"

But Night made no reply; there she sat, mute and unrelenting. Then the mother began to sing, weeping and wringing her hands the while. Many were the songs she sung, but many more were the tears she wept! And at last Night said, "Turn to the right, and go through the dark fir-grove, for thither did Death wend his way with thy child."

But deep within the grove several roads crossed, and the poor woman knew not in which direction she should turn. Here grew a thorn-bush, without leaves or flowers, for it was winter, and icicles clung to the bare branches.

"Oh! tell me, hast thou not seen Death pass by, bearing my little child with him?"

"Yes, I have," was the Thorn-tree's reply; "but I will not tell thee which way he has gone, unless thou wilt first warm me at thy bosom. I am freezing to death in this place—I am turning into ice."

And she pressed the Thorn-bush to her breast so closely as to melt all the icicles. And the thorns pierced into her flesh, and the blood flowed in large drops. But the Thorn-bush shot forth fresh green leaves, and was crowned with flowers in that same bitter-cold winter's night;—so warm is the heart of a sorrowing mother! And the Thorn-bush told her which path she must take.

And the path brought her on to the shore of a large lake, where neither ship nor boat was to be seen. The lake was not frozen hard enough to bear her weight, not shallow enough to be waded through, and yet cross it she must, if she would recover her child. So she lay down, thinking to drink the lake dry. That was quite impossible for one human being to do, but the poor unhappy mother imagined that perchance a miracle might come to pass.

"No, that will never do!" said the Lake. "Rather let us see if we can not come to some agreement. I love to collect pearls, and never have I seen any so bright as thine eyes; if thou wilt weep them into my bosom, I will bear thee over to the vast conservatory where Death dwells, and tends his trees and flowers—each one of them a human life."

"Oh, what would I not give to get to my child!" cried the mother. And she wept yet again, and her eyes fell down into the lake, and became two brilliant pearls. And the lake received her, and its bosom heaved and swelled, and its current bore her safely to the opposite shore, where stood a wondrous house, many miles in length. It were hard to decide whether it were really a house and built with hands, or whether it were not rather a mountain with forests and caverns in its sides. But the poor mother could not see it at all; she had wept out her eyes.

"Where shall I find Death that I may ask him to restore to me my little child?" inquired she.

"He has not yet returned," replied a hoary-haired old woman, who was wandering to and fro in Death's conservatory, which she had been left to guard in his absence. "How didst thou find thy way here? who has helped thee?"

"Our Lord has helped me," she answered; "He is merciful, and thou, too, wilt be merciful. Where shall I find my little child?"

"I do not know," said the old woman; "and thou, I perceive, canst not see. Many flowers and trees have withered during this night—Death will come very soon to transplant them. Thou must know that every human being has his tree or flower of life, as is appointed for each. They look like common vegetables, but their hearts beat. So be of good cheer, perchance thou may'st be able to distinguish the heart-beat of thy child; but what wilt thou give me if I tell thee what else thou must do?"

"I have nothing to give," said the mourning mother. "But I will go to the end of the world at thy bidding."

"I want nothing from the end of the world," said the old woman; "but thou canst give me thy long black hair. Thou must know well that it is very beautiful; it pleases me exceedingly! And thou canst have my white hair in exchange, even that will be better than none."

"Desirest thou nothing further?" returned the mother; "I will give it thee right willingly." And she gave away her beautiful hair, and received instead the thin snow-white locks of the old woman.

And then they entered Death's vast conservatory, where flowers and trees grew in wonderful

order and variety. There were delicate hyacinths, protected by glasses, and great healthy peonies. There grew water-plants, some looking quite fresh, some sickly; water-snakes were clinging about them, and black crabs clung fast by the stalks. Here were seen magnificent palm-trees, oaks, and plantains; yonder clustered the humble parsley, and fragrant thyme. Not a tree, not a flower, but had its name, each corresponded with a human life; the persons whose names they bore, lived in all countries and nations on the earth; one in China, another in Greenland, and soforth. There were some large trees planted in little pots, so that their roots were contracted, and the trees themselves ready to break out from the pots; on the other hand, there was many a weakly, tiny herb set in rich mould, with moss laid over its roots; and the utmost care and attention bestowed upon its preservation.

And the grieving mother bent down over all the tiniest plants, in each one she heard the pulse of human life; and out of a million others she distinguished the heart-throb of her child.

"There it is!" cried she, stretching her hand over a little blue crocus-flower which was hanging down on one side, sickly and feeble.

"Touch not that flower!" said the old woman. "But place thyself here; and when Death shall come—I expect him every minute—then suffer him not to tear up the plant; but threaten to do the same by some of the other flowers—that will terrify him! For he will have to answer for it to our Lord: no plant may be rooted up before the Almighty has given permission."

Suddenly an icy-cold breath swept through the hall, and the blind mother felt that Death had arrived.

"How hast thou found the way hither?" asked he. "How could'st thou arrive here more quickly than I?"

"I am a mother," was her answer.

And Death extended his long hand toward the tiny delicate crocus-flower; but she held her hands clasped firmly round it, so closely, so closely! and yet with such anxious care lest she should touch one of the petals. Then Death breathed upon her hands, and she felt that his breath was more chilling than the coldest, bitterest winter wind; and her hands sank down, numbed and powerless.

"Against me thou hast no strength!" said Death.

"But our Lord has, and He is merciful," replied she.

"I do but accomplish His will!" said Death. "I am His gardener. I take up all His plants and trees, one by one, and transplant them into the glorious Garden of Paradise—into the Unknown Land. Where that lies and how they thrive there, that I dare not tell thee!"

"Oh, give me back my child!" cried the mother, and she wailed and implored. All at once she seized firm hold of two pretty flowers, one with each hand, exclaiming, "I will tear off all thy flowers, for I am in despair!"

"Touch them not!" commanded Death. "Thou say'st that thou art very unhappy; and would'st thou therefore make another mother as unhappy as thyself?"

"Another mother!" repeated the poor woman, and she immediately loosed her hold of both the flowers.

"There are thine eyes again," said Death. "I fished them out of the lake, they glistened so brightly; but I did not know that they were thine. Take them back; they are now even brighter than before; now look down into this deep well. I will tell thee the names of the two flowers which thou wert about to pluck, and thou shalt see pictured in the well their whole future, the entire course of their human lives. Thou shalt see all that thou hast yearned to destroy."

And she gazed into the well; and a lovely sight it was to see how one of these lives became a blessing to the whole world, to see what a sunshine of joy and happiness it diffused around it. And she beheld the life of the other, and there was sin and sorrow, misfortune and utter misery.

"Both are God's will!" said Death.

"Which of them is the flower of unhappiness, and which the blessed and blessing one!" inquired she.

"That I will not tell thee," returned Death; "but this shalt thou learn from me, that one of those two flowers was the flower of thine own child. Thou hast seen the destiny, the future of thine own child!"

Then the mother shrieked out with terror, "Which of the two is my child? Tell me that! Save the innocent child! Release my child from all this misery! Rather bear it away—bear it into God's kingdom! Forget my tears; forget my entreaties and all that I have done!"

"I do not understand thee," said Death. "Wilt thou have thy child back again, or shall I carry him away to that place which thou knowest not?"

And the mother wrung her hands, fell upon her knees, and prayed to the All-wise, All-merciful Father, "Hear me not when I pray for what is not Thy will—Thy will is always best! Hear me not, Lord, hear me not!"

And her head drooped down upon her breast.

And Death departed, and bore away her child to the Unknown Land.

FLORENCE MAY—A LOVE STORY.

THE golden light of evening dazzled the eyes of a young girl who stood upon a stile watching for the arrival of the London coach.

It was about a hundred miles from London—no matter in what direction—at the bottom of a green valley, down the western slope of which the road came winding here and there concealed by trees. A well-beaten path led to a village a few fields distant, embowered in orchards, and leaning, as it were, against the massive oaks and elms of a park, that shut in the view in that direction. The square steeple-tower of the old church scarcely overtopped this background of leaves.

Florence May was waiting for her mother, who had been absent some weeks in London, and

who had been compelled to leave her all alone in their humble cottage—all alone, unless her rectitude and her sense of duty may be counted as companions.

They were poor, humble people. Mrs. May was the widow of a country curate, who had died, leaving as curates sometimes do not, a slight provision for his family. It was like a Providence. Having fought the fight of life nearly out on £50 or £60 a year, some distant relation, whom they had never seen and scarcely ever heard of, put the curate in his will for £1000. This sum, invested, was sufficient to support both mother and daughter in that out of the way place.

A letter had arrived, when Mrs. May had been a widow for three years, requesting her to come up to London, to hear of "something to her advantage." This was vague enough; but she resolved to comply; and not being able to afford the expense of a double journey, had left her daughter, then about seventeen, under the guardianship of the neighbors, her own character, and a mother's prayers.

She has been absent more than a week. What has happened in the mean time? Why does Florence wait with more than the impatience of filial affection—with a countenance in which smiling lips and tearful eyes tell of a struggle between joy and sadness? She is troubled with the burden of her first secret—a secret which she nurses with uneasy delight, and which she is anxious to pour into the ears of her only confidante—her mother. How many maidens of seventeen are still in this dream of innocence!

The sun had set before the roll of wheels came sounding down the valley; and when the coach began to descend, nothing could be distinguished but the lights that glanced occasionally behind the trees. The time seemed prodigiously long to Florence. She even once thought that some fantastical, ghostly coachman was driving a phantom vehicle to and fro on the hillside to mock her. Young people in her state of mind would annihilate time and space. However, here it comes, the *Tally-ho*, sweeping round the last corner—lights glancing—horses tossing their heads and steaming—a pyramid of luggage swaying to and fro. "That's a gal's voice as screamed," said a man to the Whip as they passed. "Full, inside and out!" was the reply, and on went the *Tally-ho* along the level lap of the valley.

"She is not come," murmured Florence, after waiting in vain some time, to see if the coach would stop lower down; but it pursued its inexorable course, and the young girl returned by the dim path to her cottage on the outskirts of the village.

That was a critical period in her life. For some days after her mother's departure, she had spent her time either at her needle, or with one or two old neighbors, who wearied her with their gossip. To escape from the sense of monotony, she had wandered one morning into the fields, as it was indeed her custom from time to time to do; and there, with the scent of wild-flowers and new-mown hay around, she allowed her mind to be ruffled by those thoughts and feelings which at that age breathe upon us from I know not what region—sparkling and innocent stirrings, that scarcely typify the billowy agitation of succeeding years.

Across the meadows that occupy the lowest portion of that valley, meanders a stream, over which the willows hang their whip-like branches and slender leaves. Near its margin, Florence used often to sit with her work; first diligently attended to, then dropped occasionally on her lap, that she might watch the little fish that flitted like shadows to and fro in the shallow current; then utterly forgotten, as she herself went wafting down the stream of the future, that widened as she went, and flowed, at her unconscious will, through scenes more magical than those of fairy-land. The schoolmen have sought for the place of Paradise—did they peep into a young heart that is waiting, without knowing it, to love?

It was during her first walk since her mother's absence, that a stranger came slowly down the opposite bank of the stream; and seeing this lovely young girl entranced in a reverie, paused to gaze at her. His glance at first was cold and critical, like that of a man who has trodden many lands, and has seen more such visions than one under trees in lonely places—visions that, when neared and grasped at, hardened into reality, vulgar and bucolic. In a little time, however, the brow of this stranger unbent, and his lip uncurled; and there came a strange fear to his heart, that what he saw of grace and beauty beneath that archway of willow-boughs, was a mere optical illusion—a phantasm painted on the exhalations of the meadow by the sun's beams. There is a certain pride in disappointed natures, which makes them believe that all the loveliness of the outer world is of their own imagining, as if *we* could imagine more perfect things than God has imagined and thrown on this canvas of the universe.

The man was of the south by travel, if not by birth, and muttered some "Santa Vergines!" more in surprise than devotion. He did not move or speak to attract the young girl's attention, but waited until her eyes, which he saw were restless, should chance to fall upon him. Her start of alarm, when she found herself to be not alone, was repressed by the grave politeness of his bow.

"Young lady," he said, in a low musical voice when he had leaped the stream and stood by her side, "I am on my way to Melvyn Park. Perhaps I may learn from you in what direction to turn."

"The roof of the mansion shows above the trees," replied she, rising and stretching out her pretty hand.

"I might have guessed so," said the stranger, whose accent was but slightly foreign; "and this is but a bad excuse for speaking to you. It is more frank to say, that I was surprised at seeing so much beauty and grace buried in this sequestered valley, and could not pass on without learning who you may be."

Flattery flies to the heart as swiftly as electri-

city along the wire. The maiden blushed, and drew off but slightly. "Florence May," said she, "is known to the whole valley, and will not be made sport of nor molested without finding defenders."

Was this affected fear a cunning device for telling her name without seeming to answer an unauthorized question?

"Child," replied the stranger, who perhaps took this view of the matter, for he smiled, though kindly, "you may count on me as one of the defenders. For the present let me thank you, and say farewell."

With these words, and a somewhat formal bow, he turned and went across the fields, leaving Florence bewildered, almost breathless, with surprise and excitement, and, to confess the truth, not a little piqued that her ruse, if ruse it was, had brought the dialogue to so abrupt a termination. She had no wish to parley with strangers. Her mother had expressly warned her not to do so. What a famous opportunity thrown away to exhibit the rigidness of her sense of duty! Indeed, there had been so little merit on her part, that the stranger, if he had rightly read her countenance, might pretend that the forbearance had been all on his side. Of course, she would have gained the victory in the end; but how much more dramatic if her prudence had been put to a severer test!

These were not exactly her thoughts but the translation of them. She followed the retiring figure of the stranger, as he kept by the path along the willows; and slightly bit her lip. Then suddenly, as if remembering that the singleness of mind which her attitude expressed was more beautiful than becoming—what an odious euphonism is that word for heartless acting—she turned with something like a flout, and sat down again, with her face averted from the now distant stranger—averted only a moment; for soon her attitude would have reminded a sculptor of that exquisite group in which the girl turns to bill the dove that has fluttered down on her shoulder.

Now, take it not as an article of faith that Florence had "fallen in love," as the saying is, with that tall handsome stranger with the black eyes and sun-painted complexion. We would have you more careful in the construction of your credo than that. But, at any rate, an impression had been produced; this was to be expected. When a man falls into the water, he may not be drowned, but is sure to be wet. Florence had never seen any members of that category of "lovable persons," which is of so little political and so much social importance, except two or three six-foot farmers, and the Rev. Mr. Simmer, their pale-faced, sandy-whiskered young bachelor vicar of fifty. Should we be astonished, then, that after her first agitation had subsided, there remained something more than memory of the compliment which had fallen from the lips and been ratified by the eyes of that distinguished-looking stranger?

Need it be said, moreover, that while she remained by the margin of the stream, and during her sauntering walk home, and all the evening, she thought of little else save this very simple meeting. As to her dreams, we shall not inquire into them; but the moonbeams tell us that they shone all night between the ivy-leaves upon a smile as sweet and self-satisfied as ever lived on the lips of a maiden on her wedding-eve.

Next day, it was rumored in the village that a foreign painter had come to occupy one of the wings of Melvyn House, by permission of the family, which had remained many years abroad. His name was simply Angelo; and a mighty fine gentleman he was. One could not guess, to look at him, that he had ever lived on frogs; or was "obligated to hexpress hisself in a barbarious lingo," as the landlady of the Jolly Boys' Inn phrased it.

Florence was proud to say casually, to some old spectacled lady—who observed "indeed she never," and told her neighbor that "Miss May seemed very forward"—that she had held a minute's conversation with this said painter. We take this as a proof that she was only dazzled by him; and that she had not really experienced one pang of love. So much the better. We must not bestow the only treasures of our hearts on the first interesting person we may happen to meet under a willow-hedge.

And yet there she is at her place again, thinking of yesterday's meeting; and—by the bow of Eros!—there is he, too, wandering accidentally in the same direction with his sketch-book under his arm. We had no business to be eaves-dropping; but "a concealed fault is half pardoned." We were invisible, and heard every word they said. It should all be set down here, but it was dreadful nonsense, at least what he said; for she, partly in coquetry perhaps, and partly in pride and prudence, intrenched herself behind the rampart of her maiden modesty, and answered only—by listening.

The young man was in a state of temporary insanity; at least, if one might believe his words. Like all lovers, he professed to have skill in physiognomy. He asked no information about Florence, did not care who she was or where she came from: all he wanted to know was, whether she was free. He spoke eloquently and with sufficient respect. The young girl more than once felt her heart melt; and it was a great exertion for her at length to reply, that her mother was away, and that she could not listen to another word without her knowledge and sanction.

She did listen, however, for he went on talking interminably. According to his account, he was an artist who had studied many years at Rome; but he did not say whether he was of English origin or not, and, of course, Florence could not ask the question. This would have been to avow a stronger interest in him than consisted with her views. We should have liked her better, perhaps, had she been more frank and artless. Yet, after all, her conduct was not at this time an image of her character, but arose from a struggle between her own simplicity and her recollection of her mother's warnings.

It is needless to say that, after many hesitations, she now invariably went every day to her accustomed seat. This might be interpreted into giving a rendezvous; but she had a prescriptive right to the place, and why should she be driven from it by an intrusive, impertinent stranger? Impertinent! Nay, not so; nothing could be more reserved and respectful than his demeanor; and if he was really in earnest, and if he turned out to be a respectable man, why—perhaps it would be a matter of duty in her not to repulse his advances. Matrimony was indeed, they had told her, an awful responsibility; but if, by undergoing it, she could raise her mother to a more comfortable position, would it not be her duty to make the sacrifice?

Matters went on in this way for several days, and Florence began to wait impatiently for the arrival of her mother, to whom she might relate all that had passed. Angelo accustomed, perhaps, to more easy conquests, was irritated by her cold caution, not knowing that hers was the hypocrisy of duty. He once even went so far as to say, that he blamed himself for wasting time with a calculating village coquette, and, rising, departed with a formal salute. Florence's bosom heaved with emotion, tears started to her eyes, her lips trembled, and she was on the point of periling all her prospects by calling him back. But by a prodigious effort of will, she restrained herself, and kept her eyes firmly fixed on the ground until the sound of his steps had died away.

"No," said she rising, "I am not to be so lightly won. These days have given me experience. He is certainly captivating in manners, but sometimes I think that one moment of weakness on my part—" And she thought of the fate of Lucy Lightfoot, who had been left to wear the willow, after saying "Yes" too soon.

In the afternoon, a letter came announcing her mother's arrival for that very day; and it was in the excitement that followed this little misunderstanding that she waited for the arrival of the coach. She wanted an adviser sadly. Should she, after what had passed, return next day to the meadow, or should she remain at home in melancholy loneliness? The question was more important than even she imagined; for we will not undertake to say, despite Mr. Angelo's lofty sentiments, that his faith was as strong as he professed. Might he not have wished to test the virtue of this beautiful girl, whom he had found, as it were, by the wayside? Men of the world are not averse to these trials; and if their unfortunate victim fall, they go away on the voyage of life, leaving her to repent in tears, and hugging themselves with the idea that they have not been "taken in." They forget that the most fervent Christian does not venture to ask for strength to resist temptation, but only to be kept from it; and that every one of us, perhaps, would be caught, if the Evil Angler knew what bait to put on his hook.

Florence had just placed her hand on the latch of the door, when she saw a figure come out from a deep mass of shadow close by, and softly approach her. It was Angelo. She screamed slightly, but so slightly that even he scarcely heard. "Do not be alarmed, Miss May," he said; "I came here in hopes to meet you as you entered. I could not have slept to-night without asking your forgiveness for the rude manner in which I left you, and for my unauthorized accusations. Do say that you are no longer angry."

"Of course—of course; I have no right to be angry. But, for Heaven's sake, sir, retire: I must not be seen by the neighbors talking to a stranger at this hour."

"There is no one in the street, and I will not detain you a minute. Can not you find in your heart to give me one word of hope, one look of encouragement? I am bewildered, maddened by your cold indifference."

"You have no right, Mr. Angelo, to call me cold or indifferent; I have blamed myself for my too great simplicity. My mother will be back to-morrow; I will tell her what has happened; and —and— But I must go in."

"This gives me hope," cried he; "I ask no more. Florence—dear Florence!"

He took her hand, and kissed it over and over again, although she almost struggled to get it away. The strong passion of that man seemed to pass through her like an electric shock; and wonderful emotions came trooping to her heart. Suddenly, however, she broke away, and, as if fearing her own weakness, glided into the house without a word, and locked, and bolted, and barred the door in a manner so desperately energetic, that even Angelo, who stood foolishly on the outside, could not help smiling.

"She will come to the meadow to-morrow," said he, rather contemptuously, as if surprised and annoyed at his own success that evening.

But Florence did not come. With the intuitive perception with which modesty supplies women, she felt that the stranger had pushed his experiments on her character too far. The following day was spent at home in indignant self-examination. What had she done to provoke that freedom, and authorize what seemed something like insult? Conscious of innocence, she proudly answered: "Nothing." But, ah! Florence, were not those tacit rendezvous a fault?

Mrs. May arrived in the evening with a whole budget of news and complaints. Small was the mercy by her vouchsafed to the modern Babylon: a den of thieves was nothing to it. The "something to her advantage" was a proposal to invest her money in a concern that would return fifty per cent. She had expressed herself "much obliged" to her correspondent; adding, however, that "some people would consider him a swindler, indeed she supposed he was. Perhaps he would object to pay the expense he had put her to. Of course. Dishonest persons were never inclined to pay. She wished him good-morning, and hoped he would repent before he arrived at Botany Bay." Having detailed these and many other brave things which she recollected to have said, good Mrs. May began to pay attention to her tea, and allowed Florence to relate all that

she had said, done, thought, and felt during the time of her mother's absence.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. May at length, setting down her tea-cup, "I do not wonder the house looks rather untidy You have been doing nothing else but making love ever since my back was turned. There's proper conduct for a clergyman's daughter!"

Florence expressed her regret as well as she could, and in trying to excuse herself was compelled to dilate considerably on the fine qualities of Mr. Angelo. Let it be admitted, that she suppressed all allusion to the last interview.

"Well, child," quoth Mrs. May, after listening to what by degrees warmed into a glowing panegyric—"I think this is all nonsense; but you know I have always promised never to interfere with any sincere attachment you may form. Are you quite sure this gentleman is not merely making a pastime of you?"

Florence turned away her head, and her mother went on. "I shall make some inquiries into his position and prospects, and character, of course. If all turn out to be satisfactory—*we shall see;* but I confess to having a prejudice against foreigners."

It was no easy matter for Mrs. May to gain the information she required. The whole village, it is true, was up in arms about the young stranger who had arrived at Melvyn Park, and who, as every one knew, had long ago been betrothed to Miss Florence; but nobody could say one word on the subject that was not surmise. Poor Mrs. May was highly indignant when she learned that all those visits to the meadows had been watched and commented on by every gossip, that is to say, every woman in the place, and returned home to scold her daughter, and pronounce the mystery unfathomable.

"You must," said she, "forget this person, who evidently has no serious intentions."

"I will try," replied her daughter, with an arch look; "but there he is coming down the street toward our house."

The stranger had heard of Mrs. May's return, and was hastening to beg permission to renew the interviews, the interruption of which had taught him how deeply he was moved. The elder lady received him with formal politeness, as a distinguished foreigner, while Florence endeavored to keep her eyes to the ground. Mr. Angelo found it necessary to break the ice by declaring, that he was no Italian, but an Englishman by origin though not by birth.

"My name," he said, "is Angelo Melvyn, and I am now the owner of Melvyn Park. Sorrowful circumstances, you will perhaps have heard by tradition, induced my father to go abroad many years ago. When I became the head of the family, I naturally felt a desire to behold the mansion of my ancestors, which was not invested to me personally with melancholy associations. It was my fancy to explore the neighborhood without making myself known. I met your daughter; and—may I hope that she has related to you all I have ventured to say of my feelings toward her?"

This explanation "made all things straight," as Mrs. May afterward said. Angelo might have told a good deal more; for example, that his heart was only just recovering from the pain of a bitter disappointment, when the lovely form of Florence appeared to console and indemnify him. But few words in these matters are wisdom; and there is always time to be confidential. Within a month from that period, every one had heard that Mr. Angelo Melvyn was about to be married to Miss Florence May, with whom those who had learned their geography, and were not conversant with the facts, insisted he had fallen in love in Tuscany. "In those southern climes," said Miss Wiggins to Miss Higgins, "it is the custom for cities to stand godfathers to children." The wedding took place in due season; and it is to be supposed that it turned out a happy one, for the last news we have heard of Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn was, that they have been seen walking along the meadows near the willow-stream, while two bright-eyed children—one named Angelo, and the other Florence—were running to and fro, gathering daisies and butter-cups, to make wreaths and nosegays withal.

STORY OF THE DAISY.

LISTEN to my story!

In the country, close by the road-side, there stands a summer-house—you must certainly have seen it. In front, is a little garden full of flowers, inclosed by white palings; and on a bank outside the palings there grew, amidst the freshest green grass, a little daisy. The sun shone as brightly and warmly upon the daisy as upon the splendid large flowers within the garden, and therefore it grew hourly, so that one morning it stood fully open with its delicate white gleaming leaves, which like rays surrounded the little yellow sun in their centre.

It never occurred to the little flower that no one saw her, hidden as she was among the grass; she was quite contented; she turned toward the warm sun, looked at it, and listened to the lark who was singing in the air.

The daisy was as happy as if it were the day of some high festival, and yet it was only Monday. The children were at school; and while they sat upon their forms, and learned their lessons, the little flower upon her green stalk learned from the warm sun, and every thing around her, how good God is. Meanwhile the little lark expressed clearly and beautifully all she felt in silence!—And the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird who could fly and sing; it did not distress her that she could not do the same. "I can see and listen," thought she; "the sun shines on me, and the wind kisses me. Oh! how richly am I blessed."

There stood within the palings several grand, stiff-looking flowers; the less fragrance they had, the more airs they gave themselves. The peonies puffed themselves out in order to make themselves larger than the roses. The tulips had the gayest colors of all; they were perfectly aware of it, and held themselves as straight as a candle that

they might be the better seen. They took no notice at all of the little flower outside the palings; but she looked all the more upon them, thinking, "how rich and beautiful they are! Yes, that noble bird will surely fly down and visit them. How happy am I, who live so near them and can see their beauty!" Just at that moment, "quirrevit!" the lark did fly down; but he came not to the peonies or the tulips: no, he flew down to the poor little daisy in the grass, who was almost frightened from pure joy, and knew not what to think, she was so surprised.

The little bird hopped about, and sang, "Oh, how soft is this grass! and what a sweet little flower blooms here, with its golden heart, and silver garment!" for the yellow centre of the daisy looked just like gold, and the little petals around gleamed silver white

How happy the little daisy was! no one can imagine how happy. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up again into the blue sky. It was a full quarter of an hour ere the flower recovered herself. Half ashamed, and yet completely happy, she looked at the flowers in the garden; they must certainly be aware of the honor and happiness that had been conferred upon her, they must know how delighted she was. But the tulips held themselves twice as stiff as before, and their faces grew quite red with anger; as to the thick-headed peonies, it was indeed well that they could not speak, or the little daisy would have heard something not very pleasant. The poor little flower could see well that they were in an ill-humor, and she was much grieved at it. Soon after, a girl came into the garden with a knife sharp and bright; she went up to the tulips and cut off one after another. "Ugh! that is horrible," sighed the daisy; "it is now all over with them." The girl then went away with the tulips. How glad was the daisy that she grew in the grass outside the palings, and was a despised little flower! She felt really thankful; and when the sun set, she folded her leaves, went to sleep, and dreamed all night of the sun and the beautiful bird.

The next morning, when our little flower, fresh and cheerful, again spread out all her white leaves in the bright sunshine and clear blue air, she heard the voice of the bird; but he sung so mournfully. Alas! the poor lark had good reason for sorrow; he had been caught, and put into a cage close by the open window. He sang of the joys of a free and unrestrained flight; he sang of the young green corn in the fields, and of the pleasure of being borne up by his wings in the open air. The poor bird was certainly very unhappy, he sat a prisoner in his narrow cage!

The little daisy would so willingly have helped him, but how could she? Ah, that she knew not, she quite forgot how beautiful was all around her, how warmly the sun shone, how pretty and white were her leaves. Alas! she could only think of the imprisoned bird—whom it was not in her power to help. All at once, two little boys came out of the garden; one of them had a knife in his hand, as large and as sharp as that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They went up straight to the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

"Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark," said one of the boys: and he began to cut deep all round the daisy, leaving her in the centre.

"Tear out the flower," said the other boy; and and the little daisy trembled all over for fear; for she knew that if she were torn out she would die, and she wished so much to live, as she was to be put into the cage with the imprisoned lark.

"No, leave it alone!" said the first, "it looks so pretty;" and so it was left alone, and was put into the lark's cage.

But the poor bird loudly lamented the loss of his freedom, and beat his wings against the iron bars of his cage; and the little flower could not speak, could not say a single word of comfort to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole morning.

"There is no water here!" sang the captive lark; "they have all gone out and forgotten me; not a drop of water to drink! my throat is dry and burning! there is fire and ice within me, and the air is so heavy! Alas! I must die, I must leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green trees, and all the beautiful things which God has created!" And then he pierced his beak into the cool grass, in order to refresh himself a little—and his eye fell upon the daisy, and the bird bowed to her, and said, "Thou too wilt wither here, thou poor little flower! They have given me thee, and the piece of green around thee, instead of the whole world which I possessed before! Every little blade of grass is to be to me a green tree, thy every white petal, a fragrant flower! Alas! thou only remindest me of what I have lost."

"Oh! that I could comfort him!" thought the daisy; but she could not move a single petal, yet the fragrance which came from her delicate blossom was stronger than is usual with this flower; the bird noticed it, and although panting with thirst, he tore the green blades in very anguish, he did not touch the flower.

It was evening, and yet no one came to bring the poor bird a drop of water; he stretched out his slender wings, and shook them convulsively—his song was a mournful wail—his little head bent toward the flower, and the bird's heart broke from thirst and desire. The flower could not now as on the preceding evening fold together her leaves, and sleep; sad and sick she drooped to the ground.

The boys did not come till the next morning; and when they saw the bird was dead they wept bitterly. They dug a pretty grave, which they adorned with flower petals; the bird's corpse was put into a pretty red box; royally was the poor bird buried!—While he yet lived and sang they forgot him, left him suffering in his cage, and now he was highly honored and bitterly bewailed.

But the piece of turf with the daisy in it was thrown out into the street; no one thought of her who had felt most for the little bird, and who had so much wished to comfort him.

THE FIRST AERONAUT.

PILATRE DES ROSIERS was the first and most illustrious of the long list of individuals who have fallen victims to their desire to advance the art of aerostation. He may be looked upon as the incarnation of that feverish love of scientific adventure and excitement which the progress of the physical sciences developed in certain minds toward the end of the last century. The laurels gained by Blanchard hindered him from sleeping; by night and day they were always before his eyes.

His first attempts were made in the year 1783. In France, every month of that year saw a new step taken in advance by the aerial Argonauts. The first five of those months were devoted to experimental essays; the sixth witnessed the first public ascent ever made in France. This took place successfully at Annonay, the balloon being one of the primitive sort, filled with heated air. In July and August the first ascents were made in Paris by means of balloons filled with hydrogen gas; and in September, at Versailles, the first balloon freighted with living animals made its ascent.

In October of the same year, Montgolfier set himself to work to make a balloon which should be capable of carrying travelers. He worked for this purpose in the gardens of the Faubourg Saint Antoine. The machine which he constructed was not less than twenty yards in height, by as many as sixteen broad. Its exterior was richly painted and embroidered; there being represented upon it, on a blue ground, the twelve signs of the zodiac, the arms of the King of France, and numberless fleurs-de-lis; and also, lower down, amidst a crowd of grotesque heads and garlands of flowers, a flock of eagles with extended wings, that seemed to be flying and supporting the huge machine upon their shoulders. At the bottom of the balloon, somewhat in the fashion of our modern "cars," was constructed a circular gallery of wicker-work, covered with silk, which was destined to receive the aeronauts. This gallery was much larger, however, than balloon-cars nowadays are, and was surrounded by a balustrade to prevent the travelers falling out, and to permit them to circulate freely in the interior. In the middle of the gallery was an opening, under which was suspended by chains the iron stove which was to be used for the purpose of rarefying the air in the balloon. In one corner of the gallery was a magazine, intended for the storing up of an immense quantity of straw, by means of which the aeronauts should be able to elevate themselves at will, by increasing the activity of their fire.

By the fifteenth of October every thing was finished, and upon that and the three following days attempts were made to make the balloon serve as a kind of aerial ship. At twenty-three different times Pilatre des Rosiers, generally alone, but once accompanied with the Marquis of Arlande and once with M. Girond de Vilette, suffered himself to be elevated in the car of the balloon as high as could be done without cutting the cords which held it captive, namely, to a height of about 430 yards. Elevated to that height, "the balloon," says an eye-witness, "did not seem to be in the least diminished, but the men in the gallery appeared so small that they could not be distinguished from each other without the aid of a telescope." All the world paid homage to the *sang-froid* and courage of Pilatre des Rosiers, as also to his address and the intelligent manner in which he increased or damped his fire according as he wished either to ascend or descend. On one occasion, hardly had he ascended twenty feet ere his balloon, driven by the wind, threatened to become entangled among the branches of a neighboring clump of trees. A loud cry of terror unanimously escaped the assembled multitude, who feared to see the tissues of the balloon torn and the aeronaut dashed to earth. But Pilatre des Rosiers was less moved, perhaps, than any one in all the crowd below, and taking a pottle of straw with the utmost possible *sang-froid*, he threw it cleverly into the fire, and then poured a couple of bottles of oil over it. Immediately the balloon began to ascend again, amidst a shout of triumph such as seldom has been heard even in Paris, and instantly it was out of danger.

But the adventurous spirit of Pilatre des Rosiers was not to be satisfied by such partial ascents as these. To his ardent imagination, aerial navigation appeared now perfectly practicable, and he longed impatiently to, at any rate, make the attempt. But the boldness of the project intimidated the hearts of even the most intrepid, and for a time, all the world set its face determinedly against it. Nor is it to be wondered at that it should have done so, for the balloon had only been invented a few months, and the idea of a man's suffering himself to be carried away by it wherever it might choose to take him, was enough to make even the boldest hesitate. Permission to do so was therefore for a time denied to the adventurous aeronaut, the French king opposing the project himself with the utmost warmth. He admired Des Rosiers, and was afraid of losing him. In his solicitude, therefore, since he could see no other means of quieting Pilatre, he sent him word that if he would promise to renounce his project, he, the king, would consent to give full pardon to any two condemned criminals who would consent to take upon themselves the risk of ascending in his balloon instead of him. But Pilatre des Rosiers refused this offer with indignation. "What!" exclaimed he, "shall vile criminals, foul murderers, men rejected from the bosom of society, have the glory of being the first to navigate the field of air? Never, while Pilatre des Rosiers draws breath!" He demanded, he invoked, he supplicated, but for a time it was all in vain. He agitated the whole court and the whole city; but for a long and weary time he did so vainly. At last, he bethought himself of addressing his petition to the Duchess de Polignac, then governess to the royal children, and possessed of a kind of omnipotence over the mind of Louis XVI. She pleaded his cause warmly to the king, and brought to her aid also the Marquis of Arlandes, a gentleman of Languedoc, who was

a major in a regiment of infantry, and who declared that he was so confident that Pilatre would run no risk in his intended voyage, that if the king would give him permission to perform it, he himself would gladly accompany him.

Vanquished by so many entreaties and so much obstinacy, the king at last gave the necessary authorization of the project, and on the 20th of November, 1783, every thing was ready for its being put into execution. On that day, however, the wind and the rain were so very violent, that it was absolutely necessary that the ascent should be postponed. On the morrow, the 21st, the weather was more favorable, and at half-past one in the afternoon, in the presence of the dauphin and his suite, Pilatre des Rosiers and the Marquis d'Arlandes set out together from the Jardins de la Muette upon the first aerial voyage ever performed. The wind was still very rough and the weather stormy; but, in spite of these disadvantages, the balloon rose rapidly. Arrived at a certain elevation, the aeronauts waved their hats to the assembled multitudes, who were all struck at the same time with admiration, fear, and interest. Soon it became impossible to distinguish these new Argonauts, and their balloon itself appeared no larger than a crow. It was observed to follow the course of the Seine as far as the Ile des Cygnets, and then to cross the river and sail over the city, but at such a height above it as to be observable from all parts of it, even from the pavements of the narrowed streets. The towers of all the churches were covered with curious lookers-on, who observed the balloon pass between them and the sun, and thus produce a momentary eclipse of a novel kind. Having passed over Paris, and become free from all fear of getting entangled among the buildings of the city, the aeronauts suffered themselves to descend considerably, till they found themselves in a fresh current of air, which bore them in a southerly direction. When they had thus proceeded for another mile or two, the Marquis d'Arlandes exclaimed to his companion, "*Pied à terre!*" thinking that enough had been done and experienced for a first attempt, and that it would be wise to descend before they were out of reach of help. Immediately Pilatre ceased to feed the fire, and the balloon slowly descended about five miles beyond Paris. As soon as the bottom of the gallery touched the earth, the Marquis d'Arlandes leapt lightly out of it, but Pilatre des Rosiers lingering behind, the now collapsed balloon blew over him, and buried him, as it were, in its silken folds. In the course of about ten minutes the machine was put to rights, packed up, placed on a vehicle, and started for the place it came from. The Marquis d'Arlandes leaped upon horseback to repair thither also; but Pilatre was obliged to proceed first to his own house, in consequence of his coat, which he had pulled off while in the air, in order to enable him to feed the fire more easily, having been stolen out of the car immediately upon its descent. Still he arrived at the Château de la Muette within a few minutes of his companion, and was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm by the assembled crowds, consisting almost of the entire population of the city and its suburbs. Benjamin Franklin was a witness of the whole spectacle, and when asked by a stander-by what he thought of it, he replied, "I have seen a child born, which may one day be a man."

Soon after this it was announced that Blanchard had formed the project of crossing the Channel in a balloon. He, however, found a rival in Pilatre des Rosiers, who, jealous of the success of this competitor for fame, determined, if possible, to be beforehand with him. But while Pilatre was constructing, at a great expense, a couple of large balloons near to Boulogne, with the intention of passing from thence into England, Blanchard, more fortunate in his arrangements, outstripped him in the race, and on the 7th of January, 1785, crossed over from Dover to Calais in a balloon. Pilatre was only spurred on by Blanchard's success, to endeavor to achieve a greater, and immediately caused a public announcement to be made of his intention to cross the Channel in the opposite direction. This enterprise offered, as may be imagined, many perils; but it was in vain that his friends endeavored, by pointing to them, to persuade him to abandon it. He would hear nothing. He pretended to have discovered a new method of arranging his apparatus, by means of which he declared that he should be able to insure perfect security, together with the means of maintaining himself in the atmosphere for almost any length of time.

Placing reliance upon these declarations, and forbidden to doubt by Pilatre's air of confidence, M. de Calonne gave him a hundred and fifty thousand francs for the construction of his machine, which he called an Aero-montgolphier, and expected wonders from it, but which turned out to be in reality as deplorable an invention as could well be conceived. It consisted of an immense balloon of hydrogen gas, with a large cylinder placed under it, the use of which was to enable him, by rarefying at will the air contained in it, to ascend or descend at pleasure, and thus make use of the currents of air which were most favorable to his purposes, without losing gas. Had it not been that hydrogen gas was so highly inflammable, this combination of the two systems of ballooning might have been pronounced an admirable invention. As it was, however, and as several eminent physicians declared to Pilatre at the time, it was like placing a fire under a barrel of powder. Still, persist he would in his unfortunate idea, in spite of all that could be said to him. Even the elements seemed to be desirous of prevailing on him to abandon his enterprise; for, after his machine was ready, contrary winds prevailed for five whole months, to such an extent as to prevent him even attempting an ascent. Moreover, a whole army of rats set to work to devour his machine by bits, nor could their ravages be wholly stopped, notwithstanding the united efforts of another army of cats and dogs, aided by those of a band of sixteen men, who were employed during the whole of each night to scare them away by beating drums. At

last, tired of waiting, and determined to effect his purpose, happen what would, he made preparation for ascending in the midst of a violent storm. The magistrates, however, interfered to prevent the ascent actually taking place, and compelled Pilatre to wait, at any rate, for fairer weather. At last the long expected day arrived, and in the midst of what could be nothing else but transports of delirium, Pilatre des Rosiers for the last time made his preparations. In these he was assisted by a Boulogne physician, named Romain, who he agreed should become the companion of his voyage; and at seven o'clock in the morning of the 15th of June, 1785, he and Romain stepped into the gallery. A superior officer, the Marquis de la Maisonfort, had entreated to be allowed to accompany them, but had been refused. At the last moment he threw a rouleau of 200 louis d'or into the car, and placed one foot in it, as though to enter. Pilatre gently pushed him back and threw out the louis d'or, saying, "Monsieur, in our present enterprise we are sure of nothing. I can not accept you, if I would have my conscience be at peace."

The balloon rose with the utmost majesty from the earth, making with it, as it did so, an angle of sixty degrees. An unquiet gloom was depicted upon the countenance of almost every spectator, but joy and security were alone painted upon those of the two voyagers. Every one was astonished, and almost every one afraid.

When the balloon had risen about two hundred feet, it found itself in a fresh current of air, which took it still more directly toward the sea. In the course of a few minutes it was some distance from the land, but it suddenly got into another current, which rapidly carried it back again. At that moment it was doubtless the wish of Pilatre to descend, and endeavor to find a more favorable current of air, for he opened the valve which was appointed to let in, when needed, the cold air into his cylinder, and by so doing, in consequence of the awkwardness of the contrivance by means of which the valve was opened, he unfortunately made a rent in his balloon. The consequences were immediate and horrible. At the time that Pilatre des Rosiers opened the valve, he and his companion were 1700 feet above the surface of the earth. A moment afterward they were both dashed to the ground, dead and mutilated in a frightful manner.

Pilatre was buried near the monument which had just been erected to commemorate the almost miraculous crossing of the sea by Blanchard, upon the exact spot of earth on which that intrepid aeronaut descended. He had become for France a hero, and more than twenty inscriptions to his memory are still visible.

LIFE IN ABYSSINIA.*

THE fire which consumed our Table, unseated our Chair, and rifled our Drawer, relieved us in a very summary manner from the necessity of examining and passing judgment upon a couple of bushels or so of manuscripts submitted for our inspection. The few days of unexpected and unwelcome leisure thus gained have been devoted to a voyage to Abyssinia—on paper—in company with one of the most racy travelers with whom we have met for many a day. The voyage thus performed was quite as profitable as though undertaken in person, and far more pleasant.

Some things that are very agreeable in description are quite the reverse in experience. Foremost among these we place African traveling, unless indeed a man have a natural fondness for bad quarters, poor fare, and upon occasion no fare at all. "Of course," says Mr. Parkyns, "a man who cares a straw about what he eats should never attempt to travel in Africa. His life would be any thing but one of pleasure; it would indeed be a matter of hardship. It is not sufficient to say, 'I can eat any thing that is clean and wholesome.' He will often have to eat things that are far from being either—especially the former. The proverb, 'What does not poison fattens,' is much nearer the mark." He then goes on to give a preliminary hint as to his own experiences in this respect, premising that, from a child, he "never knew a good dinner from a bad one, so long as there was plenty—a taste, or rather want of taste, almost essential to a traveler." In the course of his travels of nine years he has eaten, he says, "of almost every living thing that walketh, flyeth, or creepeth—lion, leopard, wolf, cat, hawk, crocodile, snake, lizard, locust, and so forth; and I should be sorry to say with what dirty messes I have at times been obliged to put up." Yet in this, as in all other matters, a man must draw the line somewhere; and he frankly acknowledges that he can not manage game "just properly kept," nor are hyæna and vulture altogether to his fancy.

The climate of Africa, moreover, is far from salubrious, and the traveler is constantly exposed to malaria, which brings on "terrible inflammatory fevers, of which four cases out of five are fatal; and even in case of escape from death, the effects on the constitution are such that it will be years before the sufferer recovers from the shock, if indeed he should ever do so entirely." Yet, he adds, by way of consolation, one need not usually travel in the "bad season," but may lie by "for a few months in some comfortable place." Or if obliged to travel, he must take special precautions about sleeping, for the night is the time of danger. One of these precautions, which he himself made use of for a whole season, is to light two large fires, and sleep between them. "When I say I lay between two fires," he explains, "I mean that they were so close together that I was obliged to cover myself with a piece of hide, or a coarse woolen native cloth, to prevent the sparks or embers from setting fire to my cotton clothes. This plan, though a capital preventive of disease, is not very agreeable till you are used to it." Decidedly unpleasant, one would imagine, especially when, as in our author's case, it was quite possible that the equator may some-

* Life in Abyssinia; being Notes collected during Three Years' Residence in that Country (1843–45). By MANSFIELD PARKYNS. London: 1853.

times run precisely between your fires. "Another plan," he continues, "which is always adopted by the natives, is not, I think, a bad one: Roll your head completely up in your cloth, which will then act as a respirator. You may often see a negro lying asleep with the whole of his body uncovered, but his head and face completely concealed in many folds."

As, however, illness may occur, in spite of these pleasant precautions, and as no doctor will probably be at hand, he indicates certain modes of treatment, which some of our medical friends at home would include within the category of "heroic" practice.—"As a general rule," he says, "if you should be attacked with a fever, an emetic is not a bad remedy to begin with." Of bleedings he disapproves; but thinks that "firing with a hot iron, at the recommendation of the natives, may be adopted. For severe inflammations of the bowels, when you can not bear to be touched on the part, some boiling water poured on it will be a ready and effective blister—a wet rag being wrapped round in a ring to confine the water within its intended limits. For bad snake-bites or scorpion-stings, bind above the part as tightly as possible, and cut away with a knife; then apply the end of an iron ramrod, heated to a white heat. Aquafortis is, as I have heard, better than the hot iron, as it eats further in." After this, it is not very consolatory to be told that "there are, however, I believe, many snakes whose bite can scarcely be cured any how."

Prepared to make light of these, and all other annoyances, Mr. Parkyns set out on his travels, which were to last about as long as did those of the wise Ulysses after the sack of Troy. The first eighteen months were spent in Asia Minor, where he formed a very unfavorable opinion of the modern *civilized* Turks, as compared with their uncivilized brethren; and in Egypt, where he donkeyed and dromedaried over land, and boated up the Nile, like many another traveler. But these countries were quite too hackneyed for him. He longed for "fresh fields and pastures new;" and so set his face toward Abyssinia, Nubia, and Kordofan. Apart from the ordinary inducements of travel, he seems to have had a special purpose of making collections in Natural History, more particularly in Ornithology. We like him all the better that, unlike the hulking Nimrod, Gordon Cumming, he made no war upon the denizens of the desert for sheer amusement. His armament consisted of a couple of rifles, a pair of double-barreled pistols, and a bowie-knife, "warranted to cut off a tiger's head at a blow." This last redoubtable weapon, with a blade fourteen inches long, two inches broad, and half an inch thick—more like a butcher's cleaver than the artistic implement used by our frontier-men—was a failure, not being "handy for skinning, butchering, or eating with."

Early in the spring of 1843 our traveler, learning that an Arab boat was to sail up the Red Sea to Jedda, from Suez, in a couple of days, set out from Cairo for that delectable port. The boat did not sail for more than a fortnight after the time fixed, so that he had ample time to become acquainted with Suez. After a pretty extensive experience of such places, he gives it as his opinion that there can not be found "a more dreary, uninteresting spot, surrounded as it is on three sides by the desert, and on the fourth by the neck of the Red Sea, which at low water becomes a flat of damp sand, without even a single tree, or other vestige of green herb to relieve the eye from the glare of the yellow sand."

At last the vessel was ready, and they set sail. The craft was not a very promising one, having a trick of plunging her fore-part down into the water, and giving the after-part a corresponding tilt into the air, after the fashion of a balky horse. As the hold and cabin were filled with empty rice-bags belonging to that prince of merchants, Ibrahim Pasha, the deck was all that remained for the accommodation of the passengers. There were nearly a hundred of them—Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Bedouins, Egyptians, and negroes—of both sexes, all ages, and every imaginable variety of color and odor. The women were all quarreling, as indeed, according to our traveler, they always are in uncivilized countries. The distance from Suez to Jedda is about six hundred miles, and the transit occupies from nine to ninety days, according to the wind; for Arab seamanship consists in "lying-to when the wind is unfavorable, and not working when it is fair." The voyage lasted twenty-three days, and passed quite as pleasantly as could be expected, though it took our traveler two or three days to get accustomed to the parasites of various kinds to which each passenger brought in his national contribution. To be sure, his accommodations were somewhat above the average, for he had a hole scooped out among the bales and boxes, five and a half feet long and a yard wide, for his own special use. He soon became a favorite among the aristocracy of the passengers, two or three of whom were fond of coming and sitting with him after dark, when the others had retired. It seems that they had seen him drinking something, which he informed them was "European sherbet," which they wished to taste, although he assured them that it contained an ingredient that was unlawful for them, as faithful Mussulmans. Their consciences were, however, very pliable, and they became extremely fond of the sherbet, the English name of which they were informed was "rum punch."

Among the visitors, the most constant was a young "Sherif," or descendant of the Prophet, who was wont to enliven their symposia by narrating certain Arabic legends, founded upon Scripture history. One of these, though its credibility is perhaps dubious, may be worth abridging, for the sake of its moral:

Adam and Eve, according to the Sherif, were for a while a very happy couple; a state of things nowise agreeable to the Evil Spirit, who seems to have been on visiting terms with them. Now, as it happened, Adam was accustomed to go every evening to heaven to pray; and as the distance must have been considerable, he did not always return in very good season. One evening,

when he was thus absent, Satan made a friendly call upon Eve. After the usual inquiries about her health, remarks upon the general state of the weather, and compliments upon her personal appearance, and such like polite chit-chat, he inquired where her husband was gone. She told him; whereupon he smiled incredulously, and shook his head, as though he knew a deal more than he was at liberty to tell. Our first mother very naturally wished for an explanation; but the cunning demon fought shy: he didn't want to make trouble in families, and really could not think of saying any thing that would wound her feelings, or bring his good friend Adam into difficulty. Having thus worked upon her curiosity, he at last told her, with the utmost appearance of sorrow, that the pretense of going to heaven to pray was all a deception. That instead of doing that, Adam was all the while paying most pointed attention to another lady. Eve, as well she might, treated the information with great scorn; for, as she said, she knew there had been no woman created except herself. The demon shrugged his shoulders at her simplicity, and told her that she was never more mistaken in her life; and he could very easily convince her, if she would just step out of the bower with him, that she was by no means the only woman in the world. She consented, and he conducted her to a place where he had so arranged a mirror that she could see her own reflected image. As she knew nothing about looking-glasses, she did not recognize herself; and was thus completely deceived. Adam by-and-by returned, and met with any thing but a kind reception; having the pleasure of listening to the first curtain-lecture ever delivered. The moral of the story is very plain; it is identical with that of Othello: Beware of smooth-tongued deceivers; beware of idle curiosity; beware of jealousy.

Jedda is on the Arabian side of the Red Sea, and being the port nearest Mecca, is a great centre of pilgrimage. Here our traveler remained a fortnight, waiting for a vessel to take him back across the sea, to Massàwa, further up, the nearest port to Abyssinia. Another two weeks or more were taken up in this voyage of three hundred miles. Although he had the right of occupancy of half the cabin of the vessel—the other half being occupied by a gang of slaves belonging to a trader on board—the voyage can hardly have been a pleasant one, if we are to judge by the following incidental notice:

"During the whole of the voyage I preferred sleeping on the deck with the other passengers. The only drawback to this was that in the morning we were all literally wet through with the dew, and that the facetious cockroaches amused themselves greatly at our expense; for awakening in the night, we were sure to find one poking its head into each nostril, others in the ears, mouth, and so forth; and it was almost impossible to drink, from the myriads which swarmed on the mouths of the leathern bottles used for carrying and cooling water. The food we ate, too, and every thing else, was full of these disgusting insects; and notwithstanding all the care of the cook, I seldom sat down to dinner without eating two or three by mistake; especially if stewed prunes, to which they nearly assimilated in size and color, happened to be served."

There was little to detain our traveler in Massàwa. It is situated on a little coral islet open to the sea in one direction, while toward the other is a range of hills which prevent a breath of air from reaching from the land side. The thermometer, in May, rises to 120 degrees in the shade, ranging considerably higher in July and August. An officer in the Indian navy assured our author that Pondicherry was the hottest place in Hindostan; but that was nothing to Aden, while again Aden was a trifle to Massàwa. He compared Pondicherry to a hot-bath, Aden to a furnace; while Massàwa he could liken only to a locality which he delicately designated as "a place which he had never visited, and which he hoped neither he nor his friends would ever have occasion to visit." As might reasonably be expected, the people of Massàwa are not remarkable for energy. They adapt their costume to the climate. Out of doors the men wear a kind of long shirt, with now and then a cloth or silken caftan. The head-dress is a red tarboush, or a white skull-cap wrapped round with a muslin turban. Indoors all superfluities are laid aside, and they appear with merely a light napkin about the loins. Our traveler, however, seems to have been almost proof against heat. He spent the days running about, catching insects in the sun, or otherwise actively employed, while his servants lolled in the shade, with the perspiration pouring from them in streams.

After passing ten days at Massàwa, he set off for the interior. He traveled without any unnecessary incumbrance, his entire wardrobe consisting of three Turkish shirts, as many pairs of drawers, one suit of Turkish costume for state occasions, a pair of sandals, and a red cap. The cap was stolen from him in a day or two, and the sandals were soon abandoned; after which, during his entire stay of three years in Abyssinia, he wore no covering for the head except a little butter when it was to be had, and nothing upon his feet beyond the natural horny sole produced by a few months' barefoot traveling through the hot sand. "Yet," he adds, "during the whole of this time I never had a headache, and was never footsore, though I walked constantly in the roughest places imaginable." For six years, during and subsequent to this time, he assures us, he never wore an article of European dress, and never slept on a bed of any sort; and even when once lying for five months at death's door, from a pestilential fever in Nubia, the utmost luxury he enjoyed was a coverlet under a rug. Under such rough discipline, conjoined with scanty fare and abundant exercise in the open air, the human system acquires a wonderful degree of toughness, as is shown by such instances as the following:

"I remember being astonished," writes Mr. Parkyns, "at the little I suffered from ugly wounds about the feet. Once in running down

the stony and almost precipitous rocky path which leads to the Mareb, I struck my bare foot against an edge of rock as sharp as a razor, and a bit of flesh, with the whole of the nail of my little toe was cut off, leaving only the roots of the nail. This latter I suppose to have been the case, as it has grown all right again. I could not stop longer than to polish off the bit that was hanging by a skin, for we were in chase of a party of Barea, who had cut the throats of three of my host's nephews the night before. I was obliged to go on running for about twenty miles that afternoon, the greater part of the way up to the ankles in burning sand. Whether this cured it, I know not; but I scarcely suffered from it next day, and forgot it the day after. Another day I was running after an antelope which I had wounded, and in my eagerness jumped over a bush, and on to the trunk of a fallen tree. Now it so happened that a bough had once stood exactly where my foot now lighted, but having been broken off, had left a jagged stump, one splinter of which, about the thickness of a tenpenny nail, entering the ball of my foot, passed so far through that the point appeared like a black spot immediately under the skin, an inch above the junction of the third and fourth toes, toward the instep, and then broke off. I got my game, butchered it, and carried it home, some two miles, with the splinter in my foot, which I then drew out with a nail-wrench. A quantity of blood issued from the wound; but with the exception of a little stiffness for a day or two, which however nowise prevented my walking, I suffered no pain at all. Now, had this occurred in Europe, and under a good European diet, I should have been at least a fortnight laid up with a bad foot. As for thorns in the feet, it may be easily imagined that, in a country where there is scarcely a tree unfurnished with these appendages, and some of them of the length of three or four inches, the whole ground must be strewed with them; and consequently that the feet of a person going barefoot must frequently act the part of pin-cushions. Yet I may truly say that, after some time, such is the force of habit, and the thickness of skin that one gets by use, I thought no more of picking half a dozen thorns out of my feet, than an English sportsman would of kicking away the clod of clay he may have accumulated on his shooting-boots in crossing a soft plowed field."

From Massàwa Mr. Parkyns set out for the interior. His immediate destination was Adoua, the capital of Tigrè the most eastern of the three kingdoms into which the ancient empire of Abyssinia is now divided. The way lay for the most part across a fine table land, of great fertility, varied with beautiful hill and valley scenery. But long and bloody civil wars have reduced the whole country almost to a desert. Every where appeared the traces of ruin and devastation. Whole villages had been burnt to the ground, and the surrounding fields laid waste. The train made quite a respectable caravan, loaded with amunition, baggage, provisions, and various articles as presents. By night the whole party usually managed to find quarters in some village hut, reeking with filth, overrun with vermin, and redolent of all manner of unsavory sights and smells. At last they came in sight of Adoua, during a heavy shower of rain. The capital is thus described:

"When we arrived in sight of Adoua, I galloped on ahead of the party, anxious to obtain shelter as soon as possible. But being mounted on a weak and tired mule, and the road being of a stiff and greasy clay, and in many places very steep, I gained but very little by my haste; for the mule slid down the hills, and stumbled or tumbled over all the inequalities of the plain. My attention being thus occupied, and the rain driving in my face, I had not leisure to enjoy a distant view of the city we were approaching. Nor could I, till within a short distance of it, see enough to determine whether Adoua was built in the Grecian or Moorish taste. I own I rather expected to see columns or obelisks, if not an acropolis on some of the neighboring hills. Judge then of my astonishment when on arriving at this great city—the capital of one of the most powerful kingdoms of Ethiopia.—I found nothing but a large straggling village of huts, some flat-roofed, but mostly thatched with straw, and the walls of all of them built of rough stones laid together with mud, in the rudest possible manner. Being wet, moreover, with the rain, the place presented the most miserable, dirty appearance. Before entering the town we had to cross a brook, and to scramble up a steep bank, in ascending which more than one of our party had to measure his length in the mud, to the extreme delight of some young gentlemen collected on the top, who laughed and yelled at each successive mishap. This rather annoyed me, especially as, when I took my turn to rise from the recumbent posture, with my nice white trowsers considerably darkened by the dirt collected in this and several previous falls, I was welcomed by a double allowance of shouting. It was explained to me that I should only get more if I took any notice of it; and I afterward discovered that it was the fashionable amusement, during the rainy season, for the young men about town to collect in the vicinity of any slippery place, and amuse themselves at the expense of any passers-by."

They found that Oubi, the ruler of Tigrè, was not in the capital but at a stationary camp, some days further in the interior. Some difficulty arose with the "Negadiras" or chief custom-house officer, who would not believe that the fifteen porters' loads of baggage were the personal effects of a single traveler, but insisted that they contained merchandise for sale, and so must pay duty. In vain was it represented to him that this was no unreasonable allowance for one who had to bring a supply of arms, ammunition, shot, and lead for two or three years' consumption, in addition to sundry bales containing articles designed for presents to the Prince. The officer refused to be convinced, and persisted in his determination to examine the packages. Our traveler, considering the proceeding "highly unconstitutional," as firmly resisted; and determined to set off for the

camp, in order to lay the matter before the Prince in person.

Arriving at the camp, they presented themselves to the "Balderàbba," an officer appointed to procure for strangers an audience with the Prince, and to act—for a consideration—as their agent and general adviser. This officer at once undertook to procure lodgings for the party, by summarily turning the occupants of a sufficient number of huts from their dwellings. As a heavy rain was pouring down, the owners were not over-happy in being thus ejected; but a trifling present made it all right. None of the huts rejoicing in a water-tight roof, little was gained or lost by the exchange from outside to inside, or the reverse. But the bad lodgings were not their only annoyance. As they knew it to be customary for the King to send provisions to travelers immediately on their arrival, they had brought none with them. Nothing eatable, however, made its appearance; nor could a sufficient quantity be procured by purchase; so that they were half starved. They had plenty of visitors, who showed the utmost politeness, and asked for presents in the most insinuating manner; but one good lady only offered them any thing to eat. On the fourth evening, however, the Prince sent them a supply of food. It consisted of forty cakes of bread, accompanied by a couple of pots of sauce composed of oil, dried peas, and red pepper: it happening to be a fast-day, no animal food was allowed. There was also sent an enormous horn, two feet or more long, and eight or ten inches broad at the base, filled with honey-beer, to wash down the fiery compost.

A couple of days after, they were summoned to the presence of the puissant Oubi, Prince of Tigrè; and collecting their presents, they set out for the royal hovel. "We had to wait a considerable time," writes our author, "in the outer court and doorway before his Majesty was pleased to admit us. A crowd of soldiers collected round us, and amused themselves with many facetious remarks at our appearance: such as, 'Cat's eyes,' 'Monkey's hair,' 'What nice red morocco their skin would make for a sword-sheath,' and so on. These expressions were afterward made known to me; for in those days I was in a state of ignorance as regarded their language; and having a tolerably good opinion of my appearance, I judged that their remarks must be highly complimentary. But I must own that our appearance was calculated to excite much amusement. We had only recently adopted the Abyssinian costume, and as yet were not altogether well practiced in the mode of putting on the cloth. Besides which our straight hair, not yet long enough to be tressed, was plastered back with butter, and the faces of those of our party who were encased in a thin skin, were as red as capsicum. At last we entered the great hall of the palace of Oubi. It was a round hut of about thirty feet in diameter, with a large wood fire burning on the floor, which had not even a carpet of grass strewed to hide the dirty face of the original earth. Having been previously instructed, we each of us, on entering, made a polite but vaguely directed bow. I have said that our bow was vaguely directed, because that in passing from the glare of a tropical sun at noon into a large apartment lighted only by a small door, over which was suspended a curtain, it may be imagined that we could not so much as distinguish a single object within. Oubi, in a very patronizing tone, asked us how we were. A humble bow was the answer. He then desired us to be seated; and we accordingly sat ourselves down on the ground, there being no seat in the hut, except the one appointed for his Highness's throne. My sight was just beginning to accustom itself to the darkness when we received this permission; but my place being directly under the lee of the horrible wood fire, and sitting as I did, within a yard of it, I was nearly suffocated, and in a moment my eyes began to stream from the effect of the smoke, which nearly blinded me. I bore it with the utmost fortitude till I could endure it no longer, and then started up with an exclamation something like 'Oof!' Oubi laughed amazingly. Great men, I suppose, require more heat than others in these countries; as I can not otherwise account for Oubi's taste in having a large fire in the middle of August, especially in a tropical climate."

The great monarch was a small, rather good looking man of forty-five or thereabouts, with bushy hair, which had begun to turn gray. He received their presents with very great favor, making a complimentary remark upon each article, as it was presented. They were not, in truth, very magnificent, consisting merely of a Turkey rug, a couple of swords, four pieces of muslin for turbans, and two or three yards of red cloth for a cloak. When all had been presented, he said, "God return it to you," and ordered his steward to give them a cow. After which the visitors received permission to retire. Toward evening the promised cow made her appearance—the very shadow of a cow—as thin as a cat—a mere bag of bones. But such as she was, she had fallen into hungry hands, and was immediately slaughtered, and before night not an eatable morsel remained.

Mr. Parkyns remained in the Tigrè country for nearly three years, living precisely as the natives lived, and so accommodating himself to their habits and prejudices, that they began to look upon him much in the light of one of their own chiefs. Two of Oubi's own household, in fact, became his "*Tout-lidge*"—Sons of the Breast, or adopted sons. The ceremony of adoption is somewhat singular. When a man wishes to be adopted by some one superior to him in power or station, he places one of the superior's fingers in his mouth, and sucks it, as though he were a child. By this symbolical action he indicates that the other is his father; and the newly adopted parent is bound to afford the self-made son all the protection in his power.

Our traveler's head-quarters were at the capital, whence he made excursions into all the neighboring provinces; and on one occasion passed nine

months at Rohabaita, a little town far up on the frontiers, where the sway of Oubi was only partially acknowledged. It was in fact impossible for him to leave, for want of the means of getting away. The remittances which he expected from home failed to reach him for a couple of years, and his only source of supply was a temporary loan sent him by the English Resident at Aden, far down at the mouth of the Red Sea. He spent his time, however very pleasantly collecting specimens, and acting the part of gentleman of leisure and leader of the ton. He thus sums up his way of life:

"As for the mode in which I spent my time in Adoua, it will be gleaned from the notes on manners and customs that I was leading the life of an Abyssinian 'gentleman about town,' my hair well tressed, my pantaloons always of the newest cut, frequently quite originally; in dull weather setting fashions, disputing and deciding on the merits and demerits of shields and spears; in fine weather, swelling about the town with a quarter of a pound of butter melting on my head, face, neck, and clothes, and with a 'tail' of well got up and equally greasy soldiers at my heels; doing the great man, with my garment well over my nose, at every festival and funeral worth attending; 'hanging-out' extensively when I had a few shillings to spend; sponging on my neighbors when, as was oftener the case, I had nothing: in fact, living a most agreeable life on a very limited income. I can not deny that I look back to those times with a certain feeling of regret. It was the only period of my life in which I ever felt myself a really great man. I 'cry very small' in England with a much greater expenditure. The men will not look after me with admiration, nor the girls make songs about me. Like all happy moments those years passed over very quickly, and now appear to me more like a dream than any thing else."

Upon no part of his Abyssinian life does our author dwell with more fondness than upon the nine months passed at Rohabaita. It is a wild district far up on the northeastern frontier—a sort of debatable land, exposed on the one hand to the constant incursions of the Barea, a tribe of savage negroes; and on the other open to the periodical visitations of the Abyssinian tax-gatherers. The inhabitants are always in a state half of subjection to, and half of rebellion against, their Abyssinian conquerors, whom they hate most religiously. Our traveler was domesticated with their chief Wady Hil, a fine old fellow, though a little given to drinking; and began in course of time to be himself looked upon as a sort of chief. In fact, he very nearly became the actual chief of the country by the consent of all parties. King Oubi, or rather his son, offered him the government of the territory, on condition of his paying a certain number of guns by way of tribute; and the inhabitants were anxious that he should undertake it. He even went so far as to select the site of his stronghold, and to form his plans of administration. Of the sum of £300, which he daily expected to receive from England, a portion was to be invested in plows, oxen, and seed-corn, and let out to cultivators, who were to repay it in two years. In the mean while all the men were to be armed, and drilled, and thus they would easily be able to repel the prowling bands of the Barea. Guns and ammunition were to be furnished to hunters who were to go into the woods in search of ivory and hides; and, according to the custom of the country, half the spoils were to belong to the owner of the equipments; and thus he would be able to reimburse himself for his expenditures. Though this plan was not carried into execution, our author was yet looked upon as a great man; and the inhabitants being at that time rather more rebellious than submissive, he was consulted upon all important occasions. "For my part," says he, "I felt myself as one of them, and entered with the greatest sympathy and zeal into all their proceedings. At a feast no one enjoyed the song and the dance more than I did. I had the most guns discharged at every funeral. No hunting party or foraging expedition but I was in it. I took my turn in scoutings and outlyings; and I am afraid I must add, that upon one or two occasions, though I had no hand in the act, I was privy to the getting rid of a few disagreeable soldiers, who came to annoy our village, and rob the poor peasantry of what little their predecessors had left them. The truth is, I did not, and do not now, consider these as any other than justifiable homicides. Be it always remembered that the Amhàra are not the lawful rulers of the country; but, having conquered it partly by force, but principally by treachery, they hold it under an iron rod, and pillage the inhabitants to the utmost."

The Barea, like all savages, manifest no little cunning in their predatory expeditions. When they approach a place which they intend to attack, they halt in some convenient spot, and every man digs a little hole in the ground, in which he builds a fire, which he keeps alive by fanning it now and then with his shield. Over this fire-hole he squats, spreading his blanket around him in such a manner as to hide the light. Thus every man keeps comfortably warm, and no light gives the victims warning that the foe are at hand. Their attacks are always made about a couple of hours before sunrise, when the morning air begins to breathe chilly, and men sleep the soundest. They are, however, great cowards, and are easily driven off by a resolute front presented toward them.

But, as has been said, our traveler's head-quarters were at Adoua, the capital. The house which he inhabited was a fair specimen of the better class of dwellings. The main entrance was by a single gate leading from the street into a large court. In the front part of the court are sundry "gojjos," or straw wigwams, for the accommodation of the servants. In one corner is a small building occupied by the steward, where are kept the supplies of provisions. In the opposite corner is the building occupied by the master himself. The walls are of rough stones stuck together with mud, with a thatched roof. The interior consists of three rooms: one occupied as a sitting

and reception room by the master of the house; a small recess is raised a little above the level of the larger room, from which it is sometimes shut off by a curtain; this serves as a sort of private apartment, and as a withdrawing room for the females of the family. Lastly comes the stable, at the other end of the principal room, without even a door between them. "The floor of the reception-hall," says our author, "is carpeted with grass, which in the first instance is spread nearly half a foot deep all over the room, and afterward, whenever a visitor comes, a little fresh grass is politely strewed for him to sit upon; so that in course of time it accumulates to a considerable quantity. Now, as before and after meals, and on other occasions, the hands of every person in the room are washed by a servant pouring water over them, you are obliged, from the want of a basin to receive the water, to scratch a small hole in the grass to prevent it from splashing you. To this add the beer and other liquids spilt there every day, the manure left by the mules' feet in passing to and from the stable, and that dropped in cleaning out the stable itself, which must be done two or three times a week, for the sake of the mules' feet, which would otherwise become softened by remaining in the wet. This last operation makes a good deal of dirt; for, having no buckets, they carry out the filth in any sort of basket or dish they can lay their hands on—dropping, of course, a good deal on the way. Thus the beautiful carpet becomes in time nothing less than a manure-heap in a high state of fermentation or putrefaction. Its surface, from the continual supply, keeps an appearance of freshness; but though the eye may be deceived, the nose can not be." The furniture of the room consists simply of a couch for reclining upon. Around the walls are cows' horns fixed as hooks upon which to hang the shields, guns, lances, and various sorts of weapons and trophies.

Until within comparatively modern times, the whole of Abyssinia, stretching southward from Sennaar, nobody knows exactly how far, formed an extensive empire, the sovereigns of which claimed to be descendants in a direct line from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; for the admiration of that lady for the magnificent Hebrew, they say, was not confined within the limits of Platonic friendship. Civil wars, and the irruptions of the neighboring savages, have dismembered the empire into three distinct kingdoms, besides a number of semi-independent hordes. It is worthy of note, however, that even the sovereign of the central and nominally paramount kingdom of Amhàra does not venture to assume the title of "Negous," or Emperor, contenting himself with the appellation of "Ras"—Head, or Chief—and maintaining a puppet Emperor, of the royal line of Solomon and his queenly admirer. The present Negous, as Mr. Parkyns was informed, though perhaps upon doubtful authority, is so poorly off as to be obliged to make parasols for sale. Oubi, the ruler of Tigrè, the sovereignty of whose family is of recent date, does not even arrogate the title of "Ras," but styles himself merely "Desjasmatch"—Governor.

The Kingdom of Tigrè is divided into "Shoumat," or provinces, a few of which are fiefs held free of taxation; the remainder are governed by chieftains, some of whom are hereditary, the others appointed by the Desjasmatch from among his followers. These latter pay a regular tribute or tax. The provinces are subdivided into parishes or villages, over each of which is a "Chikka," or tax-gatherer. The taxes are of two kinds; one payable in corn, the other in ready money, or cloth, which passes as such at a fixed valuation. The chiefs have also a revenue derived from fines and blood-money. For instance, if a man is killed in a quarrel, his relations have the right to take the life of the slayer. This right they can commute for a certain ransom, half of which goes into the coffers of the chief. Oubi shows no little ingenuity sometimes in stretching his prerogative in the matter of revenue. Thus, just about the time of Mr. Parkyns's visit, the Prince found himself rather "short." He thereupon shut himself up in his residence, and caused it to be announced that he was dangerously ill. The report soon spread that he was dead, and there was no little rejoicing among his subjects. One day, while the rejoicings were at their height, he made his appearance, in excellent condition, and caused a proclamation to be issued to the effect that, "Oubi says: I am well, thank God. But since my good people have thought fit to make me dead and buried, it is but just that they should provide me a teskar." The teskar is a sort of funeral feast, when charities are bestowed on the poor and the priests. He fixed his teskar at such an exorbitant amount that not a few of the villagers ran away rather than pay it. In such cases the "Chikka" are held responsible for the whole; and not a few of them were utterly ruined in consequence. There is a method of enforcing payment which seldom fails to bring out the money if the delinquent has it. He is put into prison, and a chain is affixed to his arm by a stout iron hoop bent around the limb. If the money is not forthcoming, the hoop is hammered tighter and tighter, until all circulation is stopped, the nails drop off, the hand withers, and the victim is maimed for life, or even dies in consequence. Oubi, however, resorts to such measures only in extreme cases.

The Abyssinians are not properly negroes, although many of them are as black as jet. The prevailing color is brown or a light copper or nut color. Their cast of feature is much more European than negro. They are of middling stature—say five feet seven or eight inches—with comparatively few variations from the average standard. Both sexes are remarkably well formed; and the females as a class are decidedly handsome. Our author, indeed, says that they are among the most beautiful women on the earth.

The dress of the males consists of three principal articles. First, a pair of tight trowsers, made of cotton; of this garment there are two sorts, one reaching only to within two or three inches

of the knee, while the other extends half way down the calf. Our traveler, who rather set up for a dandy, introduced a style reaching to the ankle, and fitting as tightly as the famous pair of "the First Gentleman in Europe," to don which required the assistance of five stout valets. These took amazingly with the fast young men of the capital, but were in great disfavor with staid elderly gentlemen. In fact, Prince Shetou, the son of Oubi, once making his appearance before his august sire in such a pair, was incontinently turned out of the royal tent as a ridiculous coxcomb. Next comes the belt, made of a piece of cloth a yard wide, and varying in length from fifteen yards upward, according to the wealth of the wearer. Our author's, which may be taken as a fair average of those worn by gentlemen in easy circumstances, measured thirty-five yards; while some great chiefs, who were fond of a little exercise when they put them on, wore them of sixty yards long. So many folds of cloth about the breast form a very adequate defensive armor against their native weapons. Above all, is worn the "quarry," a piece of cotton, of three or four thicknesses, nine feet long, by seven and a half broad, with a colored border at the bottom. This serves as an upper garment by day, and as a bed-covering by night. Great warriors wear, on solemn occasions, the skins of lions and panthers, richly ornamented, instead of the ordinary quarry.

The attire of a married woman consists mainly of a long loose garment, much like a very full shirt, with large sleeves, tightening toward the wrists. It is made of fabrics more or less costly, according to the station of the wearer. To this is added a quarry and a parasol for "promenade costume." The dress of young females is slighter and more picturesque. It consists merely of a long piece of cotton wrapped around the waist; one end hanging down in front, while the other is thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm bare. Gloves and hosiery are as yet unknown articles in Abyssinia. By way of ornament are added as many armlets, bracelets, anklets, chains, and rings as the wearer's means will permit.

For head-dress both sexes confine themselves to the covering which nature has provided. This is worn long, arranged in tresses, and thickly plastered with butter. Their hair is precisely adapted to this mode of "coiffure," being neither short and woolly like that of the negroes, nor soft and elastic like that of the Europeans, but a happy medium between the two. Yet, in spite of these natural advantages, the operation of dressing the head is no trifling affair. It can not be accomplished in less than an hour or two; and is consequently repeated as seldom as possible. Great dandies undergo the operation every fortnight; others are satisfied with having it done once in a month or two. In the interim the butter is freshly applied at every convenient opportunity. The height of the fashion is to lay a pat of butter, weighing a couple of ounces or so, upon the top of the head, when one sallies out to make his morning calls, allowing it to melt gradually in the heat of the sun, and trickle down over the neck and forehead. In order to prevent it from entering the eyes, a gentleman uses one corner of his quarry by way of handkerchief; so that in course of time that garment assumes an oleaginous appearance, and becomes susceptible of a high polish. Ladies of extreme delicacy perfume the butter; but this appears to be regarded rather as a mark of affectation. In order that these elaborate tresses may not be disarranged at night, a block of wood is used for a pillow. It is five or six inches high, slightly hollowed, so as to retain the head, and the hair hangs over behind. Mr. Parkyns's European hair was the occasion of much difficulty in his efforts to maintain his position as leader of the *ton* at Adoua. "In the first place," he complains, "it required twice as much pulling as any body else's, otherwise it would not have remained a moment in its place; and then it had to be tied at the ends and stuck with a 'fixature' of boiled cotton seeds; and, after all, it never lasted in plait for more than a week."

The weapons of the Abyssinians are the sword, spear, and shield. Fire-arms, being of recent introduction, are not generally used. The shields are round, nearly a yard in diameter, made of buffalo's hide, ornamented with lion's skin, or the paw or tail of the "king of beasts" set in silver. Their spears are neatly made, and they use them with no little dexterity. Their national weapon is the "shotel." It is a very long sword, almost as crooked as a sickle toward the point, with two sharp edges. It is used principally by striking, with the point downward, over the adversary's guard, for which its form is well adapted. It is, however, a very clumsy weapon to manage, some of them being nearly four feet long, measured around the edge.

Notwithstanding their long civil wars, the Abyssinians can not be considered a brave or a warlike people. Their fights have usually been skirmishes ending in massacres; for very early in the action one party is apt to be struck with panic and take to flight, and be cut off almost without resistance by the pursuers. They are, moreover, firm believers in signs and omens; and any expedition, however well planned, is liable to be abandoned if the cry of a bird is heard on the left hand, in a case where it should have been heard on the right in order to be an augury of good fortune. In their disputes they frequently manifest a great show of pugnacity, and a bystander would suppose that the disputants were eager to rush at each other. But it is not unfrequently to be observed that it requires a very small amount of force to keep them apart. A woman will often with great apparent ease hold a very strong man, who yet appears frantically struggling to get loose and dash at the enemy.

In religion the great body of the Abyssinians are Christians, though some Mohammedans and Jews are scattered through the country. They are at present divided into three leading parties, each of which anathematizes the others with the utmost devotion. The single dogma upon which they differ is quite as refined as the *homoousian*

and *homoiousian* disputes of old times, or the *sublapsarian* and *supralapsarian* quarrels of later days. It relates to what is styled the "unction of Jesus Christ." One party maintains that when the Saviour is said to have been "anointed with the Spirit," it is to be understood that the term Holy Spirit signifies merely the divinity of the Redeemer, which then became united with his human nature. The true and orthodox way of expressing the doctrine, according to them, is to say that "he *has* anointed, and *has been* anointed with an unction which he himself *is*." The second opinion is that the Spirit accomplished the union between the two natures. The third view is that though Christ as a man was united to the Godhead from the moment of conception, yet, in the human part of his nature he received the Holy Spirit as a gift of the Father, in the same manner as all his followers do.

The most noticeable thing about their religion is the great number of fast-days, and the extreme rigor with which they are observed. Every Wednesday and Friday is a fast-day; in addition to these, there are 154 other such days in the course of the year; making in all nearly 260 days; to say nothing of special fasts prescribed by the confessor by way of penance. Nor is the fasting a mere sham. It does not suffice to abstain from animal food merely. They must absolutely refrain from both eating and drinking till a late hour in the afternoon. Nor can this abstinence during the day be made up for by gormandizing at night, as the Mohammedans do during their long fast. The Abyssinian, during fasts, is allowed to eat little except dried peas, dressed in a kind of nasty vegetable oil, more like boiled linseed oil than any thing elsewhere considered edible; besides this, they are allowed to eat a kind of spinach. Butter, as an animal product, is of course strictly forbidden. During Lent, which with them lasts fifty-five days, the fast must not be broken till sunset. The time when the majority of the fasts cease is determined by the length of a man's shadow, measured by the length of his foot. The most usual period of its close for the day is in the afternoon, when the shadow is nine times the length of his foot. A tall man with a short foot, therefore, possesses no slight advantage over his less favored neighbors.

The frequency of fast-days is somewhat compensated by the number of feasts. Many of these are observed with special rites, and by partaking of particular kinds of food. Holy Thursday is kept as a sort of pic-nic, all cooking and eating being performed out of doors. On Good Friday the boys parade the streets demanding presents of food. If any one refuses them they make a sham corpse out of a bundle of clothes and bear it through the streets in solemn procession, going through all the ceremonies of a real funeral, wailing out, "Wai, wai, wai, Mr. Such-a-one, son of Mr. So-and-so is dead. Wai, wai, wai, the great and good and generous man!" much to the delectation of all the loungers. St. John's day is observed by a general making of presents, like Christmas with us. On the Anniversary day of one of their saints, Gabro Menfus Kouddos, every body eats peas which have been made to sprout by being soaked in water. Some say that these bearded peas are eaten to do honor to the saint's blessed beard, which was very long and very white.

If the legend which is told of him is true, this Gabro was a wonderful saint. The moment he was born he stood straight up on his feet. At the very early age of three days he had formed remarkably sound theological opinions, which he evinced by crying in a loud voice, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!" He never ate a morsel of food, or drank a drop of any liquid during his whole life. Yet he throve wonderfully upon this abstinence, lived to a very great age, and enjoyed his life hugely, if we may judge from the difficulty he made when summoned to leave it. At last, Azrael, the Angel of Death was sent to take his spirit. But the saint bullied the angel, told him he had come for the wrong person, for since his saintship had neither eaten nor drank, there was no reason why he should die. The angel wished to avoid disturbance, and to exhaust all fair means before resorting to foul ones with so eminent a saint. He therefore brought the saints, one by one, to intercede with Gabro to give up the ghost peaceably. Among the others came John the Baptist, who reminded Gabro that he had submitted to the common lot, notwithstanding the trials and privations he had undergone. But Gabro snubbed the Baptist most decidedly, remarking that it was quite proper for him to die, a poor stick of a saint, who was not at all good at fasting, but had to keep gormandizing on locusts and wild honey; but he, Gabro, was quite another sort of person, and was not subject to such carnal vanities. However, the saint was forced to yield, and Azrael took possession of his life. But the angel's troubles were but just begun. What should be done with the body? None of the elements had any claim to it. The earth could not think of taking it, for the saint had never eaten of her produce. The water was equally scrupulous, for it had never passed his lips, and perhaps had never cleansed his body. The fire had objections equally cogent. There was nothing to be done but to restore him to life, and take him up to heaven, body and all. Before he left, however, one of his ribs was taken out and deposited in his tomb, which is shown to this day.

The day after Epiphany is passed in fasting by the priests. As sunset approaches they partake of the sacrament, and then go in procession down to the river bank, where tents have been pitched and abundance of eatables and drinkables provided, by the voluntary contributions of the parishioners. The scene which follows is thus described by our author:

"When the wished-for sunset has arrived, the feasting begins, and it is fearful to behold with what vigor the half-famished divines set to work. There is abundance for them; for the food being begged as a supply for the ark, the superstitious people think that they are doing a very godly act

in providing vast quantities, while in reality the only result is that the priests make beasts of themselves. The whole night is often passed in alternate prayer, singing, dancing, and drinking. The songs and dances are both of a religious kind; the latter being merely a peculiar sort of shrugging of the body and stamping with the feet. The end of these orgies is the administration of the sacrament before sunrise; but it not unfrequently happens that long before that time many of the priests are not in a very fit state to partake of it—disgraceful scenes of drunkenness often disturbing these religious festivals. During the evening of *Tinkàt*, or Epiphany, that I passed at Adoua, several of the holy priests were found to have tumbled into the neighboring brook, Assam, overcome, as charitably-disposed persons may have said, by their religious fervor; though some sinful scoffers—myself included I fear, suggested that liquor might have been the cause of their overthrow."

In fact, feast-days and saints'-days are apt to take a convivial turn among the Abyssinian priests who appear to be a jolly set of fellows; as may be seen by the way the feast of St. Michael, the patron saint of the country was "kept up," among our author's frontier friends at Rohabaita:

"It was my host Waddy Hil's custom to 'hang out' in honor of St. Michael. Accordingly for a day or two before his anniversary, all hands were busy in erecting a large 'dass' or booth, made of green boughs; and much beer and mead being prepared, bread baked, and animals got ready for slaughter, on the day appointed the guests arrived—a motley group of priests and scribes, soldiers and women. I had been out all the morning, and when I arrived, late in the afternoon, the guests had been some time assembled. On my entering, the spoony sentimental way in which I was welcomed by all the party—men and women coming forward by dozens to embrace me—was at once a proof that they were all very drunk. I went and sat down by Waddy Hil. He said little; but from the peculiarly facetious smile which accompanied whatever he did say, even when discussing the most serious subjects, I soon saw he was but little better than his neighbors. An old priest came up, and offered, on the part of himself and his brethren, to perform if I pleased, the religious dance and song used by them on such occasions. As they seemed anxious to do so, I consented, though few of them appeared to be in a state even to walk, much less to dance. I shall never forget their ludicrous efforts to appear graceful, at the same time staggering every step; while the expression of devotion they affected to assume was reduced to a languid smile and thickening eyelids, expressive of nothing but liquor. A hiccup or two occasionally interfered with the solemn words they were chanting; and the stately movements they had began with, changed gradually to a merry tune; and by degrees the dance became a reel, or rather, reeling movement, the words only which accompanied it remaining solemn. At last an old priest, suddenly forgetting the original chant, changed its words to those of a jovial drinking ditty:

'Don't you stop the liquor, and I will dance forever.'

Instead of the marks of disapprobation which any one would have expected him to receive from his fellow-priests, they only burst into a loud laugh, and declaring the entertainment to be changed for the better, all with one consent followed his example and his tune."

Among the most singular superstitions of the Abyssinians are those connected with supposed demoniac possessions. Blacksmiths are held in evil repute, the members of that profession being held to be *ex officio* sorcerers. They are termed, by way of opprobrium "Bouda," and are supposed to have the power of transforming themselves into hyænas, and in this shape taking possession of people. It is customary to conceal the real name by which persons are baptized, and to call them by some nick-name, which is bestowed by the mother as she leaves the church after the ceremony. The reason for this is, that the Bouda has no power over a person whose baptismal name he does not know. When the Bouda has discovered the real name of a person who has offended him, he takes a certain kind of straw, and muttering a charm over it, bends it into a circle, and then places it under a stone. The person is taken ill at the moment when the bending begins; and should the straw chance to break, the victim dies. Any unusual form of illness is attributed to the malignity of the Bouda, and the only remedy is to induce him to leave the victim. The most usual way is to bribe him to go, by the promise of food. During his residence in Abyssinia, Mr. Parkyns saw more than a hundred cases of this sort; some of which presented phenomena quite inexplicable, while others were evidently mere trickery.

The first case that came under his observation was one of his own servants. She spoke of languor and a feeling of heaviness about the head. Not long after, she burst out into hysterical laughter, and complained of violent pain in the stomach and bowels. The other servants now began to suspect the Bouda. By-and-by she sunk into a state of lethargy, amounting almost to insensibility. "Either from excellent acting and great fortitude, or from real want of feeling," says Mr. Parkyns, "the various experiments which we made on her seemed to have no more effect than they would have had on a mesmeric somnambulist. We pinched her repeatedly; but pinch as hard as we could, she never moved a muscle of her face, nor did she otherwise express the least sensation. I held a bottle of strong sal-volatile under her nose, and stopped her mouth; and this having no effect, I steeped a rag in it and placed it in her nostrils. It had no more effect on her than rose-water. She held her thumbs tightly bent inside her hands, as if to prevent their being seen. A by-stander told me that the thumbs were the Bouda's particular perquisite, and that she would allow no person to take them. Consequently several persons tried to open her hands and get at them; but she re-

sisted with what appeared to me wonderful strength for a girl, and bit their fingers till in more than one instance she drew blood." He had been told that a great effect was to be produced by certain amulets; he pretended to have one very powerful against the Bouda, and applied it to her without the least effect. In the meanwhile several persons had gone in search of a talisman proper for such cases, but only one was found. "On its being applied to her mouth she for an instant sprang up, bit at it and tore it, but then laughed, and said it was weak, and would not vex him." It is to be noted that the Bouda is always supposed to speak through the organs of the victim, so that the masculine gender is always used by the medium, and also when he is addressed by others. Bucketfuls of water were thrown over her without producing any effect. During the night, by an odd coincidence, a hyæna kept howling through the village. It was in a part of the country where the animal is but rarely seen. The natives of course connected it with the Bouda and the woman's sickness. At night the door was closed, the girl tightly bound, and a strong guard kept up. The patient lay still enough except when the voice of the hyæna was heard. Once when the guards were asleep, and our author was pretending to be asleep also, the howl of the beast was heard, and the girl crept stealthily on all fours toward the door. But some one stirring, she went back to her place. The natives say that the Bouda endeavors to draw his victims into the woods in order to devour them. The next day she appeared somewhat better, and was allowed to go out alone under a necessary pretext. But not returning as soon as was expected, search was set on foot, and she was found more than a mile away, making for the thickest part of the jungle. In a day or two the attack passed off, and she slowly regained her health. "If this were a trick," says our author, "as doubtless all my readers will declare it to have been, I would only ask what she gained by it? For beyond making a little bread and occasionally a dish or two of cookery, she had no work to do—at any rate, nothing that could induce her to prefer three days' confinement, with plenty of pinches, cords, and drenchings with cold water, and total abstinence from food and drink."

Another case presented some still more singular features: A poor weakly girl was lying in a house, and he had vainly tried to affect her by certain charms and amulets with which he was provided. All at once she started up, screaming, and struggled with so much violence that our author and three or four other stout men could scarcely keep her down. Some one said that he was sure somebody present had a powerful charm. All denied it; but at that moment a stranger entered from the court-yard, when the girl cried out, "Let me alone, and I will speak." The new-comer, who was a soldier, and unknown to all the company, acknowledged that he had indeed an amulet, and offered to test its efficacy. When it was placed near her she yelled and screamed horribly. The owner asked her—addressing her as a woman—if she would declare herself if he would take the amulet away. She howled at this insult, as she called it, and declared that she was no woman. She was then addressed in the masculine gender. At first no direct reply was given; but finally she exclaimed, as if worn out, that she would tell all, if the amulet was removed. This was done, and the girl sank down as though totally exhausted. If this was all acting, Mr. Parkyns declares that the whole scene was more admirably performed than any thing he ever saw upon the stage. By-and-by, after some attempts at evasion, and having been threatened with another application of the amulet, the girl spoke and said, "I am So-and-so, the son of So-and-so," naming a reputed Bouda in a neighboring village. After a while he was forced to tell why he troubled the woman, and what was the remedy which would expel him. This remedy was procured, and then, goes on the narrative, "the Bouda, anxious to delay his exit as long as possible, demanded food (as he always does) before leaving. A basin was brought, in which was put a quantity of any filth that could be found (that of fowls, dogs, etc.), and mixed up with a little water and some ashes. I took the basin myself, and hid it where I was positive she could not see me place it, and covered it up with some loose stones which were heaped in the corner. The Bouda was then told that his supper was prepared, and the woman rose and crawled down the court on all fours, smelling like a dog on either side, till passing into the yard where the basin was, she went straight up to it, and grubbing it out from the place where it was hidden, devoured its abominable contents with the utmost greediness. The Bouda was then supposed to leave her, and she fell to the ground as if fainting. From this state she recovered her health in a few days."

Not the least singular of the circumstances connected with the Bouda is the manner in which the supposed talismans act. Mr. Parkyns, as we have seen, endeavored to palm off a spurious amulet upon the patient without producing any effect. But the case was quite different with the genuine ones. "I have," says he, "more than once concealed one under my clothes, and going behind the patient's head, touched her with it. No sooner was this done than she started up frantically, although dozens of persons were pulling her about in every direction at the same moment."

It is but fair to add that many cases of the Bouda which came within our author's observation were evidently impostures. One of these was that of a stout servant-girl in his own house, who had taken the sulks at something. Some inquiries which he made convinced him that she was shamming, and he prepared himself to act accordingly. "I proposed," says he, "to try a very efficacious remedy, which, as I said, the son of Oubi had given me. Accordingly going to my room I pulled two or three bits of dry bamboo-roots from the hut, and wrapped them carefully

in a piece of paper, together with an old leaf or two, some pipe-stems, and a bit of hair which I cut from the tail of my faithful dog. Proceeding then to the place where the sufferer lay, I ordered a large-mouthed jar to be filled with dry mule-dung, and lighted. When this had been done, and the smoke began to arise in clouds, I put into it a small quantity of my charm, with every appearance of caution and care; which done, we seized the unfortunate victim, and with some difficulty forced her head close to the jar's mouth, and then rolled a thick cloth round it and the jar, so as at once to keep her fast, and prevent the escape of the smallest quantity of smoke. As may be imagined, in a moment she began to cough violently, and at last being almost suffocated, cried out, 'Let me off, for pity's sake; I am not ill, but only shamming.' I solemnly asserted this to be only a device of the Evil One to get away from the charm, and held on, till her cries for pity, for the sake of the Virgin, of Oubi, and all the Saints, becoming more confused, and her cough more violent, I feared lest she might suffer too much if kept longer. On being liberated she presented a deplorable appearance. Her cough continued for some time, her eyes were bloodshot and streaming with tears." The magic vessel was thereafter kept in a conspicuous place in his house, and the attacks of the Bouda among the servants were less frequent afterward than they had previously been. Mr. Parkyns is clearly of the opinion that many of the cases which he saw are not to be ascribed to conscious and willful deception.

The Bouda are supposed to possess magical powers of various sorts, among which are those of casting people into a trance of apparent death, and then of transforming them into beasts of burden. Besides this, they can transform themselves into the appearance of domestic animals; and two confederates sometimes drive a very profitable business by one of them assuming the form of an animal and being sold by the other. After the money has been paid, he reassumes his human form, and the pair divide the proceeds.

The Tigritiya is an affection very similar to the Bouda, but more severe and of less frequent occurrence. Neither are confined to females, though the victims are most frequently of the weaker sex. The first symptoms are an inexplicable wasting away of the person affected. As soon as the demoniac possession is suspected, the patient must be daintily fed, neatly clothed, and have every thing she desires—and her desires are not unfrequently exacting enough. The object seems to be to put the demon into good humor, so that he may be induced to leave. In the mean time drums and other musical instruments are provided, and all at once struck up close to the door of the room. If the illness be of an ordinary kind, the patient will beg them to desist; but if the demon be at the bottom of it, she will start up and begin moving her body and jerking her head in time with the music, increasing the violence of her movements till it seems that she must jerk her head off. "It is truly wonderful," says our author, "to see a sick person whom you have just beheld stretched on a bed a weak emaciated bag of bones, apparently without strength to rise, keeping up this very fatiguing motion with a velocity and power of endurance that would be astonishing even in a person of ordinary strength." When the music ceases she rests, and then begins to speak, telling who her possessor is. Or rather the demon speaks through her, and begins to drive a hard bargain, as the condition of leaving. When the preliminaries are arranged he fixes a day, generally a week ahead, when he will take his departure. A feast, with plenty of music and dancing, is appointed for the day; and when the demon has enjoyed himself enough, he gives notice that he is about to be off. The victim thereupon lays aside the borrowed finery which she has been wearing, kisses her hand, and sets off at great speed. After running fifty or a hundred yards, she falls senseless; at this moment the devil is supposed to have left her. Lest he should return, the men surround her with brandished weapons to frighten him off. The woman all the while lies powerless and exhausted, as though she had passed through a severe illness. A sheep or fowl is then killed and eaten; the fragments being buried in the ground, so that should the demon return he may stop and feed upon them, and not go on and molest the woman further. The cure is then supposed to be complete, and the patient, by time and repose, recovers her strength. What renders the affair more puzzling, however, is that the sufferer not unfrequently dies during the supposed possession.

Marriages in Abyssinia are not considered indissoluble unless solemnized in church, and followed by a participation in the sacrament. This is rarely done except in the case of those who having long been married in the ordinary way, and having lived happily together, conclude that they could not hope to suit themselves better. The mere civil marriage can be dissolved on the shortest notice. Parties just express a wish to separate, and divide the property and children between them. Both parties are then at perfect liberty to take new partners. It is no uncommon thing for a man thus separated from his wife to continue to support her; and for them to remain on terms of the most perfect friendship, though he has taken another wife in her place. Marriages usually take place at a very early age. When a lad wishes to take a wife he makes proposals to the father of a girl who is supposed to be able to give the largest dowry; and the matter is arranged without consulting the bride-elect. From the moment when betrothal takes place, he is never allowed to see his intended wife for a moment; unless somehow he manages to catch a glimpse at her by stealth. When the wedding day arrives, every body comes, whether invited or not, who has nothing better to do, or who is anxious to fill his stomach. There is usually quite a struggle at the door between the hungry idlers and the door-keepers, who are set to keep a place for the invited guests. After all have eaten

their fill, the bride is brought in to receive the congratulations of the company, and a vigorous dance is struck up. This is at the house of the bride's father. A similar scene has been going on at the bridegroom's. In both places the sports are kept up all night. At sunrise next morning, the groom and his attendants set out for the bride's, tricked out in all the finery they can borrow. Arrived there, he takes his seat on the post of honor prepared for him, which is a couch covered with a carpet and cushions, and a canopy of white cloth over his head. Here he sits in state, his nose and mouth covered with his garment, to look dignified. He and his friends keep to one side, the bride's family and friends remaining on the other. The ceremonies of course, commence, as usual, with a voracious devouring of raw meat and its accompaniments. When all have eaten and drank, the place is cleared of strangers, and the bride is brought in, covered with a large cloth held over her like a pall, and placed on a stool in front of the principal persons assembled. The bridegroom is then called, and asked if he wishes to marry her; to which, he of course replies in the affirmative. They then crook their little fingers together under the cloth, and the ceremony is concluded. Certain wise admonitions are added by a priest, should one be present; and the marriage settlement, or the argument as to what each of them is to bring, is then entered upon."

A few days afterward, the friends of the groom perambulate the town with music, asking donations for the new couple. They are held at perfect liberty to lay hands on any article they can find without being called to account; but if a person misses any article, and offers a small ransom for it, they are held bound in honor to restore it. But to obviate the necessity of this restitution, when any thing eatable is taken, it is devoured as soon as possible.

A lover of good cheer would find little gratification in Abyssinia. There appears to be a total absence of those luscious fruits, which we are apt to associate with tropical climates. They have small quantities of wheat and Indian corn, millet, a few sorts of peas, beans, and vetches. Onions are a great delicacy. Their principal grains are called "teff" and "dagousha" of which the former is reckoned the best. These are ground by hand between a pair of stones, with which a stout servant will grind eight or ten quarts a day, besides attending to other matters. The bread, like that of all oriental countries, consists rather of cakes than loaves, baked upon a kind of griddle. It can hardly be very palatable, since in order to get an idea of that which is considered the best, our author directs his reader to fancy himself chewing a bit of sour sponge. He speaks of a kind prepared by travelers for immediate eating, in a somewhat original way. "You take," he says, "of flour a sufficient quantity; this you mix with water to make a stiff dough, which you knead up well in your hands into balls, each the size and form of a nine-pound shot. Then take a round pebble, heated previously in the fire, and making a hole in your loaf, poke it in, and close the mouth. Then put the loaf on the embers, turning it around so that it may not be done more on one side than on the other. In about ten minutes it will be baked, and ready for eating, so that you will, if hungry and clever, have made, baked, and eaten your bread in not much more than a quarter of an hour, which all will allow to be sufficiently quick. The only fault to be found with bread thus made is, that seldom more than the outside and inside surfaces at all are baked."

For drinks, besides water, which is tolerably abundant, the Abyssinians have mead and beer. The former which they call "tedge" or "mese," is made of honey and water, flavored with bitter herbs, and fermented. They are extravagantly fond of this and imbibe it in fabulous quantities. The beer is merely a kind of fermented toast and water, made by steeping cakes, baked from sour dough, for a few hours in water.

A regular Abyssinian feast is a somewhat formidable affair, although not quite so disgusting as might be inferred from Bruce's description. The impression left by his narrative is, that steaks cut from the living animal are the favorite dish of the country; and that the great art of the butcher is not to kill the animal, but to keep it alive until almost every particle of its flesh has been devoured. After having satisfied what they suppose to be the requirements of the Mosaic law by shedding a few drops of the blood, he says that "two or more of them fall to work: on the back of the beast, and on each side of the spine, they cut skin-deep, then putting their fingers between the flesh and the skin, they begin to strip the hide of the animal half way down its ribs, and so on to the buttock, cutting the skin wherever it hinders them commodiously to strip the poor animal bare. All the flesh on the buttocks is then cut off, and in solid square pieces, without bones or much effusion of blood. As long as they can cut off the flesh from the bones, they do not meddle with the thighs or the parts where the great arteries are. At last they fall upon the thighs likewise, and soon after the animal bleeding to death, becomes so tough that the cannibals who have the rest of it to eat, find it very hard work to separate the flesh from the bones." Now, although during his whole residence in the country, Mr. Parkyns saw nothing of the kind, he does not doubt that Bruce did; although very probably he fell into the common traveler's error of describing a very rare occurrence as a common practice.

When an Abyssinian gentleman gives a dinner party, the room is prepared by spreading fresh grass upon the floor. The tables are then arranged. These are of various sorts and heights, but none so high as to cause inconvenience to the guests, who all sit upon the floor—chairs being an unknown article. The bread is then brought in by the servants, and arranged in piles, in such a manner that the better sort are at the top. The reason of this is that the guests of higher rank are helped first, and then the remaining pieces are passed down to those of inferior

rank. The guests are ranged with great punctiliousness, and with the utmost regard to the rights of precedence.

First come the cooked dishes, brought in by waiters, who dip a bit of bread in the sauce, and hand it to each guest. These in the mean while are busy rolling the bread and sauce, mixed into a sort of paste, into rounded masses, something like small sausages. It is a mark of politeness and high breeding to poke these lumps into the mouth of your neighbor. "If you happen to be a distinguished character, or a stranger to whom they wish to pay attention, which was often my case," says our author, "you are in a very disagreeable position; for your two neighbors, one on each side, cram into your mouth these large and peppery proofs of their esteem so quickly, one after the other, that long before you can chew and swallow the one, you are obliged to make room for the next. They generally succeed in half choking you; and if you feel you are losing the skin of your mouth, lips, and throat, from the fiery effects of the pepper, you dare not ask for water, as that would be considered rude, and the mead is seldom served till the dinner is over."

While the first course is thus being disposed of, the animal is being killed at the door, for the main course. This is the "broundo" or raw meat, eaten while yet warm and quivering. "In this state it is considered, and justly," Mr. Parkyns assures us, "to be very superior in taste to what it is when cold. Raw meat, if kept a little time, gets tough; whereas, if eaten fresh and warm it is far tenderer than the most tender joint that has been 'hung' a week in England. The taste is," he acknowledges, "perhaps from imagination, rather disagreeable at first; but far otherwise when one gets accustomed to it; and I can readily believe that raw meat would be preferred to cooked meat by a man who from childhood had been accustomed to it." We can hardly reconcile ourselves to this; although perhaps in view of our own consumption of raw oysters "on the half-shell," we have little right to be over-fastidious in the matter of "broundo."

But the animal having been killed, and the warm flesh brought in, the choicest pieces are taken to the highest tables, where are seated the *élite* of the company. There is usually a piece of meat for each five or six persons; and a very ceremonious contest ensues as to who shall first help himself. "This being at length decided, the person chosen takes hold of the meat with his left hand, and with his sword or knife cuts a strip a foot or fifteen inches long from the part which appears the nicest and tenderest. The others then help themselves in like manner." Our author requests the aid of the reader's imagination to complete the picture. "Let him imagine," says he, "thirty or forty Abyssinians, stripped to the waists, squatting round the low tables, each with his sword or knife or 'shotel' in his hand, some eating, some helping themselves, and some waiting their turns; but all bearing in their features the expression of that fierce gluttony which one attributes more to the lion or leopard than to the race of Adam. The imagination may be much assisted by the idea of the lumps of raw pink and blue flesh they are gloating over. But I have yet to describe how they eat the strip of meat which I have just made one of the party cut off. A quantity of 'dillikh' "—(a paste made of red-pepper, onions, and sundry other pungent and odoriferous herbs)—"being laid on his bread, he dips one end of the meat into it, and then seizing it between his teeth, while he holds the other end in his left hand, he cuts a bit off close to his lips by an upward stroke of his sword, only just avoiding the tip of his nose, and so on, till he has eaten the whole strip. The cakes of bread which are piled before the guests supply the place of napkins, as the fingers are frequently wiped on them after being dipped in the cooked dishes or rendered bloody by the raw meat. This, however, does not in the least affect the appetites of those who, coming after, have to eat them."

Among gourmands there is a great choice in the bits of "broundo." Some great men who are very fastidious will eat only a particular piece; and they not unfrequently change their favorite parts. Thus Oubi at one time would not touch any thing but the "tannash" or rump; subsequently he changed his taste, and refused every thing but the "ingadyé," a piece from the inside of the thigh. Another preferred the "chickunna" or outside piece from the thigh-bone downward; while still another authority decided in favor of the superior flavor of the "shint" or strips along the spine.

The "broundo" is eminently the *pièce de résistance* at a set dinner in Abyssinia. After this has been disposed of, the "tibsy" is brought in. This consists of the rib-bones broiled, with the meat cut in strips and hanging down like a tassel. The servant holds the bone in his hand, and the guests cut off strips and eat them with pepper-sauce, in the same manner that the "broundo" is disposed of. After the "tibsy" disappears, the cloth is removed—metaphorically speaking—the mead or beer is introduced, and "potations pottle deep" close the feast, much as they do in countries nearer home.

But we must bring to a close our extracts illustrative of "Life in Abyssinia." After waiting a couple of years, Mr. Parkyns received intelligence that a couple of large boxes for him had made their appearance at Massàwa. He had once or twice been deceived by similar reports, which had proved erroneous. This time, however, all was right. When the boxes were brought up, he found that after paying his debts, and making what presents he deemed requisite, he would have barely enough left to take him to Sennaar, in Nubia. The rainy season was just commencing, and there was no time to lose. Preparations for speedy departure were made. "Like all happy moments," says he, "those years had passed over very quickly. I had no annoyances of any kind; was fortunate enough to leave the country without, I believe, a single personal enemy; and beyond having received a lance through my clothes

between my right arm and side, when endeavoring to separate some combatants who had got drunk at a wedding, and on another occasion, having been rather badly hurt with a blow on the back from a club or stone, I may say that neither my life, limbs, nor health were in danger." When he departed there was "a very moist, unpleasant leave-taking: a crowd of both sexes came to see me off, although to avoid such an occurrence I had secretly fixed my departure for an early hour in the morning. Suffice it to say, I was nearly wet through before I left my own doors. For myself, I confess to having experienced a very queer, indescribable feeling about the nose, throat, and pit of the stomach; and I believe that, for the first time since my arrival in the country, I wished I had a pocket-handkerchief."

A journey of four or five hundred miles through a waste and unknown African country in the rainy season, is no holiday trip, and can not be accomplished without some suffering and privation. At one time he was laid up for ten days by an attack of ophthalmia, which he thus mentions: "When this disease reaches the height which it generally does in Africa, those useful organs, the eyes, are completely glued up, so that they can not be opened till they have been bathed a considerable time in warm water; and when they are opened, which is only done for the purpose of putting in some collyrium, nothing is distinguishable of what should be white, and blue, gray, or black, but a blood-red mass. It will be easily guessed that to be laid up for a few days, or as it often happens, for weeks or months, stone-blind, and with the agreeable sensation of having your eyes filled with sharp, coarse sand, red-hot, is by no means an enviable situation. Well, such was my case at Devra Abbai for about ten days. While on this subject, I may as well say how I treated myself—who knows but it may be of use? I ate next to nothing, took plenty of jalap, had some blood taken from behind the ears, and a few drops of solution of sulphate of zinc dropped into each eye three or four times a day. I must say that the dropping-in part of the business is not agreeable. First, the eye is opened, as I have before described, and then it must be held open—for the faintest glimmer of light is unbearable—while an assistant drops in collyrium by means of a bit of rolled paper, or a small reed. I can not make up my mind whether this operation or poking in bits of red-hot wire would be the most disagreeable; but I should guess that the sensation would be nearly the same."

We can well imagine that traveling through such a country in the rainy season would not be a pleasant promenade for a barefoot pedestrian; but should hardly have thought of reckoning among the annoyances that the "moisture softened the skin of the feet, and made it more penetrable by thorns." The following might have been more likely to have suggested itself. It is in answer to a supposed inquiry put to the author: "How did you manage to sleep on the sloppy bosom of a bog, such as this must have been?" He replies that, "We every night made ourselves mattresses of pieces of wood, large stones, and the like, which we collected and laid together till of sufficient height to keep us well out of the mud and wet. A tanned hide spread upon this formed our bed, and when it came on to rain, our covering also. Now it may appear an uncomfortable sort of couch; and indeed it is not altogether luxurious till you get used to it. It requires a little knack and some turning round and round like a dog, to adapt the risings and hollows of your body to those of your bed. A man would not sleep well if he rested his hip-bone on the apex of a conical pebble; but with patience, a little management, and a hard day's work, a good night's rest is not a difficult thing to obtain under any circumstances. I trust I shall not be deemed effeminate, if I suggest that a few green boughs, if such can be obtained reasonably dry and tolerably free from thorns, may, with advantage, be added as a substitute for a feather-bed. In this journey, however, we seldom obtained such luxuries."

Patience, perseverance, and resolution will, in time, wear through every thing. In a few weeks the journey across the desert was accomplished, and our traveler reached Khartoum, at the junction of the White and the Blue Nile, where his narrative ends. He gives a half-promise to publish an account of his travels during the succeeding four years in Nubia and Kordofan. A promise which all the readers of the present work will be anxious to have speedily fulfilled.

GRAND-DAME AND CHILD.

BY ALICE CAREY.

THE maple's limbs of yellow flowers
Made spots of sunshine here and there
In the bleak woods; a merry pair
Of blue-birds, which the April showers
Had softly called, were come that day;
Another week would bring the May,
And all the meadow-grass would shine
With strawberries; and all the trees
Whisper of coming blooms, and bees
Work busy, making golden wine.

The white-haired grand-dame, faint and sick,
Sits fretful in her chair of oak;
The clock is nearly on the stroke
Of all the day's best hour, and quick
The dreary house will glimmer bright—
No candle needed any more—
For Miriam's smile is so like light,
The moths fly with her in the door.

The lilies carvéd in her chair
The grand-dame counts, but can not tell
If they be three or seven; the pair
Of merry blue-birds, singing well,
She does not hear; nor can she see
The moonshine, cold and pure, and bright,
Walk like an angel clothed in white,
The path where Miriam should be.

Almost she hears the little feet
Patter along the path of sands;
Her eyes are making pictures sweet,
And every breeze her cheek that fans,
Half cheats her to believe, I wis,
It is her pretty grandchild's kiss.

The dainty hood, her fancy too
Sees hanging on the cabin wall,
And from her modest eyes of blue,
Fair Miriam putting back the fall
Of her brown hair, and laughing wild—
Her darling merry-hearted child—
Then with a step as light and low
As any wood-bird's in the snow,
She goes about her household cares.

"The saints will surely count for prayers
The duties love doth sweeten so,"
Says the pleased grand-dame; but alas!
No feet are pattering on the grass,
No hood is hanging on the wall—
It was a foolish dreaming, all.

The morning-glories winding up
The rustic pillars of the shed,
Open their dark bells, cup by cup,
To the June's rainy clouds; the bed
Of rosemary and meadow-sweet
Which Miriam kept with so much care,
Is run to weeds, and everywhere
Across the paths her busy feet
Wore smooth and hard, the grass has grown—
And still the grand-dame sits alone,
Counting the lilies on her chair—
Her ancient chair of carvéd oak—
And fretful, listening for the stroke
Of the old clock, and for the pair
Of blue-birds that have long been still;
Saying, as o'er the neighboring hill
The shadows gather thick and dumb—
"'Tis time that Miriam were come."

And now the spiders cease to weave,
And from between the corn's green stems
Drawing after her her scarlet hems,
Dew-dappled, the brown-vested Eve
Slow to her purple pillows drops;
His tired team now the plowman stops;
In the dim woods the ax is still,
And sober, winding round the hill,
The cows come home. "Come, pretty one,
I'm watching for you at the door,"
Calls the old grand-dame o'er and o'er,
"'Tis time the working all were done."

And kindly neighbors come and go,
But gently piteous; none have said,
"Your pretty grandchild sleepeth so
We can not wake her;" but instead
Piling the cushions in her chair,
Carvéd in many a quaint design
Of leaves and lilies, nice and fine,
They tell her she must not despair
To meet her pretty child again—
To see her wear forever more,
A smile of brighter love than when
The moths flew with her in the door.

LIVES OF PLANTS.

IT is unfortunate for the general diffusion of the great truths of science, that learned men have always amused themselves by throwing dust in the eyes of the unlearned; clothing the history of their investigations in pedantic and technical language. We can comprehend why the medical man should wish to conceal the nature of his remedies from the nervous patient by using a hieroglyphic to which only the profession possess the key; but it is quite indefensible that interesting and elevating subjects should be rendered unintelligible and repulsive to the mass of readers who have not time to master the slang of each branch of science, by the adoption of an arbitrary vocabulary, itself requiring special study. Although in nature, every thing is sublimely simple, the initiated render every thing complicated by overlaid explanation, concealing their ignorance by formidable words.

As science advances, the tangled web is gradually unraveled. What appeared to be confused and unconnected, is seen to blend harmoniously in a general action regulated by a common law. Formerly, as the botanist looked around upon the infinitely varied vegetation of the world, and saw plants clothing the whole surface of the globe, in endless wealth of differing forms; the mighty oak and the minute duckweed, the baobab counting six thousand years of life, and the fungus springing up in a night; all varying in conformation, in color, in size, in duration, in every apparent particular; it appeared to him altogether hopeless to bring these marvelously different structures under one general law of production and of growth; or to trace the harmony of their functions. But the microscope has brought new eyes to man; and, after years of patient investigation, the great result was obtained; that the basis of all the vegetation of the world is a little closed vesicle, composed of a membrane usually transparent and colorless as water;—the vegetable cell. At first, perhaps, this idea, so novel to the botanist of the old school and apparently so opposed to the evidence of the unassisted vision, is difficult to grasp; but when we have satisfied ourselves, as we easily may, that even the hardest portions of vegetables—such as wood—are capable of being resolved into cells no less than the softest vegetable slime, and that the processes of production and nutrition are regulated in both by the same great laws, we begin to comprehend how marvelously this aphorism of the universality of the cell simplifies botanical research.

The simple relation thus established throughout the vegetable kingdom, enables us to reduce our investigations to the simplest form, at the same time that we include in them the whole vegetable world. As the bulk of every plant, whether great or small, is only an aggregation of the separate cells; so the life of the whole plant is but the sum of the vitality of each individual cell. Every cell being, in itself, a distinct structure, carrying on independent vital processes, possesses, necessarily, an independent vitality; and thus in studying the life of a plant-cell individually, we shall also be contemplating the life of the whole plant. The first necessity of cell-life is, of course, nutrition, and before the cells can be agglutinated together or increased in size, they must receive nourishment from without. The materials for this nourishment are chiefly gases;—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, of which the philosophical Schiller sings—

Four elements in one firm band
Give form to life, build sea and land.

These four great organic elements the plant-

cell receives in the form of carbonic acid gas, atmospheric air, water, and ammonia; together with these it takes up certain salts and metals. The question which here presents itself is, how does this globular vesicle, which has no aperture, obtain these materials of nutrition; or, in other words, how do they arrive at the interior of the cell? The first fact to be observed in solving this important problem is, that the cell receives no food which is not dissolved in water. All its nourishment is obtained by the absorption of a nutritive fluid—an aqueous solution of the materials mentioned. This function can not be too strongly impressed on the mind; the passage of nutritive fluid through the walls of the cell is the universal means of growth in both animal and vegetable kingdom; it is a process with the due performance of which the existence of the whole animal and vegetable creation is intimately connected. It depends upon a physical law, with examples of which every one is familiar. If one end of a piece of sponge be immersed in water, the fluid will ascend throughout the cells of the sponge, and will moisten that part which is not so immersed. The same operation may be seen still more rapidly exemplified on dipping a lump of white sugar into water at one extremity. This law holds true of gases; and it explains the process by which the plant receives its nourishment.

The nutritive fluid, being brought in contact with the external wall of the cell, passes in by a process precisely similar to that which was seen in the sponge and the sugar—traveling from one cell to the other until it permeates the whole plant. And, since the same holds true of gases, the aqueous vapor in the atmosphere is no less active in aiding in the nutrition of the plant than the liquid water which is absorbed by the roots. The plant cell is acted upon by the sun, and we know that it rapidly and largely exhales watery vapor. The process of nutrition is, consequently, continually renewed; heat drawing off a great part of the water, and leaving in the cell the substances which it brought with it. So that the cell-membrane being kept dry by the action of heat while the atmosphere and earth are charged with moisture, it is perpetually absorbing fresh nutritive fluid. This is the reason why the life of most plants is only active during the summer, when, the heat being greatest, evaporation is also greatest, the exhaling organs of the plant are put forth, and the processes of nutrition are vigorously carried on. It has been shown that for every grain of the salts deposited in the plant, two thousand grains of water must be exhaled; and for every grain of other substances two hundred grains of water must be driven off. Now, as this is effected by the agency of heat and light, it is easy to comprehend that in summer the plant is actively nourished, old cells perfected, the secretions of the cell produced, and new cells formed. These new cells spring up between the cortex or bark and the first layer of cells internal to this cortex. It is by their agency that the process of absorption is so rapidly carried on. They receive the raw nutritive fluid, and exert such a chemical influence over it, that whatever remains in the cell is converted into a more highly organized fluid—the sap of the tree—and is absorbed by the inner and dry cells, which form out of this the secretions of the plant. It is this fresh layer of cells which springs up every summer in the trees of all but tropical climates, which enables the woodman to name with unerring accuracy the age of the forest tree.

Until the discovery of the cell as the basis of all vegetation, and the investigation of the physical laws by which it is governed, the circulation of the sap was formerly quite inexplicable. Botanists conceal their ignorance, by talking learnedly of a mysterious vital action—words without meaning—and by speaking of the ascent of the sap through certain vessels, and its circulation through the plant, and descent by other vessels, just as the blood is circulated in the body of animals. In plants, this involved a contradiction of the laws of gravitation, which was got over by calling it a vital action. We no longer acknowledge the possibility of any operation in nature which contravenes the laws established by nature's great Master. The life of the Plant-cell is but a fact of the life of the entire material world, and is subjected to the same organic laws. The discovery of the manner in which the cell absorbs its food, and its relations to heat and light, have harmonized what had been observed of the ascent of the sap during spring with the action of the great physical laws. Look out from the window this wintery day, and observe both plants and trees stripped of their leaves, with nothing but the stems and branches covered by bark or rind remaining. No evaporation is taking place, and, consequently, no absorption; or these processes are carried on to so very slight an extent, as only to suffice to preserve the vitality of the last-formed cells. The plant is hybernating. Its life is dormant. With spring come light and heat—the two great agents in the chemical actions of the cell. Evaporation commences, and with it the absorption of nutritive fluid; fresh cells are rapidly formed, to carry on actively the processes of primary cell-life. Buds sprout forth, leaves are unfolded and exposed to the influence of the sun's rays. These act chemically upon the raw fluid as it passes through them, and thus the interior cells receive a more highly elaborated juice—the sap. It is the passage of this sap through the walls of the Plant-cells that constitutes the ascent of the sap, which takes place in spring, for reasons we can now easily appreciate. The descent of the sap was a clumsy fiction intended to complete the old theory of its circulation. If, after the water has risen, in the experiment described, to the top of the sponge, and saturated its walls, and filled its interstices, we cut off the upper part and suspend it, the fluid will trickle away—dropping from the cut end of the sponge. And if we cut off the part of a branch, of which the cells are filled with sap, and allow the cut end to depend, the sap will exude. But is this a "vital" process either in the sponge or the twig, or is it not

merely an instance of the ordinary gravitation of fluids!

For the alteration of the raw materials of the plant into the sap, and their further conversion, by chemical changes, into the secretions of the plant, not only heat, but light is necessary. Heat appears only to act in driving off the water, depositing the dissolved substances. Light seems to give rise to the chemical processes by which these substances are made to undergo changes which fit them for the immediate purposes of vegetable and animal life. If a plant be placed in a dark cellar, although it may be surrounded with an atmosphere well supplied with all the materials of nutrition, it will not be nourished; for the processes of cell-life will not be carried on. Carbonic acid will not be decomposed, nor oxygen given off. The plant will not grow. But admit the light, and it will grow. Deprived of a due supply of light, the plant languishes, and the cell carries on but feebly all its vital functions; it becomes pale and colorless, neither developing its coloring matter, nor any of its special secretions. The gardener has availed himself of this fact; and by moderating the supply of light to the growing parsley or celery, checks the development of otherwise poisonous secretions. Light is the great agent by which is effected the chemical change of the materials of the Plant-cell into starch, and sugar, and albumen, and fibrine.

Science has divided the rays of the sun into blue, red, and yellow, to each of which different actions are ascribed. To these influences the term Actinism has been given. The relations which they have been shown to hold to the Plant-cell are very simple and very beautiful. Experimental research has proved that the blue rays are those most favorable to germination, the yellow rays to the production of leaves, and the red rays to the perfection of the fruits. Further experiments have shown that, in accordance with these requirements of the plant, it is in spring, when germination is taking place, that the blue rays abound; it is in summer, when the plant is clothing itself with leaves, that the yellow rays are most abundant; and it is in autumn, when the fruit is ripening, that the red rays predominate.

We must guard ourselves from the absurdity of supposing that this is ordained with a special view to the well-being of the plant only. We see here only one of the innumerable instances which nature affords of the marvelous harmony of all the great operations of the world's forces, unanimously bearing witness to the omniscience of the Mighty Designer.

Tracing the history of cell-life, we have seen that the first function of the cell is to absorb the raw nutritive fluid; the second is to form out of the sap the peculiar secretions of the plant. At this stage man enters the field; he converts the plant to his uses; feeds on the materials it prepares for him, and thus builds up the structure of his body; and not only man, but all the graminivorous division of the animal world. The number of vegetable feeders can hardly be estimated; the insect world alone has been calculated to contain five hundred and sixty thousand species of insects, of which the greater number feed on plants. Thus man and the whole animal world derive their nourishment from the elements abstracted by the Plant-cell from the air. Were not the elements so abstracted in some way restored, this enormous drain of certain materials must speedily have worked a change on the face of the earth such as would have unfitted it for the purposes of animal and vegetable life. But ample provision is made; when life ceases in the animal, his organism becomes resolved into the original materials out of which the plant first was formed, and through it the animal. Carbonic acid gas, ammonia and water, are given off, again to be absorbed by the Plant-cell, again to become the food of the animal and form part of his structure, again to pass through the never-ending changes of material existence, revolving through all earthly time in ceaseless circles of vital action. The truth thus arrived at throws a new light upon the words, "From dust hast thou come, and to dust shalt thou return." It adds fresh sublimity to them. We return to dust; our ashes are scattered abroad to the winds, over the surface of the earth; but we know now that this dust is not inactive: its term of existence ends not here. It rises to walk the earth again; to aid perhaps in peopling the globe with fresh forms of beauty; to assist in the performance of the vital processes of the universe; to take a part in the world's life. In this sense the words of Goethe are strictly applicable—"Death is the parent of life."

> "Nothing of us that doth fade
> But doth suffer a slow change
> Into something rich and strange."

Regarding the action of the cell from this wide point of view, we arrive at a true estimate of the nature of its functions. We see that the only power which it possesses, as the artificer, under God's great laws, of all animal and vegetable organism, is a capability of altering and modifying the forms and combinations of already existing matter. We see that neither plant nor animal can create any thing, neither can they annihilate: they can add nothing to the world's materials, nor can they take away the minutest particle. By a marvelous power, which we admire without being able to imitate, the vegetable produces its appropriate secretions by modifying certain materials, and the animal organization constructs from these its own tissues; but neither plant nor animal can make or destroy one single atom of oxygen, or hydrogen, or carbon; they have no power beyond modification.

We must tread here with reverential step; for we have reached the utmost boundaries of human science, and stand in the presence of the Almighty Maker of all things, with whom alone rests the power of creation or annihilation.

THE ROBBERS OF LE MAUVAIS PAS.

WE lounged about in the hotel of Lans-le-bourg during the hot hours of a summer day, while men and horses were taking their rest; and so far as any movements of animate

nature were concerned, it might have been midnight. In the evening, however, the world seemed to come alive, and preparations were made for our journey over Mont Cenis. With the additional guides, postillions, and cattle, we formed a respectable cavalcade. The moon shone brightly upon our path, with a light so clear and soft, so silvery and so chastened, that it contrasted most pleasantly with the dazzling, scorching heat of the past day. The atmosphere was as calm as Nature's rest could be; and the purity of the air gave an elasticity and freshness to our spirits that we could scarcely have imagined. Fireflies sported around us like animated diamonds, and the side of the road was sometimes bespangled with glow-worms. Under such circumstances, one feels what is the pleasure of mere animal life, where there is the height of corporeal enjoyment without the aid of any stimulant but that which heaven's pure breath affords. It appeared almost treason against the majesty of nature, to disturb the silence which reigned through her dominions; and when we spoke, it was in a subdued tone. We walked on foot the greater part of the ascent, up three long windings made in the face of the mountain. Then the extra horses were turned adrift, to find their own way back to the stables, and we entered the carriage to gallop down the Piedmontese side of the declivity.

My nearest companion, an elderly Frenchman, who was usually very garrulous, had been on this occasion much absorbed in thought, and had preserved silence for an extraordinary length of time, though the twitchings of his countenance and the shrugs of his shoulders plainly told that he was holding an interesting conversation with his own heart and memory. At length I asked the cause of his musings and frequent ejaculations. "Ah, sir!" said he, "how different are the circumstances of this night from those I experienced thirty years ago, when I traversed this mountain. It was on a wintery day, when the ground was covered with snow, which lay in some places to the depth of forty feet, and filled up many of the ravines, so that we were in constant danger of going over a precipice. The wind blew the snow-drift so fiercely as to blind our eyes, and the guides were frequently at a loss to discover the right track. Six men were obliged to hold up the carriage with ropes fixed to the top, to prevent its being blown over; and the patient horses, poor brutes! often turned their faces from the dreadful storm. We were almost frozen with cold, although we opened our portmanteaus, and put on all our wardrode. Heaven defend me from such another journey, and the horrible night that followed in that murderous inn!" Perceiving him to be much excited, I felt the more anxious to know the strange events to which he alluded, and asked what could have tempted him to travel in such dismal weather, and what horrible circumstances had occurred on the way. He then gave me the following narrative:

I was then young, an officer in the army, in the time when Napoleon carried on his last wars, and all this country was in a very troubled condition. At the period referred to, I was sent with an older officer to bear some dispatches of importance to Italy. He was an Italian, who had once been in the service of Austria, but had been taken prisoner at Marengo, and had joined the army of the Emperor. He was a clever person, in whom much confidence seemed to be placed, but so very wary and suspicious in his disposition, as sometimes to amuse and sometimes to frighten me. He seemed to make every allowance for my youth, and seldom checked my ardent spirits, for I was gay and thoughtless; but I was likewise brave and skillful in the use of arms, for which reason, I suppose, the captain took me with him on that journey. These mountains were greatly infested by robbers, chiefly disbanded soldiers of Italy, so that few persons could travel in safety. In a short time we shall pass by a place called Le Mauvais Pas, well known for the murders which have been there committed. A woody marsh lies on the left hand of the road, and the ruins of some buildings destroyed in the war on the right—I shall point them out to you—and among these the bandits lurked, and suddenly pounced upon a passer-by, or shot him before he was aware of his danger. A little further on, where two roads meet, you will see some large houses, which were once inns, and the landlord was in communication with the robbers of Le Mauvais Pas, so that the traveler who escaped from Scylla fell into Charybdis. Well, sir, I have told you about the dreadful weather in which we were obliged to cross Mont Cenis, the passage of which occupied the whole day; and as our orders were peremptory, we pushed forward at all hazards till nearly midnight, when we reached the door of the inn I have mentioned, where we were to pass the night. I suppose we escaped all previous dangers by the lateness of the hour, as no gentlemen were expected to travel on these roads after dark.

Glad we were when we arrived at the hotel; the very thought of a warm fire and hot soup gave me life. We knocked long and loud before the gate was opened, and the carriage passed into the court. The captain told our servant, who was also a soldier, to bring his little portmanteau and a small canteen of provisions into the room where we were to sit; the other baggage was left in the calèche. I saw the landlord narrowly eye the portmanteau, but he said nothing, and hastened to get ready for our entertainment. A small stove was lighted at one end of a large room, the other end of which I could scarcely see; so that it was far from comfortable, but it was not for us to complain after what we had suffered in the cold. A thin candle was placed on a table, a cloth was spread, and some bouillon was soon served up. But the captain could not eat it, and ordered Giuseppe to bring some compote out of the canteen, from which he made a savoury soup. The host then brought us a fricassée; but it also was rejected, and a cold fowl substituted for it. This rather displeased me, and I was beginning to intimate that I should prefer the hot dish, when a scowl of the captain's

made me shrink into insignificance, and I let him do as he pleased. As he doggedly refused to eat any thing furnished by the landlord, on the plea of a weak stomach, which I had never known him to complain of before, for he was a great gourmand, I guessed that he was afraid of poison, and secretly execrated his suspicious temper, rejoicing that I was not a jealous Italian.

"Have you any other guests here to-night?" asked the captain, appearing to take no notice of the prying curiosity of the landlord, who in vain tried to ascertain who and what we were.

"Only a priest on his way to Turin. Poor man, he has been stopped here for two days by the storm, as he travels on foot."

"And what may be the reverend father's name?" asked my companion.

"Fra Carlo Benevoluto," replied the other.

"Ah! that is a distinguished name. I think I have met with some padres of the name."

"Very likely," said the innkeeper. "There are others of the family in high orders: he had a brother killed at the battle of Marengo, as he went to administer the consolations of religion to some dying soldiers. They are a devout family."

"Ha! is Padre Carlo gone to bed? Perhaps he would do us the honor to drink wine with us."

The host replied, that he had retired to say his prayers and count his rosary, which he did several times a day, holy man! but he might not yet be gone to sleep.

Presently, the padre made his appearance, with an air of meek devotion, crossed himself, and blessed us in the name of the holy Virgin and his patron saint Carlo. The captain gave him one searching glance, so piercing as almost to discompose him; but it passed over, and we entered into friendly conversation. A couple of bottles with facetious talk warmed us thoroughly, and we proposed retiring to rest. The captain was shown into a bed-chamber which he did not at all fancy. We had before conversed about the Italian inns, and he had cautioned me always to lock and barricade the door at night. Now, he was himself put into a room which had three doors besides the one by which we entered from the stair, and none of them could be locked, as the chamber was a perfect thoroughfare. He looked much discomposed, and asked which of the rooms I was to occupy. The landlord apologized for taking me a little way off, as the neighboring beds were already occupied, and it was too late to make alterations. One of the adjoining rooms was taken by the priest; another belonged to himself, and his wife was in bed; and the other door led to a passage and small apartment to which his daughter and maid servant had gone, giving up their beds to the company. I was then conducted to a room on the other side of the padre's, but had scarcely got into bed, when the captain came in, bringing his little portmanteau and candle. He broke out into a furious invective against the vermin which were in his bed, which would render it impossible for him to sleep there. As this misfortune was no uncommon thing in these countries, it excited in me no surprise save that an old soldier should be daunted by such diminutive enemies. Upon my instantly offering to resign my couch, and try if I could not sleep among those Liliputian marauders, he imperatively declined, and said that he would repose in a chair beside me. He then examined the door, and found that it had no fastening, and as it opened into the padre's chamber, it could not be barricaded on our side. He was terribly disconcerted, and walked about in considerable emotion; then setting the lighted candle on a marble commode near the door, he seated himself near me and beside a table, on which he placed two loaded pistols and a carbine, which he examined and cocked, and laid my sword upon my bed.

A number of curious thoughts passed through my brain, tickled with the idea of a hero of many fights being dislodged from his encampment by a few insects; and my imagination suggested a glowing picture of this wonderful campaign, which would form the subject of an excellent farce. And then his timidity—to be afraid of a lonely landlord, with three women and a holy priest! He would make another Don Quixote fighting with a windmill or a flock of sheep. I so relished the thought and the sight, that I was unwilling to yield to Morpheus, whose magic influence had become heavy; but was beginning to doze, when I thought I heard the creaking of the door, and looking through the curtain, I saw, or dreamed I saw, a faint shadow dimly reflected upon the wall. Turning to the captain, I perceived him eying the door, with a pistol grasped in his hand, which he was just raising, when the door quietly closed, and all was silent. About an hour afterward, the same was repeated, and sleep vanished from my eyes. I dared not speak to the captain, who did not close his eyes for an instant, but kept them fixed with sentinel keenness upon the door, and his hand upon a pistol. He called us early, ordered horses to be put to the carriage, and told Giuseppe to make coffee in the mode he liked it. Giuseppe looked in an inquiring way, caught his eye, and immediately obeyed.

The padre joined us, and very meekly asked permission to occupy a seat in our calèche, which, to my surprise, was courteously granted, and he was invited to partake of our early repast. The captain kept him in constant conversation, and although he changed his seat once or twice, always managed to rise for something and sit opposite to him, and never to be beyond reach of his pistols. I was confounded, for they seemed to be playing a game at movements. At length the word was given, "Let us go!" and I was curious to see how the game would now be played, especially as some additional pieces had appeared on the board, in the shape of the landlord's wife, daughter, and chamber-maid, all big buxom dames, whose tall figures I much admired, but of whom my companion seemed as suspicious as of the holy father. He passed no compliments, and appeared much chagrined. Yet he managed matters most adroitly, his object, as I thought, being to let nobody walk behind us. "Signor, run and tell the postillion to mount the white

horse, for the black one sometimes kicks. Signore, please take these cloaks, and spread them on the seats of the carriage. Girl, take the candle. Father Benevoluto, be kind enough to take charge of this bottle of eau-de-vie, and put it into the far pocket of the carriage. Giuseppe, bring this portmanteau. Andiamo!" said he, pushing all of us before him as he followed with his firearms. In a trice we were at the carriage-door. "Father, don't get out again; pray be seated. O signor, pray hold that black horse! Up, Giuseppe, and keep this carbine in your hand, and look about you for robbers. It is a bad road. Ladies, addio! Va!"

We were off before we knew where we were, and the captain urged the postillion forward; but we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he called out to stop; and in a hurried tone, addressing Fra Carlo, said: "Pardon me, Father Benevoluto; I have left some papers of importance on my bed—do, pray, go and fetch them: we await your return;" and without stopping for his reply, opened the door and helped him to descend. I was just beginning to offer my own services, when a grinding oath, half emitted, silenced me. "Good father, do be quick; for I can trust nobody with those papers on this vile road but yourself: no thief would rob a priest." It was impossible to refuse; and Fra Carlo set off at greater speed than I had deemed him capable of using. When he was out of sight, my companion ordered the postillion to drive on quickly. He replied that we were to wait for the padre; but the captain thundered out: "Hark you! make no noise with your whip, but spur your horses to a gallop, and keep them galloping till I bid you go slower. The moment you stop or crack your whip, I shall send a bullet through your head. Va!" Off we went, slap-dash; how long I know not, for I was overwhelmed with surprise, afraid that the captain had become deranged, and that I might be the first victim of his violent temper. At length he called out: "Piano! piano!" and we instantly passed through St. Antonin, where we met a military patrol, to whom the captain showed his passport, and said that there were suspicious characters on the road between this and Le Mauvais Pas. The officer bowed low, and ordered his men to keep a sharp look-out. As we proceeded, he smiled and exclaimed: "Now we are safe and can take breath a little—thanks to the holy Virgin and all the guardian saints for our deliverance!" I ventured to say, that though some things did look rather suspicious in the inn, yet I could not fix upon any thing really villainous, and should not have imagined any harm, unless I had perceived him to be so much on his guard; that I did not much like the landlord, yet the women were handsome, and I was much pleased with Fra Carlo; but the priest and himself seemed to be playing a game at seats and places, and he had certainly checkmated him at last.

"Yes," said he; "it was a game for life. So Carlo Benevoluto has assumed the padre now! methinks he will not long wear the cowl. That man was in my regiment when I was with the Austrians, and he was condemned to death for theft and murder, but escaped through the artifices of his brother, a priest, who was shot at Marengo, as he deserved. He has forgotten me; but I well remember him, and that gash on his forehead, which I gave him when I cut him down, but missed splitting his skull. And yon bed—there has been foul play there. You are yet a young dog of war; but I can smell blood any where: I instantly smelled it, and traced it to the mattress, which I found all stained with gore. Had I fallen asleep, we should both have slept there our last sleep, as many, I fear, have done before; but we shall hear if Captain Bocci, who passed last week has arrived safely; if not, they shall all be broken on the wheel. Those handsome women! I will wager a thousand scudi they were men in disguise: I never saw such women in Italy before. In such times as these, young man, you must be always watching, if you value your life and love Mademoiselle Fouchette; and remember that walls have ears, and eyes too." I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night. "A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Carlo, and such shadows play with stilettoes: I saw one when his cloak was off as I passed through his room to come to you. Ghosts do not flinch from a leveled pistol as he did."

At this moment the Frenchman bade me look, for we were approaching the dreadful spot. There, indeed, stood two ruinous houses, forming a large mass of building, with small grated windows and a high court, all shut up, and going to decay. He looked and shrugged his shoulders, and continued: "The cursed bandits! they met with a deserved fate. The manner of their capture I have heard only by report, for we returned to France by another route. One evening, at dusk, two horsemen rode up to the inn; but when the large gate was opened, one of the beasts became frisky, and refused to enter. This frightened the other, and they capered about to the great discomfort of the landlord and his people, who could not come into the gateway or shut the door because of their antics. As they were becoming more quiet, a posse of gendarmerie dashed in and took possession of the premises. A search was instituted, and the remains of 200 or 300 human bodies were found in the grounds, besides a great deal of concealed plunder. I need scarcely say that Italian justice did dreadful work with the murderers; and the inn has been shut up ever since. No one will venture into it—it is haunted; but the Mauvais Pas is still a dangerous place for lone travelers." A carbinier at this moment rode up, and asked our party if we had seen any person on the road, for a robbery had been committed a few days ago in that place.

PHARISEES AND SINNERS.

HE was the saint of the family, and the model man of the neighborhood. There was not a charity that he did not subscribe to, not a deputation that he did not entertain—and they were

hungry fellows generally, who knew the comforting virtues of his choice Madeira—he founded Sunday-schools and Chapels-of-Ease as other men would build barns, and he was the public purse of all the ten parishes round. The poor called him a real gentleman, and the ungodly a fine fellow; while the elect looked solemn, and spoke of "that pious man, Jacob Everett;" through their noses for the most part. No one had an ill word for him; excepting the landlord of the Grapes, who declared, with a mighty oath, that he was the "pest of the place, and would ruin all Green Grove if he was left to do as he liked." Notwithstanding this Bacchic judgment, Jacob Everett was a good man; weak, perhaps, but lovable in his very weakness; sincere, gentle, generous, merciful; puritanical in principle, but—as his younger brother, the archdeacon, once said in full vestry, when Jacob opposed him about the penance of Hannah Brown—"sadly latitudinarian in practice." Jacob, however, who loved mercy and hated condemnation, went on his own way, opening a wide door of forgiveness to all sinners; closing to a narrow chink the yawning gates of destruction which his brother swung back wide enough for all mankind; saving the small band of the elect to which he and his belonged.

The family was proud of Jacob. He was an old bachelor and rich; and the Everetts—albeit of the rigidest—liked wealth and honored pedigrees. They were grand people, who practiced humility in coaches, and self-abasement in velvet; who denounced the lusts of the flesh at state dinner-parties, over champagne and pine-apples; but who believed that eternal punishment was the doom of all who entered a theatre or a ball-room. They went to morning concerts of serious music, and patronized oratorios. They thought it sinful to be in love, and called it making idols—so they married their children comfortably among godly families with money, and told them that esteem was better than romance. Miss Tabitha Everett was once suspected of a tender partiality for young Mr. Aldridge of Aldridge Park; but the family hushed it up as a scandal, for unconverted Mr. Aldridge kept a pack of hounds. Afterward, they married her to the Rector of Green Grove, the Honorable and Reverend Humdrummle Hibbert, eldest son of the Dean, and heir to an unapostolic fortune. The Everetts were exceedingly undemonstrative. Miss Tabitha accepted her husband, and, concealing her feelings, made a very good wife. For marriage was not their forte. Not an Everett was ever known to stoop down to kiss a husband's forehead as he sat before the fire reading; not an Everett was ever known to talk nonsense in the nursery—neither to ride a-cock-horse, nor to bewail the fate of Humpty Dumpty, neither to rock-a-by-baby on a tree top, nor to perform a monody in A minor, all about "Kiddlie, Coosie, Coosie, Coo"—a song I once heard from a dear young mother, and which I thought the most beautiful of songs. The Everetts were not given to any such follies; excepting Jacob, who loved children as they would be loved, and who used to play at bo-peep with the cottagers' babies.

Some years ago—just at the time when pretty Anna Fay, the Sunday-school mistress, so suddenly left Green Grove—a strange alteration took place in Jacob Everett. His cheerfulness, which had been his strongest characteristic, was exchanged for the most painful depression. He talked frequently of his sins, and gave more liberally than ever to missions and charities. His friends could not understand this depression; which, at last, became habitual. He gave them no clew to it; but, with scarcely a day's warning, he left home to travel in the south of Europe. He had been looking ill, and more than ever harassed of late; and every one said it was the best thing he could do, great as would be every body's loss. His sister Tabitha alone objected, on the score of the Jesuits. However, Jacob went; discharging all his servants, and shutting up the beautiful old Hall. To the infinite surprise of every body, he openly and unblushingly took from the neighboring village a certain Betty Thorne, a fine, handsome, Roman-looking woman, a farmer's sister, aged about forty. And Betty Thorne traveled with him in his own carriage.

Five years passed away, and Jacob's letters became rarer and more rare. He wrote ever in the same depressed condition of mind; spoke often of "Good Betty Thorne, who had been such a blessed comfort to him," and hinted vaguely at some unforgiven sin. Then for two years more no letters came, even in answer to business inquiries; and all trace of the traveler was lost. His very bankers did not know his address, and "Sardinia" left wide margins. Mrs. Hibbert one day grew quite warm when she spoke of his neglect with Paul and Jessie, her two children; almost agreeing that Paul, poor child—who, by the way, was three-and-twenty, destined for the church, but preferring the army, and so making a compromise by studying for the bar—that Paul should go to Italy in search of his Uncle Jacob. But the Jesuits and the Signoras frightened her. And while their deliberations went on, a letter came to Mrs. Hibbert sealed with black and written with copper-colored ink; which letter was from Betty Thorne, telling her "that her honored master had gone to rest the seventh of this September last past, and that the letter would tell her gracious madam all about it."

The letter inclosed was from Jacob Everett himself, revealing the mystery of his life.

Oh, Anna Fay! with your nut-brown hair and quaker-eyes, and dove-like ways, who would have believed that you, so good and so demure, with Jacob, the best man of Green Grove, would have given such a hostage as that round, red, laughing, loving little being—that floweret plucked in a forbidden forest; that unauthorized, unsanctioned, unlawful little liege—Estella, "star of your mourning!" God forgive you both. You sinned, and you suffered; you fell, and you repented; perhaps your burning tears and your prayers of penitence and grief may have effaced the dark record in the Great Book above. You are both cold in your tombs now—Heaven's mercy rest on

you, and Heaven's angels restore you! There are enough in this hard world to cast stones at you both; for us, we will but water the flowers on your graves, and pluck up the weeds, and place a head-stone where ye lie, with "There is joy among the angels of God over the sinner that repenteth," engraven thereupon.

In this letter to his sister, Jacob made a full confession; telling her that, shocked and terrified at his crime, he had sent away Anna Fay, who refused to marry him as he wished, and how she had lived in Italy ever since—he, Jacob, feeling that entire separation, though they loved each other well, was the only reparation they could make to Heaven; and how, five years ago, she had died, leaving their child without a friend or protector in the world. How he had then gone over with Betty Thorne, to whom he had confided his secret, to guard and educate his girl; which he had done carefully. He then ended by appointing Tabitha guardian and sole trustee of his daughter, now seventeen years of age; for, to his child he left all his property, excepting a generous donation to Betty Thorne. He further said that a bequest made so solemnly as this of his orphan child on his deathbed, would, he was sure, be regarded as sacred; and that Estella would be nurtured carefully for his sake. All his usual subscriptions, and a certain yearly allowance, of which we shall have to speak presently, were to be continued until Estella would be of age, when she would consult her father's memory and her own feelings only.

It took but little time for Mrs. Hibbert to reflect on her course of action. Paul and Jessie, impulsive as all young people are, pleaded instant adoption of the child, and of Betty Thorne, too; but Tabitha Hibbert, wounded in her family pride, in her religious conscience, and in her worldly ambition, turned coldly to her children, saying, "The girl who has robbed you and your cousins of your rightful inheritance; who is a stain on an unspotted name, and who damages our religious character forever, shall never darken my threshold. I refuse to act as guardian or trustee. Entreaty is useless, Jessie! I am a Christian woman and a mother, and I understand my duties."

So Betty Thorne was written to, and "all recognition of that unhappy girl" distinctly declined; coupled with a severe warning, which sounded very like a threat, to "sell the Hall when she came of age, and never dare to intrude herself among the members of a family which disowned her as a disgrace." After Mrs. Hibbert had written this letter, she read, as was her daily wont, the lesson of the day. It chanced to be the history of the Magdalene, her sins, and her pardon. But she made no comment, though Paul and Jessie looked at each other—the girl's pale eyes full of tears, and the youth's cheek crimson.

Months and years rolled by; and Jacob's name was never mentioned, neither was his sin, neither were his good works. The beautiful old Hall was still shut up, until Estella should be of age, and the donations and subscriptions were punctually remitted; Betty Thorne writing all the letters in the name of Master's Heiress.

There was a certain yearly allowance made by Jacob to a certain widow with five children—a Mrs. Malahide, relict of Captain Malahide, of the Fourth Engineers. She was an Everett—Miss Grace Everett—who had eloped one day with a scampish young officer with nothing but his pay, and who had consequently been disinherited by her father. She was the youngest, and had been the darling; but she had lost herself now, they said; and so, though not wholly dead to, she was partially excommunicate by, the family. Jacob, as head of the house since his father's death, had always given Mrs. Malahide an allowance, with the consent of Mrs. Hibbert and the archdeacon; to whom it was a matter of pride rather than of love that an Everett should not starve. But for themselves—Grace had married a poor man and an unconverted one, and what claim had she, therefore, on them? So, the archdeacon drove his prancing bays, and Mrs. Hibbert bought her Lyons velvets, and they both said that Mrs. Malahide was only too fortunate in having such a devoted brother as Jacob, and that her sins had merited her sufferings. This was the allowance which Jacob had desired in his will should be continued until Estella was of age, but which then she was free to discontinue or keep up, as she liked.

Mrs. Hibbert had not remembered this clause when she refused to accept the trust confided to her. Perhaps if she had, she would have acted differently, from family interests. For the Everetts dare not, for the sake of the world's opinion, wholly desert a sister of their house; and if Jacob's five hundred a year were withdrawn, they must either support Grace themselves, or suffer an additional family degradation in her poverty. Neither of which alternatives pleased them. However, the matter as yet was in abeyance; but soon to be settled; for the year wanted only six or seven months of completion which would see Estella of age, mistress of the Hall, and of her father's wealth. And Mrs. Hibbert groaned, and the archdeacon shook his stick, and something very like an anathema flew across the seas to rest on the bright head of the young girl sitting in the balcony overlooking the Grand Canal at Venice, thinking of the mother she had loved, and of the father she had lost.

This young girl, leading the secluded life of a foreign damsel; seeing no one but her faithful English nurse and the various mistresses of such accomplishments as her father had desired her to learn, and her own artistic taste had directed her to; living in a world of poetry of her own creation, her full heart yearning for love, and sympathy, and companionship; her imagination filled with great visions of her mother's home, of that large, strong England, whose voice sounded through the whole world, and whose sons held sway in every quarter of the globe; this young girl stored up large treasuries of poetry and affection, all the purer because of their depth, all the more enduring because of their unuse.

Mrs. Malahide lived at Brighton, in a pretty little house on the sea-shore, occupying herself with the education of her four daughters—her only son was at Cambridge—in quite a natural and un-Everett fashion. Not that she was wholly natural, either; for inherited reserve and early education were too strong to be set aside, even by the freer life she had led since her marriage. There were still traces of Green Grove in the precise slow manner in which she spoke, and in the stiff hand held out like a cleft bar of iron, which formed the chief characteristics of the Everett world. But she was a good creature at heart, and had been softened, first by love and then by sorrow, into more real amiability than her rigid manners would give one to believe.

It was to Mrs. Malahide that all Estella's feelings turned. She knew the secret of her birth, poor child; and though too ignorant of the world to understand it in all its social bearing, yet she was aware that a stain of some kind rested on her, which made her grateful for any love as for an act of condescension. She knew that her father's family had disowned her, and that the very woman who had lived on her father's bounty, and who now expected to live on hers, had written in a letter to her lawyers, thus: "No one can feel more strongly than I the sin and the shame which the existence of Miss Fay's daughter entails on our family; still, for the sake of my children, I trust that she may continue the allowance made to me by my brother in reparation of my father's injustice, and that, in so doing, she will not feel she is conferring a benefit, but simply doing her duty, in repairing, so far as she can, the wrong which her birth has done to us all."

But, although Estella knew that these were the proud and hostile feelings with which the whole Everett world regarded her, yet, as she used to say to herself, whom else had she to love? —whom else to benefit? Her father had left her his fortune and his name; she must see the old Hall at Green Grove; she must some day go down there as mistress, sole and unaccountable, of all the farms and lands around; and, do what they would, they could not keep it secret from the world that Jacob Everett had left his property and his name to the child of his unmarried wife. She pitied them; she would have pitied them more had she understood the matter more; but she knew of nothing better to do than to win their love and conquer their esteem, and so make them forgive her for her unintentional wrong toward them.

She, therefore, determined to go to Brighton, where she knew Mrs. Malahide resided; to find some means of introduction to her; and, she said, looking on to the waters of the Adriatic, force her aunt to respect, to love, and in the end to acknowledge her. The scheme was romantic enough; but it did not promise badly. Estella and Betty Thorne left beautiful Italy, and went, in the dull autumn months, to Brighton.

It took a little time before she and her faithful nurse settled themselves, and then a little time longer before she discovered Mrs. Malahide's address. Then she had to make her plans and determine on her point of attack; for a thing of such gravity, she thought, was not to be done in a hurry. She felt frightened now, that the time had really come when she was to see and be seen by her father's family, and she almost wished she had remained in Italy. She felt strange too in England. Every thing was cold and formal. The language sounded harsh, spoken all round her with gruff, rough voices and ungrateful accents; the houses looked small and mean after the glorious marble palaces of Italy; and the people were strangely dressed in shabby finery—dirty bonnets in place of the white vail of Genoa, the simple flower of the Mediterranean coast, and the picturesque head-dresses of Italy; trailing gowns, with flounces dragging in the mud, worn by women who, in her own country, would have been dressed in peasant's costume, graceful and distinctive—all was so strange that Estella felt lost and miserable, and wished herself back among the orange trees again, far away from a land with which she had not learned to be familiar in its familiar features, and whose industrial grandeur seemed to diminish as she approached it. For, ideal admiration does not go very far in daily life.

At last, Estella took heart and courage, and one day boldly went to Mrs. Malahide's house. She knocked at the door, which a prim, neat-looking servant girl opened. To her inquiry if "Mrs. Malahide was in her own house"—for Estella did not speak English with a perfect knowledge of its idioms—the servant, with a broad stare, said "yes," a vague belief that she was somebody very improper crossing her brain.

Estella was ushered into a prim room, with the chairs, and the sofa, and the curtains, done up in brown holland; no fire in the grate, and girl's work all about—Berlin worsted mats netted, knitted and crocheted, and embroidered blotting-books of faded colored flowers, and other things of the same kind, all very stiff and formal, and with no evidence of life or artistic taste among them. Estella's heart sank when she looked round this cold lifeless room, so different to the Italian homes of pictures, and birds, and living gems of art; but she resolved to bear up against the chilling influences pressing on her, and to be brave and constant to herself; no little merit in a girl brought up in Italy, where but little of the moral steadfastness of life is braided in with its poetry. In a short while a lady entered, dressed in deep mourning, her face fixed into a mask of severe grief, but still with a certain womanly tenderness lurking behind, like the light through a darkened window. She bowed; looking suspicious and a little stern, standing erect by the door.

"You do not know me, Madam?" said Estella, her soft voice, with its pretty foreign accent, trembling.

"I do not," answered Mrs. Malahide, coldly.

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "And I am afraid I shall not be welcome when you do know me," she said timidly. "I am Estella Everett."

Mrs. Malahide started. "Impudent! forward! presumptuous! here in my very house!" she

thought this, strongly agitated, and moved to the fire-place, to ring the bell.

Estella went nearer to her, and laid her hand on her arm. "Do not send me away without hearing me," she said plaintively; "for, indeed, I have only come in kindliness and love."

Her pure young voice touched the woman's heart in spite of herself. She dropped the hand outstretched, and, pointing to a chair, said, "What is it you have to say?" in a voice still cold, yet with a shade less sharpness in it.

"I have come to you, Madam," began Estella, "that I might see some one who knew my father, and some one that he loved and belonged to. I am very lonely, now that he has gone, with all of you disowning me; but I thought that you, who had seen more sorrow than the others, would have more sympathy with me than they; for sorrow brings hearts very near! And so, Aunt Grace, I came to Brighton from Venice on purpose to see you and the children, that I might make you love and adopt me among you. And now," she added her full heart swelling with its old hope of love, "you will not turn me away from your heart? You will not forbid my cousins to love me? If I have injured you by my birth—and, dear Aunt, it was not my own fault—I will make up for it in the best way I can, and prove to you my love for my father by loving you. I want some one to be kind to me, and some one, Aunt, that I can be kind to and love. I am rich, and I want some near one to share my riches, and not strangers; I want one of my own blood, one of my own kindred. I want you and your children, Aunt Grace, and you will give them to me!"

This simple, unworldly outpouring, softened Mrs. Malahide into almost a smile—a smile which, when just born around the corners of her mouth, Estella caught like a ray of light. Young and impulsive she ran up to her Aunt, and, flinging herself on her knees by her side, putting her arms round her, said, "You are going to love me, Aunt Grace? And you will let me love you and the children?" holding up her face to be kissed.

She looked so lovely, with her beautiful gray eyes which had their mother's depth, and softness, and lustre—with her bright brown hair braided off her low white brow—with her small red lips, like little rose-buds parted—her caressing ways, which had all the grace and warmth of Italy—her voice so soft and musical—that the frozen Everett soul was thawed in Mrs. Malahide, and the iron bond of reserve which had so long unnaturally held it prisoner, gave way. She laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, she looked her frankly in the eyes. Tears came into her own. She remembered the time when she was young and impulsive—when love formed her life too, and when loneliness and want of love were death. She stooped down, half unconsciously, and kissed the face upturning to hers, murmuring, "My poor desolate child!"

Estella felt as if a volume had been said between them—as if a life had been written in one motherly caress. She cried for joy—she sobbed—she kissed her Aunt's cold hands, called her *carissima* and *carina*, and poured out a flood of gratitude and love, half in Italian and half in bad English, sweeping away all power of resistance in the living force of her own tenderness. All was over. Little impulsive as was any true born Everett, there was that in Estella which no one could withstand—such depth, such gentleness, such fervor, such childish faith! And although she was by birth so highly objectionable, and albeit she had been brought up abroad, and was therefore only half an Englishwoman, the truth and trust of her nature were stronger than even Mrs. Malahide's prejudices; so, giving way for once to her own instincts, she folded the girl to her heart and kissed her again and blessed her.

Jessie Hibbert was delicate. She was ordered to the sea-side; and Brighton being convenient on many accounts, Mrs. Hibbert took her there, notwithstanding the presence of Mrs. Malahide, who was rather "cut" than sought after by the family. So, she packed up a carpet-bag full of tracts; and, it being Paul's vacation time, they all went down together—poor Jessie growing paler and paler every day. Mrs. Hibbert had heard nothing of Estella. The correspondence between her and her sister was too slight and formal to suffer them to enter into details; and when she arrived at Brighton with her daughter, and saw a tall, graceful, foreign-looking girl among the Malahide girls, teaching one Italian and another singing, showing the rules of perspective to a third, and explaining the meaning of architecture to a fourth, she neither asked her name nor dreamed of her condition; but treated her as the Hibbert world in England does treat governesses—with silence and contempt, passing her by as something too low to demand the rights of courtesy. Estella frightened at Mrs. Hibbert's iron severity, prayed that her real name might not be told—a prayer Mrs. Malahide was only too glad to comply with. Once, indeed, Mrs. Hibbert condescended to say, "You seem to have rather a superior kind of governess there, Mrs. Malahide," in an acid tone, that seemed to end the matter and ask no confirmation. So, Mrs. Malahide made no reply, and the matter was dropped.

Estella sat among the children like a young Madonna—with such a prodigality of generous giving—both of love and mental wealth, both of worldly gifts and intellectual advantages—she was so fond, so devoted, so happy in the joys of others, so penetrated with love—that even Mrs. Hibbert watched her with a strange kind of interest, as if a new experience were laid out before her. Jessie clung to Estella as to a sister, happy only in her society, and seeming to feel for the first time in her life what was the reality of affection; and Paul treated her now as a princess and now as a child, now with a tender reverence that was most beautiful and touching, and now with a certain manly petulance and tyranny. They both loved her with all their hearts, and were never happy away from her.

Jessie grew paler and paler every day; she was thin, and had a transparency in her flesh

painfully eloquent; her slight hands showed the daylight almost purely through, and her eyes were large and hollow—the white of them pearl-colored and clear. She complained little: suffering no pain, and dying away one scarcely knew why. There was a general look of fading, and a show of lassitude and weakness, as if the essence of her life were slowly evaporating; as if she were resolving back to the ethereal elements which had met together for a brief season in her. She was dying, she often said, from the desire to die; from the want of motive of life; she had nothing to live for.

Mrs. Hibbert nursed her daughter as any such woman would nurse a fading girl—with conscientiousness, but with hardness; doing her duty, but doing it without a shadow of tenderness. She had the best advice Brighton could afford, and she took care that the medicines were given at the exact hours prescribed, and without a fraction of difference in the mode prescribed. Fruit and good books were there in abundance; but all wanted the living spirit.

On Estella the weight of consolation fell, and no one could have fulfilled its duties better. It was the spring time now, and she would go out into the fields and lanes, and bring home large bunches of forget-me-nots, and primroses, and daisies, with sprays of the wild rose and of the honeysuckle; and she sang to the dying girl, and sometimes brought her sketching-book and sketched the costumes of Italy, the palaces of Genoa, and the glorious water-streets of Venice; and she would sit and talk to her of Italy, and tell her all that would most interest her, being most unlike the life of home. And she would tell her anecdotes of Italian history and wild stories of Italian romance; and then they would talk of graver things—of the poetry of the Old Church, of its power in the past, of its marvelous union of wickedness and virtue; and then they would speak of the angels and of God; and both felt that one of them would soon be face to face with the great mysteries of the future, and would soon know of what nature were the secrets of the world to come. And all of poetry, of warmth, of glorious vision, and high-souled thought—all of the golden atmosphere of religion, in which art and spiritual beauty, and spiritual purity, and poetry and love were twined as silver cords set round with pearls—all that lightened Jessie's death-bed, and seemed to give a voice to her own dumb thoughts, a form to her own unshaped feelings, Estella shed there.

It was impossible that even the Everett world could reject her forever. It was impossible that even Mrs. Hibbert could continue indifferent to the beautiful young woman who gave peace to her dying child; and though the fact of Miss Este, as she was called, being her disowned niece Estella, never struck her, something that was not all confessed admiration, but which afterward she believed to be natural instinct, drew her nearer and nearer to the girl, and made her at last love her with sincerity if not with warmth. And when Jessie grew paler and weaker hour by hour—when every one saw that she was dying, and that only a few days more stood like dusky spirits between her and the quiet future—when Estella's prayers were for peace: no longer for the restoration which had become a mockery—when sleepless eyes and haggard looks spoke of the shadow of the death that was striding on—then Jessie, taking Estella's hand and laying it in her mother's, said, "Mamma, you have another daughter now to fill my place! Estella, your niece and my sweet sister and consolation, will comfort you when I am gone, and will take the place in your heart where I have lived."

It was too solemn a moment, then, for Mrs. Hibbert to fall back into her old fortress of pride and hardness. By the side of her dying child, she became womanly and Christian; although, even then, the struggle was a hard one, and the effort cost her dear. She bent over Estella, kneeling there and weeping, and saying slowly and with a still gravity not wholly ungentle, "I accept the trust now, Estella, and forgive your father for the sin he committed and for the shame that he wrought. Your place shall be, as my dear child has said, in my heart; and we will mutually forgive, and pray to be forgiven."

Jessie smiled. "That is all I have hoped and prayed for," she said faintly; "be a mother to her as you have been to me, and let the future make up for the short-coming of the past!" And she turned her face toward the last rays of the sunlight streaming in through the open window.

A bird sang on a tree just opposite; the waves murmured pleasantly among the shells and sea-weed on the shore; the sun, sinking down in his golden sleep, flung one last stream of glory on the marble brow and long locks of the dying girl. It was a word of blessing for the past, and of baptism for the future. Jessie held her mother's hand in one of hers; the other clasped Paul's and Estella's held together. "Blessed by love," she murmured, "redeemed by love—O God, save those who trust in thee, and for thy sake pardon others—Thou, whose name and essence are love and mercy!"

THE MERCHANT OF BAGDAD.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdad, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and wealth. It was remarked, that when he was diligent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he hoarded it up; he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered the snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer; he per-

formed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the Prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object, not only of affection but of reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and, turning round with a look of suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation that he was removed to a magnificent building in the midst of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcomed to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked—his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy, and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience:

"To Him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the most Merciful, be everlasting honor. He has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my harem, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandise, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the Angel of Death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The Gate of Paradise was now in sight, and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was passed; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the Radiance that flamed before me:—'Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by *love of God;* neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by *love of man:* for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee thou hast, indeed, beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of heaven? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thy heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron; thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone! From the light of heaven and from the society of all beings thou shalt be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hour of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.' At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of Creation, and passed innumerable worlds in an instant. As I approached the verge of Nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me—a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness. Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire,—'O that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! There society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire would not have excluded the comfort of light. Oh, if I had been condemned to reside on a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life, the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time!' While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the habitable world. I reflected, with intolerable anguish, that when 10,000 years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succor and without society, further and further still, for ever and for ever. I then stretched out my hands toward the regions of existence, with an emotion that awakened me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness I feel to those from

whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Afric or the gems of Golconda."

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in an ecstasy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the Caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE principal topic of debate in Congress during the past month has been the bill for the organization of the Territory of Nebraska, reported on the 4th of January in the Senate, by Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Territories. On the 23d, Mr. Douglas reported a substitute for the bill, providing for the establishment of two territories, one to be called Nebraska and the other Kansas, and extending over both the Constitution, and all laws of the United States, except the eighth section of the act for the admission of Missouri into the Union, passed in 1820, which section is declared to have been "superseded by the principles of the legislation of 1850, commonly called the Compromise Measures, and is declared inoperative." On the same day Mr. Dixon, of Kentucky, who had previously moved an amendment repealing the Missouri Compromise in terms, withdrew it, saying that he was satisfied with the bill as modified by the Committee. He said that he had never approved of the Missouri Compromise, nor did he believe that it was approved by Mr. Clay, who advocated and secured its adoption. Mr. Douglas said that the object of the bill, as amended, was, not to introduce or to exclude slavery, but to remove whatever obstacles Congress had placed in the way of it, and to apply to the territories the doctrine of non-intervention. Mr. Douglas, on the 31st, spoke at some length in vindication of the principles of the bill; and on the 3d of February Mr. Chase, of Ohio, spoke in reply—insisting that the repeal of the Compromise of 1820 would be a violation of the good faith by which the North and South had pledged themselves to abide by that act, as an adjustment of the controversy to which it put an end. On the 4th, Mr. Dixon, of Ky., spoke in defense of the bill, urging that Southern slaveholders ought to be permitted to emigrate to the new territory with their property, and that the Missouri act, the operation of which would be to forbid them, was unconstitutional. He went on to show the importance of slavery to the various interests of the United States, particularly to manufactures, which, he said, could not exist without it. On the 6th, Mr. Wade, of Ohio, spoke in opposition to the bill, mainly in reprobation of slavery, and of any attempt to extend it into territory now free. Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, replied. On the 7th, Mr. Douglas moved a still further amendment, striking out the amendment he had reported on the 23d, and inserting instead of it a clause declaring that the Missouri Compromise act being "inconsistent with the principles of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the States and Territories as recognized by the legislation of 1850, commonly called the Compromise Measures, is hereby declared inoperative and void, it being the true intent and meaning of this act, not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the constitution of the United States." On the 8th, Mr. Everett, of Mass., spoke in opposition to the bill. The condition of the territory over which this bill proposed to extend a government, he said, was now wild and barren; but it would, before many years, become the seat of a large, enterprising, and industrious population; still he doubted the necessity of organizing for it a full territorial government at the present time. At the highest estimate, there are not now over six hundred inhabitants in the whole region of which it is proposed to constitute two States, and the whole number of votes cast on the recent election of a delegate to Congress did not exceed two hundred. As this objection, however, was simply a question of time, he did not know that it would of itself induce him to vote against the bill. Its effect upon the rights of the Indians was a more important matter. He thought the government ought not to drive them from the grounds they now occupied without treating them with the utmost liberality; and whether the bill did this or not he could not say. He objected also to the proposed repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and denied that it was in any respect inconsistent with the provisions or principles of the Compromise of 1850. That Compromise referred exclusively to the territories of New Mexico and Utah, and established no principles applicable to any others. It was so understood by all its friends at the time—by Mr. Webster and by all at the North who with him gave it their support. He declared his approval of the legislation of 1850 upon this subject, but denied that it involved, or required, the repeal of the previous legislation concerning other territory. He regretted the introduction of the bill, because it could do no good, and would renew the agitation and controversy on the subject of slavery. On the 19th, Mr. Smith, of Connecticut, commenced a speech which he concluded on the 10th, warmly opposing the passage of the bill, mainly on the ground that the population and character of the territory did not require an organized government, and that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise would be a breach of faith on the part of the Southern States. The debate was still in progress, and no action had been taken at the time of closing this record.——On the 23d of January a discussion of some interest took place on a resolution offered by Senator Cass, calling on the President for copies of correspondence showing the official character and position of Archbishop Bedini, generally understood to be Nuncio from the Pope, whose visit to some of the Western

cities had been the occasion of popular tumults, growing out of his alleged connection with the execution of distinguished champions of Italian independence during the Revolution of 1848. Several of the Senators spoke warmly in condemnation of all personal assaults upon a foreign visitor, and in vindication of the right of peaceable assemblages, and of the free expression of popular opinion. The President, a few days after, sent in a communication from the Secretary of State, covering the correspondence called for. The Pope, under date of March 31, 1853, wrote to the President, stating that Monsignor Bedini had been accredited Nuncio of the Apostolic See in Brazil, and that he had been directed to visit the United States, to express to the President, in the warmest language, the sentiments entertained toward him by the Pope. He further certified to the sterling qualities of mind and heart for which M. Bedini was distinguished, and earnestly entreated the President to extend his protection to the Catholics inhabiting the United States, and to shield them at all times with his power and authority. On the same day Cardinal Antonelli wrote to the Secretary of State, begging him to receive the Apostolic Nuncio with kindness, and to extend to him whatever assistance he might need. On the 7th of December Mr. Cass, U. S. Chargé at Rome, wrote to Mr. Marcy, informing him of an interview he had had with the Cardinal Secretary of State, and of the evident desire entertained by the Papal government to cultivate friendly relations with the United States.——The Committee to which had been referred the subject of expressing the public thanks to the officers and others engaged in rescuing the survivors of the San Francisco, submitted a report, rehearsing the circumstances of the case, and recommending the passage of a resolution, requesting the President to procure three valuable gold medals, with suitable devices—one to be presented to Captain Creighton, of the ship Three Bells, of Glasgow; one to Captain Low, of the barque Kilby, of Boston; and one to Captain Stouffer, of the ship Antarctic, as testimonials of national gratitude for their gallant conduct in rescuing about five hundred Americans from the wreck of the steamship San Francisco; and appropriating $100,000 to reward, in such manner as he might deem most appropriate, the officers and crews of those vessels that aided in the rescue of the survivors of said wreck, and such other persons as distinguished themselves by offices of humanity and heroism on that occasion. The resolutions were adopted.—— In the House of Representatives, on the 31st of January, Mr. Richardson, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for organizing the territories of Nebraska and Kansas, similar to the one pending in the Senate. After a confused debate, it was referred to the Committee of the Whole.——On the 3d of February a communication was received from the President, in reply to a resolution, containing information concerning the claim made by one Simon Taussig upon the American Chargé at Vienna for protection, as he had been arrested by the Austrian government while in that country temporarily on business. It seems that he was an Austrian by birth, and that although he had lived for some years in the United States, he had never been naturalized. As he had voluntarily placed himself within the jurisdiction of Austria, the President says he can not interfere to relieve him from responsibility to Austrian law for acts done in violation of it.

The anniversary meeting of the Colonization Society was held at Washington on the 17th of January. The receipts of the year have been $82,454; the expenditures have been still larger, so that the Society is now upward of $20,000 in debt. The number of emigrants sent to Liberia during the year was 783. The history of the colony at Liberia during the year has been highly encouraging: peace with the natives has been maintained, schools have been established, and the commerce of the republic has steadily increased. England has established a line of steamers to trade between her ports and the western coast of Africa, so that Liberia has a steamer from England twice a month. The independence of Liberia has been acknowledged by England, France, Prussia, Belgium, and Brazil. The report of the Society earnestly urges the recognition of the new republic by the government of the United States. The President of the Society, John H. B. Latrobe, Esq., delivered a very interesting address on the progress and aims of the Society, and especially on the liberal policy adopted by England in contrast with that hitherto pursued by the United States. Judge Wayne, of the United States Supreme Court, also made some remarks, designed chiefly to show that Congress, under the Constitution, had full power to appropriate money to aid in colonizing free blacks to Liberia.

The Russian Minister at Washington, M. de Bodisco, died at his residence in Georgetown on the 23d of January, having filled the post of Russian Envoy in the United States for about seventeen years. He was in Vienna in 1814, during the famous Congress which settled the affairs of the Continent, and was afterward Chargé d'Affaires at Stockholm.

It is understood that the project of a treaty concluded with Mexico by General Gadsden, our Minister, has been sent in to the Senate for confirmation. The provisions of this treaty have not yet been officially made known, but it is said that Santa Anna abandons all claim to indemnity under that article of the treaty of Guadaloupe which requires us to prevent Indian incursions upon Mexican territory; that he yields the Mesilla Valley, and cedes to us in addition, for the sum of twenty millions of dollars, an immense region, embracing part of Chihuahua and about one third of Sonora, including the gold region, and covering in all about thirty-nine millions of acres. This cession embraces also the route for the Pacific railway running through the valley of the Gila. Of the twenty millions to be paid by us for this accession of territory, we are to reserve five millions to extinguish all claims of our citizens on the Mexican government.——In several of the State Legislatures, Ohio, New York, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island being of the number, resolutions have been adopted protesting in strong terms against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, as proposed in the bill for the organization of Nebraska, pending in the Senate.——A bill has been reported in the Pennsylvania Legislature providing for the sale of the public works of that State for a sum not less than twenty millions of dollars. The following are the prices named for the respective works: for the Delaware division of the Pennsylvania Canal $2,500,000;—for the main line from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh $12,000,000;—for the Susquehanna and North Branch division $5,000,000;—for the West Branch $500,000.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 15th of January. The Legislature assembled on the 3d, and the Governor's message was sent in on the next day. The news of most interest relates to

the movements of the expedition against Lower California. The accounts are somewhat confused, but they leave no room to doubt that the invaders had succeeded in maintaining their position at Encinada. The *Anita* steamer from San Francisco arrived on the 20th of November, with two hundred and thirty recruits, a part of whom proceeded on the next day and took possession of San Tomas. President Walker still remained at Encinada—no enemy having appeared to contest his supremacy. Various reports of desperate engagements are given in the California papers, but on examining them closely, they are simply rehearsals with variations of the events which took place on the first landing of the invading force. President Walker, on the 24th of December, issued a proclamation to the people of Lower California, declaring that the object of the new government was to relieve them from the manifold evils they had suffered under Mexican rule, and to extend to them full protection for life and property. He promises to repress crime, to encourage industry, to insure them the enjoyment of religious worship, and to do every thing in his power for the promotion of their welfare. Colonel Nequete, a Mexican officer who had been driven out of Lower California, had gone to San Francisco to oppose the fitting out of any more expeditions. The tide of public feeling has turned, and there is but little disposition to favor the invasion. In Stockton, the leaders of a movement to send re-enforcements to Captain Walker were arrested by the police.——The farming interests of the State had suffered considerably from heavy rains, which had been proportionably serviceable to the mines.——The Governor's message reports the total State debt at $3,464,815. The estimated revenue of the year is $780,000; the expenditures $960,000.

From *New Mexico* we learn that the Legislature assembled at Santa Fé on the 5th of December. The message of Governor Merriwether recommends to their attention the subjects of taxation for revenue purposes, of a criminal code, the selection of funds, the creation of a Board of Land Commissioners to adjust and determine titles, a geological survey of the territory, appropriations for the construction and improvement of roads, and of the location of the Pacific Railroad.——In the United States District Court of the Southern District of the Territory, the presiding judge charged the jury that they were to consider the Mesilla Valley as belonging to the United States.——The silver mines near Las Cruzes are attracting a good deal of attention.——The approach of winter has reduced the Indians to a condition of such extremity that they had been compelled to renew their depredations, in order to procure the means of escaping starvation.

From the *Sandwich Islands* our news is to December 24th. The new Commissioner from the United States, Mr. Gregg, arrived and was presented at court on the 22d. The small pox still prevails to some extent in the islands. Trade and business generally were unusually prosperous.

From the *Isthmus* we had intelligence of some interest concerning the steps taken to facilitate the transit. The Panama Railroad has been so far completed as to do away entirely with the navigation of the Cruzes River, which has always been the most difficult and dangerous part of the route. The trip from ocean to ocean can now be made in ten or twelve hours.——An exploration of the Isthmus of Darien, with a view to cutting a ship canal across it, has been made by a party under command of J. C. Prevost, Esq., commander of the British steamship Virago, in pursuance of orders from the commander of the British squadron in the Pacific. The party was twenty-three in number, and commenced on the Pacific side, traveling northward to reach the Atlantic. The first day they pushed in their boats some twenty miles up the Savana River; two miles further on the next day carried them as far as their boats could ascend. Then for ten days they prosecuted their journey overland, much of the time through a dense forest, which was a fine, fertile, well-watered, and nearly level plain, at no time rising over fifty feet above the level of the sea. On the eleventh day they came to a large river, and three miles farther they reached another, both flowing eastward. From one of the mountains in the neighborhood they saw the Atlantic, distant but five or six miles. Their provisions, however, being exhausted, one party was sent back to the boats, which were reached in two days, and by twenty-two miles traveling: another party was left on the spot, where they slept on the tenth night, to guard the supplies —while the commander and officers proceeded toward the Atlantic. The next day they struck a river which they were convinced would take them directly to the ocean; but being short of provisions, they returned. To their horror, they found that the party they had left on guard had been murdered and robbed by Indians, their mangled bodies being found near where they had slept on the ninth night of their journey. This hastened their return, and they reached the Virago in eighteen hours from the time they started. This exploration, believed to be the first ever made of the Isthmus, was conducted by Mr. William Kennish, of New York, who expresses no private opinion as to the feasibility of constructing a ship canal, but is believed to be favorable to it.

From the several States of SOUTH AMERICA our intelligence, though considerably later, has no special importance. From *Buenos Ayres* our dates are to December 27. No new political movements have taken place; the city continues quiet. From the *Chilian* provinces it was reported that Congress was busy framing administrative laws for the government of the country. The Committee appointed for the pacification of the Northern provinces had reached Santiago del Estero. A contract has been concluded with the government for a line of steamers between Chili and Great Britain *via* the Straits of Magellan. At Valparaiso trade was depressed. The country was quiet, and generally prosperous. In *Bolivia* internal tranquillity prevails, the government quietly awaiting the movements of Peru. In *Peru* an engagement is reported to have taken place on the 7th of January, at Ica, between the government forces and the troops of Domingo Elias, in which the latter were defeated. In *Ecuador* peace prevailed throughout the country, and the Government was giving special attention to internal reforms and improvements. A law had been passed declaring all the rivers which traverse the territories of that State, and fall into the Amazon, open to the free trade of all nations.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Public attention throughout England is mainly directed to the impending war with Russia. There seems to be a concurrence of opinion in all quarters that hostilities are inevitable, and vigorous preparations are on foot for such an emergency. Special attention is given by the government to the completion of the coast defenses. Rear Admiral Dundas, on the arrival of the frigate Thetis after a long

cruise, informed the crew that the country could not just now dispense with their services as it was on the eve of a war with Russia, and that they consequently would not be discharged at present. The British and French funds had fallen considerably in prospect of a war. Parliament had been summoned for the 31st of January. Public rumor has charged Prince Albert with undue interference in the politics of the country, and especially with insisting on being present at the meetings of the Privy Council, with opening and reading foreign dispatches before they reach the Foreign Secretary, and with carrying on private correspondence with British ministers at other Courts. These allegations, though unsupported by any published facts, have been widely circulated, and have created a general and bitter popular feeling against the Prince. The subject of public education is attracting general attention. At a conference of the Public School Association in Manchester, Messrs. Cobden and Bright recently made very able speeches in favor of establishing schools for secular education apart from religious instruction, as the only means of avoiding the difficulties arising out of sectarian differences. They both adduced the example of the United States as proving the utility of such a system, and the feasibility of carrying it into practical effect. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was inaugurated on the 18th of January into the office of President of the Associated Literary Societies of Edinburgh University, with highly imposing and largely attended public ceremonies. He delivered on the occasion a most eloquent and impressive address—of which the leading topics were the necessity of conscientious toil to excellence in any calling and the importance of classical learning. In closing he introduced an allusion to current politics by saying he felt sure the sons of Scotland were not the men who could contemplate with folded arms the return of the dark ages, and quietly render up the haven that commands Asia on the one side and threatens Europe on the other, to the barbaric ambition of some Alaric of the North. A great meeting in favor of Parliamentary Reform was held at Sheffield on the 17th of January.

THE CONTINENT.

In *France* the trial of the conspirators at the Opéra Comique and the Hippodrome against the life of the Emperor, has been concluded. Only four of the accused were acquitted: the remaining thirty-six were found guilty of belonging to a secret society. Five were convicted of having established it, and were sentenced to three years' imprisonment; the rest to one year's confinement. All are deprived of their civil rights for five years. Extensive naval preparations are going on in France. A levy of all the seamen of from twenty to forty years of age who have not passed through four years of service, has been ordered. Steam frigates are directed to be fitted out: the store-houses and arsenals are replenished: armaments are going on with unusual activity in all the French ports, and several new ships are to be launched. M. Armand Bertin, for many years editor of the *Débats*, died on the 12th. Mr. Mason, the newly appointed American minister, presented his credentials on the 22d. In his address, on the occasion, he assured the Emperor of the friendship of the United States, and of their wishes for his welfare, and said he was instructed constantly to give his attention to maintain and develop the interests and prosperity of both nations. He could not forget the aid extended by France to the United States during their war of independence, and would always strive to consolidate the bonds of reciprocal interest and durable peace.——In *Spain* a disruption of the ministry has taken place. Generals Manuel de la Concha and O'Donnel have been exiled to the Canary Islands, General Jose de la Concha to the Balearic Islands, and General Armero to Leon. Señor Zaragoza has been replaced as Governor of Madrid by M. Quito. Still more serious changes are believed to be impending.——The government of *Denmark* has issued a circular note declarative of neutrality, addressed to all the courts of Europe, and stating the position which the Danish government will endeavor to maintain during the European war which seems to be impending. The King states, that as he desires to preserve the good understanding which prevails at present between himself and all the courts of Europe, he thinks it proper to apprise them of his intentions. He had first arranged with the King of Sweden and Norway, that the two kingdoms might act in concert. The Danish government, during the war, would abstain from taking any part in it—admit the vessels of war and trading vessels of the belligerent powers into the harbors of the monarchy, except at Christiania—furnish them with whatever articles they might require, except contraband or war—and close their harbors against prizes, except in case of distress. Danish ships would expect every facility and security from the belligerent powers, on condition of observing the rules which regulate blockades.

EASTERN EUROPE.

The war between Russia and Turkey still continues, in spite of all the efforts of the Western Powers to end it, and the probability is greater than ever that it will involve the rest of Europe in its progress. The negotiations mentioned in our last have been more accurately made known, but they are not likely to prove successful. On the 12th of December the representatives of England, France, Austria, and Prussia, addressed a note to the Sultan, stating that they had reason to believe that the Emperor of Russia did not regard the thread of negotiations as broken by the war, and that he only desired to be assured of a perfect equality of rights and immunities guaranteed by the Sultan to his Christian subjects, and proposing a fresh negotiation to be based upon (1.) the most speedy evacuation possible of the Principalities: (2.) the renewal of ancient treaties: (3.) the communication to the Four Powers with suitable guarantees to each, of the firmans relative to the spiritual privileges secured by the Sublime Porte to all its subjects not Mussulmans: and (4.) the definite adoption of the arrangement already made to complete the agreement in regard to the Holy Places. The Porte was also to declare its readiness to appoint a plenipotentiary to establish an armistice, and to negotiate on this basis, with the concurrence of the powers in some neutral town, and to engage to develop more efficaciously the internal reforms required to satisfy the wants and just expectations of its subjects of all classes. On the 5th of January the Sultan replied to this note, saying that, as he waged war in self defense for the protection of the sacred rights and sovereignty of his dominions, and as there was nothing in the propositions of the allied powers to affect them, he had deemed it expedient to adopt them, in deference to the advice of his allies and as an evidence of his ardent desire to conform to their wishes. He declares his readiness to confirm to all his Christian subjects their rights and franchises, and to introduce into all departments of his government the

requisite reforms and ameliorations. Intelligence of the assent thus given created a popular commotion in Constantinople, where it was generally believed that an armistice had been agreed upon, and that conditions of peace had been accepted incompatible with the honor of the country. In order to quiet this disturbance the Sultan on the 22d issued a proclamation declaring that nothing had been done except to say, in reply to a question from the Four Powers, that a peace which should maintain the rights and territorial integrity of the Sublime Porte, for the present and the future, would not be rejected: and that so far from having agreed upon any peace, there was not even any talk of an armistice, and the state of war was still in permanence. On the 30th of December, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, addressed a circular note to the different French legations in Europe, intended to define the actual position of the controversy and the line of conduct which France and England would pursue. He states that if France had not been animated by a sincere desire for the preservation of peace, the mission of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople would have been immediately the object of a conflict. The affair of the sanctuaries of Jerusalem having been settled, the Czar next demanded additional guarantees for the maintenance of the privilege of the Greek Church, though it was not shown that they had been violated in any particular, and though the Porte solemnly confirmed them. The French government again interposed its friendly offices: and in the midst of these negotiations, the Russian armies crossed the Pruth, and invaded in full peace two provinces of the Turkish Empire. Although this act would have given the French and English squadrons a perfect right to enter the Black Sea, if they had chosen to do so, they preferred to regard this occupation of the Principalities as a pledge for the future, and to believe that the Russian government would not any where take the offensive in the conflict which it had thus commenced. The presence of the flag of the allied squadrons in the waters of Constantinople, it was thought, would be sufficient to attest their purpose to protect the capital from a sudden danger without running the risk of a provocation. It was supposed that this caution and reserve would be imitated by Russia, and that she would abstain from proceeding to measures of aggression in presence of the allied fleets. The affair of Sinope took place contrary to all these previsions, and modified the attitude which the allied powers desired to maintain. The accord recently effected at Vienna, between France, England, Austria and Prussia had established the European character of the difference between Russia and the Porte:—the four Courts had solemnly recognized the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire as one of the conditions of the political equilibrium, which had been attacked by the occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia. Under these circumstances it was necessary that France and England should have a pledge that would secure to them the re-establishment of peace in the East, on conditions which should not change the distribution of the respective strength of the great states of Europe. They had therefore decided that their squadrons should enter the Black Sea, and combine their movements in such a way as to prevent the Ottoman territory or flag from being the object of any fresh attack on the part of the naval forces of Russia. Assurances were repeated that the French Government, in this proceeding, had no other object than to contribute to effect, on honorable conditions, a reconciliation between the belligerent parties.

The allied squadrons had accordingly entered the Black Sea—there being *fourteen* English, *twelve* French, and *five* Turkish vessels of war—making a force of thirty-one in all. The admirals had been instructed to protect all Turkish vessels of convoy which were to keep along the Turkish coast. The French and English embassadors had apprised the Russian Governor of Sebastopol of this movement, expressing their hope that measures might be taken to prevent any collision between their respective squadrons. On the Danube, meantime, fresh engagements have taken place, which have resulted favorably for the Turks. On the 6th of January the Turks attacked the advanced guard of the Russian army near Citale, and followed up the advantage there gained for three days in succession, finally routing the Russians entirely, and driving them back upon Krajova with a loss of several thousand men. The Turks then retired to Kalafat. The object of this movement is said to have been to prevent a combined attack upon Kalafat, which the Russians were meditating, and for which their forces were being gradually collected.

The answer of the Russian Cabinet to the note of the Four Powers was awaited with anxiety at the time this record closed, as the final question of peace or war for the whole of Europe was felt to rest upon its decision. Unofficial intelligence had reached London that it had been peremptorily and indignantly rejected, but no authentic advices on the subject had been received.

CHINA.

From China we have additional news of the progress of the rebellion, but no very accurate intelligence of the actual condition of the movement. Amoy has been retaken by the Imperialists, who butchered an immense number of the rebels, men, women, and children, who fell into their hands. Shanghai continues in possession of the insurgents, although repeated attempts have been made to recapture it by the government forces. The imperial fleet, early in November, made an attack upon the vessels of the insurgents, nearly all of which were destroyed; the affair was attended with great slaughter on both sides. When Shanghai was taken by the rebels, the Chinese Custom House was of course closed, and the collector of duties was driven out of the city. The American merchants trading there were informed by the United States Consul that they must make payment to him of the charges due, before they could receive permits for their ships to leave. In this decision he was sustained by the United States Commissioner. A good deal of dissatisfaction has been felt by the American merchants, especially as the representatives of England, France, and all other powers, have refused to require the collection of these duties until the imperial authority shall have been re-established in Shanghai.

Editor's Table.

POLITICAL REGENERATION, if it ever takes place at all, except through a national crisis, must be by means as gradual in their operation as those that have brought on the corrupt and venal tendency. We speak now, of course, of human means, and human influences. Divine Omnipotent grace may suddenly change the character of a nation, as it changes the character of an individual. There may be a rapid and supernatural quickening of the minds of men to the perception and vital acknowledgment of higher truths. The stagnation and corruption of centuries may be stirred and vitalized by a new energy commencing with religion, and thence diffusing itself, as in the age succeeding the Protestant Reformation, through every other department of science, philosophy, and politics. There have been such land-marks, or rather time-marks, in history—remarkable periods, standing out from all others, when the human race has grown more in one generation than it had before in previous centuries—when the spiritual has become strikingly predominant over the material—when the nobler elements of the soul, although, it may be, in their wilder and more turbulent aspects, have been brought into action, while the groveling, the mean, the more selfish traits of our humanity, were for a season thrown into the back ground. There have been such periods, we say, which, notwithstanding the efforts made to present them as the product of natural or of ideal causation, manifest unmistakably the presence of a Divine Spirit, "blowing when it listeth," and working when and where "it willeth." They are the times whose solution can alone be found in the pages of the written revelation. The philosophy of history which ignores this can give no account of them. They baffle the naturalist, they puzzle the idealist, they resist every attempt of the man of development to bring them fairly within the laws he has invented or deduced for the organic growth either of the Church or the World. But a true faith finds here the ground of its sublimest triumphs. The Bible Christian exceedingly rejoices in such historical periods, as evidence that "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth;" and that "He who hath no counsellor," yet "doeth his pleasure, not only in the armies of heaven above, but among the inhabitants of the earth beneath."

Some such means of regeneration may be in store for us. In philosophizing, however, on the subject, we are confined to the sphere of known human influences. These may sometimes exhibit a rapid renovating energy—as transient, however, as it is boasting and vehement. There is no doubt that the enormous excess of political corruption, as it breaks out in some intolerable aspect, may give rise to sudden efforts at reform. But such will be mostly of a spasmodic character. Called out by some immediate mischief directly affecting the more selfish or tangible interests of the *immediate* community, this sudden display of public virtue will be as quick in its decay as in its growth. It flames up against some corrupt scheme for a railroad in Broadway, while its selfish stupidity utterly ignores the fact, that the immense patronage of our National Government has become openly and avowedly the theatre of a political stock-jobbing as much worse than the former as the interests affected are more important in their nature, and the corrupt example more deeply and extensively demoralizing. The municipal agents, against whom its wrath is especially directed, are not worse than the mass of active politicians. They have only acted on the same principle that underlies the universal political corruption. It has been their fault, or, it might be said, their imprudence, that while working in some lesser sphere, and more exposed to the nearest observation, they have given to that principle what seems a premature and startling development. The evil lies deeper than this, and is, therefore, beyond the reach of any such temporary and spasmodic remedies.

When all offices in the National and State governments are bought and sold—when they are openly regarded as the rewards of partisan services, and this *partisan service* itself sinks down until it becomes nothing else than efforts made to procure for the *chief managers of the gambling concern* that power of distribution from which the highest stations are supposed to derive their main or only value—when the sentiment reigns triumphant, as though it were the national motto, "*To the victor belong the spoils of the enemy*," and a place in Congress is distinctly sought because it is one in which a man "can make a great deal of money," why should we think it strange if a Common Council of a city present a miniature picture of the same vileness, and seek to turn to some similar corrupt account the opportunities and influences which their stations may confer upon them. A sudden fit of reforming zeal may check this lesser evil, or even put it down for one or two years, but as long as the more remote and universal cause is not removed, will these municipal mischiefs grow up again, in spite of all spasmodic efforts to the contrary. They are but symptoms of the general disease, and it is only an egregious quackery that would profess to cure these pustules while the old plague remains unhealed. In spite of salves, and blisters, and caustics, or amputations even, the old sore in the bones, the "rottenness under the scar," as Socrates styles it, will break out again. We may even fear that all dabbling with them will only make them worse, unless in some way the whole system, or blood of the body politic, can be purged and purified.

As a chief remedy, however, not only for municipal but for national evils, some would earnestly urge upon all "respectable citizens" the duty of attending the "primary" political meetings, as they are called. All the immediate mischief, it is maintained, and with some truth too, comes from the class of men who may be said to make politics their trade; or who, at least, are not, in general, known to have any other—the men who get up conventions and manage them, who prepare circulars, who nominate committees, who draw up resolutions, who arrange the order of business for primary meetings; who are, in a word, and to give them their most descriptive title, the *Professors of Political Engineering*, ever employed in keeping smoothly oiled all the wheels and machinery of political parties. These men abound in our cities; they are to be found in all the chief country towns; they have their representatives in every village that can maintain a porter-house with a screened bar, or a back room for private as well as political gamblers. We all know them, and how actively they are ever engaged in taking care of the country, while the great mass of our sober citizens are occupied with their professional or domestic concerns, only giving to politics the time necessary for going to the

polls and depositing their votes. Now, as a remedy for this, it is quite common for some of our journals, of the better class, to come out annually with a warm exhortation to the "respectable citizens" to attend the primary meetings, and by their "respectability" and their numbers to abate this growing nuisance. Nothing would seem fairer, nothing more plausible, nothing more likely to prove an easy and effectual remedy. Let then the "respectable men" turn out, and thwart the demagogues, or else forever after hold their peace.

There is, however, a small practical difficulty which we wonder that some of the zealous advocates of this remedy—experienced as they must be—have not foreseen. It is rendered impossible by the very nature and constitution of our popular bodies, and the unavoidable methods of procedure in our popular elections. Our own conviction of this was derived from an experience that is not easily forgotten. We once concluded to comply with one of these annual recommendations. Regarding ourselves as fairly coming under the denomination, "respectable citizens," we resorted, on the evening advertised, to the place designated in the ward (one of the most respectable wards in the city), expecting to find that others of the same respectable class had been induced, perhaps by the same earnest exhortation, to adopt a similar course. There is no need, however, to give the details of that meeting, or to dwell upon the acts and characters of those who were its self-constituted managers. Sufficient to say, that we left it with the strongest conviction that in this quarter, at least, the evil was irremediable without an entire abolishment of the system, and that, even in that case, the probabilities were that something to the full as bad, if not worse, would soon grow up in its place. On our way home from this primary cradle of liberty, the question came up—What would be the probable result if all the "respectable people" of our ward, and belonging to our respectable party, had taken the advice of the journal, and repaired to the porter-house in which the meeting was advertised to be held, thus numbering hundreds, and perhaps thousands, instead of the dozen young men who actually composed it? What would be the consequence if, in some spasmodic fit of reforming enthusiasm, this had been the case throughout our city and land? Why, certainly, on such a supposition, these primary meetings, as far as the party is concerned, would take the place of the formal election. Hence, for the practical dispatch of business, there would be a necessity for a like machinery back of the primary caucus, having the same relation to it that the ward meeting sustains to the city and State conventions, and these to the final result through the ballot-box. In other words, there must be a meeting provisional to the primary meeting, and, therefore, still more primary—if the paradox may be allowed. There must be a caucus for the caucus, an esoteric or more interior conclave to prepare business, to get up resolutions, to arrange nominating committees, &c. &c.

Let us suppose, now, that all the "respectable citizens" without should claim to have a share in these primary proceedings, what a most clumsy, not to say paradoxical and utterly impracticable affair that would be. We think of the Athenian Ecclesiæ; but they were not caucuses for nominating candidates, or for contriving platforms. They were assemblies to decide directly on public measures, to declare war, to vote public works, to ostracise political offenders. They were the enthusiastic gatherings of an enthusiastic people, having nothing else to do because the poorest democrat among them had slaves enough to perform all his work, and hence ever engaged, during the very transient period of their democratic prosperity, in some measure of foreign or domestic policy which had an immediate and exciting interest for every member of that little republic. They were not at all like our caucuses; and yet we have no obscure intimations that these larger collections had other meetings behind them, in the porter-house committee rooms of Athens, in which the Cleons, the Alcibiades, or other *rhetores* of the day, prepared business for the *spontaneous* action of the masses.

The thing is inevitable. There must be an antechamber to the large hall of meeting. There must be a caucus back of the caucus, and where would the management of all this fall, but into the hands of those of whom we have so often and so freely spoken—the class whom we have styled "*politicians by trade*," the men who so kindly give—what honest, industrious, useful citizens can not give—their whole time and whole souls, what souls they have, to the public interest—the men so unselfish as to neglect every other ordinary mode of gaining a livelihood while watching over the nation, and providing with sleepless vigilance for the performance of that important trust which the masses are so apt to overlook—the right selection of the right kind of men to fill the public offices. The thing, we say, is inevitable. We must stop somewhere at a secret and irresponsible caucus of a few managers, or there must be primary meeting back of primary meeting, and primary meeting back of that, and so on, to what some philosophers have styled a *regressus ad infinitum*.

A reform party of any kind, a native American party, a Liberty party, even a Maine Law party, is just as likely to fall into this course of proceeding as any other. Indeed it can not help it; if it would be a *party* having any thing more than the most transient influence, it must have its managing partisans. Let it start ever so pure, or be ever so conservative in its inception, it will, in time, furnish a place for these disinterested patriots. The spontaneous and universal enthusiasm that in the beginning requires so little concert of organization, will, eventually, cool down to a state where the managing machinery becomes a necessary power without which every such political combination must inevitably cease to exist.

The truth is, and we might as well admit it at once—the political action of every government, whatever may be its form, whether openly oligarchic, or professedly more or less popular, is ever conducted by a few. We mean not now the ostensible holders of its offices, but the power, be it open or concealed, on which the tenure of those offices depends. The few have ever ruled, as the few do yet rule, or all history is false. No forms in themselves can effectually guard against the oligarchical tendency. Even the press may be so constituted as to conduce to this end more than the physical power of standing armies. What is called public sentiment may be nothing more than a part of the artificial machinery by which the managing few direct not merely the *action*, as in despotic states, but the very *thinking* of the managed many. We see, as yet, no signs of any thing in the state of the human family which is likely to do away with this tendency, or to dispense with this apparent law of the political relations. How then shall this small portion be so constituted as to have the most purity and intelligence, to be most free from the influence

of venal and selfish motives, to be most under the regulation of positive law, to furnish the greatest security against tyranny on the one hand, or demagogism on the other, and most truly to represent the intelligent mind of the nation? This is the great problem in political philosophy. We mean, in ordinary times; for periods of great national enthusiasm called out by great national perils, present, of themselves, a sure practical solution. Then the noblest souls are wanted; the meaner spirits are glad to hide themselves. The few rule, and men are content to have them rule without the aid of political machinery. We all feel that in the birth struggle of our heroic age, caucuses and platforms, and platform-men, would have been sadly out of place. But these periods are in general as transient as they are remarkable. The political virtue of the Greek republics had its birth in the Persian wars, and found its grave in the factious times that almost immediately succeeded them. The heroic age of Thermopylæ and Salamis never came again. Philosophy and art longer maintained the impetus they had received; but from the century succeeding this period all the efforts of the learned and talented Grote can not make out any thing which may be regarded as a true moral or social progress. Their subsequent history was one of deterioration so rapid that a few transient centuries sank Greece to that state whence she has never since arisen.

But "we have changed all that," is now the answer to any argument drawn from the ancient states. There is one thing which makes an essential difference between us and them. They had not the Press—the Newspaper Press—the hope of the age, the anchor sure and steadfast, which will hold us firm and bring us right, whatever other remedies may fail. This is the very power we need to regulate the caucus, to give the true popular voice its potency, to represent the intelligent mind of the nation, and thus produce a harmony between the necessary political action of the few, and the wise, though vigilant, acquiescence of the many. But with all respect for our brethren of the Press—and certainly we would not wish to disparage the advantages of our own editorial position—we can not feel the strong confidence which many entertain in this boasted Palladium of our liberties. Instead of the editor and the caucus manager, or the platform-monger, being separate—as is implied in the idea of one being set to watch the other—are they not often, very often, one and the same personality? Again—are there not portions, influential portions, of the Newspaper Press, which the upright members of the editorial profession would themselves admit can not be characterized by epithets capable of exaggerating their vileness? Every intelligent reader of the remark will at once think of newspapers that have introduced a new era in private and political morals—that have spread far and wide among their imitators a reckless, demoniac, Mephistophilian spirit, which scoffs at all political honesty, and has done more not only to draw down the general tone of the newspaper press, but to lower the whole national morality, than all other causes combined. Now, instead of regarding such as these as in any way the conservators of our institutions, can any logic assign a reason why they should not be the subjects of some stringent Maine law, as well as the admitted pests for whom its salutary provisions are invoked? Surely it would not be difficult to show, that between the seller of alcoholic poisons, or tainted meat, and the vendor of lies, and profanity, and obscenity, and blasphemy, and political filth and corruption of every kind through the newspaper press, the balance of mischief may immensely preponderate in the scale of the latter.

But take the press in its higher and nobler aspects—what is it, and who are its controllers, that we should regard it as the great remedy for the evil of which we complain? It may be acknowledged with pride, that in the editorial ranks there are individuals whose talents and virtues would do honor to any station, and who are doing the country noble service, not only in the political field, but in all that pertains to morals and education. But, as an order in the State, however, what exemption can it claim from that corruption which infects other departments? As incidental influences co-operating with the pulpit, the school, the author, or that heavenly grace which from time to time makes its special manifestation in our world, some parts of it may do great good, as other parts have done great evil. But what magic we ask again, in the order itself? The question might seem trifling or unmeaning, were it not for the undeniable fact that there is such an assumption of corporate virtue as belonging to the Press per se. There is sometimes ascribed for it a superiority to the Church as the enlightener and regenerator of the race, and this too, while the claim of the latter, though having far more of prima facie evidence in its support, is often presented by it as full of peril to the political health. What an outcry would be raised—how suddenly would it be found that our liberties were in the most alarming danger, if the clergy as a body should make the same pretensions that the newspaper press puts forth as its legitimate corporate function; what would be said, should they claim it as belonging to the province of the pulpit to dictate to the Legislature, or even to sit in judgment on the decision of our courts?

Now had the editorial brotherhood some manifest divine commission, like Plato's mythical *daimones*, sent to teach and judge the human race, or had they some real or even fictitious apostolical succession among themselves that would constitute them a real or seeming priesthood, or give them some shadow of priestly reverence, or make out any other ground for reposing some confidence in their superior wisdom if not their absolute infallibility, the assumption, however extravagantly made, would not be altogether irrational. And yet it is this very claim of corporative virtue on the part of others at which politicians affect so much alarm. It is well known that, whether reasonable or not, there is among us a growing distrust of the Christian Ministry. Why this should be so it would be hard to say, unless we assign a reason not very honorable to human nature, but so it is. Among the signs of the times, there is getting to be in many quarters a rabid *clergy-phobia*, as it has been well called, to which some parts of the newspaper press have not a little contributed. This would seem, too, to be in exact proportion to the political weakness of the clerical order; the more their influence diminishes, the louder, the more vehement, and to all appearance, the more malevolent, is the constant cry of danger. Priesthoods of every kind are looked upon with a very suspicious eye. Especially is this the case in respect to their assumption of being a special teaching class. Men ask for the guarantee of their fitness, the grounds of their superior enlightenment, the direct palpable evidence of their apostolical commission.

Why is it then, we would ask in all seriousness, that similar credentials are not demanded of those

who take their stand upon the editorial watch tower? Who set them upon this important post, and what security is there for their possessing the proper qualifications for so responsible an office? Now there is hardly a denomination of religionists that does not present some pledge in this respect, of which the press is entirely destitute! Almost all of them, in some way, offer to the public a prima facie certificate deriving more or less value from certain public forms, or modes of appointment, through which the commissioned person may add the sanction of the collective wisdom to his individual teaching. But of any such guarrantee, however high or however feeble it may be, we can not detect the least trace in the editorial order. Self-elected, self-commissioned, self-educated, at least as far as their professional duties are concerned—for we have no editorial seminaries like the schools of the priesthood—self-ordained, self-installed, self-consecrated, they come before the public and demand to be received as the popular guides, as watchmen on the walls of the political Zion, as being in fact specially charged, among their other most important duties, with the archieratical or archiepiscopal office of "watching the shepherds" themselves. Even the meanest among them—and certainly there are some to whom the epithet may be applied—will write frothy paragraphs about the press as a new order in the state, the great pledge of progress, the great security against the world's ever going back to barbarism. They will dwell upon the vast importance of the newspaper as an educator of the people, its inestimable value in the family, the great light it is diffusing, throughout the land, the darkness it is chasing away—as though they were in fact a separate priesthood of knowledge and virtue, instead of being merely individual men having metal types wherewith to print opinions which others are content to write or speak.

We are not afraid of being mistaken in the tenor of these remarks. The better part of the editorial profession must see, at once, their true bearing, as well as their pertinency. They must see the sophistry and even absurdity of the claim we are aiming to expose. They must feel, too, the disparagement which they themselves are made to suffer, when dullness, or ignorance, or dishonesty thus hides its own individual deficiencies and deformities under what may be called the collective or professional grace. There are newspapers among us, daily and weekly, that might with all justice be characterized as public lights and public guides. They are not only the vehicles of news collected at great expense from all parts of the world, but of moral, political, and philosophical discussions of rare merit. We have read leading articles in some of the New York papers that might be ranked among the best literary productions of the age. Such can not have their value overrated as rich sources of instruction to the family and the school. A similar praise might be awarded to well conducted journals in many of our country towns. But when a like claim is put in, as we frequently find it done, by some of the flash papers of the city, or by every Eatanswill Gazette or Etanswill Independent that fights the battles of the Buffs and Blues in the rural districts, the affair would become simply ludicrous, if we could only view it aside from the mischief and demoralization that flow from this impudent assumption of professional wisdom or orderly grace.

It is, in fact, this very claim against which we contend, as not only false, but politically and morally pernicious. It would not be worth rebuking, were it not so general, and oftentimes so extravagantly put forth. What additional wisdom can a man possibly acquire by getting behind an editorial table, and yet there is somehow, in these assumptions, a taking for granted that there is actually, some such increase of sapience, and that many an individual, whose opinions, under other circumstances, we would not stop to hear, becomes suddenly an oracle of profundity, and clothed with some kind of representative authority, when he speaks from the editorial tripod.

We might mention another thing in which the clerical order have the advantage of the priesthood of the press. It is the misfortune of editors that they can hold office. Their ecclesiastical brethren were kindly relieved from this at the formation of many of our State constitutions, on the ground of their having "the cure of souls." Now the editor, as the guardian of our civil and religious liberties, would be supposed by many to have a much higher charge; and yet it somehow strangely happened, that they were the subjects of no such wise and benevolent provision. It is the misfortune, then, we say, of editors, that they may hold office, that they may become "organs," that they may have a share of the public printing. But to take higher and more serious ground; if the Church has failed, as some say, what hope from a self-ordained editorial apostleship? In a corrupt nation, or a nation tending to corruption, the newspaper, representing what it professes to represent, may be the most powerful accelerator of such a tendency. The very fact that there are many upright and honorable editors striving hard to change and avert it, does not affect our main position. We may say of some that they have been leavened from other influences. In their very effort, too, against political corruption, they must, at the very outset, admit the undemocratic dogma involved in the confession of the evil. They must make it the caption of every reforming editorial, the text of every political homily, that the people are not infallible, that the masses are neither as virtuous nor as intelligent as they are represented to be. Such reformers, however, will not be likely to hold offices, or exert influence in any political party. By the one they will be denounced as open enemies—by the other as indiscreet and dangerous friends. They will not be distinguished as the builders of platforms; they will have little or no reputation for that wondrous oratory which is displayed on the stump, at the political dinner, or at those most disinterested meetings which are held in honor of all but Italian patriots.

Besides, the merely political newspaper inevitably magnifies the very tendency from which corruption takes its origin, and must forever mainly flow. We mean the tendency to make the political the highest life, a subject to which we have already alluded, as one to which we hoped to return on some other occasion. But we have trespassed beyond our editorial limits. There are yet the topics of Education and the Gospel—the School and the Church—which have already been lying upon our Editor's Table nearly as long as the tale of the Bride of Landeck remained in the pigeon-holes of the Drawer. If our readers may not have become tired of our prosings in this matter, they may form the topic of some other editorial notes; or an intervening number may be occupied with some scientific or literary subject of more interest, perhaps, although in the present condition of our country none can be of higher value than those on which we have been dwelling.

Editor's Easy Chair.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVEN as we take our seat, and clear a spot upon our table, whereon we may place a quire of Bath paper, and our office ink-horn, we fall to moralizing upon that wonderful progress of modern times, which we call civilization, and which brings to our view, each month, through this mixed mass that lies strewed around us, the actions and the thought of the furthermost countries of Europe and of Asia.

Think of it for a moment, my gentle lady or my breakfasting broker, that what you are now reading, and are to run through, with your hot roll, or your purse-netting, is gleaned from a score of journals, in four different tongues, printed in ten different countries, and wafted hither on floating palaces, that travel by dint of great iron muscles moved by steam, and all within the month, in which you have been living, and gossiping, and trading, as if no such great agencies were at work, and no such corner pen-driver to catch the breath of rumor under his office cobwebs, and weave it out into two, three, or four pages of careless chit-chat!

Pray be grateful, and kindly, and patient, and we will hold up our budget, in changing fashions, so that you may see, one after another, the action and the thought of the great capitals of Europe, as they labor and talk in the journals at our feet. What can we call it better than OUR KALEIDOSCOPE?

Date yourself back then several weeks (for when you read this, our informing journals will bear that date) and look first upon foggy, noisy, gloomy London.

The lamps are lit at mid-day, so dense is the cloud of smoke and mist; and the omnibuses, toiling slowly along, never venture out of a trot; and the cabmen are shouting on every side, not able to distinguish their own cabs from those of their neighbors. The steamers on the Thames, are lying panting at the docks, not venturing in the gloom to make their trips along the river. The Queen is away from it all, in her snug country-house of Osborne, where the fog indeed follows her, but without the smoke. She can not see, even with her best Dolland glasses, the ships that lie in the dock of Portsmouth, and over the whole breadth of the Solent a thick cloud rests, out of which come the sound of ships' bells striking the watches, or shrill whistles of warning from some leviathan steamer, bound home from Gibraltar or from the West Indies. The little prince, a stout boy, maybe in the sailor costume, which both he and the Queen-mother admire, is frolicking in the Home Park; and the demure princess, just entering upon the middle of her teens, very innocent of the political gossip which even now assigns her as a bride to the son of the Prince of Prussia, is at her drawing lesson in the Osborne library.

Prince Albert may possibly be taking a morning drive through the grounds, when a message recalls him, and the news arrives that Palmerston has thrown up his seat in the cabinet, and Aberdeen has come down, to bring his resignation, and to talk over with the Queen, the pressing affairs of the East.

Nor is it an unimportant crisis in England; nor, if report speaks true, is the Queen insensible to the weight of even slight influences, but shows an anxious air that does her honor. She knows, as well as the steadiest reader in the North and South American Coffee-room by the Bank, that the people of England are very much questioning if the Aberdeen Government has shown the proper nerve and resolution in this Eastern matter; and she knows that all of the members of her cabinet are holding office in the face of more abuse and scandalous violence of language, than has been poured on any ministry since the days of the old French Revolution.

She knows that the strongest naval armament since the days of Trafalgar, is floating in the Bosporus; and yet, notwithstanding that a Turkish squadron, which was nominally at least the ally of this great naval armament, has been cut in pieces almost under their guns. It is said, moreover, that she is beginning to feel that her gray-headed counselor Aberdeen, has shown himself too languid in this affair, and that a bold push of the fleet at a much earlier day would have saved immense anxiety and cost. She recalls, perhaps with regret, the recollection of a letter written in her own hand to Lord Redcliffe, begging him to leave no means untried for avoiding the necessities of war. Aberdeen himself wears a look of trouble; and though anxious to persuade himself and the Queen, that Palmerston has resigned solely on account of objection to the new Reform Bill of the ministry, he can hardly avoid a secret conviction that Palmerston, with his proclivity toward quick and energetic action, and love of popular applause, is very tired of connection with a cabinet which, however firm it may be, has shown no vigorous resolve, and is losing every day the hearty support of the country. Even the old, substantial men, who represent that vast commercial interest to which war would give so great a shock, are beginning to perceive that nerve and vigor would perhaps have brought matters to a termination earlier, although at the risk of a little blood-letting. And humanitarians themselves, who would have periled every thing for the immunities of peace, are now half persuaded that submission is not the surest way to elude hostilities.

Therefore (for these are surely reasons sufficient), an air of joyous entertainment does not reign over the circle at Osborne; and the shadow of some great crisis in the affairs of England, may possibly be foretokened in that murky cloud which stretches from London to the Isle of Wight, and which wraps people and prince in its folds.

The pleasant theories started not many years ago, and ably illustrated by the wood-cuts of Punch, wherein Kings were playing cards and drinking wine together, while their armies were slaughtering each other by thousands;—the theories that wars were destructive and needless, and must go by, were based unfortunately on the hypothesis that men were more Christian and honest, and possessed of more common sense, than they really prove to be.

Ambition seems to be of the same stalking, and un-church-like habits as ever: and before Europe has smoked the thought, an alliance of the Russian Czar brings upon the field of Asian warfare, an army of sixty thousand Persian soldiers. This thought is not a pleasant one, either for the counting-rooms of Lombard Street, or for the boudoir of her Majesty at Osborne House. England has a bad aspect in the Persian capital, and her Eastern possessions touch too nearly upon the realm of the infidel Caliph, to permit any growth of friendliness.

While resting our eye upon the present phase of English thought, it may not be wholly unwise to direct attention to that severe tone of denunciation which just now shows itself in the columns of the Herald and the Standard; and to compare it with

the lectures which the London journals occasionally favor us with, upon our side of the water. We feel very sure that such epithets as "abandoned men," "wretched hirelings" would surprise even the most earnest opposition newspaper reader in America, if applied to a party in power: and yet the courteous press of London is neither ashamed to employ, and to repeat them, with respect to the acting cabinet of Great Britain.

Not only in London and at Osborne House, is the war anxiety seen and felt; but all over England, wherever reading men are found—not so plentifully as with us—the talk and the feelings centre upon the Turkish and Russian affairs. The opera-house, as well as the counting-room and country villas, are alive with the inquiries which each day's mail excites: and thousands of mothers in England are regarding very tearfully the time when the sons, who float now very safely in the Bosporus, will be perhaps under the guns of Sebastopol.

Meantime, while half the thought of the British world is centred in the seas between Europe and Asia, the giant habit of their life paces on in its old ways: the dull, dim Court of Chancery, which Bleak House has brought to the vengeful thoughts of thousands who have never put foot in London, sits, and idles, and prevaricates, and absorbs, and defends itself. The untaught millions of country-workers are trimming their hedges and ditches, and threshing the wheat they can never feed upon; and shivering under mud-walls which they have not the means to renew; and bidding adieu to the fortunate ones who sail for a foreign exile—more fortunate, perhaps, if they die in going. The "hounds meet," and the crimson-coated huntsmen, in the frosty, bracing weather of January (for there the journals date), forget the war topic in the glee of a "good run." The country parsons join in the hunt, or, lacking a good firm seat, they appear at the smoking dinner which comes after; and on Sunday, in the Parish church—hung now with the lingering holly and mistletoe of Christmas—pray Heaven to spare us "from all inordinate and sinful affections, and from battle and murder, and from sudden death."

Boys, gay and rollicking—if they have the liberty of the country, and of park-rambling; but thin and pale-faced, if they grow up by the mines of Wigan, or the dark factories of Stockport—are just recovering from their carousals of the Christmas holidays, or with sullen faces slipping gloomily back to the spindles or the pits of coal.

And as the country reader runs his eye over this, let him bless God, that no such strange and mocking contrasts belong to the system of American society; and that where they occur they are but the accidents of fortune, which are incident to the lot of humanity every where. Nor shall the captious reader retort upon us here any belying hint of our negro-labor: which, through all the Christmas season is exuberant with an outburst of frolic and of carousing, that once seen or heard lingers in the memory as the very type of mirth.

Laying aside all talk of the system of negro-servitude—which has no place in our Kaleidoscope view of things European—we do believe that, judging by outward tokens of cheer and of content, there exists nowhere in America a laboring population, whose merriment would not put to the blush the sordid, miserable air of the colliers or miners of England.

But even with this word of rejoicing on our pen, we are compelled to trace one other turn of the British thought, at the date of the opening year, which in the mentioning calls up a little tingling of shame. Mississippi has repudiated, as it were afresh, her bonds. The name of Mississippi is quoted in all British journals, and requoted all over the Continent of Europe, as the State which has voted not to pay her debts. At least so runs the rumor in the papers; and we find little squibs of invective, rendered into French, in the journals of France and Switzerland, and into Italian, in those of Genoa and of Milan.

This, if untrue, is unpleasant: and were we just now a traveler in those regions with bills to pay, as of necessity we should have, we would prefer writing our name as simple American, rather than as Mississippian.

The misfortune of a bad name is all the worse, since there is so much of genuine hospitality and liberality to be encountered by a stranger all over that same state of Mississippi. This, however, naturally counts for very little with those who in a far-away land bought her bonds, and now find themselves beggared by the bargain. If our debtor is a stout, good-humored fellow, who makes a joke of his indebtedness, and runs up bills that he never pays, we come in time to find him out, and listen to his jokes, but never to his wants. He passes current, it may be, for a long time in society, though appearing in more shabby clothes than at the first, and subsides into an inoffensive, but very soaky kind of Mr. Skimpole. But it is different when a man of good family, with brothers and sisters rolling in wealth, and himself in the receipt of a large income, refuses contumaciously to pay the small debts which he contracted when he was a poor man. And it does seem to us that, under such circumstances, his own brothers ought to try and shame him into more of manliness; whatever claims he should set up, of having contracted the debt in a maudlin fit, when he had no knowledge of what he was doing. The best way to resent the insults of creditors, is to pay them what you owe.

Yet once again before casting off our eye altogether from the British capital, we will give one side glance into a strangely decorated Hall upon the right side of Piccadilly, nearly facing you, as you pass out of the Burlington Arcade. It has nothing to do with war rumors, or with the payment of American bonds: and yet, by a coincidence odd enough, both of these subjects are discussed in the Hall referred to, evening after evening, by that clever talker and song-singer—late novelist, reporter, and medical student—Albert Smith.

When we were in Paris some years ago (every body nowadays has been in Paris at some time), there was a somewhat shabby looking person, dressed in a threadbare style, who used to happen on occasions into the reading-room of the Messrs. Galignani, in the Rue Vivienne, and who, as we learned from some *quidnunc* in that establishment, was an occasional correspondent of a London paper, as well as the contributor of sundry articles on the state of Paris politics and streets, to the Miscellany published by Mr. Bentley. His name was Albert Smith: and we heard of him a few years afterward as the writer of one or two novels which, in paper covers, were very much read by American factory girls generally. The same person, is now the proprietor of the Hall we have alluded to—valued, by a moderate estimate, at £15,000, and living in the enjoyment of his Lafitte and his coupé—in a very different manner, in short, from that which characterized his habits in Paris—years ago.

All this change has been effected in American

shortness of time, not by any California interests—or stock in the South Seas—not even by his books, but simply by a trip to Mont Blanc, and his story of it—told evening after evening to a crowded house, in the old Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

During all the year past, idle people in London asked their friends who had come up to town, after the third or fourth question, if they had been to hear Albert Smith? and isn't he droll? And two out of three who came up to town, saving those who had no plain dress enough for so common a place, went to hear Albert Smith. Even the Queen herself, not consulting the prejudices of her friends of rank, ventured to the entertainment, and (said the court reporter), laughed heartily. In short the affair was a great success.

In the autumn, it may have been the last of August, Albert Smith suddenly closed his doors, and disappeared; no one knew where. In a fortnight the mystery was solved: the story-teller of Mont Blanc had only slipped his leash to gather new material; and a writer in the Times newspaper, announced that on a certain day of early September, he had made successfully the ascent of Mont Blanc, accompanied for half of the distance by the well-known Albert Smith. It would seem that the reputation of the adventurous story-teller had gone before him, and that every guide in the valley of Chamouni was anxious to do so much in his favor, as should secure eminent mention for them at the re-opening of Egyptian Hall. As a consequence, no traveler in those regions ever saw so much, so easily, and so thoroughly as the companions of the adventurous Mr. Smith. He secured faithful drawings of the Swiss cottages, streets, furniture, &c., as well as abundant new sketches of the wilder scenery. Availing himself of these on his return to London, and of the prevalent taste for geographical aptness, and pertinency (excited, no doubt, by the transplanted gardens and temples of the new Sydenham Palace), he has introduced into his Egyptian salon, a perfect counterpart of a Swiss *locale*.

For instance, as you enter, you see before you an end view of a Swiss chalet, with the straw peeping from under the broad sloping roof, the curiously sculptured beams, the diamond windows, the cellar beneath, &c. &c. At its side a true cascade plunges down from among fir-trees, and seems to lose itself in a rocky gulf below. Turning about from this scene, which the gas-lights at evening make exceedingly effective and *vraisemblant*, is a *true* Swiss cottage, with its long quaint gallery of wood stretching the whole width of the Hall, and forming an actual gallery of the show, with fixed prices per bench. Above this balcony a double diamond window, which you can open or shut at will, belongs to the only private box of the establishment, and which, at a very exorbitant price, is secured every night by those who wish to see without being seen; or who are willing to pay roundly for the satisfaction of passing an evening in the chamber of a Swiss chalet, and look out therefrom upon a charming Swiss landscape, changing as the hours advance, and illustrated by much droll story-telling, gossip, and pleasant imitation of the Swiss and Tyrolese songs.

In short, the affair as remodeled by the returned Mr. Smith is more popular than ever; and he has perched himself, by happy thought, upon the very pinnacle of moneyed success, while he is giving a very rational sort of entertainment to those who are either too poor or too timid to travel.

Giving our glass now a turn—not a wine glass, but the Kaleidoscope we spoke of—and France comes before, as she stands pictured in Paris journalism. Gossiping, old-maidish, thieving, pleasant Galignani is at our elbow, with the dignified, stern and well-posted *Débats;* beside the elegant, and courteous *Constitutionnel.* And before we push on a line further, we must remark a change which has come over not a few of the Paris papers within a month past, in reference to the great question of the East. Whether the Government has grown somewhat suspicious of the slow dalliance of the British Cabinet or not, certain it is, that the *Débats* has shown far less disposition to agree line by line with the *dicta* of the London Times. And there is apparent an independence of remark upon the Oriental topics, which seem to imply that France, if need should come, would be abundantly competent to conduct her own share in the pending negotiations, and to officer her own fleets.

This tone, it is easy to see, by other papers of the Continent, has quickened afresh the suspicions lingering from the first, that France and England were not born for great liking of each other; and that a treaty between them, demanding such close intimacy of forces as is now requisite in the Black Sea or the Bosporus, should not be, as this has thus far proved, a dull, stagnant treaty, involving no efficient action; but a short lived treaty, vigorously carried out, and made safe by the vigor of its provisions.

Even the Swiss and Italian journals, which at the first recognized the policy and the decided character of the British and French alliance, are now throwing out frequent hints of the possibility and danger even of a perturbation of the present nice equilibrium; and they are discussing, with what may seem an annoying nicety, the different interests which are at stake on the part of England and of France.

One thing which they observe with a great deal of force, must be evident to every candid observer, even upon this side of the water. It is this: a French Government is never safe and sound with *temporizing:* the quick, impulsive nature of the French nation demands decisive, and if possible, brilliant action; at any rate always decisive. This they admire; and this, as in the case of the present Emperor, they reward. But the English action, from the first, has been in this affair exceedingly *dallying:* it has waited to be forced into every step of importance it has yet taken; and it is reasonable enough to conclude that Napoleon, who has a very keen perception of the qualities which make up French character, should be worried with this; and should be impatient to make some brilliant change in the programme. And rather than allow the present system of small checks and counter-checks to go on under the Aberdeen direction, we venture to say that he will enter upon a change.

The tone of the prominent French journals look that way; and they are warping their comments into an independence of the Times *dicta*, that has not been until the last Christmas very apparent. As in London the salon topic, as well as that of the papers, is still the Orient; interspersed, it must be said, with now and then a badly received remark about the cholera (about which nobody in Paris ever seems frightened), or the present season of Carnival; which, by reason of the mourning of the court for the Queen of Portugal, will not be so lively as in years past.

We go back to pick up the remark which is dropped in parenthesis, and to call attention anew to the fact that nobody ever seems frightened by dis-

ease in Paris. Is it because their treatment is so skillful, or their diet so well regulated, or their philosophy so sound, or their piety so real? Can the physicians or the doctors tell us?

We no sooner hear of the cholera in London, than the world of that great city (judging from their papers) is in great alarm. City meetings are called; the officials hold midnight sessions; the journals are crowded with physicians' reports, or with contributed nostrums that are certain to cure. Particular sluice-ways are made the subject of indignant expostulation; and certain city officers are obliged to resort to the courts of justice to maintain their character against all sorts of slanders and of libels.

The reason we conceive to be this (and we note it with the more readiness, that our own Common Council may smoke the matter slowly with their morning or their evening pipe); the municipality of Paris is a perfect organization, which works by system and by well-observed rules, both night and day, and month by month. If a street is foul, whether it be season of cholera or no, the street is immediately brought to the notice of a proper officer, who cleans it. If a certain manufacture be objectionable, by reason of bad gases engendered, a proper officer reports concerning it, and it is removed. There is no dilly-dallying, and counter-reports, and hesitations, while people are dying and the nuisance unabated; but the thing is forbidden. It may be that all this partakes somewhat of a despotic action, which we know nothing of; but, in the matter of city government, at least, there can be no question, but that a little temporary delegation of such power would be advisable. Or even supposing all the liability imposed on our present government, could there not be grafted upon it a measure of that promptitude which secures respect, and promotes health and security?

Yet one other feature of the Paris confidence is to be remarked, which by the mention ought specially to shame us. Paris has beds for the sick poor. The stranger or the resident in Paris feels sure, in the event of an epidemic, that houseless and diseased creatures will not be crowding upon his steps in the streets, or frowning at him from shabby houses over the way. He knows that airy and well situated hospitals are provided in ample abundance, and that those too poor for other relief, may there be sure of receiving such professional attention, as not another city of the world can furnish.

When will some of our rich men of New York endow a Heriot's Hospital, or a Guy's? And by so doing, make their names be uttered with blessings to the latest times, as having belonged to those who fed and clothed and nursed the poor!

Therefore it is that people talk of the cholera in Paris, as they would speak of a northern voyage of discovery, and of poor Sir John Franklin, at length, as they say, stricken from the roll of her Majesty's navy, as a missing man. Just now, moreover, they talk as we have said of the gayeties of the Carnival season, in the full flush of its progress in the month we record this. The Emperor, albeit he is in dignified mourning, has paid frequent visits to both opera and theatre: and especially is commented upon for his frequent applause of the clever acting of that gone-by dame who made white-haired men laugh forty years ago—Madame Dejazet. It appears that she is yet in the full enjoyment of her wonderful powers, and makes good in a comic way, the tragic loss of Paris, in the absence of that queen of the drama—Rachel.

Fair and fresh-looking Rose-Cheri, now a blooming matron, having married the manager of the playhouse, where she has so long made the benches full, and (they say), given honor to her calling, by an unexceptionable, and virtuous life, still plays her part, and amuses her share of the Parisian world.

Opera-goers, who are never few at this season of the year, have been entertaining themselves latterly at the expense of the manager; and half-read music lovers have found that they have been praising and wondering at things of Weber, which were fearfully and maliciously altered. The story runs thus: A Polish prince, very rich, very music-loving, and very charitable, has been amusing himself for some years past by giving occasional concerts in different cities, and paying over the receipts for the benefit of the poor. His knowledge of the science was so profound that all delighted to hear him; and his benevolence so great, that all followed him with blessings.

Finding himself in Paris the present winter, and in the Grand Opera-house, on a night when the Freyschutz was performed, he was scandalized and indignant to find the music of Weber strangely altered and abused. Not content with showing his disapproval, he made talk for the town in bringing an action against the manager, for villifying and destroying the grace of a charming German composition; never doubting, with his intense, and exaggerated estimation of music, that the judicial authorities would see proper justice done to the musical labors of a foreign artist.

The action failed: but the manager, in a storm of counter-indignation, brought, on his part, an action against the Polish noble for defamation of character, and for injury to his house and professional reputation. In this shape the matter came before the Court of the Seine; the plaintiff charging as we have represented, and the defendant, through very able counsel, maintaining that the manager engaged by his programme to represent music, which in fact he did not do; but by barbarous alteration so far changed its character, as to disappoint expectation, and so virtually to rob people of their money. The plaintiff urged in reply that the majority of comers accepted the execution as good; and that it was in view indeed of their tastes that the changes had been made.

The defendant alleged, that the fact that the innovations and changes had escaped notice, was no proof of the music being genuine; and in no way invalidated his original charge, that the manager agreed by his bills to produce a performance which, in point of fact, he failed to do. The court-room was crowded with a hilarious company. The judge dismissed the charge; but the laugh turned in favor of the eccentric Pole, and against the enraged Roqueplan. And in Paris to have the laugh against one, is quite as bad as a condemnation of the court.

It may not prove so, however, with the poor young officer, who, our readers will remember (for they must have seen it in the journals), a short time ago shot his superior officer, under peculiar circumstances, at Chalons-sur-Saone. The trial was progressing in the time of Christmas: but no reports were allowed to be given in the journals; owing, as was stated, to the private nature of much of the evidence.

And here we can not avoid again drawing a comparison, unfavorable both to the English and American taste. Newspaper details of either police or law trials, are rarely in France so repugnant to taste

and delicacy, as many of those found day after day, in the columns of both London and New York journals. And this is the more observable, since national characteristics, as they appear in action, would lead one to form a different conclusion.

What now shall we say more of Paris?—save that it is the same gay, joyous, cleanly, well-ordered, brilliant city as ever. At least so it shines to us through the motley patches of Galignani: there are queer wine-house altercations; strange old men in garrets, killing themselves with charcoal; grisettes growing moody, and throwing themselves into the Seine; rank democrats plotting destruction to every one but themselves, and falling into the hands of unsuspicious officers in black clothes; jewelry thieves with plaintive stories of starving children, who prove to be old offenders; ambitious English people weekly presented to their Imperial Majesties; besides some elegant new pattern of cloak or shawl, just introduced by some eminent *modiste*, who advertises in Galignani.

We appeal safely to those familiar with that intrepid buccaneer of journalism, to say if we have not given a very just epitome of its usual contents.

And now, shifting again the magic tube through which we look out upon the other shores, let us bend our observations for a page more of news-trifles upon the Mediterranean shores and the cities of Middle and Southern Europe.

Vienna is looking askant upon the operations at the Bosporus; and by its corps of Austrian consuls still scattered over the territories of both belligerents—professing to be neutral, but clearly sympathizing with Russia—it is in possession of the earliest intelligence. Hence this intelligence radiates, with just such and so dim coloring as the officials choose to give to it, to the German possessions of Italy, and to the lesser states of Rome, Tuscany, and Sardinia.

The English, Prussian, and French embassadors are in busy conclave; and the Austrian foreign secretary is lending such ear and opinion to the junto, as will keep alive the majesty of the Emperor, and make strong the impression of Austrian place and power. But it has been by no means a gay winter at Vienna. The sunny days of January have shown few walkers upon the Glacis: there are but few strangers in Vienna, if we except indeed the runaway princes and governors of the over-run provinces of Wallachia, who are anxiously watching the fate of the armies, and of their estates. Nor is anxiety confined to them: for the Austrian Cabinet is reckoning with great perplexity upon the possible chance of such general war, as shall light up her outside provinces in rebellion.

The armies of Hungary and of Lombardy are kept in full drill, and target exercise is an important part of their present practice. The old Marshal Radetzky, white-haired and rheumatic, is still dashing about with his wonderful vigor—one time at Verona, and another at Milan—inquiring into every rumor of an outbreak, and occasionally offering wholesome example, by shooting a man or two upon suspicion. The Austrian vessels of war are in full trim, and plunging back and forth along their miniature coast of the Adriatic, wherever their presence may give a wholesome lesson of the ubiquitous force of his Majesty, the Emperor Francis. From time to time we see mention of state trials, which make a very summary disposition of all free-thinking inhabitants. Our eye rests just now upon the record of the charges brought against a wealthy noble of Gallicia, the owner of four contiguous estates, a man of high education and endowment, who made all the laborers upon his estates happy, and sympathized, only too strongly, with humanity everywhere.

The charges were, that he held correspondence with designing democrats in foreign countries, as appeared from his letters, which had been searched at the offices of the Post. Again, he had been heard to express open and free sympathy with the Italians in their late rebellion; he had instructed, contrary to the provisions of the law, the peasantry upon his estates; he had contributed freely to the distribution of liberal sentiments, and of pamphlets, which had a tendency to weaken faith in the Imperial administration.

For all these, and for like other heinous deeds and misdemeanors, he was adjudged to die the death of the traitor, and his property was confiscated to the State. By some fortunate Providence, or perhaps the wild despair of the man himself, he died before the penalty could be inflicted.

It is strange to note the cool relations which subsist between the subjects and the monarchs through all the countries of Austrian Italy. The journals, indeed, are managed by those who, under the sleek guise of the Italian language and name, have sold their souls utterly to the dominant power, and fill their columns with wretched flattery, and foul misstatements of truth. The very exaggeration which belongs to their hypocrisy betrays their lack of character. Thus we observe, in a recent Venetian journal, just now under our hand, mention of some unimportant ship launch, with such bald preface as this: "Our most gracious sovereign, Francis, has never ceased to promote our prosperity, and, by his princely favor, we are enabled to record successive triumphs in our mercantile marine."

By the list of strangers' arrivals, moreover, which, by an ordinance of the police, is published every morning in the Lombardy papers, we observe that the travelers are few; and, for a week together, not a single American, or even English name appears upon the gazettes of Milan or of Venice. The annoyance of passports, which is sorely aggravated since the threatenings of war have become more decided, has shut off the great stream of southern travel; and those who journey to Italy would seem to have chosen altogether the sea route by Marseilles.

Florence, indeed, shows some signs of life and gayety; and they have just been honoring there, by private fêtes, that great master of song, Mario. Among others who have whiled away a week of the winter there, has been Charles Dickens, or, as his name appears on the police muster-roll, *Dixens Carolo*.

Rome shows a fearful multiplication of private crimes, and the severity of police regulations has rendered it less agreeable than ever as a residence for the pleasure-seeking stranger. Naples, removed as it seems to be from the turmoil of the times, and out of the great current of war news, is as placid as the moonlight on its bay. Strangers are frequent upon its quays, and within the pleasant walks of its Villa Reale. The continued excavations, moreover, at Pompeii, just now pushed forward with new zeal, are turning up every day something to excite the wonder of the curious.

But in all the active energy which characterizes our age in this half of the world, Italy, from top to bottom, is still a-laggard and asleep. There is not, we believe, a steam printing-press in all of Italy, not-

withstanding some of the most elegant books of this country have been printed at Milan or at Venice. A single steam paper-mill puffs out its reams upon the shores or Dalmatia, wholly under English direction, and sustained by British capital. The brigand robberies are even renewed in frequency the season past; and a scrap under our hand gives record of the public diligence, between Rome and Civita Vecchia, being waylaid and robbed by armed robbers, at mid-day. The railways have hardly progressed these three years past. That from Milan to Venice stops short at Verona on the south, and at Treviglio on the northern end. Twelve years ago, if we remember rightly, it was commenced; and the entire distance between the two is less than two hundred miles.

In Sardinia, indeed, a little energy has shown itself, and the road is now complete from Genoa to Turin; in truth, we have hopes that the active cabinet which presides over the councils of Piedmont, will revive again, before many years, the old project of piercing the Alps, at Mont Cenis, with a tunnel, and so secure a level passage from France into the plains of Lombardy. How much better than a shifting of stage scenes it would be, to pass under the mountains, on the cold, bleak side of Savoy, when the storm-winds of winter were blowing, and, after two or three hours of dark and deep roaring among the rocks, to emerge upon that broad table-land, where lies the city of Turin, girt round its whole horizon northward and eastward, with a glorious chain of mountain peaks!

Slipping from this quarter to the borders of Switzerland, we find the little canton of Tesino, still stubbornly maintaining its half of the quarrel against the bullying of Austria, and the associated cantons half-undecided, whether they will assume the quarrel as their own, or permit the parties to worry it out among themselves. A Zurich paper, with fair pride, records the fact that the new French Admiral Iscarrer, just now promoted by Louis Napoleon, is of Swiss origin, and that his father emigrated from the Grisons early in this century, and established himself at Brest as the keeper of a café! The matter is note-worthy as among the few instances in which an American-like change of condition, discovers itself among the privileges and establishments of European Society.

As for Constantinople, with a share of its foreign squadron cruising for the first time in the waters of the Black Sea, a little stronger hope appears upon the faces of the Mussulmans. But still trouble is among them, and scarcity of money is breeding a terrible spirit in those narrow foul streets where a penny is a prize. The war fever abates not one whit; and the destruction and butchery of Sinope has only kindled fiercer the rage which is felt against the northern barbarian.

Scarce one pleasure-seeking stranger is to be seen now at the stalls, where were sold attar and pipes. The only foreign figures, are those of Egyptian officers and sailors, or of an Arab chief, or possibly of some French officer of the suite of the military embassador. Amber mouth-pieces are sold for a trifle, and never was a better occasion for ladies to make up their collection of carpets, shawls, and fans.

People, merchant-people, talk in knots, in foreign coffee-rooms, and discuss ominously the last rumor of an arriving courier at Baraguay d'Hiliers', or at Lord Redcliffe's; for from these sources, more than from the silent court of the Vizier and the Sultan, they look for true news of the war.

We leave them in eager groups, eagerly watching the swift boats which, from time to time, splash across the waters of the Golden Horn, with a foreign embassadorial flag at their prows. We leave the sour sellers of attar, puffing gloomily at their oily pipes; and the fierce, turbaned nation, clinging perhaps to their last years of life, and persisting ever that "there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

Editor's Drawer.

THE following characteristic and amusing anecdotes of the late lamented statesman, DANIEL WEBSTER, are undeniably authentic. They both proceed from personal friends of Mr. Webster, and the first has never appeared in print.

Some four or five years ago, Mr. Webster paid a professional visit to Northampton, Massachusetts, one of the pleasantest inland towns in the State. His presence there was expected, and being the political idol of a large portion of the community, preparations had been made to give him a cordial reception, by eminent private citizens. The landlord, too, of the principal inn, had prepared a very handsome suite of apartments for his express accommodation, and had made arrangements to have the great man occupy them.

At length Mr. Webster arrived, and stopped at the hotel in question. He was shown to his quarters, with which he expressed himself well pleased, until it was incidentally remarked, by some friend present, that "Northampton was a temperance town, and that that was a temperance-house."

"Won't you ring the bell for the landlord?" asked Mr. Webster of a gentleman who stood near the bell-pull.

He rang the bell, and the landlord soon came up.

"Mr. Brewster," said Mr. Webster, "can you direct me to General L——'s house? I think I will take up my quarters with him."

The landlord, with great disappointment expressed in his face and manner, said:

"Why, Mr. Webster, I was in hopes my rooms would meet your entire approbation. We had taken great pains to have their arrangements such as should please you."

"Your rooms, Mr. Brewster, are excellent every way. Nothing need be more so; and I understand your table is abundantly supplied with well-cooked viands. But, Mr. Brewster, I understand that your house is conducted upon rigid temperance principles. Now, sir, I am an old man; my blood is thin, and now and then I require a little stimulus. Have you any pure old brandy, Mr. Brewster?"

"I have some of the oldest and purest in Massachusetts, I think," answered the landlord.

"Well, Mr. Brewster, have the kindness to bring me up a bottle, and place it on the little stand behind that door."

Mr. Brewster departed, and soon came back with the desiderated fluid, which he deposited as directed.

"Mr. Brewster," continued Mr. Webster, "have you any fine old Madeira?"

"Yes, Mr. Webster, of the oldest and best vintage."

"Do you know how to ice it properly, so that it shall be only just gratefully cool?"

The landlord answered in the affirmative, and went down to the cellar for the bottle. When he came back, he placed it, beside the other bottle, in a

graduated cooler, and was about to retire, when Mr. Webster said:

"You need be under no apprehension, Mr. Brewster, that this infraction of the temperance-law of your town will be discovered. I must needs honor law, being one of its humble ministers; and would not exhibit even a justifiable evasion of its commands. No, Mr. Brewster, you leave those bottles there, where they will be unobserved; and in a short time *I will put them where no human eye can see them!*"

The second anecdote to which we have alluded is vouched for by a correspondent of the Boston Daily Transcript:

"In the summer of 1823, when I was a mere lad, I was at Swift's in Sandwich. My then schoolmaster was there also, and from him I had the story:

"John Trout was the well-known *sobriquet* of the fisherman who attended the amateur anglers on their excursions. John was not remarkable for his veracity: quite otherwise, when the success of his hook and line was the subject of his story.

"One day he was 'out' with Mr. Webster. Both were standing in the brook waiting patiently for a bite, when Mr. Webster told John in what manner he had caught a very large trout on a former occasion:

"'Your honor,' said John, 'that was very well for a gentleman; but once, when I was standing by that bush yonder, I took a fish that weighed—'

("I forget how much, but of course many ounces larger than the great statesman's big fish.)

"'Ah! John! John!' interrupted Mr. Webster, 'you are an am-*phib*-ious animal: *you lie in the water, and you lie out of it!*'"

In a great metropolis like ours—busy as it is in the marts of commerce and trade—in the shops of artisans—in the crowded foundries and manufactories, filled with men whose sinewy arms are working good for themselves and for others—in such a scene, how sad a thing it is to see so many who *do nothing*, either for themselves or others! Spendthrifts of the money gained by the toil, and preserved by the prudent care of their honored fathers before them; enervated by luxury, puffed up with a foolish pride, and looking down upon honest industry, and all the useful pursuits of life. But not long shall it be well with such: by-and-by,

> ——— "Some graceless mask,
> Some symptom ill-concealed, shall soon or late
> Burst, like a pimple, from the vicious tide
> Of acid blood, proclaiming WANT'S disease
> Amidst the bloom of SHOW!"

By-the-by, speaking of our metropolis, here is a very quaint description of it, published in "*A Prospect of New York*," "imprinted for Nat. Crouch, at the Bell in the Poultry," London, in 1685.

"In 1664, King Charles the Second, he sent over four commissioners who, marching with three hundred red-cotes to *Manhadaes* or *Manhatoes*, took from the Dutch their chiefe towne, then called New-Amsterdam, and on the August 29 did turn out their Governour with a silver leg, and all the rest but those who did acknowledge subjection to the King of England, suffering *them* to enjoy their houses and estates as before.

"The town of New-York is well situated, both for trade, security, and pleasure, in a small isle called Manahatan, at the mouth of the great river *Mohegan*, which is quite commodious for shipping, and about two leagues broad. The town is broad, built with Dutch brick, consisting of above five hundred houses, the meanest not valued under an hundred pound.

"Landward it is encompassed with a wall of good thickness, and fortified at the entrance of the river, so as to command any ship that passeth that way by a fort called James Fort. It hath a Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriff, and Justice of the Peace, for Magistrates. The inhabitants are mostly English and Dutch, and have a considerable trade with the Indians for wild furs and skins!"

Such was our city during the time of the reign of the "*Governor with the Silver Leg*," old "Hard Koppig Piet!"

Any one who has seen the new phases that ice-cream confections take, ever and anon, at metropolitan parties will, we think, enjoy the following:

> "I had a strange dream, a remarkable dream,
> A dream for a midsummer night,
> Of a statue of NIOBE, made of ice-cream,
> Which I gazed on with awe and delight.
>
> "But soon the fair statue beginning to melt,
> Beneath the hot fire of my gaze,
> Such a wild, irresistible longing I felt,
> As St. ANTHONY surely would craze.
>
> "'Adored one!' I cried—and with one maddened kiss
> I had bitten off NIOBE'S nose;
> Her bust disappeared—nor was sated my bliss,
> 'Till I finished the last of her toes!"

He loved the "*sweet* creature" well enough to "eat her up!"

Apropos of ice-cream: that was not a very complimentary, nor over-appropriate, question asked by a novice in the use of this admirable confection, of a distant relative, the hostess of a crowded city-"party:"

"Cousin, your 'sweetened-cream' tastes first-rate; but ain't it a *leetle tetched with frost?*"

She had been "mortified to death" at the fact thus blurted out—but this "finished her entirely."

Before the French Revolution, the abbés were privileged persons in the fashionable world; a kind of general gossips in politics, literature, and court-scandal. At the tables of the principal noblemen there would always be a vacant place left for any abbé who might drop in, and the first who arrived took it. About dinner-time the abbés might be seen neatly dressed, picking their way from one dry stone to another along the dirty streets of Paris, ringing or rapping at the great porte-cochères of the lordly hotels, and inquiring of the porters,

"*Is there a place at table?*"

If answered in the negative, away they would hurry, in hopes of better luck at the next place of call.

An abbé of this springing order was seated one day, in the bloody time of the Revolution, at the table of a nobleman, where there was a large company. In the midst of the repast a cart drove by, carrying a number of persons to the guillotine. All the company ran to the windows to see if they had any friends among the victims.

The abbé, being a short man, tried by standing on tip-toe to peep over the shoulders of those before him, but in vain: so he ran down to the porte-cochère. As the cart went by, one of the prisoners who knew the abbé bowed to him. The abbé returned the salutation:

"What!" cried some of the mob, "you are his friend! You are of the same way of thinking! Here, citizens, here is *another* traitor! Away with him!"

The poor abbé was hoisted into the cart in spite of his protestations, and hurried off to the guillotine!

In the mean time, the noble company up stairs, having satisfied their curiosity, resumed their seats at table. One chair, however, remained vacant; and after a while the question began to be asked:

"Where is Monsieur, the abbé?" "What has become of the abbé?"

Alas! by this time the poor abbé was headless!

The facts here recorded were given to an ancient American, by SAMUEL ROGERS, the distinguished English poet.

SOME of the mother-readers of the "Drawer"—and we hope there are a great many of them—will perhaps peruse the following reflections of a Western mother upon *The worth of a Doll*, with a good degree of interest. She took for her "sampler," a tract entitled "The Worth of a Dollar," and chose to "work" only the first four letters; but in these she well illustrates what is too often overlooked, the importance of providing home *amusement*, as well as home instruction and employment for children:

"As soon as my eldest daughter was able to speak, I procured for her a box of *blocks*, with the letters of the alphabet marked upon them. With these she amused herself, and soon learned the whole alphabet, and also to spell words by selecting the proper letters.

* * * * * * * *

"Last fall I sent for a *Doll* for my youngest daughter. It did not cost a '*dollar*,' but it was better than I intended to get, and of course cost more. But after she had been in possession of it for six months, I began to reckon up the worth of it *to her*, and I was really surprised to find the sum so great.

"*First:* In the first place, it had made her contented at home, and kept her out of the streets, and this was surely worth to her at least	$25 00
"*Second:* It had learned her to sew, cut, and fix dresses, and make little hats and bonnets, without calling on her feeble mother for aid, at least	25 00
"*Third:* It had cultivated a cheerful, contented, and happy disposition	25 00
"*Fourth:* It had furnished self-employment, amusement, and instruction, and so relieved her sick mother from care	25 00
"*Fifth:* It had helped to develop those traits so amiable and lovely in a female, sisterly and motherly affection, and love for domestic duties	50 00
"*Sixth:* As a motive to diligence in study, and attention to other duties, it has been worth, at least,	50 00"

Now this "foots up" two hundred dollars, to say nothing of "benefits unthought of, or at least indescribable," which are reckoned at a hundred more! So that in a short time our Western mother found that the little "*Doll*" had proved a most profitable investment, and was led to think, as we must admit she has led us to think, that if all parents would furnish their children with some appropriate home amusements and employments, it would be greatly to the advantage of both parents and children.

If it is difficult to estimate the worth of a *doll*, who can tell the value of a good little book, or a useful paper?

THERE seemed to be no end to the tricks that used to be played upon the captains of our North River steam-boats, by shirking, swindling persons, who wished to get their voyaging for nothing. This was when the boats touched at most of the prominent towns on the river, to land such passengers as might desire to disembark at "way-stations." A common swindle was to pretend to be going to Albany, the *end* of the route, without money, and to be set on shore about midway, with great indignation, by the captain; but landing, in the mean while, at the very place where they wanted to go to!

We are reminded of this state of things, in the early history of steam-navigation on the Hudson River, by the following laughable and well-told sketch of a similar scene on the Mississippi, some months since:

"As the fleet steamer R—— was coming up the river not long ago, several way-passengers came on board at Vicksburg, and among others a giant-looking, middle-aged Kentuckian, who soon became the subject of curiosity, wonder, and general remark. After traveling a short distance, all the passengers except *the* new one, made their way to the captain's office, and paid their fare to their several places of destination. The next day the clerk made bold to call upon the delinquent passenger, who had taken no berth, but passed the greater part of his time in sleeping in his chair, and with his usual urbanity of manner asked the Kentuckian to give him his destination, as it would aid him in 'making up his book;' intending his question also as a gentle hint to him to pay his fare.

"The stout gentleman roused himself from his lethargy, and replied:

"'I'm going up the river a piece; it's all right, Mr. Clerk.'

"The clerk, not being much the wiser for this answer, again politely asked the stranger:

"'At what point do you expect to land, Sir?'

"'Don't land at *no* point, Mr. Clerk: it's all right, though.'

"Here the clerk left him, and went to consult the captain, who at once lost his wonted good-humor as the clerk related the result of his interview with his delinquent customer.

"The captain proceeded forthwith to bring the matter to a focus. Accosting the stranger, he said:

"'How far are you going with us, my friend?'

"'Oh, I'm going up a piece with you: it's all right, captain.'

"'But, Sir,' said the captain, 'you have neither paid your fare, nor given the clerk your place of destination; and you are old enough to know the custom of steam-boat-men, that when a man refuses to pay his fare, or to give a good reason for *not* paying, we put him ashore immediately.'

"'W-a-ll, captain, I s'pose '*tis* your custom: but it's all right.'

"Here the captain's patience gave out. He resolved to put him ashore forthwith; and accordingly he ordered the pilot to land, and the delinquent to make ready to go ashore: to which the latter replied:

"'It's all right, captain.'

"The boat landed; the plank was put out; the passenger told to 'walk;' to which, with a peculiar smile on his face, he readily assented; saying, as he stepped upon the plank,

"'It's all right, captain!'

"After getting on terra firma the captain gave him a short 'blessing,' for giving him the trouble to land, and threatened him with a 'top-dressing' if he ever saw him again.

"To which the imperturbable old Jeremy Did-

dler responded again, with an indescribable air of triumph, pointing to a handsome cottage, just above him, on the river-bank:

"'It's all right, captain!—*that's my house*, captain!—IT'S ALL RIGHT!'"

There can be little doubt that this is the same steam-boat traveler, who was observed by the captain of a Mississippi steamer smoking a huge cigar on the after-deck, with three others ("nine inches long, and nine for a cent") in his left hand.

"Don't you see that notice?" said the captain, pointing to a tin *affiche* nailed up in sight—"No gentleman permitted to smoke on the after-deck?"

"It's all right, captain," said he, puffing into his face a full blast of tobacco-smoke, "it's all right. Bless your soul, *I'm* no 'GENTLEMAN,' but the way I like to smoke is a caution!"

The excuse seemed so valid, that the captain with a half-laugh, turned on his heel, and left the smoker "alone in his glory."

WE have heard a young mother, who had buried an only and infant son, at the age of two years, affirm, that aside from the consolations of religion, nothing ever so touched her heart, or afforded her so much consolation as the following touching and beautiful extract from a poem which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine nearly thirty years ago:

"Thou weepest, childless mother!
Ay, weep—'twill ease thine heart:
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thy only one—
'Tis hard from him to part!

"'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp, cold earth—
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once vocal with his mirth.

"To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then waking with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

"To feel, half conscious why,
A dull, heart-sinking weight
Till mem'ry on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate!

"And there to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night,
Feeding thine own address,
With accurate greediness,
Of every past delight.

"Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles;
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles.

"Oh! these are recollections
Round mother's hearts that cling,
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after-years,
With oft-awakening.

"But thou wilt then, fond mother!
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing),
With sadness not unpleasing,
Even on that gloomy track.

"Thou'lt say, 'My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go,
And yet, for *thee* I know
'Twas better to depart.

"'GOD took thee in HIS mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried;
HE fought the fight for thee,
HE won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

"'I look around and see
The evil ways of men,
And oh! beloved child!
I'm *more* than "reconciled"
To thy departure then.

"'The little hands that clasped me,
The innocent lips that prest,
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast?

"'Now (like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone),
Thou'rt safe in Heaven, my dove!
Safe with the *Source* of LOVE—
The EVERLASTING ONE!

"'And when the hour arrives,
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at Heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me!'"

SOME political economist has been "figuring up" to find who it is that the public pay best; and the following is the sum total:

First: "We pay best those who destroy us—Generals.

Second: Those who cheat us—Politicians and Quacks.

Third: Those who merely amuse us—Singers, Actors, and Musicians; and,

Lastly, and the *least* of all: Those who instruct us—Authors, Schoolmasters, and Editors!"

BORROWING is a bad thing at the best; but "borrowing trouble" is perhaps the most foolish investment of "foreign capital" that a man or woman can make. An amusing instance of this species of "operation" is set forth in a down-east newspaper, wherein a man thus related his experience, in a financial way, on the occasion of the failure of a local bank:

"As soon as I heerd of it, my heart jumped right up into my mouth. 'Now,' thinks I, 'sposin' I got any bills on that bank? I'm gone if I hev—that's a fact!" So I put on my coat, and I 'put' for home just as fast as my legs would carry me; fact is, I run all the way. And when I got there, I looked keerfully, and found that I hadn't got no bills ontr that bank—*nor any other!* Then I felt easier."

There have been a thousand instances of "borrowing troubles" when it was not a whit better "secured" than in the present example.

THOSE who have followed the *History of Napoleon*, by Mr. ABBOTT, in successive pages of this Magazine, will read this passage from a *resumé* of the incidents which attended his last year at St. Helena, with no common interest. It is taken from a very able review in the *London Times* of Mr. FORSYTH'S recent work, from the documents and memoranda of Sir Hudson Lowe:

"About a year before his death, a sudden change took place in the daily habits of NAPOLEON. His better angel had whispered into his ear, and carried solace and contentment to his heart. He no longer secluded himself from the world. He went out among his fellows as a man *should* mix with them, and as an Emperor *might*. There was work going on in his gardens. The gardeners are very busy, especially the Chinese—an industrious race. NAPO-

LEON takes his place among them. He uses his spade with the rest, and the children of Count Bertrand are playing about him while he digs. Fowls trespass upon the grounds, and make free with the favorite flower-beds. The Imperial gardener sends for his gun, shoots the trespasser dead, and then proceeds with his work—superintending the raising of sod-walls in this place, the formation of reservoirs in another.

"Visions of the old time come across him while he labors, and he traces out on the ground of his little garden plans and field-work for defensive operations, to the edification of his officers and attendants, who group about him as he explains his ideas. Day after day, for a brief but happy interval, the gardening continues. Every man in the house has a spade in his hand, and Napoleon is very busy putting in seeds. He breakfasts in the garden, sends messages to the orderly officers for carts, shovels, and spades; and when the orderly looks in, late in the evening, he finds the great man still busy with his innocent and healthy occupation; and be sure he will be in good time next morning; for the said officer writes to the Governor (Sir Hudson Lowe) in his report: 'General BONAPARTE has a large bell which he rings, and immediately at this signal all the servants turn out to work in the garden.'"

In less than a year after this sentence was written, NAPOLEON died!

IN these days of "*Women's Rights*," the proper education of "the sex" for the new duties that they may be called upon to discharge, form a matter for grave consideration. So it is, that every assumption of responsibility brings with it corresponding cares.

It has been proposed to establish a "*College for Females*," in several of the manufacturing and producing cities of the Union, in which the following "sciences" are to be taught, by competent "professors:"

"*Spinology*, *Weaveology*, and *Cookology*."

These "sciences" are to be taught to young ladies; and after establishing a reputation for these accomplishments, they will be entitled to receive a regular diploma, with the honorary degree of "F.F.W.:"

"*Fit for Wives*."

One would like to be present at the "examination," when the fair damsels are admitted to their "degrees," or condemned for non-compliance with the terms "nominated in the bond."

OUT of much of the every day sketch-writing of the time (a good deal of it is of the *pseudo*-sentiment cast), the observant reader is enabled to separate the *real* from the *elaborated*. Of the first class is "*The Poor Customer*," which ensues:

"'How much butter did you say?'

"'Half a pound, if you please.'

"'And sugar?'

"'Half a pound.'

"'And of these oranges?'

"'Half a dozen, Sir, if you please.'

"'You go by *the halves* to-day. Well, what else? Be speedy—you're keeping better customers waiting.'

"'Half a peck of Indian-meal and one fine French roll,' said the woman, and her lips quivered, and I thought she turned to wipe away a trickling tear.

"I looked at her broken straw bonnet, her thin stooping form, her coarse garments—and I read poverty on all. And the palid, pinched features, the mournful but evidently once beautiful face, told me that luxuries were not for her.

"An invalid looked from his narrow window, whose pale lips longed for the cool, fresh orange, for whose comfort the tea, and the butter, and the fine French roll, were bought with much sacrifice. And I saw him sip the tea, and taste the dainty bread, and praise the flavor of that sweet butter, and turn with brightening eye to the golden fruit. And I heard him ask her, kneeling by the smoky hearth, to taste them with him. And as she set the broken pan on edge, to bake her coarse loaf, I heard her say:

"'By-and-by—when I am hungry!'

"And 'by-and-by,' when the white lids of the sufferer were closed in sleep, I saw her bend over him with a blessing in her heart. And she laid the remnants of the feast carefully by, and ate her bread unmoistened.

"I strayed from my reverie: the grocer's hard eye was upon me:

"'You are keeping *better* customers waiting!'

"Oh, I wanted to tell him how poverty and persecution, contempt and scorn, could not dim the heart's fine gold, purified by many a trial; that that woman, with her little wants, and holy sacrifices, was better in the sight of GOD than many a trumpet-tongued DIVES, who gave that he might be 'known of men.'"

THE title of "*Biblical Reputation*" is prefixed to the subjoined scrap, which we find in "The Drawer." The fact is declared to be authentic, and the scene is Illinois:

"As our correspondent was passing a small hut by the road-side, he noticed a shaggy-headed boy of about eighteen years of age, with large eyes and no hat, dressed in a worn-out pair of his father's trowsers, trying to balance himself on the splintered top of a hickory stump, and apparently sunning himself.

"More for the purpose of breaking the monotony of riding all day without speaking, than to gain information, Mr. Lord (the name of the equestrian traveler) reined his horse up to the fence, and asked:

"'My little lad, can you tell me how far it is to Sangamon Bottoms?'

"''Bout six miles, I reckon.'

"'Do you enjoy yourself out here in the woods?'

"'Yes—a heap.'

"'What ails your pantaloons?'

"'Tore'd 'em!' was the laconic but sufficient answer.

"Finding that he had got hold of a genius that couldn't be pumped, Mr. Lord turned his horse's head to depart; but he, in turn, was hailed by the boy:

"'What mought your name be?'

"'LORD,' was the reply.

"The boy laughed all over, even to the wrinkles in his father's old trowsers.

"'You seem pleased,' said Mr. Lord; 'perhaps you never heard the name before?'

"'Yes I have, too,' said the boy; 'I've heard "Pop" *read* about you!'

"The traveler put spurs to his horse, and says that even the sacred thoughts to which the incident gave rise, were hardly sufficient to keep him from laughing to himself throughout the rest of his journey."

We must say for ourselves, however, that ignorance so profound, an intellect of an American boy so benighted, is far from a "laughing matter."

IF our friends in the country would know how we sleep in the metropolis, and especially how we get

up in the morning, let them carefully peruse the following:

"It is curious enough to see the circulation of a great city commence in the morning—the great city that *roared* itself to sleep last night. True there was a feeble pulse all night; the cars beat to and fro; a carriage now and then gave a flutter; but after all, there had been a quiet hour.

"About a hundred and fifty thousand of the people had been lying on a 'dead level' for four or five hours; some on pillows of down, and some on curb-stones—some beneath silken counterpanes, and some beneath the great blue quilt of heaven. Queer figures they make in the 'mind's eye,' to be sure—one hundred and fifty thousand 'folks,' more or less, lying on their backs—lying in tiers or rows, five or six miles long—lying three or four deep. In the cellar—that is the 'primitive formation;' then first floor, second, third, and so on up to the garret.

"A hundred thousand people snoring!—what a concert! Fifty thousand people dreaming! Fifty thousand people in red night-caps—fifty thousand in white—and here and there one trimmed with lace. Thirty thousand curls twisted up in thirty thousand papers; giving their owners the appearance of having made a pillow of cigar-lighters. Ten thousand curls hanging over backs of chairs, or tossed upon tables. How gently Time touches such people!—they never grow gray at all! Ten thousand people weeping, and now and then one dying—dying in a dream!

"And then the getting up is ridiculous enough—though going to bed (should we say 'retire' in these refined times?) is a solemn piece of business, whether people think it or not. But the waking up, the getting up, is amusing enough for a farce. It is a process—a species of gradualism. There is one, who has 'slept like a top' for nine solid hours, and now he begins to wake. First it's a half-lurch, a long breath, and a yawn; then an arm is thrust out—then a foot: the muscles are waking up. Next, the rattle of the early-going wagons strike his ear; hearing is 'coming to;' then his tongue moves uneasily—taste is returning. Last, his eyes open, one after another—then half close—then open again: and *then* the man is awake—awake all over—awake for all day.

There is another, sound asleep this minute; and *this*, he shakes himself like a huge Newfoundland dog, springs up "percussion," and the thing is done; the fellow hasn't a sleepy hair about him. Snowy quilts that have just risen and fallen with the soft bosoms beneath, begin to grow uneasy. The sweet sleepers are waking—so we will draw the curtains, and leave them to their toilets. Bundles of rags in dark corners toss and tumble; there's something alive underneath. Out it comes—*more* rags! Misery *makes* no toilets, and there are no curtains to draw!

THE following exceedingly graphical description of our entrance into London, by an American traveler, was written sixteen years ago, by a gentleman who is now in the public service in California:

"I never shall forget my entrance into London. It was an epoch in my life. About two o'clock in the afternoon, while we were yet thirty or forty miles from the metropolis, a friend pointed out to me an indication of its 'whereabout.' A little above the horizon, and as far in the distance as I could strain my vision, lay a long line of watery-looking cloud, like the first faint distant view of the Blue Ridge, in Pennsylvania, seen when the early morning light touches it in October. This was the smoke-cloud that always overhangs London, be the day never so fine or clear—a cloud, the extent and 'volume' of which may be gathered from the fact, that vegetation is earlier by a fortnight on the west and southwest sides of the metropolis, than at the northern and eastern sides—a circumstance alone attributable to the severity of the north and northeast winds being mitigated in their passage over London, by the smokes belched from a million of coal fires into the hazy air. About ten miles from London the carriages, wagons, carts, indeed vehicles of every description, began to thicken—and every eminence of the highway that overlooked a long onward reach of the road, showed the mass denser and more dense, as it neared the metropolis.

"'And this is London, is it not?' said I, as we entered upon a broad, continuous street, and saw others commencing on either side.

"'Not yet—wait a bit,' said the bluff, alderman-like coachman.

"We rose a slight ascent: '*That* is London!' said the driver, with conscious pride, as he pointed with his whip—'there's the *village!*'

"I turned my head—for with boyish eagerness I had been looking right and left—and before me lay the British metropolis, spread all round to the horizon in every direction—a thousand domes, towers, steeples, and turrets piercing the dim atmosphere—St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, among them—a wilderness of architecture, thirty miles in circumference!"

"DEAR me," said the *true* Mrs. Partington, when she had finished reading the late foreign news, "dear me! here they are going to war again over the sea, and only for a Turkey, and don't say how much it weighed either, or whether it was tender! and Knockemstiff has gone into a miff, and the Russhan bears and Austriches are all let loose to devour the people, and the Lord only knows when the end of it will leave off. War is a terrible thing, so destroying to temper and good clothes; and men shoot at each other just as if they were gutter-perchas, and cheap at that!"

Literary Notices.

A new literary enterprise is announced by Phillips, Sampson, and Co., in the publication of a uniform library edition of the *Poetical Works* of CAMPBELL, ROGERS, LOCKHART, MACAULAY, BULWER, W. R. SPENCER, HORACE SMITH, and HOOD. The *Works* of Campbell have already appeared, edited by EPES SARGENT, with an original biography and notes. The volume contains all the poems collected in the Moxon editions, according to the text and arrangement approved by the author. In addition to these, Mr. Sargent publishes fifty pieces, which have not appeared before in a collected form, but some of which, in his opinion, are hardly surpassed by the best of Campbell's acknowledged lyrics, and all of which are worthy of a permanent place in his works. The memoir,

which is prefixed to the volume, gives a well-digested summary of the principal events in the poet's life, including selections from the interesting reminiscences of Cyrus Redding, who was long associated with Campbell in editing the *New Monthly Magazine*. Mr. Sargent has certainly executed his task with a fine poetical appreciation of his author, and with just critical acumen. An engraving of Campbell, as he was in his early years, and a full-length pen-and-ink sketch of his appearance in advanced life, form appropriate embellishments of the work.

The issue of *The English Poets*, on the model of the celebrated Aldine edition, by Little, Brown, and Co., is proceeding steadily toward its completion. The last volumes that we have received, contain the Poems of Swift, in three volumes, and of Thomson, in two volumes, with extended biographical and critical notices. We can hardly give too warm commendation to the typographical beauty of this elegant edition.

Outlines of the Geology of the Globe, by EDWARD HITCHCOCK (published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.), is intended as a sequel to the larger work on Elementary Geology by the distinguished author. Exhibiting the main principles of the science in a singularly condensed form, it serves as a valuable introduction to the study of geology.

Another volume of juvenile stories, by the authoress of "The Sunny Side," the late Mrs. PHELPS, of Andover, is published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co. It is entitled *Talks and Tales for Children*, and is founded on the childish ups and downs in the experience of "Little Mary" from five to nine years of age. Few juvenile works display greater purity of sentiment or beauty of style, or can be more unhesitatingly recommended for the family literary than this excellent volume.

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have issued a work of great practical utility, and which must create a general demand, in *A Complete Gazetteer of the United States*, by THOMAS BALDWIN and J. THOMAS, M.D. It claims to be the most elaborate and comprehensive Gazetteer of this country that has ever been published, and, after a cursory examination, we have no reason to doubt that its pretensions are well-founded. Great diligence and research have evidently been devoted to its preparation, and if minor errors or omissions of details may be detected in the description of certain localities, they do not interfere, we are persuaded, with the general accuracy or the substantial value of the work. Besides the usual matter comprised in a Gazetteer, it presents the results of the Census of 1850, and in many instances embraces a mass of statistics and populations to 1853, obtained since the Census was taken. The fullness of information which it furnishes, together with its trust worthy character, will doubtless make it an indispensable appendage to the desk of the statesman, the editor, the merchant, and indeed of all classes, that need the aid of a correct geographical guide.

Sketches of the Irish Bar, by the Rt. Hon. RICHARD LALOR SHIEL, *with Memoir and Notes*, by R. SHELTON MACKENZIE. (Published by Redfield.) Portraitures of Irish character, if executed with tolerable skill, never fail to be welcome to the majority of readers. The Irish temperament includes so many elements of humor, good-fellowship, dashing audacity, originality of conception, and bold, picturesque phrascology, that it always affords materials for the richest style of description and anecdote. The papers in these volumes, which were first published in the London *New Monthly Magazine*, attained a rapid popularity on their original appearance, some thirty years since, and have since been familiar to all readers of periodical literature. Mr. Shiel was himself a genuine specimen of a brilliant and exuberant Irish nature; eloquent, witty, frolicsome, adventurous, with a never-failing flow of expressive and vigorous language, he was equally fitted by natural genius for poetry or oratory. His destiny, however, was soon decided by an early plunge into public and political life. At the immature age of one-and-twenty, he was admitted to the Irish bar. His extreme youth proved an obstacle to his immediate success, and for several years he obtained his sustenance chiefly by his contributions to the London magazines and other productions in the lighter branches of literature. At a subsequent period, he took an active part in the cause of Irish Emancipation, and, after the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, in 1829, became a member of the House of Commons. To this new position he brought a distinguished reputation, effective powers of oratory, and a widespread popularity. His career in Parliament was not marked by the devotion to the cause of Ireland which had inspired his previous efforts as a public debater; and, after enjoying several lucrative offices, he died at Florence, where he held the post of British Minister.

In the present sketches, the writer has given delineations of several of the most eminent public men of Ireland—reports of interesting criminal cases, illustrating the practice of the Irish Bar—and graphic narratives of the events connected with the progress of civil and religious liberty in his native country. He describes with brilliancy and point, and relates an anecdote with inimitable effect. The editor of this work, Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE, has not only shown his good taste in the selection of the materials, but his literary ability in the manner in which he has performed his task. His notes are copious and apposite. He gives valuable biographical sketches of nearly all the persons alluded to in the text. His familiar knowledge of Irish history and social life is shown to great advantage. Even without reference to the original matter of the volumes, the editor's illustrative notes in themselves furnish an attractive store of anecdote, literary and political reminiscences, and pleasant reading in general. Although the work does not possess the gay, rollicking character which gives such a fresh interest to Sir Jonah Barrington's sketches, it is far superior to that production in point of important information and intellectual power, while it is by no means deficient in attractions to readers who are merely in search of amusement.

Human Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, by T. S. LAMBERT, M.D. (Published by Ivison and Phinny.) This is a useful manual, for popular use, by a well-known, successful teacher of physiology. It is founded on the previous work of the author, which has gained a wide and favorable reputation, but is less a revision than a reproduction. The principal features of the volume are its clear arrangement, its liveliness of style, and its numerous practical illustrations. Dr. Lambert is evidently an enthusiastic in his favorite science, but his work betrays no lack of discrimination or careful scientific inquiry.

The most recent issue of DE QUINCEY'S *Writings* (by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields), contains *Essays on Philosophical Writers, and other Men of Letters*. Sir William Hamilton, Sir James Mack-

intosh, Kant, Herder, Lessing, Richter, Bentley, and Parr, are the great names to which the essays are devoted. They are treated in the rambling, desultory, yet brilliant manner, without which De Quincey would not be himself.

A little volume of *Papers on American History*, by Professor A. DAVIS, containing "*The History of New Amsterdam*," "*Events connected with the History of the Revolution*," and "*Philadelphia in the Times of William Penn*," has been published by R. T. Young. It presents, in a brief compass and in popular style, many interesting facts concerning the days of "long time ago."

The Old Brewery and the New Mission House at the Five Points, is the title of a volume (Stringer and Townsend, publishers) by Ladies of the Mission, comprising a brief narrative of the history of the Five Points, the progress of missionary enterprise in that locality, and a variety of interesting sketches illustrating the effect of religious influence in lifting up the degraded and down-trodden. The sketches appear to have been taken from life; they are presented in a simple and unadorned style, and do not aim at effect by any appeals to the imagination. As a record of the methods by which Christian benevolence has attempted to redeem one of the most vicious and hopeless quarters of the city, this volume may claim a more than temporary value.

My Uncle Toby's Library, by FRANCIS FORRESTER, Esq., is a new serial, announced by George C. Rand, Boston, designed for the entertainment and instruction of children between the ages of seven and fourteen. The numbers that have already appeared are well adapted to their purpose, and give abundant promise of the excellence of the series.

The London *Athenæum* says: "The Grinnell Expedition has been fortunate in its historian. It would, we think, be difficult to produce a more interesting story of Arctic adventure than the present volume. . . . . Besides the account of the voyage, which is full of startling incidents, Dr. Kane enters at length into the physical geography of the Arctic regions. His book, which is profusely and admirably illustrated, is one of the most interesting of the kind that we have seen, and deserves a place by the side of our most cherished records of Arctic adventure."

The London announcements of some of the earliest publications for 1854, include a *History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth*, by M. GUIZOT; a *History of the Papacy to the Period of the Reformation*, by the Rev. J. E. RIDDLE; *Hungary, Past and Present*, by the late Secretary of the Hungarian Government of 1849; a *History of the Various Denominations of the Christian World, from the Earliest Ages of the Church*; the third volume of Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S *Memoirs and Correspondence of Fox* (to be completed by a fourth volume); the second volume of Lord HOLLAND'S *Memoirs of the Whig Party*; a *Defense of the Eclipse of Faith*, by its Author, as a rejoinder to Professor NEWMAN'S *Reply*; for the new number of the Traveler's Library, *The Russians of the South*, by SHIRLEY BROOKS; *Secret and Unpublished Documents connected with Russian History and Diplomacy, bearing on the present aspect of affairs in the East*, translated and edited by J. MORELL; GERMAIN DE LAGNY'S *The Knout and the Russians*; *Memoirs and Correspondence of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain*; a new *Memoir of Burke and his Times*, by the Author of the recent *Literary and Political Memoir of Disraeli*.

The public reading of his own works by Mr. DICKENS at Birmingham is a novel event in the history of popular instruction and recreation. The occasion was the establishment of a new Mechanics' Institute, to aid in providing the necessary funds for which Mr. Dickens generously offered to contribute his services in the form of these readings. The *Christmas Carol* and the *Cricket on the Hearth* were the works selected on two nights, the former being repeated on a third night, when the audience consisted entirely of operatives and their families. On each occasion above two thousand persons were present, and the attention of the crowded audience was riveted by the speaker. To read a work already familiar to a large portion of the public was a severe trial, but the good elocution, dramatic skill, and hearty feeling of the author gave full effect to the delivery of the stories. The experiment was altogether successful, although few authors could attempt it with the same advantages as Mr. Dickens.

Of *Six Months in Italy*, by HILLARD, the *Athenæum* says: "Why the Americans as a nation should especially hanker after Italy, and eagerly rather than patiently enjoy its rich though fading treasures of Art, we have no need once again to point out. We do not recollect, however, any record of a Transatlantic traveler's visit to Milan, Venice, Florence, Bologna, Rome, or Naples, so satisfactory as Mr. Hillard's. He shows enthusiasm enough without that sand-blind leaning on Tradition which always brings either the pilgrim's sincerity or sense into question. He describes naturally, sensibly, and warmly, without waste of words. He is national, without visible envy or antipathy—in short, his book may, and probably will, circulate widely as a *vade mecum* for his countrymen, while the tourist of every other nation may use it with pleasure as a carriage-companion."

A new quarterly—*The Ethnological Journal*—has been started by Mr. LUKE BURKE, who announces the discovery of a new inductive science—*Mythonomy*—which is to throw great and unexpected light upon all the old mythologies and legends. The principal portion of this number is devoted to the first four chapters of the new treatise. We must leave it to persons versed in this subject to pronounce an opinion on this new science.

A suggestion has been made by Prince ALBERT of a very pleasing character, though of no great practical importance: he proposes a portrait gallery of *inventors*. Those only are to be included whose inventions have been generally recognized as of service to mankind at large, and they are to be historically catalogued. To make this collection more useful, his Royal Highness proposes that the catalogue should contain brief notices of the lives of the persons whose portraits the gallery is to contain. The *book*, if well done, would be more valuable than the gallery, especially if engravings of the portraits were added.

The Rev. FREDERICK MAURICE, soon after his dismissal from King's College, retired from the offices he held in the Queen's College, London, as lecturer on Moral Philosophy and English Literature, and Chairman of the Committee of Professors. He retired because he was not re-elected *unanimously*. The journals publish the farewell correspondence between him and his brother Professors; in which the latter, through the Rev. Richard Trench, express their affectionate regret at the loss of his

services—services which had mainly contributed to secure for the College "the first charter which the Crown of Great Britain has ever granted solely for the furtherance of female education."

Lord HOLLAND, in his recent "Memoirs of the Whig Party," gives a curious account of the marriage of George IV., while Prince of Wales, with Mrs. Fitzherbert. He quotes a letter from the Duke of Bedford, who says:

"My brother was one of the two unmarried Dukes who supported the Prince at the ceremony, and he had need of his support; for my brother told me the Prince was so drunk that he could scarcely support him from falling. He told my brother he had drunk several glasses of brandy to enable him to go through the ceremony. There is no doubt but it was a *compulsory* marriage."

The demise of Mrs. CARLYLE, the mother of the distinguished author, took place at Scotsbrig, near Ecclefechan, on Christmas-day. Her two sons, one of whom is a doctor residing in London, and the author of various translations from the German, were present at the death-bed of their venerable and beloved parent. The doctor had waited upon his mother for a month with the most exemplary and patient love. Thomas Carlyle arrived from his residence at Chelsea a few days before the last scene, and on the spot where he was born witnessed the departure of a mother who had the satisfaction, many years before her death, of seeing her family rise to a proud and well-merited distinction.

French literature is at length giving signs of recovery from the stagnation into which it was plunged by the establishment of imperial despotism. Within the last two or three months several original works, by authors of great reputation, have been brought out, and many others are in preparation. Among the latter, we may mention the continuation of the *History of the Consulate and Empire*, together with a work on the Fine Arts, and a *History of Florence*, by M. THIERS; a translation of *Dante*, by M. LAMENNAIS; a continuation of the *Souvenirs Politiques et Littéraires* of M. VILLEMAIN, the first volume of which created a profound sensation in Paris; more *études* of personages of the Fronde, and, perhaps, a volume or two of what the French call *haute* philosophy and *haute* literature, by M. COUSIN; the continuation of M. de BARANTE'S *History of the Convention;* ditto of M. de LAMARTINE'S ditto; while JULES JANIN will give two or three other volumes of his *soi-disant History of Dramatic Literature;* Madame SAND an account of her life and adventures, under the title of *Ma Confession*, and, perhaps, a new novel or two, saying nothing of her plays; PONSARD a new tragedy or comedy; the notorious Dr. VERON the conclusion of his memoirs of a *Bourgeois de Paris*, which grow more readable the more they advance; and a whole army of minor scribes are plying their pens with as much industry as if they were sure to find readers.

A company has just been formed for purchasing the copyright of all M. LAMARTINE'S works already written, or to be written hereafter. The capital is 450,000fr. M. Ampere, the academician, and MM. Emile de Girardin, Ponsard, and Pagnerc are among the promoters.

M. PIERRE DIDOT, formerly a member of the great printing and publishing firm of Didots in Paris, has died in that city, aged not less than ninety-three. The typographic art in France is not a little indebted to him for its present exquisite perfection.

"Among the new books of solid worth sent us by Germany of late," says *The Leader*, "we will name, for the benefit of scientific readers, the *System der Thierischen Morphologie*, by VICTOR CARUS, nephew to the great CARUS, and one whose German tendencies toward abstract speculation are controlled by careful study of concrete realities. He is a bad writer, of course; is he not a German? But, although he has the vicious cumbrousness of verbose obscurity, he has not the vicious metaphysical tendencies which spoil so many good Naturalists in his country. His work is a philosophic survey of the Animal Kingdom—a Comparative Anatomy which would well deserve translation if a skillful translator could be found, who should make his sentences readable."

The first volume of ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT'S minor writings has just appeared. It is dedicated to Leopold von Buch, as "the able investigator of nature and the greatest geognist of the age." The volume contains M. Humboldt's writings on geognostic and physical phenomena.

We have tidings of the death of M. G. F. GROTEFEND, one of the most celebrated linguists of Germany. He was 78 years of age. Among his most remarkable publications are works on the origin of the Greek and Latin languages, on cuneiform inscriptions, on Phrygian and Libyan inscriptions, and on eastern numismatics.

Mr. WILLIAM MALTBY, librarian of the London Institution, in which office he succeeded Professor Porson, died on the 5th of January, having reached his ninetieth year. He was one, and not the least interesting, of that class of gentlemen scholars which serves as a link of connection between the last and the present century in the field of polite letters, then so highly cultivated, and so generally appreciated. Although bred to the law, and practicing for many years as a solicitor, in copartnership with his elder brother, the late Mr. Rowland Maltby, of Fishmongers' Hall, his love of classical literature absorbed his leisure hours, and formed the object as well as the delight of his life. To the Elmsleys, Sothebys, and Paynes of bygone days, Mr. Maltby was especially well known, and a very valuable library attests the industry and judgment as well as the taste of the collector. His oldest and one of his most valued friends through life was the venerable poet Rogers, with whom he first became acquainted, at the age of nine years, at the school of the Rev. Mr. Pickbourne, of Newington Green.

A new and elegant translation of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S novels is appearing at Stockholm.

French journalism has received a heavy blow, in the sudden death of M. ARMAND BERTIN, director of the *Journal des Débats*, which took place recently in Paris. Not merely was his management of the journal singularly vigorous and intelligent, but his political contributions to its columns had a weight, a significance, and an appearance of conviction, which distinguished them among similar essays of their kind.

Jullien's Concerts.

FIRST NIGHT OF THE GRAND ILLUSTRATED PROGRAMME.



QUADRILLE NAPOLITAIN.
Pianissimo ! !—JULLIEN



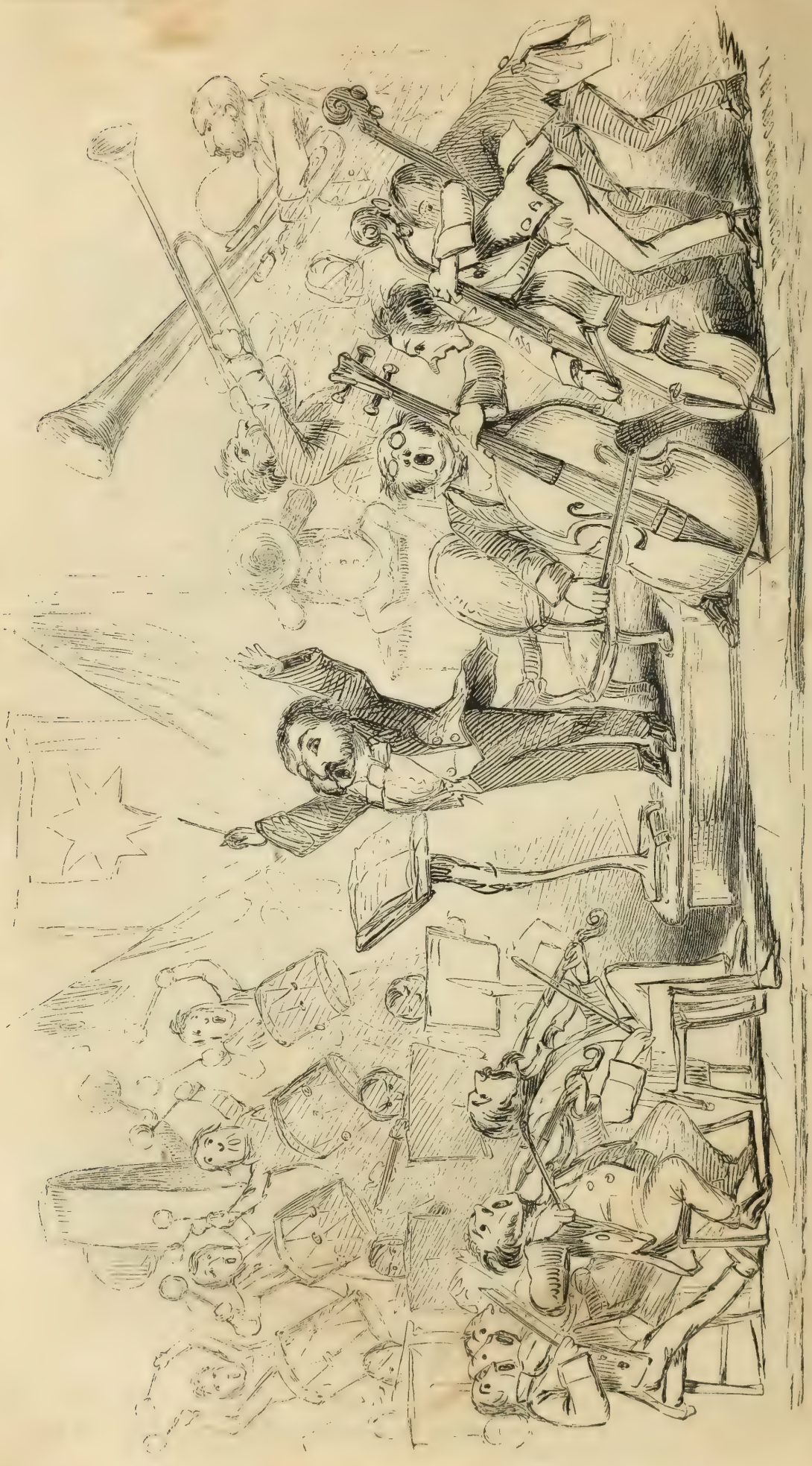
SOLO, CORNET-A-PISTON.
L'Adieu Maritime.—HERR KONIG



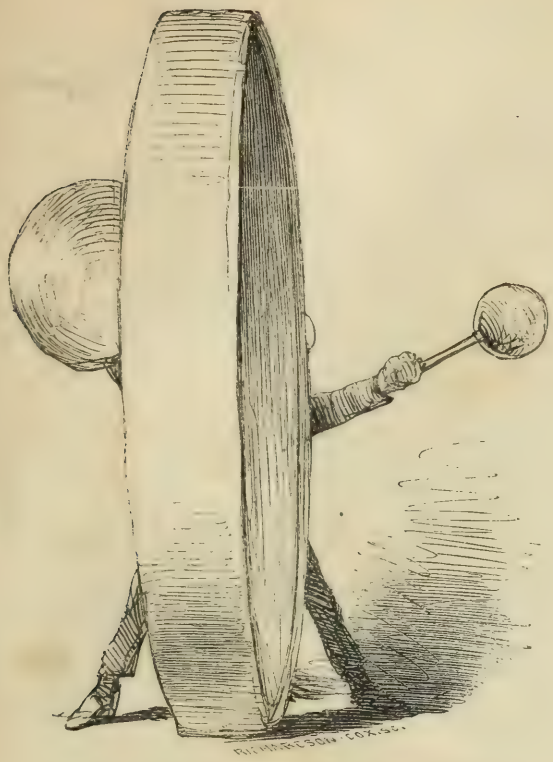
SOLO, CONTRA-BASSO.
On Themes from La Sonnambula.—SIGNOR BOTTESINI.



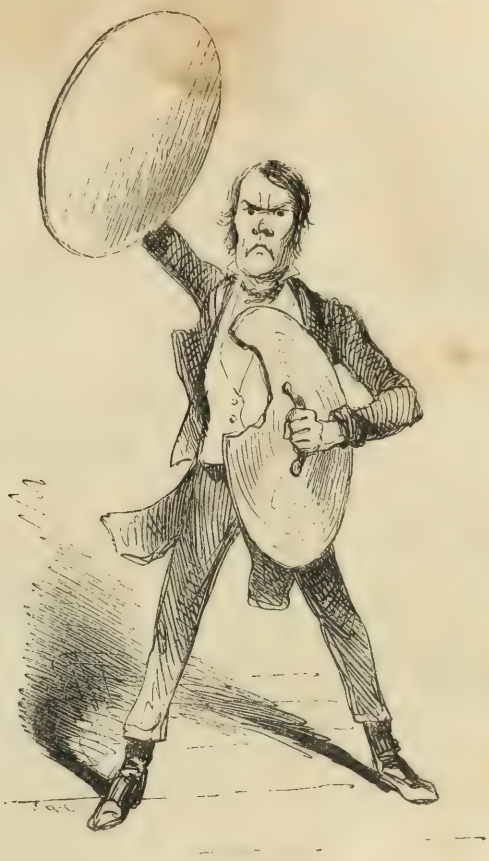
SOLO, CONTRA-BASSO (*Encore*).
Carnival de Venise.—SIGNOR BOTTESINI.



NATIONAL QUADRILLE. *Yankee Doodle—999th time.*



GALOPPE, AMAZON AND TIGER.
Descriptive of Hunting in South Africa.



THE GREAT EXHIBITION.
God Save the Queen!!



FINALE.



FASHIONS FOR MARCH—EVENING COSTUMES.—(*Furnished by* BRODIE.)

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XLVII.—APRIL, 1854.—Vol. VIII.



J. C. FREMONT.
[By Permission, from a Daguerreotype by Brady.]

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN NEW MEXICO.

BY G. DOUGLASS BREWERTON.

As those who have followed me in my wanderings through the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, and amid the sands of the Great American Desert, may not feel altogether uninterested in the continuation of my journey to the frontiers of Missouri, I will resume the thread of my narrative from the point where it was interrupted by our arrival at the village of Taos,* in the Territory of New Mexico.

In concluding my "Ride with Kit Carson" in the August Number, I stated that the way-worn condition of our animals, as well as the weariness of the men, caused a day's delay at the rancho at which we encamped before entering Taos, where we were again detained for similar reasons from Saturday until the Tuesday morning following. During our sojourn there I visited most portions of the town, which, beyond the fact of its having suffered in former days from the chances of intestine warfare or foreign invasion, has little to commend it to the notice of the traveler. Its inhabitants exhibit all the indolent, lounging characteristics of the lower order of Mexicans, the utter want both of moral and mental culture making itself every where apparent. These people, who know no higher duty, and acknowledge no purer rule of conduct than a blind compliance with the exactions of a corrupt priesthood, regard honest labor as a burden, and resort to it only when driven by their necessities. Sleeping, smoking, and gambling consume the greater portion of their day; while nightly fandangoes furnish fruitful occasions for murder, robbery, and other acts of outrage. I speak of the country as it impressed me at the period of my passage through it, some years ago, when these remarks were applicable to a large majority of its male population. It is but just, however, to state, that the women of New Mexico toil harder, and in this respect are more perfect slaves to the tyranny of their husbands, than any other females, if we except the Indians, upon this continent. They are literally "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" but, unlike their cowardly and treacherous lords, their hearts are ever open to the sufferings of the unfortunate. Many have borne witness to the fact; for the wounded mountaineer, the plundered trader, and fettered prisoners dragged as a triumphal show through their villages by men who never dared to meet their captives upon equal terms in the field, have experienced sympathy and obtained relief from these dark-eyed daughters of New Mexico.

The houses of Taos, like those of Los Angeles in California, are for the most part built of *adóbes*, with walls of great thickness, the windows being narrow, and strongly barred with iron rods, which, while they afford a greater degree of security to the residents in times of danger, give the place a gloomy, prison-like appearance, which is far from agreeable. In the arrangement of the interior of their dwellings, as well as in the character of the furniture which they contain, the New Mexicans differ greatly from any of the Spanish race whom I have hitherto seen. The sides of their rooms are provided

* Though I give this place the name by which it is generally known among the Americans in that section of country, it is geographically incorrect, there being, in reality, no such town. The appellation of "*Taos*" refers more particularly to the "*Valle de Taos*," so called in honor of the "*Taosa*" tribe of Indians; the remnant of which (as stated by Gregg) yet form a "*pueblo*" in the northern part of the "*valle*." In this, the most beautiful district of New Mexico, are situated several towns and minor settlements, of which Fernandez and Los Ranchos are the most important.

with huge rolls of "*sarapes*" (a kind of coarse blanket, which forms one of their principal articles of trade with the adjoining provinces, being largely manufactured by the women of the country). These rolls answer the double purposes of beds by night and lounges by day. With the exception of these changeable conveniences, the one apartment, which serves as kitchen, parlor, and bedroom for a whole family, boasts no other movables, unless, indeed, some aristocratic "*rico*" indulges in the luxury of a bench or table fashioned of native wood, and so rudely carved and put together that it would have done no great credit to the skill of our friend Robinson Crusoe, if found in his island habitation.

Both rich and poor, however, agree in appropriating one end of their dwellings to a sort of family altar or chapel, where rude engravings of saints, images intended to represent the Saviour, or "La Madre de Diòs," sacred relics, and consecrated rosaries, are displayed around a huge crucifix, which occupies the centre of the wall on that side of the apartment. These images, particularly upon high "fiestas" and holidays, are decked out by the females of the family with all sorts of tawdry ornaments; and on such occasions it is by no means uncommon to see a doll representing the Virgin Mary arrayed in a muslin frock, trimmed with artificial roses, and festooned with ribbons of the gayest hues. Here and there are oil paintings; a worse copy of a bad picture, or, it may be, a veritable "Old Master," occupies the post of honor, and portrays saints, angels, and demons in every possible and impossible attitude, and engaged in every improbable avocation. As an instance of the singularity of these productions, I need only give an example of one of the ludicrous modes of depicting Scripture history which came under my own observation.

In the "*casa*" of a New Mexican "*rico*" stands, or rather hangs, a picture which I was requested by its owner to examine. He remarked that it was held to be uncommonly handsome, and valuable withal. After some little difficulty, I managed to penetrate the vail of dust, varnish, and asphaltum with which time and the picture cleaners had kindly shrouded it, and was rewarded for my trouble by the discovery that the artist (whose ideas upon perspective seemed somewhat *celestial*) had chosen for his subject the sacrifice of Isaac. Abraham—who stands upward of six feet—in a yellow uniform coat and blue striped pantaloons, with cavalry boots, spurs, and mustaches to match—is about putting an end to Isaac (whose dress, with the exception of the mustaches, is got up in nearly the same military style as that of the patriarch) by blowing out his brains with an old-fashioned blunderbuss, the muzzle of which is close to Isaac's right ear. The angel, however, has arrived just in the very nick of time; for as Abraham, with averted head, is pulling trigger, the celestial visitor discharges a torrent of water from a huge squirt directly into the priming of the gun, thereby saving the brains of the intended victim. As regards the coloring of this precious "work of art," I will only observe that it would probably, with a little smoking, bring a high price in the New York market as a most undoubted "*original*."

The concluding paragraphs of my Rocky Mountain narrative chronicled the fact that my friend Carson had a wife who was then residing in Taos. Now it was evident that Kit felt disposed to linger by his own fireside to the last moment which duty would permit; and when we remember the long and weary days of peril and fatigue which our adventurous mountaineer must necessarily undergo before revisiting his home, few of our lady readers will wonder at the wish, however strange it may appear to those unfortunate Benedicts who have found the silken chains of matrimony grow heavier in the wearing. To carry out his design, it was mutually agreed that I should depart for Santa Fé with the greater number of our men, and there await the arrival of Carson, who, with fresher animals, purposed accomplishing the distance—upward of seventy-five miles—in about one third of the time which would be consumed by our tired and foot-sore beasts in reaching their destination.

It was a pleasant morning in the month of June, at about 10 o'clock—judging by the shadow of an old *adóbe* church, which serves as a sort of town clock or sun-dial to the denizens of *Taos*—when I bade Kit a final good-by, with a hearty shake of the hand, flung myself into the saddle, and turned the face of my "little gray," and mine own in consequence, toward that portion of our party who had already lessened the distance between themselves and "La Ciudád de Santa Fé" by a good Mexican league—which I take to be the longest in the world.

I had scarcely cleared the town by a couple of miles, when, while jogging soberly along with a greater feeling of security than I had hitherto experienced during my recent travel, I made my mule's laziness an excuse for relapsing into my old habit of day-dreaming; for the better enjoyment of which I got an easy position in the saddle, at the same time loosening the reins. It was not long—counting by minutes—before my sagacious "little gray" discovered that she could loiter, for the time being, with impunity. Having settled this fact to her own satisfaction, she next proceeded to slacken her gait from a dead march to a shuffle, and finally halted outright, to devote herself to the more profitable discussion of the grasses fringing the roadside below, while her master "chewed the cud of sweet or bitter fancy" above. We might have passed a half hour in this stationary way, the mule botanizing and I ruminating, when, just as I had finished peopling a little imaginary world of mine own, I found myself "brought up all standing," nautically speak-



ROAD SCENE.

ing, by the sudden report of an *escopéta* fired by some unseen hand from the thicket-skirted bluff overhead; which, coupled with the sharp whiz of a ball within any thing but a pleasant proximity to my right ear, astonished me not a little. But the *voyageur* through the wilds of the Far West soon learns to think and act promptly, and my two months upon the road had already given me some slight experience: so, without waiting for a verbal explanation, I sent a ball and half a dozen buckshot, as nearly as an off-hand aim would permit, to the probable whereabouts of my unknown antagonist; and then, finding myself contending single-handed with an ambushed enemy, and considering the chances of a fight under existing circumstances decidedly hazardous, I plied whip and spur with right good-will until my "little gray" brought me safely up to the rear-guard of our party. Upon relating my adventure, our mountaineers "*allowed* that a greaser wanted to raise my *har*;" which, being translated into plain English, signifies that I had that day served as a target for some prowling Mexican.

In traversing the old road between Taos and Santa Fé, the eye of the traveler is oftentimes arrested by rude wooden crosses half imbedded in stone-heaps. These crosses mark the spot where some one has been murdered by hostile Indians, or the equally formidable *ladrones*—as the banditti of Mexico are usually called. The stone-heaps which encircle the base of these rude structures are, as I am told, accumulated by a custom of the country which requires each Mexican who passes them to add a stone to the pile already gathered, and mutter a prayer for the repose of those who slumber so dreamlessly below. If the frequent recurrence of these sad memorials of crime be taken as a proof, the number of persons who die a violent death in New Mexico must be very great.

It was nearly sunset, when the close of our first day's travel brought us to the banks of a clear but rapid brook, which wound its way through the narrow street of a little Mexican village. Here we encamped; and while still engaged in removing the saddles from our



VIEW BETWEEN TAOS AND SANTA FÉ.

weary beasts, we received a deputation of the inhabitants, who sent a *fair* representation, in the shape of some half a dozen *señoritas*, who brought eggs, goats' milk, and *tortillas*—the sum total of the products of the place. Each and all of these they were willing to dispose of to their "*amigos*," *Los Americanos*, for a pecuniary consideration. But, as their "American friends" were just then decidedly deficient in funds—five silver dollars being a large estimate of the amount of "circulating medium" in the hands of our party—and, moreover, as we confidently expected that the same state of things would continue until relieved by the pay-master, their traffic prospered poorly.

But our inability to trade seemed in no wise to lessen their sociability, for our visitors continued to come in until every man, woman, and child in the rancho had favored us with their company. Among others, the village priest figured most conspicuously, and, from his clerical dress, to say nothing of his ample rotundity of figure, attracted no small share of my attention. Were I to attempt a description of Father Ignatio, I should say that his style, though peculiar, was not unlike that of Saint Nicholas of Christmas holiday memory, for

"He had a broad chin, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly."

Indeed, I am inclined to suspect that the worthy priest was a man of the world, who loved better to gather life's roses than to encounter its thorns; preferring a good dinner and a long afternoon *siesta*, with other carnal enjoyments, to the performance of a penance or the keeping of a fast.

By nightfall our camp would have furnished a rich subject for Wouverman's pencil, as the wild-looking figures flitted to and fro; now strongly marked and standing out in bold relief against the ruddy glare of the fire-light, and then growing dim and shadowy as they retired into the gloom. We were a motley group withal—here a blanket-covered Mexican, with his gaudy *serape* and broad-brimmed *sombrèro*, and there a "Mountain man," who, with his patched and weather-stained hunting-shirt, long hair, and matted beard, looked quite as uncouth in our own fantastic garb; while at intervals amid the throng laughed a bevy of dark eyed *señorítas*, with flowing hair and coquetish scarlet petticoat, just long enough to display a taper foot and faultless ankle; who chatted and smoked their tiny *cigarrítos* with a *sang froid* and freedom from restraint which would have rivaled even the assurance of our fashionable belles. And now, though it be a digression, permit me to say that I like the style of these same daughters of New Mexico. There is little of the affected fine lady about them, it is true. They are nothing more or less than women; and, better still, woman as she comes from her Creator's hands, with eyes, teeth, hair, and figures—ay, and for that matter, *hearts* too, occasionally—founded upon the very best models—Dame Nature's own. In a word, they are women unstayed and unpadded, who have gained nothing from conventionalism, and have grown up to their full estate in blissful ignorance of a milliner's modes.

As I stood gazing upon the busy scene, thinking to myself that it would have seemed passing strange to some of my polished city friends, I was interrupted in my meditations by the fat fingers and unctuous voice of Father Ignatio, who tapped me upon the shoulder, at the same time whispering an invitation to drink a quiet glass of *aguadiénte* with him at his own particular sanctum, which stood, as its jovial occupant kindly observed me, at no great distance from our camp, near the end of the *cálle*.

I have hinted that the Friar was a "jolly dog." I will now go farther, and declare that his notion of a supper—a supper for two—was, to a man who had spent twelve hours in the saddle, by no means a bad one. True, we lacked deviled turkey and oysters; but the chocolate, and the omelette, and a "hotch-potch," savoring strongly of red peppers—prepared as my reverend host assured me, with an indescribable roll of his eye, by one of the prettiest *niñas* in the village—proved rather appetizing; nor was this by any means the ultimatum of the feast; for, with a sly glance from the window to discover if any prying loiterer was near—not (as the good father explained to me) "for fear of scandal; for a Mexican priest—*grácias a Diòs*"—(here the old sinner smacked his lips) "did pretty much as he pleased;" but lest some thirsty neighbor should drop in to share the liquor. My host unlocked a hidden closet in the wall, and brought forth a weighty flask, whose cobwebbed sides and well-sealed mouth gave fair promise of a good thing to come. The Padre's Bardolphian nose grew a shade rosier as he uncorked it; and his little black eyes fairly twinkled as, with a laudable desire to prevent mistakes, he carried it to his lips.

"To your good health, my son; may you live a thousand years," said the Priest, as, after a preparatory dusting, he proceeded to test its contents.

I watched my reverend friend's movements with some degree of anxiety; for the receptacle, large as it was, was well tilted ere, with a long-drawn sigh and a look of fond regret, he lowered it to pass it to his guest.

And now, though the "Brick Lane Branch of the Grand Junction United Ebenezer Temperance Society" stood in the breach and forbade its utterance, I will say that that Friar was most assuredly a trump; for the flask, instead of containing the execrable *aguadiénte* of the country, as my first invitation had led me to suspect, was fragrant of as fine old Cogniac as ever slumbered in the cellar of a gouty peer.

But as "enough is as good as a feast," and as I did not desire to follow too strictly the example of my reverend friend, who took his liquor in its primitive state, I poured a portion

into a little tin "convaniency" which usually accompanied me upon my travels, and having added an equal quantity of a weaker beverage, drank, with all the ceremony which the gravity of our acquaintanceship demanded, to his Church, and its worthy representative. The ice being now fairly broken, the friar came out gloriously, and told more good stories than my limited stock of Spanish would enable me to appreciate.

I have a recollection of assisting him some time after midnight in the performance of *La Ponchada*, the national air of Mexico, when, being a firm believer in the virtues of temperance and sobriety, and finding that my new friend was in a fair way to make a night of it, I rose, and plead my long day's march as an apology for so *early* a leave-taking—to the necessity of which the Padre most reluctantly assented, at the same time proffering his services to see me *safe home* (he had drank thrice to my once), an offer which the unsteadiness of his legs might possibly have interfered with his fulfilling.

Had the Padre been wise, he would most certainly have followed my discreet example. But, so far from seeking repose, I caught, as I walked down to my camp, a glimpse of the reverend man, as he passed between the window and the light, with the bottle clasped lovingly in one hand, while the other kept time to the chorus of a melody which, so far as I could judge, savored more of punch than prelacy.



FATHER IGNATIO MOVED BY THE SPIRIT.

I must not forget to remark that the Padre's assistant (a little dried-up Mexican, the very antipodes of the priest) said something in the morning of a sound like that of a person dancing in the Father's room near daybreak. But this latter clause must have been a scandal. At all events, his reverence professed himself unable to account for it, unless, indeed, it might have been "a deception of the author of all evil, who was ever on the watch to take advantage, by interrupting the devotions of a Christian like himself." I give the priest's explanation in his own words; and for mine own opinion in the matter, I can only say that I should be sorry to differ with him in a thing of such trivial importance.

We were up betimes upon the ensuing day; but as I felt, after my vestry supper, by no means anxious to hasten our departure, it was fully ten o'clock ere we had repacked our mules and were once more ready for the road.

The bill of fare at breakfast was—thanks to the kindness of my reverend friend, the Padre, who came down to share it—considerably improved by the addition of some of the odds and ends of our last night's entertainment, to say nothing of half a gallon of goat's milk, and a couple of dozen of new-laid eggs, sent in by "particular request." And then, for pleasant company and instructive conversation to season it, I will back the jovial friar (who looked as rosy and good-humored as if there were no such sins as old brandy and midnight revels in his decalogue) against any six-bottle parson in all Christendom, the English fox-hunting districts to the contrary notwithstanding. Long life, say I, to jolly Father Ignatio, wherever he may be.

But every thing comes to an end at last in this sublunary sphere, and so did our breakfast, and with it my acquaintance with the priest, who showered upon me every blessing of the Church as he stood by the wayside upon that memorable morning, with his bald pate shining pleasantly, like a mirror in the sun, waving his clerical *sombrèro* in the air, and shouting lustily after me until a sudden turning of the road hid our party from his view, and separated us forever.

Our journey for the day was marked by no particular incident, except that many of our mules showed symptoms of giving out; and even my indefatigable little gray, who had borne up amid all the privations of hard travel and short rations, threatened momentarily to drop down upon the road. But as we expected to reach Santa Fé upon the evening of the morrow, we felt any thing but despondent; and good stories, sly jokes, and pleasant allusions to our adventures by the way seemed the occupation of all.

Having completed our allotted distance, we encamped for the night at a rancho where a Mexican "Alcalde"—a very different sort of person from my friend the Priest—gave me a crusty invitation to supper, and nearly compassed the destruction of my digestive organs through the medium of over-done eggs and raw

aguadiénte. I was the gainer, however, by his surliness, for it induced me to make a virtue of necessity, and retire at a seasonable hour. As I pronounced a benediction upon the servant of the Church, so will I record my malediction against the representative of the civil authority. That he may fall a victim to the miseries of his own society is the very worst evil which I could wish *Señor Alcalde Don Antonio Guerrara*.

Our start upon the third, and, we hoped, final day's travel between Taos and Santa Fé, was an early one. It was just sunrise by the luminary in question; not to mention an authority which, as threatening clouds were darkening the eastern horizon, might have been considered an equally reliable sign—I refer to the Alcalde's chicken-yard, a preserve well stocked with fowls, as I am inclined to suspect my unscrupulous follower Juan had ascertained during the night, or else whence came the raw material for the stew on which we breakfasted? Perchance it was an inquiry after one of his missing family that induced an elderly rooster, of corpulent dimensions and pompously martial air, to assume so elevated a position upon the posts of the *corrál*, and vociferate his peculiar reveillé so noisily, asour party filed into the main road. Let me advise the reader, if he should ever become a traveler in the provinces of Mexico, to instruct his servant in the art of foraging; for if he prove an adept, it shall be well for his master, who might otherwise go supperless to bed. To do my "treasure" justice, he was no fool, at least in that respect.

By noon we had reached a Mexican village, where, as Little Gray, my "ultimatum" in the way of transportation, was now upon her last legs, being scarcely able to carry herself, to say nothing of a rider, I concluded to tarry and dine, intending to push on and overtake the party, or, at all events, reach Santa Fé that night. I must confess that I was not a little influenced in this determination by the bright eyes of two new-made acquaintances—very pretty señorítas, who, in obedience to the orders of their papa (Don Alphabet I shall call him, for his names seemed legion), were then busily employed in cooking choice specimens of the usual products of the country—eggs, kid, and goat's milk. Apropos to which, it appeared to me, in traversing New Mexico, that the bill of fare in this primitive region would have suited Alexander Selkirk admirably; for to that hard-headed animal, the goat, the New Mexicans are indebted not only for their food and bedding, but occasionally for the very raiment which they wear. Having finished my repast, which I took sitting *à la Turqué*, using my hunting-knife and those yet earlier inventions, the fingers, as a substitute for the ordinary table implements, I lit a cigar, the sole survivor of a treasured few; and with the aid of a huge roll of "*sarapes*" by way of a lounge, and the Don's amiable daughters for society, I smoked and complimented the young ladies in bad Spanish, thus passing the time until *siésta* in a highly satisfactory manner. This same *siésta*—which, by-the-way, means in plain English an afternoon nap—was a luxury which I had been wise to have omitted; for I slumbered so soundly that it was not until the lengthening shadows betokened the sinking of the sun that I recollected the weary leagues between myself and Santa Fé yet to be accomplished. Then, with somewhat of reluctance, I ordered out my mule, who had been dining in the *corrál*, and now came most unwillingly to the door. Upon offering money in payment for the attention which I had received, it was, much to my surprise, and for the first time in my campaigning experience, declined by my host. So I had no alternative but to make my "*adios*," adding a "*mille grácias*"—thousand thanks—as a receipt in full.

Once more upon the road, I experienced so much of that chilly uncomfortable feeling which is connected with a departure from pleasant quarters, and the undertaking of a long and lonely ride, that I determined to shorten its duration, if it were possible, and with this intention halted to consult a peasant who was lazily working upon one of the numerous irrigating ditches which are the inseparable assistants of New Mexican agriculture. This fellow, upon understanding that I was in haste, recommended "*el señor*" to take a certain by-road, which he pointed out, assuring me that it would be the nearest by more than a league. It was in an evil hour that I listened to his advice, and departed from the beaten track to follow an almost unused bridle-path, which the gathering shadows of evening rendered yet more indistinct. But, buoyed up by hopeful anticipations of rest, and a gay time in Santa Fé, I kept jogging on while daylight and twilight, and the pale radiance of a cloudless moon worked their changes in the aspect of earth and sky; changes which succeeded each other with a rapidity best accounted for by my own impatience and the solitary weariness of the way. By midnight I had become a firm believer in three conclusions: First, that I wast lost. Secondly, that "Little Gray" and myself were exceedingly tired, and hungry withal. And thirdly, that the sooner we made camp the better. In accordance with this latter determination, I halted at the first pool of water, relieved my weary mule of her saddle and bridle, fastened one end of the *reata* round her neck, though there was no particular fear of her stampeding, as she was, in mountain parlance, "pretty much give out;" and then, with the rope twisted round my arm, for want of a better picket pin, I lay down to sleep, having my saddle for a pillow, and a sandy piece of soil—I always prefer that kind of ground for a mattress. How gloriously I rested that night! You may talk of your sound sleepers on feather-beds in well-ceiled chambers, you city bred people, who fancy you are enjoying robust health, and slumber like dormice! What do you know of

"Nature's sweet restorer?" Why, I would not give one hour of that dreamless repose beneath the open sky, with the star-lit heavens above, and the pure night winds as they come surging over the dew-laden grasses—or, perchance, in lieu of these, a whisper of pattering leaves for a lullaby, and the dim forms of bending foliage, waving to and fro like gigantic plumes, until the whole grows shadowy and ghost-like as it fades with increasing drowsiness, for all your feverish visions, born of indigestion and an impure atmosphere.

The sun was at least an hour high ere his beams had gained sufficient power to recall me to the realities of this waking world, among the first of which I realized, as affecting myself personally, the facts that I had neither supped nor breakfasted, and, what was worse, stood little chance of doing either until my arrival at Santa Fé. Now, as one idea generally suggests another, this latter reflection brought me very naturally to the question, Where *was* Santa Fé? Was I in the right road or in the wrong? or—which seemed quite as likely—in no road at all? Should I retrace my steps, or continue on? All very proper queries, but somewhat difficult to answer, for the best of reasons—that I was very much in the dark myself. I had pondered these matters without arriving at any better result than a more intense degree of mystification, when, just as if to solve them all, down came a couple of Mexican wood-cutters, with a little drove of "*burros*," alias jackasses, some of which were laden with wood to an extent which left only their heads and tails visible, while others trotted loose, with but a saddle upon their backs.

Having my mule already for a start, I mounted and rode down to the pool, where the newcomers, both bipeds and quadrupeds, were then watering. Upon reaching the place, I first gave my mule a drink, and then advanced to exchange the usual good-morning, determined to obtain what information I wished, and, at the same time, impart as little as I conveniently could to my new acquaintances. But a Mexican is a shrewd talker, and in this particular instance they out-Yankee'd me completely; for in ten minutes time I had learned no more than I had guessed at first—that they were wood-cutters going to Santa Fé with their cargo; while they had discovered that I was an American—a stranger in a strange country—and badly lost to boot. As these people purposed taking a short cut, or what they called a "*camino cerca*"—near road—though I would have defied any one but themselves or an Indian to follow it, I concluded to bear them company; the more so as the elder of the two was a curiosity in his way, with a spice of humor in his composition, which exhibited itself in the caustic speeches which this dried up little anatomy jerked out occasionally, generally concluding a remark by the personal application of a pointed stick to the ribs of his donkey, which never failed to call forth an indignant remonstrance from the injured beast. As we journeyed on in great good fellowship, I tried to beguile the tediousness of the way, which was just then leading us through a most uninteresting region, by arguing the question of Roman Catholicism, and its influence upon the inhabitants of New Mexico. Upon this topic I found the old fellow excellently disposed to agree with me; for the money, "which, with the assistance of Saint Joseph, he expected to receive for his cargo, would, *Valga me Dios*, be all expended upon his return in the payment of a certain debt, due for religious services and indulgences which he had obtained from the village priest, who would most probably" (added my informant, with a terrible punch of his *burro's* back, who resented the blow instanter by kicking out with a vigor which nearly dislodged its rider) "spend it at the '*Monte*' bank, or lose it at the cockfights after mass on Sunday afternoon."

While traveling thus, I could not but fancy that a schoolboy fresh from the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" would have likened my companions to Ali Baba and his son, and myself, perchance, to the Captain of the Robbers. Even I, with no great exercise of my ideality, almost expected that some rock would appear before which we would stand and cry "Open, Sesame!" But my recollections of "Morgiana" and the "Forty Thieves" vanished most suddenly as "Little Gray," fairly "give out" at last, came heavily down, almost pitching me over her head in so doing. Upon removing the saddle, I discovered that, at the best, I could only hope she could be driven along barebacked until we reached Santa Fé; and as her carrying weight was a thing impossible, I was fain to charter a jackass (which, for a consideration, Ali Baba—for so I shall call him—made over to me for my sole use and benefit), by renting him for the next fifteen miles. So, without more ado, I shifted "Gray's" saddle to the "*burro*," an ill-tempered, obstinate little brute, who looked as if I could have transported him with greater ease than he could have carried me. Having, by a great reduction of the girths, got the saddle upon the creature's back, where it appeared, by comparison, large enough for an elephant, I then attempted to bridle it—a proceeding which called forth, so far as jackasses could exhibit it, an unqualified expression of disapprobation and astonishment from the assembled drove, who brayed in concert; whereupon the animal more particularly interested, as though this flourish of trumpets had been intended as a signal, locked his jaws with a tenacity which defied my utmost efforts to unclose them. Ali Baba, who had been hitherto a quiet looker-on, now dismounted, and explained to me that jackasses were an exception to all rules, being saddled, but not bridled.

"But how," queried I, "am I to guide him?"

"Nothing easier," was the reply. "You have

only to use one of these;" here he exhibited a stick of hard wood some two feet in length, and sharply pointed at one end.

As I was still quite in the dark as to the manner of employing it, I took a few lessons in donkey-driving from Ali Baba, who gave me the following rules for my guidance; which I, alas! in my stupidity, reversed in their practical application, thereby getting into difficulties, as the sequel will show.

Firstly. I was to turn the donkey to the right by placing the stick before his left eye, the right optic being covered when he was required to go in the opposite direction. *Secondly.* To stop the animal, I was to wave the stick before both eyes; while to urge him forward, it was only necessary to punch him vigorously about the head and shoulders with the pointed end of my rod.

Determined to carry out my instructions to the letter, I got under way with the remaining quadrupeds, and Little Gray in front, while Ali Baba and his son brought up the rear of the party. For the first mile or two I got along remarkably well. But then my evil fortune took the ascendant; for, having had a slight misunderstanding with my jackass, who had thought fit to take advantage of my inexperience by doing pretty much as he pleased, I used my pointed stick to such good purpose, that the brute made off with a rapidity which fairly astonished me, and disgusted Ali Baba, who, in the innocence of his heart, imagined that I desired to run away with his property. Having hailed me, under the influence of this supposition, in no very complimentary terms, which softened into a piteous entreaty as they discovered that I was increasing my speed, both father and son joined in the pursuit of what they appeared to consider a sort of American freebooter absconding with felonious intent. I was in a passion, of course. The idea was too preposterous—a lieutenant of infantry eloping with a jackass. But my mirth soon overcame my rage. It was a scene which would have excited the risibles of a Stoic. Just picture it to yourself. Fancy a young man some six feet high, dressed in buckskin, with long hair streaming in the wind, and mounted upon a stiff-necked and rebellious "*burro*," who rushed insanely on, carrying his rider, *nolens volens*, into the thickest part of the pine woods fringing an abrupt hillside. Confound those same pines, say I. I have not yet forgotten how sturdily they stretched out their long, unbending arms, as if to compass the annihilation of my devoted brains—a catastrophe which the speed of my "*burro*" rendered not unlikely. But, with all these drawbacks, laugh I must, and laugh I did; for in my rear thundered Ali Baba and the jackasses, with Little Gray in their wake, whose familiar face was stuck knowingly out, with an expression which seemed to say, "Go it, master; this reminds us of our old times in the Indian country!"

Verily, it was a steeple chase, and over the roughest kind of a country at that—a race in which I should have come off winner or broken my neck, if it had not been rather apruptly terminated by my motive powers getting into a sand-heap, where I came to anchor very ingeniously by planting both feet, which my long legs and "*burro's*" short ones rendered an easy matter, in the sand. Here I was speedily overtaken by my pursuers, whose ardor, now that the chase was ended, seemed greatly cooled. Mutual explanations having satisfied all parties, except the "*burros*," that it was entirely a mistake on their part, and ignorance of the art of jackass-driving on mine, we once more pursued our way; though I deemed it most prudent to keep within hailing distance of Ali Baba, whose experience might prove useful in case of another stampede.

It was not far from noon when, as we emerged from the pine-clad hills, I beheld for the first time our long-desired haven, "La Ciudád de Santa Fé." Impatient to get forward, I persuaded my companions to urge on their "*burros*," until, by the vigorous exercise of their sharp sticks, they had succeeded in punching them into a steady trot, which soon brought us to the outskirts of the town.

Being not over anxious to exhibit myself upon a Mexican jackass in the principal *plaza* of Santa Fé, I halted at the Quarter-master's stables, where I turned over my jackass, with a due consideration, to "Ali Baba," who made his "*à dios*" and departed. My next proceeding was to rid myself of "Little Gray," who was, at my request, duly *installed* in the Government stables, where both the accommodations and the amount of forage on hand must have astonished her exceedingly. Nor was it without a sigh of regret that I thus parted from the trusty companion of so many weary miles of travel, who had carried me safely from the distant plains of Los Angeles, serving me faithfully amid mountain snows and desert wastes; and—save in one solitary instance, where she left me afoot among the California sand-hills—conducting herself, for a mule, with undeviating docility. Poor "Little Gray," I wonder upon what rough road you finally laid down to die; for "Uncle Sam" has, to his shame be it spoken, no retreat for broken-down animals, worn out in service—a "Board of Survey" and a "public sale" being their sole reward.

Being entirely unacquainted with the interior economy of the city I was about entering, I thought proper to consult with one of the Quarter-master's agents, whom I found lounging before the gate, as to the whereabouts of the principal inn; which resulted in my receiving the information that the "United States Hotel" upon the "Plaza" provided "chicken fixins and corn doins"—or, if a "stranger" wanted "Mex livin', *frijoles* and *tortillas* to boot—in better style than any other establishment in Santa Fé." Thanking him for his advice, and taking



GRAND ENTRÉE INTO SANTA FÉ.

the direction indicated, I walked slowly toward the town, holding up my *sarape* with one hand, while I grasped my rifle in the other, cogitating, as I went, as to the probability of the "United States" being willing to receive so ill-dressed a customer as myself. Really it seemed more than doubtful, nor did a glance at my habiliments tend to the relief of my apprehensions. I certainly cut any thing but an insinuating figure. My boots, between bakings in the sun and drenchings in the rain, had changed their conditional black to a positive brown. My leathern breeches, as well as my fringed hunting-shirt, bore undeniable traces of hard usage, to say nothing of sundry rents which had been but indifferently remedied by Señor Juan's attempts at needle-work—in a word, they were greasy, blood-stained, and powder-soiled; and as for my head-gear, why, the simple appellation of a "shocking bad hat" would have been a complimentary epithet if applied to my private and personal *sombrèro*. All things considered, my *case* looked badly. "Well, never mind," was my mental ejaculation; "I'm tired and hungry —that's certain; and if the proprietor of the United States don't appreciate a gentleman in disguise, it's no fault of mine. I'll state the case, argue the point, and enter into all proper explanations. So here goes."

Having come to this valorous determination to face the enemy, I hitched up my leggins, and, with a firm grip of my rifle, walked into the main Plaza, where I halted before the door of the "Hotel," a description of which may not be uninteresting.

As I recollect the "United States Hotel" in the summer of 1848, it was a long, low *adobe* building, with white-washed walls, narrow windows, and earthen floors; its landlord and proprietor being a certain Mr. Ebenezer Spindle, a man whose long arms, long legs, huge nose, and cadaverous countenance had made him the wonder of his neighbors, who had seen fit to particularize him in familiar discourse as "*Long* Eben"—as they said, "for *short*"—a diminutive which I shall adopt in alluding to him.

"Long Eben" was a "Deöwn East" man originally—a fact which no one who had ever listened to his oracular remarks would be disposed to deny. He had migrated to the "Far West" when at the age of some five-and-twenty years—here he had gained

> "By what he called hook and crook, and
> What the moralists call overreaching,
> A comfortable living;"

or, in less poetic phrase, had ruled a country singing-school, edited a provincial newspaper, and occupied the stump political, where he made bad speeches for a candidate who was—not elected. How he got to Santa Fé, his most intimate friends had been unable to discover. There was a vague rumor in regard to certain "wild-cat" banking operations, wherein our long friend had been an unsuccessful speculator to an extent which rendered him any thing but a favorite with the stockholders. There were even whispers of an indignant, but somewhat informal meeting of the stockholders aforesaid; and a moonlight ride, which was somehow connected with a rail—I don't mean an iron one. But all this may have been a scandal. Suffice it to say, that he had "located" in Santa Fé, where he had chartered the "United States," and "allowed to tarry a spell if it should pay."

Upon entering the common room, I found "Long Eben" engaged in the concoction of a curious compound beverage, known among the initiated as a "gin cocktail;" which being duly discussed and paid for by the consumer, I beckoned to mine host, and calling him aside, asked—with some trepidation, I must confess, in my blandest tones—if he could accommodate me with board and a room during my stay in Santa Fé. After a little hesitation, and not more than fifty inquiries as to my birth, parentage, business, previous history, and future intentions, he "allowed they didn't calkerlate on havin' boarders to stop all night, but if I had a blanket he guessed they could manage to fix some kind of a shake down." So far, then, the thing was satisfactorily arranged; but now came the most important request of all, which, as the dinner-hour was at hand, I felt myself called upon to propound instanter. It was an awkward business, but with a preparatory hem to summon up my courage and decide upon

the best way of putting it. I blundered out the following query:

Would it be considered decorous, or would I even be permitted to appear among the guests at the "*table d'hôte*" in my present attire; or, in other words, was a greasy buckskin hunting-shirt, with continuations to match, the style of dinner costume then in vogue at Santa Fé? and could my host inform me of the whereabouts (I had just one "*réal*" and two "*médios*"—total, five-and-twenty cents, federal currency, in my pocket at the time) of the United States Paymaster?—an all-important personage to a subaltern out of funds. It was an anxious moment for me as I waited for his answer; but my mind was speedily relieved by "Long Eben's" ready rejoinder: "As fur what *yeöu* hev got on, I calkerlate yeöur things is as good as mine, and ef they warn't, I reckon yeöu could go to table in—" (here he referred to the nether extremity of a certain under-garment, which shall be nameless)—"without any body's keäring ef yeöu did; and as to the Paymaster, why, he lives jest reöund the corner of the Plaza, and I'll send a young Greaser* with yeöu, after dinner, to show yeöu the way."

Here all further conversation was cut short by a furious solo upon a bell, which, in the hands of the "young Greaser" alluded to, announced to the world in general, and the patrons of the "United States" in particular, that "corn doins and chicken fixins were going, dog-cheap, at only fifty cents per head;" and I may remark that, had its tinklings been a special and direct call from the "Evil One" himself—had an earthquake capsized the "United States" and all therein—or had an elephant (always supposing he could have got under the door) walked in when least expected, I verily believe that each and all of these phenomena would have created less excitement than did the simple agitation of that brass dinner-bell. Through the front door at the back entrance, from rooms whose existence I had not even suspected, the famished bipeds came rushing in—the long and the short, the young and the old, all differing in their various externals, but all in pursuit of the same laudable desire to fill an "aching void" within. Finding that "self-preservation" was the order of the day, I pushed on with the throng, and secured a seat at a long and not very clean pine-table, whose wooden benches, earthenware plates, and ill-made cutlery might, to a less experienced man, have looked any thing but inviting. But I was too fully impressed with the consciousness of long fasting to be over-mindful of exteriors, and for the first ten minutes devoted my attention to the edibles before me with a zeal which must have persuaded "Long Eben," if he were a looker-on, that I should prove a most unprofitable lodger. Having satisfied my hunger, I yielded to the dictates of an awakened curiosity, and entered upon a series of mental note-takings in relation to the dress, conversation, and manners of my new messmates. It was, moreover, a favorable moment for my observations. The first heat of the onslaught was past. The clatter of knives, the rattle of plates, and the shouts of "*muchácho*" and "*hómbre*," with which they demanded the services of the Mexican waiters, had given place to a comparative calm. The fat German opposite had paused in his feeding, and the nervous little Frenchman on my right no longer cursed the cookery. So far, however, as the jargon of tongues was concerned, the scene was a very Babel—French, English, German, and Spanish being all volubly employed to render the confusion more complete. We were certainly a mingling; and for costume, I felt almost at ease in regard to mine own as I criticised the dress of the people about me. There were men in jackets, and men in their shirt-sleeves—here a black coat, which would have been a credit to its wearer even on the right side proper (going down) of fashionable Broadway—and there a "hickory shirt," which had gathered the dust of five days' travel. Nor was our choice in occupation or position in life a limited one. There were old Santa Fé traders, who counted their gains by thousands, and whose signatures were good in St. Louis to almost any amount; there were rough frontiersmen, who boasted no "possibles" beyond the good rifle made by "Jake Hawkins," which always "shot centre;" there were—but

> "I'll see no more!
> For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score."

"Heöw are yeöu, stranger?" was my first salutation as I re-entered the bar-room, labeled "saloon," of mine inn, and on turning round to see who and what manner of man he might be who took so tender an interest in my personal welfare, I beheld a tall Missourian, who, with the assistance of a chair and three-legged stool, with the slight adjuncts of a small carpet-bag and a large pine-table, was making himself as comfortable as the enormous length of his legs would permit. "Heöw are yeöu, stranger?" he repeated, as I continued to stare at him, still mentally wondering who this quaint specimen of humanity, with his wonderful legs, home-spun breeches, and cow-hide boots could be. Having satisfied my curiosity, I informed him that I was in my usual health; upon receiving which gratifying intelligence he arose, and, after stretching himself until I thought of asking him to suspend so unnecessary an operation, finally remarked that "he allowed I had come eöut thar to see the elephant," at the same time giving me an invitation to "take a turn round town." Before starting, however, he sorely tested my friendship by inviting me to join him in a "horn of Monongahele," as he

* The nickname "Greaser" is very generally applied to Mexicans by the Americans residing in our "new acquisitions." It is almost needless to remark that it is no complimentary phrase, being intended as a set-off to the "Gringo"—plain English, greenhorn—by which they are accustomed to designate us.

was pleased to term some of the most execrable "corn whisky" which it has ever been my misfortune to taste. But I had sojourned in the Far West too long not to know that a refusal to drink would be considered any thing but courteous to my new acquaintance, or, as he himself would most probably have expressed it, I should be open to the charge of having made "a large hole in manners" by so doing. Having, therefore, duly complied with the stern requirements of frontier etiquette, we sallied out together, my long companion taking strides which would have done honor to "Jack the Giant Killer's seven-league boots," thereby keeping me at once in a dog-trot and a profuse perspiration.

Leaving the main Plaza, we traversed a complication of remarkably dirty streets until we halted before a low *adóbe* house, built somewhat in the form of the letter L, with a flat roof, and walls carefully whitewashed upon the outside—perchance as a satirical commentary upon the purposes to which it was devoted. But my guide was little given to moralizing, or did not then care to indulge in it; for, after beckoning with his hand, and muttering an explanation to the effect that "they kept an elephant in this establishment, and the *tallest* kind of an animal at that," he made for the door, through which he effected an entrance by stooping not more than six inches. Following his lead, and keeping close to my conductor, I stepped into a room which, besides a couple of billiard-tables and a very mixed assemblage of the "*genus homo*," contained a sufficiency of cut-glass decanters, not to mention a villainous smell of bad brandy, to inform me that it was the "bar;" but, as my companion had already paid his respects to the "Monongahele," he did not tarry, but glided through the throng, while I followed closely in his wake. A moment more, and we had entered another apartment, where the sounds and odors were, if possible, worse than those which we had encountered in the vestibule without. I now discovered that I had been introduced into the principal gambling saloon of the city. It was, as the exterior of the building had indicated, a long, low room, with narrow windows upon one side, which lighted it but dimly, and an earthen floor, which seemed perfectly impregnated with the expectorations of its tobacco-chewing frequenters. On either side of this apartment were ranged three tables for the convenience of the "banks" and their customers. These tables were strongly built of some hard wood, with a parapet upon the three sides most distant from the wall; partly, I presume, to prevent the money from rolling upon the ground, and partly, it may be, to put a stop to any undesirable scrutiny into the manipulations of the banker. Between the wall and the tables were placed chairs for the convenience of the dealer, or dealers—for these gentry usually hunt in couples; while upon



GAMBLING SALOON IN SANTA FÉ.

the board was displayed not only the *lure* in the shape of Mexican dollars and Spanish doubloons, or "ounces," as they are called in that region, but *a preventive* to interference (or, as is sometimes the case, just complaints of unfair dealings) in the shape of Bowie knives, "Derringers," and "six-shooters," which latter weapons lay prepared for instant use, being loaded and capped so as to be ready to the hand.

The amount of capital invested in these operations was certainly much larger than I should have supposed, several thousands of dollars being not unfrequently exhibited, with an assurance that even larger sums would be forthcoming if the player should desire it. The upper end of this "Pandemonium" was occupied by a "roulette-table," the proprietor of which kept crying out at intervals, "Come up, gentlemen! Here's the game for your money! Any time while the ball rolls! *Eagle* by chance," and so on.

Finding that my new companion had by this time forgotten me, and almost his own existence, in the all-absorbing interests of the gambling-table, where, if I might judge from his occasional exclamations of "Wāl, neöw!" and "Wonder if that's *fār!*" he seemed to be tempting Fortune with but indifferent success. I made the acquaintance of a young volunteer officer, who was lounging about the room, and as both were but "lookers on in Venice," we joined company, and took notes, which at that time I had but little thought of printing.

It is a wise and truthful saying that "Death levels all things;" and if there be a parallel to that equality, which is only found in its perfection when we lie down "with kings and counselors of the earth," it is that born of the morally pestiferous miasmas of the gambling-table, where the one great passion absorbs all minor considerations—dignity, position, principle, nay, even honor itself, being forgotten for the chances of a card or the hazard of a die. Nor was it less so here, for amid the excited throng I noticed more than one woman—yes, even child—who was risking money upon the fluctuations of that truly Mexican mode of gambling, "*el monté.*"

Among the females present, I remarked one, whose face—though she was by no means advanced in life—bore most unmistakably the impress of her fearful calling, being scarred and seamed, and rendered unwomanly by those painful lines which unbridled passions and midnight watching never fail to stamp upon the countenance of their votary. I afterward learned that this person was the most notorious, if not the most accomplished gambler in New Mexico, where she had obtained by her unprecedented successes a famous, or, rather, infamous reputation. As her history is a peculiar one, I will give it in the language of Gregg, who thus alludes to her in that excellent work, "The Commerce of the Prairies."

"The following will not only serve to show the light in which gambling is held by all classes of society, but to illustrate the purifying effects of wealth upon character. Some twelve or fifteen years ago, there lived, or, rather, roamed in Taos a certain female of very loose habits, known as *La Tules.* Finding it difficult to obtain the means of subsistence in that district, she finally extended her wanderings to the capital. She there became a constant attendant upon one of those pandemoniums where the favorite game of *monté* was dealt *pro bono publico.* Fortune at first did not seem inclined to smile upon her efforts, and for some years she spent her days in lowliness and misery. At last her luck turned, as gamblers would say, and on one occasion she left the bank with a spoil of several hundred dollars. This enabled her to open a bank of her own, and, being favored with a continuous run of good fortune, she gradually rose higher and higher in the scale of affluence, until she found herself in possession of a very handsome fortune. In 1843, she sent to the United States some ten thousand dollars to be invested in goods. She still continues her favorite "amusement," being now considered the most expert *monté* dealer in all Santa Fé. She is openly received in the first circles of society. I doubt, in truth, whether there is to be found in the city a lady of more fashionable reputation than this same Tules, now known as *Señora* Doña Gertrudes Barceló."



LADY TULES.

The foregoing particulars were entirely confirmed by statements made to me during my stay in Santa Fé. This woman has since gone to render her final account, and was, I am told, interred with all that pomp and ceremony with which ill-gotten wealth delights to gild its obsequies. Alms were given to the poor, and masses performed for the repose of a soul which could claim but *one* mediator between itself and its Creator. When I saw her, she was richly but tastelessly dressed—her fingers being literally covered with rings, while her neck was adorned with three heavy chains of gold, to the longest of which was attached a massive crucifix of the same precious material.

Another "noticeable" amid this motley assemblage, who attracted no small share of my attention, was a Mexican priest, who, in the clerical garb of his order, with cross and rosary most conspicuously displayed, was seated at one of the tables near me, where he seemed completely engrossed by the chances of his game, the fluctuations of which he was marking by the utterance of oaths as shocking and blasphemous as ever issued from human lips. Unlike



THE PADRE WINS.

my jolly friar, Father Ignatio (whom may Bacchus defend), he sinned, not from carelessness, or out of a genial exuberance of animal spirits, but from the evil workings of the sin-blackened soul within. Yet this man was a minister at the altar, and a sworn protector of Christ's flock; who held, according to his creed, the power to absolve and to baptize, to shrive the dying and intercede for the dead; who would go from the curses of a "*hell*" to the house of the living God, and there stand in his sacerdotal robes and say unto his people, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee!"

As I was still following out the train of thought to which these matters had given rise, my meditations were interrupted by the sudden reappearance of my Missourian guide, who had lingered about Madame *Tules*' bank until he had staked and lost his last dollar. I shall not soon forget his woe-begone expression as he planted himself directly in front of me, elevating his tall form to its fullest altitude, while his right arm was gesticulating in the air. After looking full in my face for a moment, he addressed me in the following strain:

"I brought yeöu hiär, stranger, to see the elephant; but I kinder expect I've seen the critter wuss than yeöu hev. If yeöu'll take a fool's advice, yeöu'll leave hiär—sure as shooting, and forgit the trail yeöu cum by. Darn the keärds!" he added, in a sudden burst of indignation; "I allers wus a fool, and cuss this Greaser swindle they call *Monté!* I *only* wish the man that invented it had had his head tuck off with a cross-cut saw just afore he thought of it—*wall, I do, hoss!*" Here he paused. I listened for something more, but he had "said his say," and, walking moodily through the crowd, which he elbowed with but scanty ceremony, he finally disappeared through the open doorway. The next time I saw him, he was seated upon the driver's box of a heavy mule-wagon, *en route* for Chihuahua, where, as he informed me, "he allowed to make a raise," being just then, "thanks to that cussed *Monté* woman, flat broke."

Upon regaining the, by comparison, purer air of the uncleansed alley-way without, I could scarcely avoid moralizing upon the scenes which I had so recently witnessed. Here were men, women, and children—the strong man, the mother, and the lisping child—all engaged in that most debasing of vices, gambling, an entire devotion to which is the besetting sin of the whole Mexican people. But yet these transgressors were not without an excuse. What better could you have expected from an ignorant, priest-ridden peasantry, when those whom they are taught to reverence and respect, and who should have been their prompters to better things, not only allow, but openly practice this and all other iniquities? If there be a curse (as who shall doubt?) pronounced against those who are instrumental in whelming a land in moral darkness, what must be the fate of those "blind leaders of the blind," the Roman Catholic priesthood of New Mexico?

On my way back to the "Hotel" I paid my respects to the paymaster, or, rather, to his clerk, from whom I received certain moneys due me from the United States for services rendered. Departing thence, I walked into a "store" upon the Plaza, where I purchased divers articles of clothing, with which, and a fit-out for my extremities in the shape of hat and boots, I so metamorphosed myself that a little Mexican, who had seen both my exit and entrance, grinned admiringly, which, coupled with the compliment of non-recognition paid me by "Long Eben" upon my return, was, all things considered, extremely flattering.

As it wanted still at least an hour to supper-time, that meal being served at the very primitive period of sunset, I once more sallied forth, leaving "Long Eben" lolling against his door, where he was busily engaged in completing what Dickens would have called "a magic circle of tobacco juice," to wander through the town.

Of *La Ciudád de Santa Fé*, as it existed in the summer of 1848, I can say little that is favorable; but as I am unwilling to pass judgment upon so limited an acquaintance, I prefer adopting a description of that city which I find recorded in the narrative of Gregg, to advancing my own hasty impressions. The more so, as I am satisfied that this description is not only the most correct, but the briefest which I have hitherto seen. He says, writing in 1844,

"Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, is the only town of any importance in the province. We sometimes find it written *Santa Fé de San Francisco* (Holy Faith of Saint Francis), the latter being the patron or tutelary saint. Like most of the towns in this section of country, it occupies the site of an ancient *pueblo*, or Indian village, whose race has been extinct for a great many years. Its situation is twelve or fifteen miles east of the Rio del Norte, at the western base of a snow-clad mountain, upon a beautiful stream of small mill-power size, which ripples



SANTA FÉ, FROM THE GREAT MISSOURI TRAIL.

down in icy cascades, and joins the river some twenty miles to the southwestward. The population of the city itself but little exceeds 3000; yet, including several surrounding villages, which are embraced in its corporate jurisdiction, it amounts to nearly 6000 souls. The latitude of Santa Fé, as determined by various observations, is 35° 41′ (though it is placed on most maps nearly a degree further north), and the longitude about 106° west from Greenwich. Its elevation above the ocean is nearly 7000 feet; that of the valley of Taos is, no doubt, over a mile and a half. The highest peak of the mountain (which is covered with perennial snow), some ten miles to the northeast of the capital, is reckoned about 5000 feet above the town. Those from Taos northward rise to a much greater elevation. The town is very irregularly laid out, and most of the streets are little better than common highways, traversing scattered settlements, which are interspersed with corn-fields, nearly sufficient to supply the inhabitants with grain. The only attempt at any thing like architectural compactness and precision consists in four tiers of buildings, whose fronts are shaded with a fringe of *portales* or *corredores* of the rudest possible description. They stand around the public square, and comprise the *Palacio*, or Governor's House, the Custom-house, the Barracks (with which is connected the fearful *Calabozo*), the *Casa Consistorial* of the *Alcaldes*, the *Capilla de los Soldados*, or Military Chapel, besides several private residences, as well as most of the shops of the American traders."

During my sojourn in Santa Fé I was struck with the very peculiar taste which the young ladies of that city display in their fondness for cosmetics. Indeed, when I first entered the town, it appeared to me that every woman under the age of five-and-thirty was afflicted with an inflammation of the face, which I had mentally concluded might be "catching;" in this belief I continued until my fears were relieved by the kindness of a friend, who elucidated the mystery by letting me into the secret. It seems that the "*señoritas*," and, for that matter, "*señoras*" too, occasionally are in the habit of disfiguring themselves, by covering one or both cheeks with some kind of colored paste, which gives even to their village belles any thing but an attractive appearance. This painting might, to the casual observer, seem intended as an ornament, got up in imitation of their Indian neighbors, or, it may be, of our own fashionable fair ones. But it is not so; for I am assured, by those whose opportunities of judging are undeniable, that it is put on as a preservative to the complexion. So that a New Mexican beauty is not only willing to forego the luxury of the bath, but even to appear hideous for a month at a time, for the sake of exhibiting a clean face and ruddy cheeks while gracing some grand *fandango* or *fiesta*.

There is yet another custom among these people which is well worth knowing, indeed, as applied to a "distinguished few." I would not altogether dislike its adoption into our own more civilized community. It is this: the New Mexicans greet a friend, not by compress-

ing and then agitating his hand, but by putting an arm about his neck and literally embracing him — a nice, old-fashioned, patriarchal way. This custom applies to all ages and both sexes; and really I agree with "Los Gringos" Wise, who informs us that "it is a real luxury to meet a pretty *señoríta* after a short absence." But, like every thing else, the thing has its drawbacks, and serious ones too. For instance, though it may be a very delightful thing to embrace, or be embraced by *Gabriélla* or *Martina*, or any other dark-eyed damsel of "sweet sixteen," it is any thing but desirable to be obliged to extend the same courtesy to their brother *Juan*, or their "*Padre*" *Don Joséf*, particularly if Messrs. *Juan* and *Joséf* have dined upon a "hotch-potch" seasoned with garlic, which is but too often the case. As I said before, the custom is a good one, but in its practical application should be limited to one's young lady friends.

In repassing the *Plaza*, my attention was attracted by a group of Indians, whose dress and general appearance proved them to belong to some tribe which I had not hitherto seen. Upon making inquiry, I learned that they were Navajos, then detained as the somewhat unwilling pledges for the restoration of certain captives, and other property, stolen by their brethren from the good people of New Mexico and its vicinity. The accompanying "portrait"



NAVAJO IN WAR COSTUME.

and "full-length," for the originals of which I am indebted to the sketches of Mr. R. H. Kern, will give the reader some idea of their peculiar style of beauty.



HEAD OF NAVAJO INDIAN.

It was at an early hour that my landlord exhibited the "shake-down" which had been prepared for me. I did not make the suggestion, but, if the truth be told, my first impression upon seeing it was, that a "shake-up" would do it no manner of harm. But a man who has lived out of doors for a month or two will scarcely grumble at a bed of any kind; so I said my "good-night" and tumbled in, but not to sleep; for either I was unused to being thus "cabined and confined," or it may be that the *chinches* (in plain English—bed-bugs), which swarm—as every New Mexican traveler is but too well aware—in this favored land, were too numerous for comfort. At all events, for some cause,

> "I turned, and turned, and turned again,
> With an anxious brain,
> And thoughts in a *train*
> Which did not run upon *sleepers*"

Right glad was I to hail the first red gleam which came stealing in through the barred windows to announce the coming of the day; less pleased was I when, upon attempting to call a servant, I found that I had caught, thanks to sleeping in a draft, "a horrid cold," which would not permit of my speaking above a whisper. Pains in my limbs, and an aching head, were soon added to my catalogue of symptoms, and prudence confined me to the house for the two succeeding days, when Kit made his appearance —a very gleam of sunshine, if sunshine ever came in the garb of a travel-soiled mountaineer —to cheer my solitude, and inform me of his future plans, which were as follow:

He purposed obtaining fresher animals from the Quarter-master, reducing his party, and, by taking a short cut, go directly on to Fort Leavenworth—all of which was sad news to me; for I had already determined that, in case of his immediate departure, I should be obliged to prolong my stay in Santa Fé until I should be sufficiently recruited to continue my journey by a longer and less expeditious route. But, as better might not be, we parted—he to the free air and exciting travel of the Great Prairies,

and I to mope within my solitary room, with the dusty Plaza and its low adobe walls to bound my prospect, and no better amusement than the study of character as I found it exhibited in the rougher specimens of humanity who frequented the inn.

It was a joyful thing to me when that unwelcome visitor, the "influenza," once more permitted me to go abroad—a liberty which I was not slow to take advantage of, by visiting one of the principal Santa Fé traders, whose train was about returning to the frontiers of Missouri. This gentleman received me kindly, and on learning that I desired to accompany his party, offered me every facility for so doing.

As the train which I purposed traveling with was already *en route*, having advanced as far as the Mora, the usual starting point of the returning caravans, where it was only awaiting the arrival of wagons which had been left behind in Santa Fé for repairs, and as these wagons were to leave town early next day, I felt that I had no time to lose in preparing for my new start. So, after divers consultations with those versed in this, to me, novel kind of travel, I provided myself with a good stout mule, a buffalo horse, which I styled "Bucephalus" forthwith, and provisions for the trip in the shape of flour, bacon, hard bread, sugar, coffee, and so forth, each and all of which I found useful in their way.

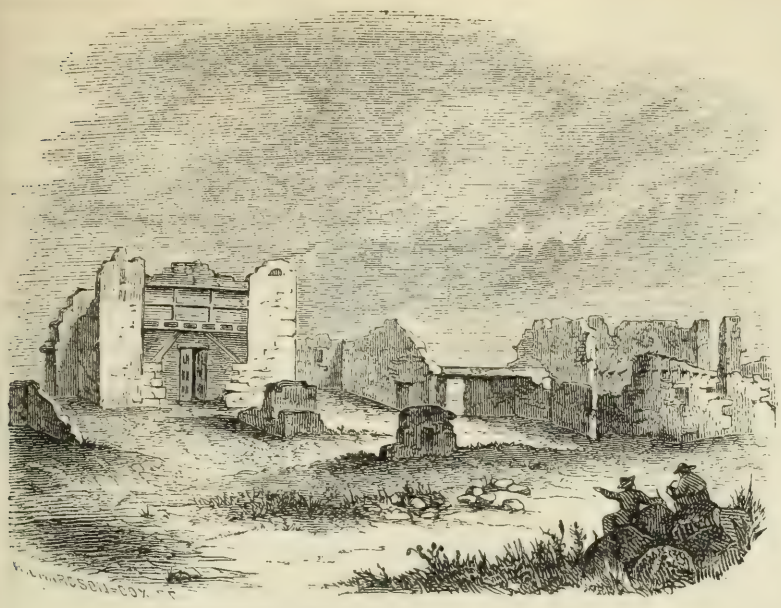
It was not far from eight o'clock in the morning of a sultry July day that I mounted my "Bucephalus," who had been airing himself for the half hour previous in front of the hotel. As I had but two persons to say good-by to, my leave-taking was of the shortest. But in the case of Señor Juan, my old servant, whom I saw upon that sunshiny morning for the last time, I must confess that I experienced a greater feeling of regret than I had anticipated. He had, it is true, been with me but two calendar months, yet in that short period he had forded rivers, and traversed desert sands by my side; we had shivered in the same blast, burned beneath the same sun, and warmed ourselves by the same fire, until his image, uncouth and repulsive as it was, formed the back-ground of a thousand scenes not easily forgotten, and—hang the fellow!—made my voice a little husky as I gave him my hand for parting.

"Long Eben" was the last to say farewell, which he did in his own peculiar style, the "Deöwn East" drawl being still predominant—"Good-by, Mister; and ef yeöu meet eny body on the road that's beöund for Santa Fé, yeöu may say that the United States Hotel is a dreadful nice place to stop at, won't yeöu?"

It was with no feeling of regret that I lost sight of those piles of sun-dried brick which make up the larger portion of *La Ciudád de Santa Fé*. I did not like the place, I could scarcely have said why. It may have bettered itself since, but it did not suit me then. It is possible that the life of wild excitement which I had been leading during my Rocky Mountain journeyings had unfitted me, in a measure, for its every-day realities. Be this as it may, I had had the blues, and, what is almost as bad, the influenza, in it; and once more upon my horse's back, with my rifle in my hand, and the fresh breezes from the broad prairies upon my cheek, I felt that I would not have re-entered it for any consideration short of a positive order from my commanding officer.

Our travel that day was marked by no particular incident until our arrival at the Pecos, where we encamped for the night. During our detention at this point I examined some ruins in that vicinity, which I found highly interesting, not only from their antiquity, but from the historical events with which they are connected. As I am already indebted to Colonel Emory's report for the original sketches of the ancient Aztec and Catholic church ruins represented in the cuts, and as I find the substance of my own observations embodied in his journal, I shall take the liberty of quoting such facts as might prove explanatory or generally interesting. Under date of August 17th, 1846, he says,

"Pecos, once a fortified town, is built on a promontory or rock, somewhat in the shape of a foot. Here burned, until within seven years, the eternal fires of Montezuma; and the remains of the architecture exhibit, in a prominent manner, the engraftment of the Catholic Church upon the ancient religion of the country. At one end of the short spur forming the terminus of the promontory are the remains of the *estúfa*, with all its parts distinct; at the other are the remains of the Catholic church, both showing the distinctive marks and emblems of the two religions. The fires from the *estúfa* burned, and sent their incense through the same altars from which was preached the doctrine of Christ. Two religions, so utterly different in theory, were here, as in all Mexico, blended in harmonious practice until about a century since, when the town was sacked by a band of Indians. Amidst the havoc of plunder of the city, the faithful Indian managed to keep his fire burning in the *estúfa;* and it was continued till, a few years since, the tribe became almost extinct. Their devotions rapidly diminished their numbers, until they became so few as to be unable to keep their immense *estúfa* (forty feet in diameter) replenished, when they abandoned the place and joined a tribe of the original race over the mountains, about sixty miles to the southward. There, it is said, to this day they keep up their fire, which has never yet been extinguished. The labor, watchfulness, and exposure to heat consequent upon the practice of the faith, is fast reducing the remnant of the Montezuma race, and a few years will in all probability see the last of this interesting people. The accompanying sketches will give a much more accurate representation of these ruins than any written descriptions. The remains of the modern church, with its crosses, its cells, its dark,

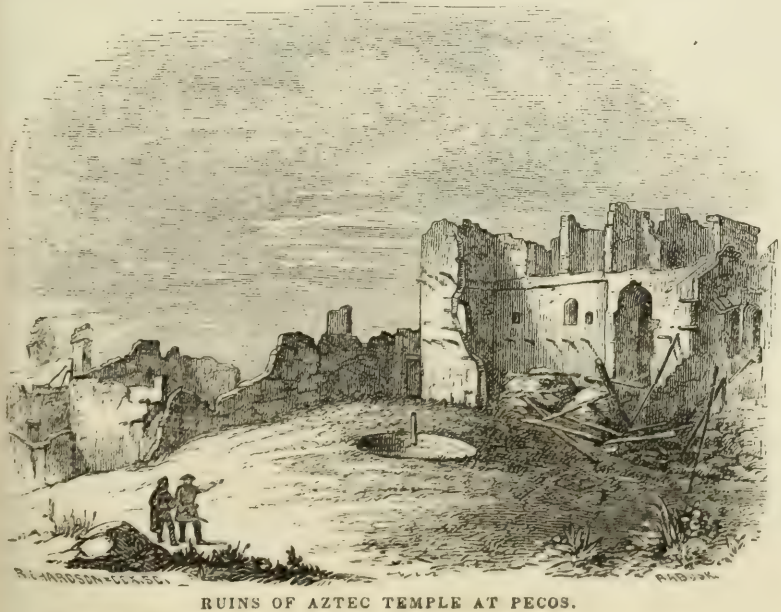


RUINS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AT PECOS.

mysterious corners and niches, differ but little from those of the present day in New Mexico. The architecture of the Indian portion of the ruins presents peculiarities worthy of notice. Both are constructed of the same materials—the walls of sun-dried brick, and the rafters of well-hewn timber, which could never have been shaped by the miserable little axes now employed by the Mexicans, which resemble in shape and size the wedges used by our farmers for splitting rails. The cornices and drops of the architrave in the modern church are elaborately carved with a knife."

How graphic a picture does this description present of the sincere and disinterested devotion of these zealous but deluded worshipers—a delineation which, while it furnishes rich material for the exercise of a romantic imagination, affords much which should give rise to more serious reflections. On the one hand, it excites our ideality by producing to the mind's eye a representation of the scene. We behold the huge fires of the *estúfa;* we hear them roar and crackle as the silent watchers heap fresh fuel upon the blazing pile; we see the worn and wasted worshipers, whose hollow cheeks and attenuated limbs bear the impress of their painful and long-continued vigils. We can follow, in fancy, its devoted attendants, as year by year, and hour by hour, they fulfill their appointed tasks. We see them amid the summer's heat and in the winter's cold, shivering in the blast, or fainting beneath a sultry sun, as they go forth to procure the material with which to feed the flames. We can go with them during the long and dreary nights, when the exhausted Indian retires for a moment from the scene of his labors to cool his fevered brow and gaze upon those orbs, of whose mighty Creator he is so profoundly ignorant. We can be with him as he returns to renovate the dying flame, working patiently for naught, while the dark hours come and go, though the night-winds blow, and the pale moon shines steadily without; and even while the "gray dawn" is lighting up the misty hills, while sweet birds are warbling their matin songs, and all nature is rejoicing in the advent of the new-born day. Yet still he keeps his watch, forgetful of the world, with its myriad beauties, the creation of that master hand whose works are so full of strength, and dignity, and glorious perfection.

And this is Fancy's view; but there are deeper thoughts connected with the theme. Is there, in the self-sacrificing adoration of these benighted children of Montezuma, no reproof to the weak and vacillating spirit? No rebuke to the lukewarm ardor of those who profess, in this our enlightened age, to worship *one* God in spirit and in truth? Truly this is a subject upon which much could be written.



RUINS OF AZTEC TEMPLE AT PECOS.

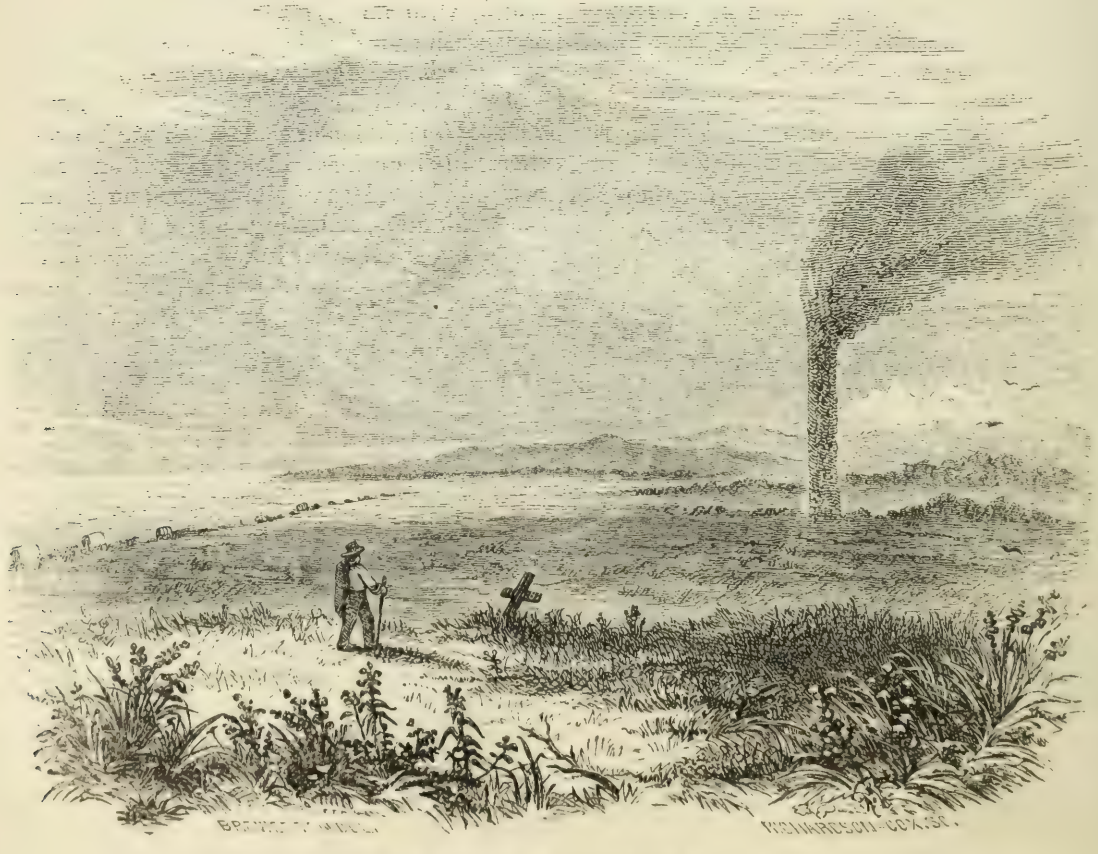
After our departure from the Pecos, we met with little in the way of incident or adventure which would be interesting if recorded here, save that some two days prior to our arrival at the *Mora* our teamsters celebrated the advent of the Fourth of July, and their own independence, by drinking an unlimited quantity of corn whisky, which ended in their getting most patriotically drunk;

and calling into requisition the services of "Nigger Bill"—a little dried-up blackamoor, who on this occasion danced "Juba," "by particular request," to the sound of a violin played by an eccentric genius from Kentucky, whose musical talents had already obtained for him the *soubriquet* of "Kentuck the fiddler."

I derived, too, some satisfaction, while *en route*, from a visit to a Mexican *rancho*, where, as I attempted to carry on a conversation in English, they very naturally imagined that I understood no Spanish—a belief which led them into the double error of supposing that I was just from "the States," and might therefore be desirous of purchasing one of those hairless, rat-tailed, New Mexican curs which the Americans are in the habit of designating as "cast-iron dogs"—an animal much valued in those regions as a sort of four-legged warming-pan, to which purpose these unlucky quadrupeds are frequently applied. The not very flattering conversation which ensued among its owners (who were anxious to cheat me, if it were possible), as well as their astonishment upon discovering that I had fully appreciated their remarks, afforded me no little amusement, which I finally enhanced by delivering my opinion of themselves and their "*costumbres*."

I was not sorry when we at length reached the *Mora*, the literal meaning of which is "mulberry;" but, though that fruit is found in its vicinity, I am inclined to believe, with Gregg, that it owes its appellation to some early settler of that name, from the fact that the New Mexicans always call it *Rio de lo de Mora*. Here we found the train, or rather trains—for they were three in number, though now consolidated, for the greater security which an increase of numbers would afford—only waiting for our arrival to make their final preparations and take up their line of march.

I must not forget to remark that, during our short detention here, I noticed some very peculiar effects of *mirage*, or, as they are termed in prairie parlance, "false ponds;" as also the appearance of one of those whirlwinds which are common not only to the "great prairies," but to the sandy wastes of the "California Basin." The accompanying wood-cuts will give a far better idea of these phenomena than any written description. So far as the whirlwind is concerned, the explanation is a simple one, the moving column being nothing more than a collection of the particles of dried grasses or dust, which have been taken up and carried forward by the eddying currents of air, as I have seen water-spouts upon that less substantial plain, the ocean. The *mirage* is, however, not so easily accounted for. It has ever attracted the attention, and excited much speculation, as well as no small difference of opinion, among the *voyageurs* upon the great prairies. For myself, I am inclined to concur in the opinion of a traveler, who says: "The philosophy of these 'false ponds' seems generally not well understood. They have usually been attributed to *refraction*, by which a section of the bordering sky would appear below the horizon. But there can be no doubt that they are the effect of *reflection* upon a gas emanating, perhaps, from the sun-



WHIRLWIND ON THE PRAIRIES



EFFECT OF THE MIRAGE—"FALSE PONDS."

scorched earth and vegetable matter. Or it may be that a surcharge of carbonic acid, precipitated upon the flats and sinks of these plains by the action of the sun, produces the effect. At least it appears of sufficient density, when viewed very obliquely, to reflect the objects beyond; and thus the opposite sky, being reflected in the *pond of gas*, gives the appearance of water. As a proof that it is the effect of reflection, I have often observed the distant trees and hilly protuberances which project above the horizon beyond distinctly inverted in the pond; whereas, were it the result of refraction, these would appear erect, only cast below the surface. Indeed, many are the singular atmospheric phenomena observable upon the plains, which would afford a field of interesting research for the curious natural philosopher."

As I have before stated, our sojourn at the *Mora* was a brief one.

And now, ere we bid each other, for the present, good by, let me choose for my "finally" that much-vexed topic, *a rail-road to the Pacific. Can* it be built? will it *pay?* both simple and peculiarly American questions, which I shall answer in precisely the same manner that every practical man who has crossed the country would reply to a similar query. Let us look at the thing fairly; and, to do so, begin with the dark side of the picture:

Can it be built? The obstacles to its accomplishment are immense. Huge mountains rear their rugged bulwarks as if to bar its progress. Precipitous cliffs and deep *cañons* are in its path. Overcome these difficulties, and you have yet to struggle with the shifting sands and uninhabitable wastes of the Great Basin. Hostile Indians are to be subdued; wells dug, or water brought from long distances, to supply the hosts of laborers which so vast a work must necessarily employ. Such are a few of the popular arguments against its feasibility. But though they may and do exist, does it therefore follow that they are insurmountable? We shall hardly need workmen for the task, when every day is bringing to our shores crowds of able-bodied emigrants, whose strong arms are seeking employment within our borders. Have we not such men as Fremont and Beale, the former of whom, with the assistance of Senator Benton, has done more to bring this project into notice, and render it a possibility, than any other explorer? Have we not engineers of the highest order of talent? And are we not in this, the nineteenth century, endowed with the enterprise to begin, and the energy to carry out, this or any other reasonable undertaking? In a word, do we lack that spirit, whose cry is, "*Go ahead!*" I, for one, should be sorry to believe that any American-born man could be so far behind the age in which we live as to acknowledge that an impossibility *can* exist which Yankee ingenuity, and its servant, the steam-engine, are unable to triumph over. We may not live to witness its completion. It may even be deferred until the spring-time of our children's children; but the prophecy which hung upon my lips as our little band of way-worn *voyageurs* traversed with hasty steps the bases

of those mighty "*siérras*," will yet be fulfilled; for I am confident that the "iron horse" will one day thunder upon his rapid flight through these far solitudes, now so wild and tenantless. It is most undoubtedly the great task of our day and generation. Let us, then, snatch the honor of being its first projectors, ere "Young America" rises up to thrust aside the "Old Fogyism" of his fathers, and plant the corner-stone of this stupendous national work.

Will it pay? Need I answer the question. Look at the countless sails which are whitening the boisterous seas of the stormy Cape. Remember the multitudes who brave the pestilential miasmas of the Isthmus to reach the "*El Dorado*" of their hopes. Have the coasts of China and the Indian Seas no cargoes for our Atlantic ports? Has the great country across which the Pacific Rail-road would be a social, political, and Christian bond of union, no resources to be developed, no products to export?

Look at it in a military point of view. With such a facility, we could, in case of need, concentrate an "organized militia"—that strongest safeguard of a free republic—upon the shores of either ocean. A few days' notice would place the "bone and sinew" of the West beside the hardy fishermen of our Atlantic seaboard. We should then be almost entirely secured against invasion from without, or dissension from within our territory. Such a work would do more to weaken sectional prejudice than the legislation of a century. Once more I repeat, *It will be done!*

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SAXONY.

GREAT as were the military resources, which the Emperor's genius had created, the skill and vigor of his civil administration were still more extraordinary. The Minister of the Interior, at this time, made the following report to the legislative body.*

"Gentlemen, notwithstanding the immense armies, which a state of war, both maritime and continental has rendered indispensably necessary, the population of France has continued to increase. French industry has advanced. The soil was never better cultivated, nor our manufactures more flourishing. And at no period of our history, has wealth been more equally diffused, among all classes of society. The farmer now enjoys benefits to which he was formerly a stranger. He is enabled to purchase land, though its value has greatly risen. His food and clothing are better, and more abundant than heretofore, and his dwelling is more substantial and convenient.

"Improvements in agriculture, manufactures, and the useful arts, are no longer rejected, merely because they are new. Experiments have been made in every branch of labor, and the methods proved to be the most useful, have been adopted. Artificial meadows have been multiplied, the system of fallows is abandoned, rotation of crops is better understood, and improved plans of cultivation augment the produce of the soil. Cattle are multiplied, and their different breeds improved. This great prosperity is attributable to the liberal laws by which the empire is governed; to the suppression of feudal tenures, titles, mortmains, and the monastic orders—measures which have set at liberty numerous estates and rendered them the free patrimony of families, formerly in a state of pauperism. Something is due also to the more equal distribution of wealth, consequent on the alteration and simplification of the laws, relating to freehold property, and to the prompt decision of lawsuits, the number of which is now daily decreasing."

Notwithstanding the enormous wars, in which Napoleon had been engaged, he had expended in works of public improvement, the following sums: On palaces and buildings, the property of the crown, twelve millions, five hundred thousand dollars; on fortifications, twenty-seven millions; on seaports, docks, and harbors, twenty-five millions; on roads and highways thirty-five millions; on bridges in Paris and the various departments, six millions, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; on canals, embankments and the drainage of land, twenty-five millions; on public works in Paris, twenty millions; on public buildings in the departments, thirty millions; making a total of more than two hundred millions of dollars, which, in the course of nine years, he had expended in improving and embellishing France.*

"These miracles," says a French writer, "were all effected by steadiness of purpose—talent armed with power, and finances wisely and economically applied."

* Count Montalivet, Feb. 25, 1813.

* Sir Archibald Alison, while condemning Napoleon with great severity for compelling his assailants to pay the expenses of those wars into which they were constantly forcing him, makes the following candid admissions. "In one respect the report of the Minister of the Interior contained authentic details, in which the government of Napoleon is worthy of universal imitation. It appeared that, during the twelve years which had elapsed since he ascended the consular throne, the sums expended on public improvements such as roads, bridges, fortifications, harbors, public edifices, &c., amounted to the enormous sum of a thousand million of francs, or £40,000,000 ($200,000,000) of which seven hundred millions, or £28,000,000 ($140,000,000) was the proportion belonging to Old France.[1] When it is recollected that an expenditure so vast, on objects so truly imperial, amounting to nearly £3,500,000 ($17,500,000) a year, took place during a period of extraordinary warlike exertion, and almost unbroken maritime and territorial hostility, it must be confessed that it demonstrates an elevation of mind, and grandeur of conception on the part of Napoleon, which, as much as his wonderful military achievements, mark him as one of the most marvelous of mankind."—ALISON'S *History of Europe*, vol. iv. p. 31.

[1] "According to the *exposé* published by M. Montalivet, Minister of the Interior, the population of that part of the empire which embraced the territory of Old France was 28,700,000 souls, an amount not materially different from what it was at the commencement of the Revolution; a remarkable result when the vast consumption of human life which had since taken place from the internal blood shed and external wars of the Revolution is taken into consideration."—ALISON'S *History of Europe*, vol. iv. p. 5

Count Molé, the Minister of Finance, after a very faithful review of the flattering condition of the Empire, concluded his report, with the following words: "If a man of the age of the Medici, or of Louis XIV. were to revisit the earth, and at the sight of so many marvels, ask how many ages of peace, and glorious reigns, had been required to produce them, he would be answered, '*Twelve years of war and a single man.*'"

"The national resources of the French empire," says Alison, "as they were developed in these memorable reports, and evinced in these strenuous exertions, are the more worthy of attention that this was the *Last Exposition* of them which was made to the world; this was the political testament of Napoleon to future ages. The disasters which immediately after crowded round his sinking empire, and the extraordinary difficulties with which he had to contend, prevented any thing of the kind being subsequently attempted; and when order and regularity again emerged from the chaos under the restored Bourbon dynasty, France, bereft of all its revolutionary conquests, and reduced to the dimensions of 1789, possessed little more than two thirds of the territory, and not a fourth of the influence, which it had enjoyed under the Emperor. To the picture exhibited of the empire at this period, therefore, the eyes of future ages will be constantly turned, as presenting both the highest point of elevation, which the fortunes of France had ever attained, and the greatest assemblage of national and military strength, which the annals of modern times have exhibited."

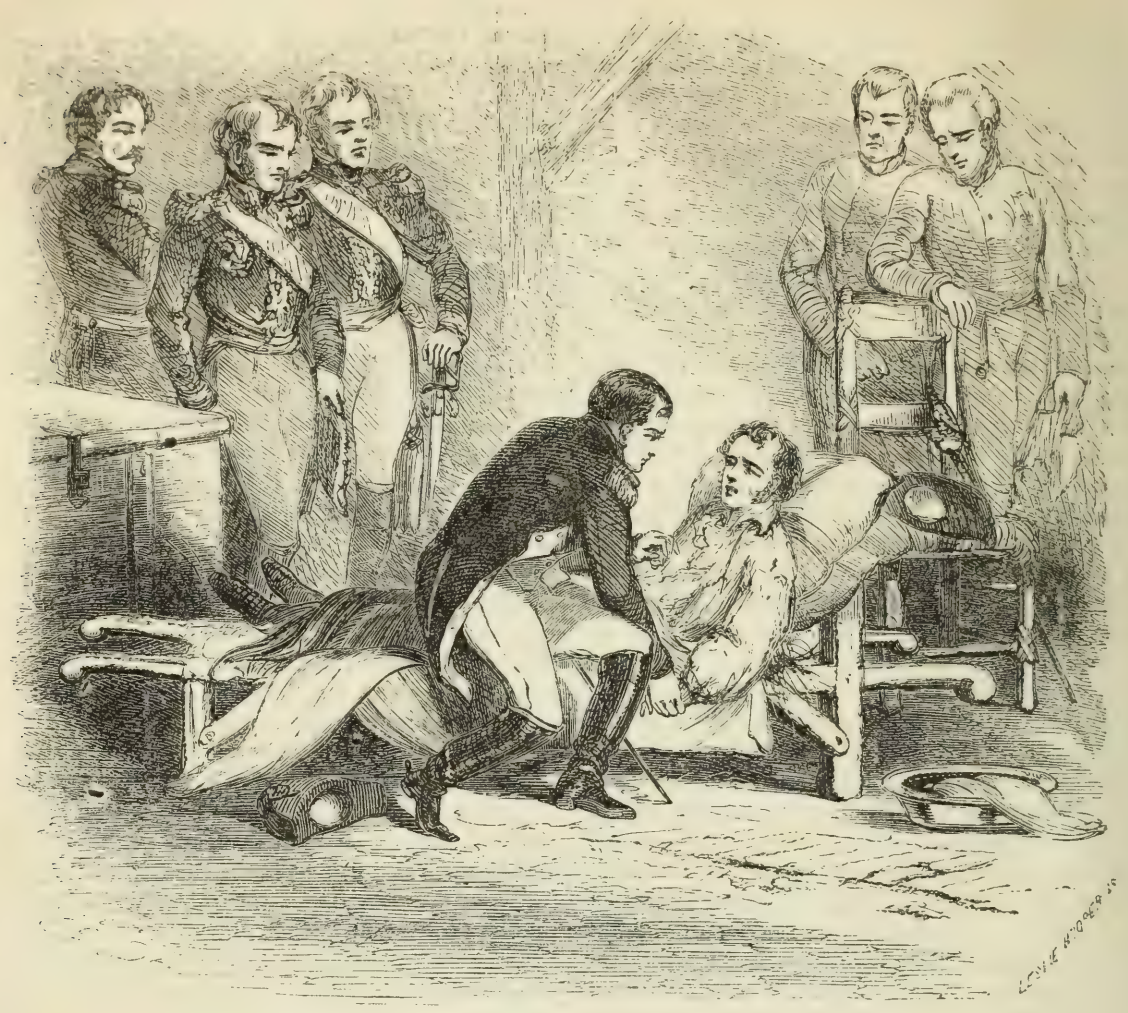
Napoleon in person superintended the entire administration of both military and civil affairs. Every ministerial project was submitted to his examination. The financial accounts were all audited by himself. The governmental correspondence passed under his eye, and was corrected by his pen. The apparently exhaustless mental and physical energies of the Emperor, amazed all who were thrown into contact with him. Though Paris had been plunged into consternation, by the terrible disaster in Russia, the calm demeanor, and intrepid countenance of the Emperor, which accompanied his frank admission of the whole magnitude of the calamity, soon revived public confidence. *The Journal of Paris,* the next morning, contained the following comments upon the celebrated 29th bulletin.

"These details can not but add to the glory, with which the army has covered itself, and to the admiration, which the heroic firmness and powerful genius of the Emperor inspire. After having vanquished the Russians, in twenty battles, and driven them from their ancient capital, our brave troops have had to sustain the rigors of the season, and the severities of an inhospitable climate, during a march of more than fifty days, through an enemy's country, deprived of artillery, transports and cavalry; yet the genius of the sovereign has animated all, and proved a resource under the greatest difficulties. The enemy, who had the elements for his auxiliaries, was beaten wherever he appeared. With such soldiers, and such a general, the eventual success of the war can not be uncertain. Napoleon will give his name to the nineteenth century."

The words of Napoleon were eagerly gathered, and circulated through the empire. Innumerable addresses, containing assurances of loyalty and affection, were presented to him by the principal bodies of Paris, and from all the principal cities



APPROACH TO DRESDEN.



DEATH OF DUROC.

of France. The cities of Rome, Milan, Florence, Turin, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Mayence, manifested the noblest spirit of devotion. They rallied around their noble leader, in this his hour of extremity, with a zeal which does honor to human nature. We give the address from Milan as a specimen of all the rest.

"Our kingdom, Sire, is your handiwork. It owes to you its laws, its monuments, its roads, its prosperity, its agriculture, the honor of its arts, and the internal peace which it enjoys. The people of Italy declare, in the face of the universe, that there is no sacrifice which they are not prepared to make, to enable your Majesty to complete the great work, intrusted to you by Providence. In extraordinary circumstances, extraordinary sacrifices are required, and our efforts shall be unbounded. You require arms, armies, gold, fidelity, constancy. All we possess, Sire, we lay at your Majesty's feet. This is not the suggestion of authority; it is conviction, gratitude, the universal cry produced by the passion for our political existence."*

Austria and Prussia, who had with no little reluctance, allied themselves with the armies of republican France, now began to manifest decided hostility. The commander of the Prussian forces announced his secession from the Prussian alliance, and soon again Prussia joined the coalition of Russia and England against Napoleon. It is said by Savary,

"The King long resisted the entreaties, with which he was assailed in Prussia, to join the Russians. The natural sincerity of his character kept him firm to our alliance, in spite of the fatal results, which it could not fail to draw upon him. He was driven to the determination he adopted, by men of restless spirit, who told him plainly, but respectfully, that they were ready to act either with him or without him. 'Well, gentlemen,' replied the King, 'you force me to this course; but remember we must either conquer or be annihilated.'"

The Austrian commander, Prince Schwartzenberg, also imitated the example of the Prussians. He not only refused to render any service to the French, in their awful retreat, but overawed the Poles, to prevent their rising to assist Napoleon, and then, entering into an armistice with the Russians, quietly retired to the territories of his sovereign. Murat, dejected by these tidings, and alarmed by intelligence which he had received from Naples, abruptly abandoned the army, and returned to Italy. Napoleon was incensed at this desertion. He wrote to his sister Caroline, Murat's wife, "Your husband is extremely brave on the field of battle. But out of sight of the ene-

* Address from Milan, Dec. 27, 1812.

my, he is weaker than a woman. He has no moral courage."

Murat, before leaving the army, had assembled a council of war, and had publicly vented his spleen against the Emperor, for calling him from sunny Naples, to take part in so disastrous a campaign.

"It is impossible," said he, "to continue to serve a madman who is no longer able to afford security to his adherents. Not a single prince in Europe will hereafter listen to his word, or respect his treaties. Had I accepted the proposals of England, I might have been a powerful sovereign like the Emperor of Austria, or King of Prussia."

Davoust indignantly replied, "The sovereigns you have named, are monarchs *by the grace of God*. Their power has been consolidated by time, by long-accustomed reverence and hereditary descent. But you are king merely by the grace of Napoleon, and the blood of French soldiers. You can remain a king only by the power of Napoleon, and by an alliance with France. You are inflated with black ingratitude. I will not fail to denounce you to the Emperor."

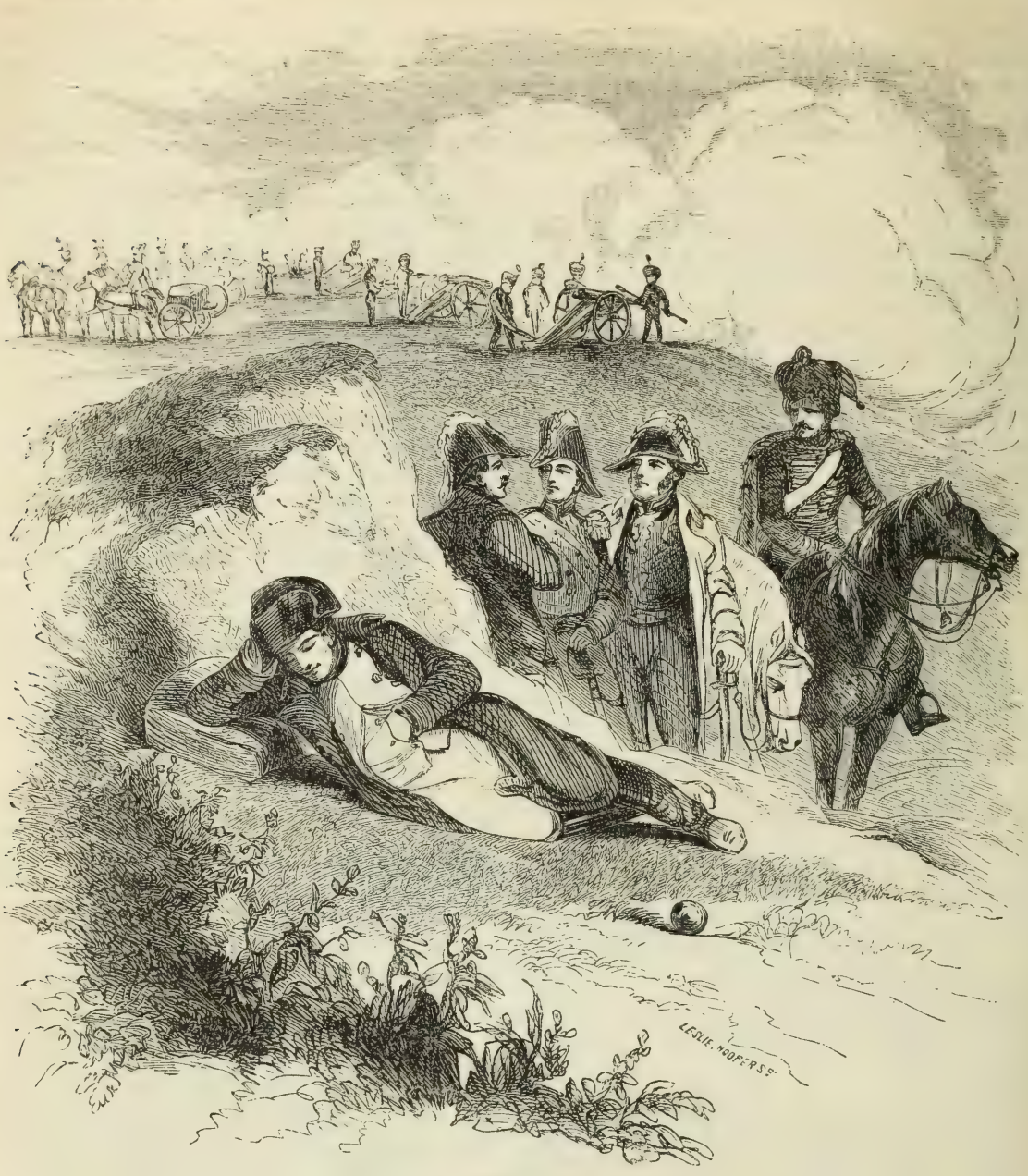
To Murat, Napoleon wrote, "I do not suspect you to be one of those who think that the lion is dead, but if you have counted on this, you will soon discover your error. Since my departure from Wilna you have done me all the evil you could. Your title of king has turned your head."

Eugene was appointed to the chief command. "The Viceroy," wrote Napoleon, "is accustomed to the direction of military movements on a large scale, and besides, *enjoys the full confidence of the Emperor*." This oblique reproach added to the disaffection of Murat.

Frederic William, of Prussia, encouraged by the utter wreck of the French armies, on the 1st of March concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Russian autocrat, and declared war against France. When the hostile declara-



MARCH OF CONSCRIPTS.



ASLEEP ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

tion was notified at St. Cloud, Napoleon merely observed,

"It is better to have a declared enemy than a doubtful ally." He afterward said, "My greatest fault, perhaps, was not having dethroned the King of Prussia, when I could have done it so easily. After Friedland, I should have separated Silesia from Prussia, and abandoned this province to Saxony. The King of Prussia and the Prussians were too much humiliated not to seek to avenge themselves on the first occasion. If I had acted thus, if I had given them a free constitution, and delivered the peasants from feudal slavery, the nation would have been content."

Napoleon had wished, by a generous treaty, to conciliate his foes. He was ready to make very great concessions, for the sake of peace. But the banded despots of Europe were entirely regardless of his magnanimity. "The system," said Napoleon truly, "of the enemies of the French Revolution is *war to the death*."

Immediately after the defection of Prussia, the allies signed a convention at Breslau, which stipulated that all the German princes should be summoned to unite against Napoleon. Whoever refused, was to forfeit his estates. Thus the allies trampled upon the independence of kings, and endeavored with violence, to break the most sacred treaties. The venerable King of Saxony, refusing thus to prove treacherous to his faithful friend, and menaced by the loss of his throne, was compelled to flee from his capital.*

The allies overran his dominions, and marched triumphantly into Dresden. They were cordially welcomed, by those who dreaded the liberal ideas, which were emanating from France. The English government also, made an attempt to compel the court of Copenhagen to join the grand alliance. A squadron appeared before the city, and demanded a categorical answer, within forty-eight hours, under the pain of bombardment. The blood of the last atrocious cannonade was hardly as yet washed from the pavements of the

* Norvin, tome iii. p. 3. 2.

city. It was another of those attacks of piratical atrocity, with which the English government so often dishonored itself, during these tremendous struggles. "This measure," says Alison, "which, if supported by an adequate force, might have been attended with the *happiest effects*, failed from want of any military or naval force capable of carrying it into execution."*

The Tories of England were exultant. After so long a series of disastrous wars, they were now sanguine of success. Their efforts were redoubled. Thousands of pamphlets were circulated, in all the maritime provinces of France, by the agents of the English government, defaming the character of Napoleon, accusing him of ambitious, despotic and blood-thirsty appetites, and striving to rouse the populace to insurrection. Napoleon was basely accused of being the originator of these long and dreadful wars, of opposing all measures for peace, of delighting in conflagration and carnage, of deluging Europe with blood to gratify his insatiable ambition, and his love of military glory. Most recklessly the English nation was plunged into hopeless debt, that gold might be distributed with a lavish hand to all who would aid to crush the great leader of governmental reform.

On the 11th of February, 1813, Metternich said to the French embassador, in reference to the bribe which the English government had offered Austria, to induce her to turn against Napoleon. "Besides the thirty-five millions of dollars which England gives to Russia, she offers us fifty millions if we change our system. We have rejected the offer with contempt, although our finances are in the most ruinous state."* "Meanwhile," says Napier, "the allied sovereigns, by giving hopes to their subjects that constitutional liberty should be the reward of their prodigious popular exertions against France, hopes which, with the most detestable baseness, they had previously resolved to defraud, assembled greater forces than they were able to wield, and prepared to pass the Rhine."†

* Alison, vol. iv. p. 205.

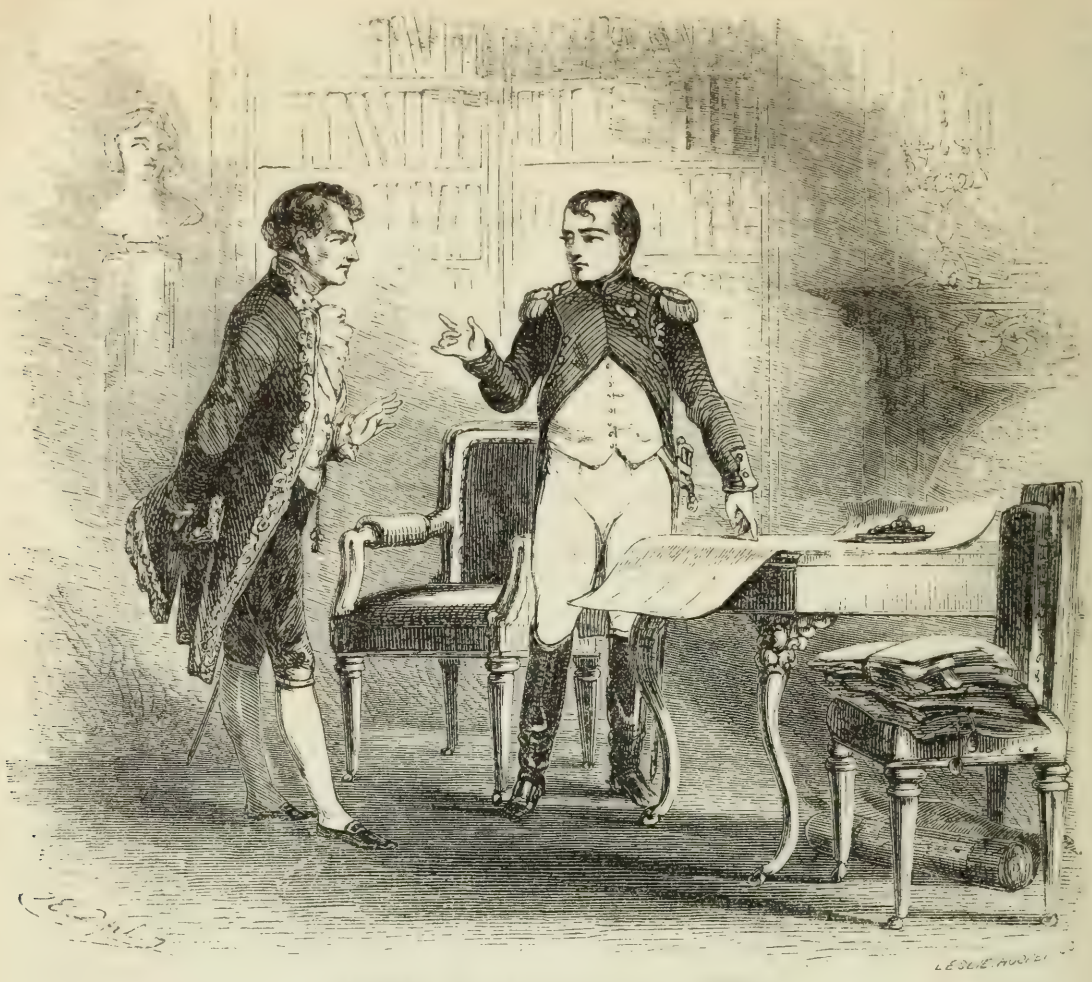
* Montholon, vol. iv. p. 133.

† Napier, vol. iv. p. 326.

"Austria and Prussia had both entered into a solemn



AFTER THE BATTLE.



NAPOLEON AND METTERNICH IN COUNCIL.

As the allies entered Saxony, they scattered innumerable proclamations among the people, calling upon them to rise against Napoleon. "Germans," said General Wittgenstein, "we open to you the Prussian ranks. You will there find the son of the laborer placed beside the son of the prince. All distinction of rank is effaced in these great ideas—the king, liberty, honor, country. Among us there is no distinction but talent, and the ardor with which we fly to combat for the common cause."

With such false words did the leaders of despotic armies endeavor to delude the ignorant multitude into the belief that they were the advocates of equality. Treacherously they raised the banner of democracy, and rallied around it the enthusiasm of simple peasants, that they might betray that cause, and trample it down hopelessly in blood. Many were deceived by these promises. Seeing such awful disasters darkening upon the path of the French Emperor, they thought that he was forsaken by God, as well as by man, and they abandoned their only true friend.

Napoleon gazed calmly upon the storm which was gathering around him. He knew that it would be in vain, when his enemies were so exultant, to make proposals for peace. Nothing remained for him but to redouble his efforts to defeat their machinations. The people of France enthusiastically responded to his call. Parents cheerfully gave up their children for the decisive war. Every town and village rang with the notes of preparation. As by magic another army was formed. By the middle of April, nearly three hundred thousand men were on the march toward Germany, to roll back the threatened tide of invasion. The veteran troops of France had perished amidst the snows of Russia. A large army was struggling in the Spanish peninsula, against the combined forces of England, Portugal, and Spain. The greater portion of those Napoleon now assembled were youthful recruits, "mere boys," says Sir Walter Scott.*

treaty with Napoleon, and put their troops under his command, in the invasion of Russia. Yet no sooner did they behold his army in fragments, than, with a perfidy and meanness unparalleled in the history of civilized nations, they joined hands with Russia, and rushed forward to strike, with deadlier blows, an already prostrate ally. It is generally regarded a point of honor among men, never to desert a friend and ally in distress—and to fight by the side of a friend one day, against a common enemy, and on the next, turn and smite him, for no other reason than because, bleeding and struggling under the discomfiture he has met with, he is no longer able to defend himself, is considered the meanest act of an ignoble soul, and the last step to which human baseness can descend."—*The Imperial Guard of Napoleon, by* J. T. Headley, p. 304.

* "Napoleon, the most indefatigable and active of mankind, turned his enemies' ignorance on this head to profit; for scarcely was it known that he had reached Paris, by that wise, that rapid journey from Smorgoni, which, baffling all his enemies' hopes, left them only the power

On the 15th of April, at four o'clock in the morning, Napoleon left St. Cloud for the headquarters of his army. Caulaincourt, who accompanied him, says,

"When the carriage started, the Emperor, who had his eyes fixed on the castle, threw himself back, placed his hand on his forehead, and remained for some time in that meditative attitude. At length, rousing himself from his gloomy reverie, he began to trace, in glowing colors, his plans and projects, the hopes he cherished of the faithful co-operation of Austria, &c. Then he resumed his natural simplicity of manner, and spoke to me with emotion at the regret he felt in leaving his *bonne Louise* and his lovely child.

"'I envy,' said he, 'the lot of the meanest peasant in my empire. At my age, he has discharged his debts to his country, and he may remain at home, enjoying the society of his wife and children; while I, I must fly to the camp and engage in the strife of war. Such is the mandate of my inexplicable destiny.'

"He again sunk into his reverie. To divert him from it I turned the conversation on the scene of the preceding evening, when at the Elysée, the Empress in the presence of the princes, grand dignitaries, and ministers, had taken the solemn oath in the character of Regent.

"'*Ma bonne Louise*,' said the Emperor, 'is gentle and submissive. I can depend on her. Her love and fidelity will never fail me. In the current of events there may arise circumstances, which decide the fate of an empire. In that case, I hope that the daughter of the Cæsars will be inspired by the spirit of her grandmother, Maria Theresa.'"

Napoleon had ordered his troops to concentrate at Erfurth, and, on the 25th of April, he reached the encampment of his youthful and inexperienced army. The allies, flushed with success,



MAP OF CAMPAIGN IN SAXONY.

overwhelming in numbers, and animated by the prospect of a general rising of the royalist party all over Europe, were every where gaining ground. A series of indecisive conflicts ensued, in which the genius of Napoleon almost unceasingly triumphed over his multitudinous enemies.

In one of these actions, Bessières, who commanded the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, was struck by a ball in the breast, and fell dead from his horse. The loss of this faithful friend deeply affected Napoleon. He wrote to the Empress,

"Bessières is justly entitled to the name of brave and good. He was distinguished alike for his skill, courage and prudence; for his great experience in directing cavalry movements, for his capacity in civil affairs, and his attachment to the Emperor. His death, on the field of honor, is worthy of envy. It was so sudden, as to have been free from pain. His reputation was without a blemish—the finest heritage he could have bequeathed his children. There are few whose loss could have been so sensibly felt. The whole French army partakes the grief of his Majesty on this melancholy occasion."

Amidst these overwhelming cares and perils, Napoleon forgot not the widow of his friend. He wrote to her the following touching letter:

"My cousin; your husband has died on the field of honor. The loss which you and your children have sustained is doubtless great. But mine is still greater. The Duke of Istria has died the noblest death, and without suffering.

of foolish abuse—scarcely, I say, was his arrival at Paris known to the world, than a new and enormous army, the constituent parts of which he had, with his usual foresight, created while yet in the midst of victory, was on its march, from all parts, to unite in the heart of Germany."—NAPIER, vol. iv. p. 37.

He has left a spotless reputation, the best inheritance he could transmit to his children. My protection is secured to them. They will inherit all the affection which I bore to their father."

At last the hostile forces met in great strength on the plains of Lutzen. It was the 2nd of May. Napoleon not expecting an attack, was on the march, his army extending thirty miles in length. Suddenly the allied army appeared, in all its strength, emerging from behind some heights, where it had been concealed. In four deep black columns, eighty thousand strong, with powerful artillery in front, and twenty-five thousand of the finest cavalry in reserve, these veterans, with deafening cheers, rushed resistlessly upon the leading columns of the young conscripts of France. Two villages were immediately enveloped in flames. A heavy concentric fire of infantry and artillery plowed their ranks. Aid after aid was dispatched to Napoleon pressing for re-enforcements, or all was lost. The Emperor soon arrived at the theatre of action. He had but four thousand horse. Calmly, for a moment, he contemplated the overwhelming numbers thus suddenly bursting upon his little band, and then said without any indication of alarm,

"We have no cavalry. No matter, it will be a battle as in Egypt. The French infantry is equal to any thing. I commit myself, without fear, to the valor of our young conscripts."

Napoleon himself galloped across the plain, directing his steps to the spot, where the dense smoke and the incessant roar of artillery indicated the hottest of the strife. The scene of carnage, confusion, and dismay, which here presented itself, was sufficient to appall the stoutest heart. The young conscripts, astounded and overwhelmed by the awful fire from the Russian batteries, which mowed down their ranks, were flying in terror over the plain. A few of the more experienced columns alone held together, and torn and bleeding, slowly retired before the advancing masses of the allied infantry. Immense squadrons of cavalry were posted upon a neighboring eminence, just ready, in a resistless torrent of destruction to sweep the field and sabre the helpless fugitives.

The moment the Emperor appeared with the imperial staff, the young soldiers, reanimated by his presence, rushed toward him. A few words from his lips revived their courage. Instantly the broken masses formed into little knots and squares, and the route was arrested Never did the Emperor receive a more touching proof of the confidence and the devotion of his troops. The wounded, as they were borne by, turned their eyes affectionately to the Emperor, and shouted, often with dying lips, *Vive l'Empereur!* Whenever his form appeared, flitting through the confusion and the smoke of the battle, a gleam of joy was kindled upon the cheeks, even of those struggling in death's last agonies. The devotion of the soldiers, and the heroism of the generals and officers, never surpassed what was witnessed on this occasion. Napoleon rode through a storm of bullets and cannon balls, as if he bore a charmed life. He seemed desirous of exposing himself to every peril which his faithful soldiers were called to encounter. He felt that the young soldiers, who now for the first time witnessed the horrors of a field of battle, needed this example to stimulate their courage.

For eight hours the battle raged. It was sanguinary in the extreme. The ground was covered with the mutilated bodies of the dying and the dead. General Gérard, though already hit by several bullets, and covered with blood, still headed his troops, exclaiming, "Frenchmen! the hour is come in which every one who loves his country must conquer or die."

The decisive moment at length arrived. Napoleon brought forward the Imperial Guard, whose energies he had carefully preserved. Sixteen battalions, in close column, preceded by sixty pieces of incomparable artillery, pierced the wavering mass of the allies. One incessant flash of fire blazed from the advancing column. The onset was resistless. Enveloped in clouds of dust and smoke, the determined band was soon lost to the sight of the Emperor. But the flash of their guns through the gloom, and the receding roar of their artillery, proclaimed that they were driving the enemy before them. The victory was complete. But Napoleon, destitute of cavalry, gave strict orders that no pursuit should be attempted. He slept upon the hard-won field of battle. The allies retreated to Leipsic, and thence to Dresden, amazed at the unexpected energy which Napoleon had developed. They had supposed that the disasters in Russia had so weakened his strength, that he could present but feeble resistance.

The Emperor immediately transmitted news of this victory to Paris, and to every court in alliance with France. The tidings filled the hearts of his friends with joy.

"In my young soldiers," said Napoleon, "I have found all the valor of my old companions in arms. During the twenty years that I have commanded the French troops, I have never witnessed more bravery and devotion. If all the allied sovereigns, and the ministers who direct their cabinets, had been present on the field of battle, they would have renounced the vain hope of causing the star of France to decline."

He wrote to the Empress, whom he had appointed Regent, requesting her to forward, in her name, the following circular to each of the bishops of the empire:

"In the name of the Emperor, the Empress Queen and Regent, to the Bishop of ——. The victory gained at Lutzen, by his Majesty the Emperor and King, our beloved spouse and sovereign, can only be considered as a special act of divine protection. We desire that, at the receipt of this letter, you will cause a Te Deum to be sung, and address thanksgivings to the God of armies; and that you will offer such prayers as you may judge suitable, to draw down the divine protection upon our armies; and particularly for the sacred person of his Majesty, the Emperor and King. May God preserve him from every danger. His pres-

ervation is as necessary to the happiness of the empire, as to the religion which he has re-established, and which he is called to sustain."

A similar circular was sent to all the bishops in Italy.*

At daybreak, on the following morning, Napoleon rode over the field of battle. With emotions of profoundest melancholy, he gazed upon the bodies of six thousand of his young conscripts, strewing the plain. Their youthful visages, and slender figures, proclaimed how little they were adapted to the stern horrors of the field of battle. Twelve thousand of the wounded, many of them from the first families in France and Germany, had been conveyed, in every form of mutilation, from the bloody field to the hospitals.

As Napoleon was thoughtfully and sadly traversing the gory plains, he came to the dead body of a young Prussian, who, in death, seemed to press something closely against his bosom. The Emperor approached, and found that it was the Prussian flag, which the soldier in dying had grasped so tenaciously. For a moment he stopped, and gazed in silence upon the touching spectacle. Then, with a moistened eye, and a voice tremulous with emotion, he said:

"Brave lad! brave lad! you were worthy to have been born a Frenchman. Gentlemen," said he, turning to his officers, his voice still trembling, "you see that a soldier has for his flag a sentiment approaching to idolatry. It is the object of his worship, as a present received from the hands of his mistress. I wish some of you immediately to render funeral honors to this young man. *I regret that I do not know his name, that I might write to his family.* Do not separate him from his flag. These folds of silk will be for him an honorable shroud." Napoleon could thus honor fidelity and courage even in an enemy.

The battle of Lutzen is invariably regarded as one of the most brilliant proofs of Napoleon's genius, and of the fervid affection with which he was cherished by every soldier in the army. The allies had chosen their own point of attack. Concealed behind a barrier of hills, they had drawn the French almost into an ambuscade. Surprised in a scattered line of march, extending over a distance of thirty miles, Napoleon was assailed by the concentrated masses of the enemy on his right and centre. Still the Emperor, with his young recruits, arrested the advance of the enemy, sustained the conflict for eight hours, brought up his re-enforcements, and gained the victory. It was Napoleon's personal ascendency over his troops which secured this result.

His instinctive acquaintance with the human heart was almost supernatural. On this occasion he made extraordinary efforts to encourage and animate his *children*, as he ever called his soldiers. A colonel of a battalion had, for some fault, been degraded from his rank. He was a very brave man, and much beloved by those whom he had commanded. In the midst of the battle, when that battalion was needed to perform a feat of desperate daring, Napoleon appeared at its head, with the beloved commander Addressing to him, in the presence of his troops, a few words of forgiveness and commendation, he restored him to the command. A shout of joy burst from the lips of the battalion. The cry spread from rank to rank, and rose above the awful roar of the battle. The troops, thus animated, headed a column, and breasting the storm of war, accomplished the feat for which it was thus prepared.

It is not easy to ascertain the precise numbers engaged in this conflict. "Although," says Alison, "the superiority of numbers, upon the whole, was decidedly on the side of the French, yet this was far from being the case with the forces actually engaged, until a late period in the day."

"It was indeed," says Bussey, "an achievement worthy of gratulation, that an army of nearly an hundred and thirty thousand men, with upward of twenty thousand cavalry, had been defeated by not more that eighty thousand men, including only four thousand cavalry."

The allies having lost twenty thousand in killed and wounded, conducted their retreat in much confusion. Ten thousand chariots, more than half of them loaded with the wounded, encumbered the road. The French followed close upon their rear, continually harassing them. On the 7th of May the discomfited army passed through Dresden, without venturing to halt. They crossed the Elbe, blew up the bridges, and the few Cossacks who were left behind swam their horses across the stream.

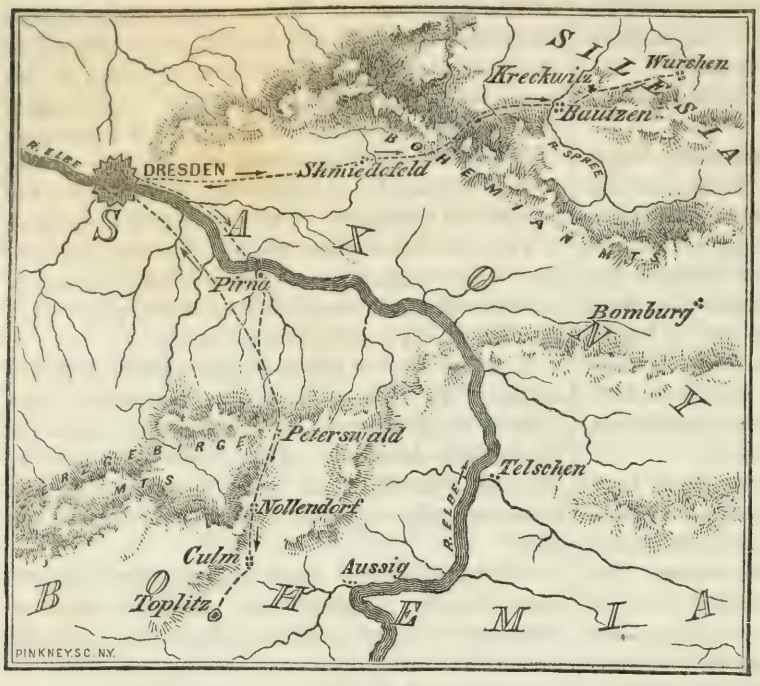
It was one of the most lovely of May mornings, when the French army approached this beautiful city. Even the meanest soldier gazed with delight upon the amphitheatre, encircled by hills which were crowned with gardens, orchards, and villas. The placid waters of the Elbe, fringed with the foliage and with the flowers of spring, meandered through the lovely landscape. The rising sun was brilliantly reflected from the steeples, domes, and palaces of the city. From the distant eminences glittered the bayonets of the retreating foe. Batteries frowned on the heights, and the cannonade of the pursuers and the pursued, mingled with the clangor of bells, which welcomed the approach of Napoleon to the capital of his noble and faithful ally, the King of Saxony

This monarch was a man of great moral excellence. Napoleon often quoted with admiration, as illustrative of his character, one of his remarks, that "*Probity and truth are the best artifices in politics.*"

The aristocratic party but a few days before had hailed with enthusiasm the entrance of the Czar, and the King of Prussia. Now the mass of the inhabitants sincerely rejoiced at the restoration of their monarch As Napoleon approached the city, he was waited upon by the magistrates, who had been treacherous to him and to their king, and had welcomed the allies.

"Who are you?" said Napoleon severely.

* Souvenirs Historique de M de Baron Meneval, tome ii p. 74.



DRESDEN AND VICINITY.

"Members of the municipality," replied the trembling burgomasters.

"Have you bread for my troops?" inquired Napoleon.

"Our resources," they answered, "have been entirely exhausted by the requisitions of the Russians and Prussians."

"Ah!" replied Napoleon, "it is impossible, is it? I know no such word. Get ready bread, meat, and wine. You richly deserve to be treated as a conquered people. But I forgive all, from regard to your king. He is the savior of your country. You have been already punished by having had the Russians and Prussians among you, and having been governed by Baron Stein."

The Emperor dismounted, and accompanied by Caulaincourt and a page, walked to the banks of the river. Balls, from the opposite batteries, fell around him. Having, by a thorough personal reconnoissance, made himself acquainted with the various localities, and having rescued from conflagration the remains of a bridge, he called upon General Drouet to bring forward a hundred pieces of cannon. He posted himself upon an eminence, to direct their disposition. A tremendous cannonade was immediately commenced between these guns and the opposing batteries of the Russians. The Emperor was exposed to the enemy's fire. His head was grazed by a splinter which a ball shattered from a tree near by. "Had it struck me on the breast," said he calmly, "all was over."

The Russian battery was soon silenced. The allies having done every thing in their power to prevent the passage of the Elbe, concentrated their forces at a formidable intrenched position at Bautzen. Here they resolved to give a decisive battle. By the indefatigable exertions of the French engineers, a bridge was soon constructed, and boats made ready to cross the stream. During the whole of the 11th, Napoleon superintended the passage. He sat upon a stone, by the water side, animating his men. He promised a napoleon to every boat which was ferried across, and was in his turn, cheered by the enthusiastic shouts of the young conscripts, as, with long trains of artillery, and all the enginery of war, they pressed to the right bank of the Elbe.

On the 12th of May, Napoleon and the King of Saxony rode, side by side, through the streets of Dresden, to the royal palace. They were accompanied by the discharges of cannon, the music of martial bands, the pealing of bells, and the acclamations of the people. Flowers were scattered in their path, and the waving of handkerchiefs, and the smiles of ladies, from windows and balconies, lined their way. It was the last spectacle of the kind Napoleon was destined to witness. He fully comprehended the fearful perils which surrounded him, and in that hour of triumph, he reflected with a calm and serious spirit upon the ruin with which his course was threatened.

"I beheld," he afterward remarked, "the decisive hour gradually approaching. My star grew dim. I felt the reins slipping from my hands. Austria I knew, would avail herself of any difficulties in which I might be placed, to secure advantages to herself. But I had resolved on making the greatest sacrifices. The choice of the proper moment for proclaiming this resolution, was the only difficult point, and what chiefly occupied my attention. If the influence of physical force be great, the power of opinion is still greater. Its effects are magical. My object was to preserve it. A false step, a word inadvertently uttered, might forever have destroyed the illusion. While successful I could offer sacrifices honorably."

According to his usual custom, Napoleon, now again a conqueror, sent pacific overtures to the allies. He was sincerely anxious for peace, but he was not prepared to submit to degradation. The allies, anticipating the speedy union of Austria with their armies, demanded terms so exorbitant, as to prove, that they would be contented with nothing less than the entire overthrow of Napoleon's power. Upon this rejection of his proposals, Napoleon sent Eugene to Italy, for the defense of that kingdom. Austria was secretly raising a powerful army, and Napoleon foresaw that his treacherous father-in-law would soon march to recover his ancient conquests in the plains of Lombardy.

After remaining a week in Dresden, awaiting the result of the negotiations for peace, Napoleon resumed his march to meet his enemies who had planted themselves behind the intrenchments of

Bautzen. In his route he passed the ruins of a small town. It had been set on fire in an engagement between the French and Russians. He was deeply affected by the spectacle of misery. Presenting the inhabitants with twenty thousand dollars for their immediate necessities, he promised to rebuild the place. Riding over ground still covered with the wounded, he manifested much sympathy for their sufferings. He directed the attention of his surgeon to a poor Russian soldier, apparently in dying agonies. "His wound is incurable," said the surgeon. "But try," replied Napoleon. "It is always well to lose one less."

On the morning of the 21st the French army again arrived within sight of the camp of the allies. They were intrenched behind the strong town of Bautzen. The river Spree flowed in their front. A chain of wooded hills, bristling with Russian batteries, protected their right. The cannon of the Prussians frowned along the rugged eminences on their left. Napoleon saw, at a glance, that he could not take the camp by storm. Ney was accordingly directed to make a large circuit around the extreme right of the Russians, while the attention of the enemy was engrossed by a fierce attack upon the left by Oudinot, and upon the centre by Soult and the Emperor in person.

For four hours the French made charge after charge upon these impregnable works. At length, the bugle notes of Ney's division were heard in the rear of the enemy. With shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" and with a terrific roar of musketry and artillery, the dense masses of the French Marshal plunged into the camp of the exhausted foe. The allies, panic-stricken, bewildered, and assailed on every side, fled with the utmost celerity toward the wilds of Bohemia. Napoleon was again undisputed victor. Though the ground was covered with the slain, but few prisoners were taken, and but few of the trophies of war were secured. The French, destitute of cavalry, were unable to follow up their victory with the accustomed results.*

The loss of the victors who marched boldly to the muzzles of the batteries of their foes, is represented as greater than that of the vanquished. The allies lost fifteen thousand in killed and wounded. Five thousand of the French were killed outright, while twenty thousand of the mutilated victims of war moaned in anguish in the gory hospitals in Bautzen, and the surrounding villages. Napoleon pitched his tent in the middle of the squares of his faithful guard near Wurchen, where the allied sovereigns had held their head-quarters the night before. He immediately dictated the bulletin of the battle, and the following generous decree:

"A monument shall be erected on Mount Cenis. On the most conspicuous face the following inscription shall be written: 'The Emperor Napoleon, from the field of Wurchen, has ordered the erection of this monument, in testimony of his gratitude to the people of France and Italy. This monument will transmit, from age to age, the memory of that great epoch, when, in the space of three months, twelve hundred thousand men flew to arms to protect the integrity of the French Empire.'"

"All lovers of the arts," says Alison, "as well as admirers of patriotic virtue, will regret (that this decree) was prevented by his fall from being carried into execution."

Napoleon was busily employed dictating dispatches during most of the night. At three o'clock in the morning, accompanied by General Drouet alone, he left his tent and directed his steps toward the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus. He was profoundly sad. The death of Bessières heavily oppressed his spirit. He walked along without uttering a word. Having arrived at the poplar-trees which surround the mausoleum, he said to Drouet, "Leave me, General, I wish to be alone." Making himself known to the sentinel, who challenged him, he passed under the trees. The silence of the night, the imposing monument illumined by the rays of the moon, the seriousness of his affairs, in the midst of a conflict which might be decisive of his fate, all conspired to communicate to his spirit, naturally so pensive, a still deeper shade of melancholy. Napoleon did not often surrender himself to the influence of exterior things. But he afterward remarked, "That in this pilgrimage to the shrine of the illustrious dead, he had experienced strange presentiments, and as it were, a revelation of his fate." After an hour, passed in silence and solitude, he rejoined Drouet. He simply remarked, "It is well sometimes to visit the tomb, there to converse with the dead." Then, in perfect silence, he returned to his tent.

At the earliest dawn of the morning, he was again, in person, directing the movements of his troops. He soon overtook the rear-guard of the enemy, strongly posted, to protect the retreat of the discomfited army. A fierce conflict ensued. A shower of balls fell upon the imperial escort, and one of Napoleon's aids was struck dead at his feet.

"Duroc," said he, turning to the Duke of Friuli, "fortune is determined to have one of us today."

* "No period in the career of Napoleon is more characteristic of the indomitable firmness of his character as well as resources of his mind, than that which has now been narrated. When the magnitude of the disasters in Russia is taken into consideration, and the general defection of the north of Germany which immediately and necessarily followed, it is difficult to say which is most worthy of admiration, the moral courage of the Emperor, whom such an unheard of catastrophe could not subdue, or the extraordinary energy which enabled him to rise superior to it, and for a brief season again chain victory to his standards. The military ability with which he combated at Lutzen—with infantry superior in number, indeed, but destitute of the cavalry, which was so formidable in their opponents' ranks, and for the most part but newly raised—the victorious veteran armies of Russia, and ardent volunteers of Prussia, was never surpassed. The battle of Bautzen, in the skill with which it was conceived, and the admirable precision with which the different corps and reserves were brought into action, each at the appropriate time, is worthy of being placed beside Austerlitz or Jena."—Alison, *Hist. Europe*, vol. iv. p. 84.

In the afternoon, as the Emperor was passing at a rapid gallop through a ravine with a body of his guard four abreast, the whole band being enveloped in a cloud of dust and smoke, a cannon-ball glancing from a tree, struck General Kirgenir dead, and mortally wounded Duroc, tearing out his entrails. In the midst of the obscurity and the tumult, Napoleon did not witness the disaster. When informed of the calamity, he seemed, for a moment, overwhelmed with grief, and then exclaimed, in faltering accents,

"Duroc! Duroc! gracious heaven, my presentiments never deceive me. This is indeed a sad day—a fatal day."

He immediately alighted from his horse, and walked backward and forward, in silent thoughtfulness. Then, turning to Caulaincourt, he said,

"Alas! when will Fate relent? When will there be an end of this? My eagles will yet triumph, but the happiness which accompanied them has fled. Whither has he been conveyed? I must see him. Poor, poor Duroc!"

The Emperor found the dying Marshal in a cottage, stretched upon a camp-bed, and suffering excruciating agony. His features were so distorted, that he was hardly recognizable. The Emperor approached his bed, threw his arms around his neck, and inquired,

"Is there then no hope?"

"None whatever," the physicians replied.

The dying man took the hand of Napoleon, pressed it fervently to his lips, and gazing upon him affectionately, said, "Sire! my whole life has been devoted to your service; and now my only regret is, that I can no longer be useful to you."

Napoleon, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, replied, "Duroc! there is another life. There you will await me. We shall one day meet again."

"Yes, Sire!" feebly returned the Marshal, "but that will be thirty years hence, when you have triumphed over your enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have lived as an honest man, I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have a daughter, to whom your Majesty will be a father."

Napoleon was so deeply affected, that he remained for some time incapable of speaking, still affectionately holding the hand of his dying friend. Duroc was the first to break silence.

"Sire!" he said, "this sight pains you; leave me."

The Emperor took his hand, pressed it to his bosom, embraced him once more, and saying sadly, "Adieu, my friend," hurried out of the room.

Supported by Marshal Soult and Caulaincourt, Napoleon, overwhelmed with grief, retired to his tent, which had been immediately pitched in the vicinity of the cottage.

"This is horrible!" he exclaimed. "My excellent, my dear Duroc! Oh, what a loss is this!" Tears were observed flowing freely from his eyes, as he entered the solitude of his inner tent.

The squares of the Old Guard, sympathizing in the deep grief of their sovereign, took up their positions around his encampment. Napoleon sat alone in his tent, wrapped in his gray great-coat, his forehead resting upon his hand, entirely absorbed in agonizing emotions. For some time, no one was willing to intrude upon his grief. At length, two of his generals ventured to inquire respecting arrangements for the following day. Napoleon shook his head, and replied,

"Ask me nothing till to-morrow." Again, with his hand pressed upon his brow, he resumed his attitude of meditation.

Night darkened the scene. The stars came out, one by one. The moon rose brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The soldiers moved noiselessly, and spoke in subdued tones, as they prepared their repast. The rumbling of baggage wagons, and the occasional booming of a distant gun, alone disturbed the mournful stillness of the scene. Here and there, the flames of burning villages shed a portentous light through the gloom.

"Those brave soldiers," says Headley, "filled with grief, to see their beloved chief borne down by such sorrow, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length, to break the mournful silence, and to express the sympathy they might not speak, the band struck up a requiem, for the dying Marshal. The melancholy strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and swept in softened cadences on the ear of the fainting warrior. But still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes, till the heavens rang with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon, as he returned, flushed with victory, till his eye kindled with exultation; but now they fell on a dull and a listless ear. It ceased, and again the mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse him from his agonizing reflections. His friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life, was throbbing its last pulsations. What a theme for a painter, and what an eulogy on Napoleon was that scene. That noble heart, which the enmity of the world could not shake, nor the terrors of the battle-field move from its calm repose, nor even the hatred, nor the insults of his at last victorious enemies humble, here sank, in the moment of victory, before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory? And what soldiers ever loved their leader so?"

Duroc breathed faintly for a few hours and died before the dawn of morning. When the expected tidings were announced to Napoleon, he exclaimed, sadly,

"All is over. He is released from misery. Well, he is happier than I." He then silently placed in the hands of Berthier, a paper, ordering a monument to be reared upon the spot where he fell, with the following inscription:

"Here General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, Grand Marshal of the palace of the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell, struck by a cannon ball, and died in the arms of the Emperor, his friend."

He immediately issued a decree in favor of Duroc's young and accomplished widow and child. He then summoned to his presence the

proprietor of the farm, on which Duroc fell, and gave him four thousand dollars, eight hundred of which, were to be spent in erecting a suitable monument. The rest was to remunerate the farmer for the losses he had sustained during the action. The money was paid in the presence of the rector and magistrate of Makersdorf, who undertook to see the monument erected.*

This generous design of the Emperor was, however, never fulfilled. The allies had the unparalleled meanness to wrest this money from the farmer, as a part of the spoils of war They put the eight hundred dollars into their own pockets, and thus prevented a monument from being erected to one of the noblest of men, and defrauded Napoleon of the privilege of paying this last tribute of affection to one of the most devoted of his friends. Banished from the world on the rock of St. Helena, Napoleon was faithful to the souvenirs of Makersdorf. Upon his dying bed, he remembered, in his will, the daughter of his friend, the Duke of Friuli.†

The pursuit of the retreating army was now resumed. Napoleon entered the village of Bruntzlau. Here the Russian commander, Kutusoff, had died a few weeks previous, of typhus fever, caused by the suffering and exhaustion attending his march from Moscow. No monument marked his grave. Napoleon immediately, with that magnanimity which was an essential part of his nature, ordered an obelisk to be reared in memory of his old antagonist. The subsequent misfortunes which overwhelmed the Emperor prevented this honorable design from being carried into execution. How different this conduct from that of the allies!

Napoleon was constantly, with his advanced posts, directing all their movements. He had regained his cheerfulness, and as he rode along, was often heard, peacefully humming French and Italian airs. The allied sovereigns were in great alarm. Vast re-enforcements were on the march from Russia and from Prussia, but it would require several weeks before the most advanced columns could reach the allied head-quarters. To gain time for these re-enforcements to come up, a messenger was dispatched to the French Emperor, imploring an armistice, stating "that the allied sovereigns were prepared to enter into the views of the Emperor Napoleon."

Napoleon cordially responded to this appeal, and wrote a letter, requesting a personal interview with the Emperor Alexander. This proposal was evaded by an answer, "that a Russian envoy would be dispatched to the French advanced posts, which would save his Imperial Majesty the trouble of the journey." Napoleon was extremely anxious for peace. The allies only desired to gain time, that they might obtain re-enforcements, and draw the armies of Austria into the coalition. The negotiations were consequently protracted. Austria assumed the office of mediator, and finally that of umpire. At last having gained their end, Metternich was sent to Napoleon with the following insulting proposals.

"That France should surrender to Austria the Illyrian Provinces and Venetian Lombardy—that Holland, Poland, and all the fortresses upon the Oder and the Elbe, should be surrendered to the allies—that the French armies should be immediately withdrawn from Spain and Portugal, and that Napoleon should resign his titles of Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, and Mediator of the Helvetian Republic."

"These extravagant propositions," said Napoleon afterward, "were made only that they might be rejected. Even had I consented to them, what would it have benefited France? I should have humbled myself for nothing, and furnished Austria with the means of making further demands, and opposing me with greater advantage. One concession granted, would have led to the enforcement of new ones, till, step by step, I should have been driven back to the castle of the Tuileries, whence the French people, enraged at my weakness, and considering me the cause of the disasters, would have justly banished me, for yielding them a prey to foreigners."

To Metternich Napoleon firmly and frankly replied, "The interference of Austria was delayed, to see if France might not be reduced to a lower state than at the opening of the campaign. Now, however, that I have been victorious, your sovereign thrusts in his mediation, in order to prevent me from following up my success. In assuming the office of pacificator, he is neither my friend, nor an impartial judge between me and my adversaries; he is my enemy. You were about to declare yourselves, when the victory of Lutzen rendered it prudent first to collect additional forces. You have now assembled, behind the Bohemian mountains, upward of two hundred thousand men, under the command of Schwartzenberg. You seek only to profit by my embarrassments. Will it suit you to accept Illyria, and remain neuter? Your neutrality is all I require. I can deal with the Russians and Prussians with my own army."

"Ah, Sire!" said Metternich, who was eager to join either party who would pay the highest bribe, "why should your Majesty enter singly into the strife. It is in your Majesty's power to unite our forces with your own. We must be with or against you."

Napoleon, at these words, conducted Metternich into a private cabinet. The tables were covered with maps.

For some time their conversation could not be overheard. At last the excited voice of Napoleon

* Hist. de Napoleon, par M. de Norvin, t iii. p 423

† That Duroc was worthy of this warm friendship of the Emperor, is evident from the eulogium pronounced upon him by the Duke of Vicenza·

"The Emperor was cut to the heart by the loss of his dear friend Duroc. Marshal Duroc was one of those men who seem too pure and perfect for this world, and whose excellence helps to reconcile us to human nature In the high station to which the Emperor had wisely raised him, the Grand Marshal retained all the qualities of the private citizen The splendor of his position had not power to dazzle or corrupt him. Duroc remained simple, natural, and independent; a warm and generous friend, a just and honorable man. I pronounce on him this eulogy without fear of contradiction —CAUL. *Souvenirs*, i 149.

again became audible to those in the adjoining room:

"What!" he said, "not only Illyria, but the half of Italy, and the return of the Pope to Rome, and Poland, and the abandonment of Spain, Holland, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Switzerland. And is this what you call the spirit of moderation? You are intent only on profiting by every chance which offers. You alternately transport your alliance from one camp to the other, in order to be always a sharer in the spoil. And you yet speak to me of your respect for the rights of independent States. You would have Italy, Russia, Poland, Sweden, Norway, Prussia, Saxony, England, Holland, and Belgium. In fine, peace is only a pretext. You are all intent upon dismembering the French empire, and Austria thinks she has only to declare herself, to crown such an enterprise. You pretend here, with a stroke of the pen, to make the ramparts of Dantzic, Custrin, Glogau, Magdebourg, Wessel, Mayence, Alexandria, Mantua—in fine, all the strong places of Europe—sink before you, of which I did not obtain possession but by the force of victories! And I, obedient to your policy, am to evacuate Europe, of which I still hold the half; recall my legions across the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees; subscribe a treaty which would be nothing but a vast capitulation, and place myself at the mercy of those of whom I am at this moment the conqueror. And it is when my standard still floats at the mouth of the Vistula and on the banks of the Oder, when my victorious army is at the gates of Berlin and Breslau, when in person I am at the head of three hundred thousand men, that Austria, without striking a blow, without drawing a sword, expects to make me subscribe such conditions. And it is my father-in-law who has matured such a project! It is he that sends you on such a mission! In what position would he place me, in regard to the French people? Does he suppose that a dishonored and mutilated throne can be a refuge, in France, for his son-in-law and grandson? Ah! Metternich, how much has England given you to make war upon me?"*

The embarrassment of the Emperor now amounted almost to anguish. The allies were amply re-enforced. Austria was ready, should he refuse these terms, to fall upon his rear. Even Talleyrand, Cambacères, and Fouché, advised him to yield to terms so dishonorable to himself, and so fatal to the interests of France.

"How greatly was I perplexed," said he, when speaking of this crisis at St. Helena, "to find that I alone was able to judge of the extent of our danger. On the one hand, I was harassed by the coalesced powers, which threatened our very existence; and, on the other, by my own subjects, who, in their blindness, seemed to make common cause with the foe. Our enemies labored for my destruction; and the importunities of my people, and even of my ministers, tended to induce me to throw myself on the mercy of foreigners. I saw that France, her destinies and her principles, depended upon me alone. The circumstances in which the country was placed were extraordinary, and entirely new. It would be vain to seek for a parallel to them. The stability of the edifice of which I was the keystone, had depended upon each of my battles. Had I been conquered at Marengo, France would have encountered all the disasters of 1814 and 1815, without those prodigies of glory which succeeded, and which will be immortal. At Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, and at Wagram, it was the same. The vulgar failed not to blame my ambition as the cause of these wars, but they were not of my choosing. They were produced by the nature and force of events. They arose out of that conflict of the past and the future, that permanent coalition of our enemies, which compelled us to subdue, under pain of being subdued."

That Napoleon was sincerely desirous of peace, and that he was willing to make immense sacrifices to secure it, was evinced by his offer to accede to the following basis of pacification: "The dissolution of the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw, and the division of its territory between Russia, Prussia, and Austria; the cession of the Hanse towns; the reconstruction of Prussia, which was to have a frontier on the Elbe; the transfer of Illyria and of the port of Trieste to Austria; the surrender of Holland and Spain, and the establishment of German and Swiss independence."

This was nearly all that the allies had, at first, demanded. Powerful as they were, they still stood in awe of their majestic foe, and were just upon the eve of signing these terms, when news came of the fatal battle of Vittoria, which gave the death-blow to the French power in Spain. Napoleon had been compelled to weaken his forces in the Spanish peninsula, to meet his foes in Germany. The Duke of Wellington, at the head of one hundred thousand men, flushed with victory, was now ready to pour down, like an inundation, into the defenseless valleys of France. These tidings were received with shouts of exultation in the camp of the allies. They resolved immediately to cut off negotiations and to renew hostilities. Again the cry was raised against the *insatiable ambition* of Bonaparte, and their armies were mustered for battle.*

In reference to this victory of Spain, Alison thus testifies, "Great and decisive was the influence which this immense achievement produced upon the conferences at Prague."

"Metternich," says Fain, "could not fail to learn the details of this victory from the mouths of the English themselves, the moment he returned to Bohemia, and we shall soon see the

* This remarkable conversation is given on the authority of Baron Fain, and from the corroborative testimony of Capefigue, who derived his information from Metternich himself.—*Histoire de l'Europe*, par CAPEFIGUE, tome x. p. 141.

* There was in the Spanish peninsula a democratic party bitterly opposed to the Duke of Wellington. On the 16th of October, 1813, the Duke wrote to the British ministry, "It is quite clear to me, that if we do not beat down the democracy at Cadiz, the cause is lost. How that is to be done, God knows!"

fatal influence which it exercised on the progress of the negotiations."

"The impression of Lord Wellington's success," says Lord Londonderry, "was strong and universal, and produced ultimately, in my opinion, the recommencement of hostilities."*

The allies were now in a condition to prosecute the war with every prospect of success. Alexander had received a re-enforcement of fifty thousand men. The Swedish army had arrived at the scene of action headed by Bernadotte to fight against his old companions in arms, and his native land. Even General Moreau, whom Napoleon had so generously pardoned, hastened from America, and entered the camp of the allies, in their crusade against the independence of France. General Jomini, chief staff-officer of one of the corps of the French army, imitating the example of Benedict Arnold, in this hour of accumulating disasters, went over to the enemy, carrying with him all the information he had been able to collect of the Emperor's plans.†

The conditions of Napoleon were therefore rejected. On the night of the 10th of August, a number of brilliant rockets, of peculiar construction blazed in the sky, gleaming from height to height along the Bohemian and Silesian frontier, proclaiming that hostilities were recommenced. The next day Austria issued its declaration of war. Napoleon received the not unexpected news, with perfect equanimity. Calmly and nobly he said,

"It would be a thousand times better to perish in battle, in the hour of the enemy's triumph, than to submit to the degradation, sought to be inflicted on me. Even defeat, when attended by magnanimous perseverance, may leave the respect due to adversity. Hence I prefer to give battle, for should I be conquered, our fate is too intimately blended with the true political interests of the majority of our enemies, to allow great advantages to be taken. Should I be victorious, I may save all. I have still chances in my favor, and am far from despairing."

Caulaincourt first informed Napoleon of these calamitous events. He thus describes the interview:

"'Has Austria officially declared herself against me?' asked Napoleon.

"I believe, Sire, that Austria will make common cause with Prussia and Russia."

"'That may be your opinion,' said he sharply, 'but it is not, therefore, a fact.'

"It is a fact, Sire, and your Majesty may be assured that on a subject of such importance my opinion is not founded on mere conjecture."

"'On what, then, is it founded?'

"Two days preceding that fixed for the rupture of the armistice, Blucher, at the head of a hundred thousand men, marched into Silesia and took possession of Breslau."

"'This is indeed a serious affair! Are you sure of it, Caulaincourt?'

"I had, Sire, a warm altercation with Metternich on the subject, the day before my departure from Prague. Also on the very day on which Breslau was taken, *General Jomini deserted the staff of Marshal Ney*, and he is at this moment with the Emperor Alexander."

"'Jomini! a man overwhelmed with my favors—the traitor! To abandon his post on the eve of a battle! To go over to the enemy with a report of our forces and means! Incredible!' As he uttered these words, there was mingled with the feeling of deep indignation portrayed in his countenance, an expression of increasing uneasiness, which he evidently could not subdue. I was unable to proceed."

"'Is this all?' resumed he, holding out his hand to me. 'Speak, Caulaincourt! Let me know all! I must know all!'

"Sire, the coalition has taken a wide range. Sweden, too, is in arms against us."

"'What do you say?' interrupted he with impetuosity. 'Bernadotte! Bernadotte in arms against France? This is the ass's kick indeed!'

"Bernadotte, resumed I, not satisfied with turning his arms against his country, has recruited for deserters among our allies, as if unable singly to endure the maledictions of his countrymen."

"'What mean you?'

"*General Moreau is in the camp of the allies.*"

"'Moreau with the allies! This is not possible. Caulaincourt, I can not believe this. Bernadotte, the *King of Sweden*, may color his odious treason by some specious pretext. But Moreau! Moreau! take revenge on his countrymen, on his country! No, no, it can not be! Moreau is weak, devoid of energy, and of boundless ambition. Yet, there is a wide difference between him and Jomini—a renegade, a traitor! No, this report is not to be credited. How did you hear it?'"*

---

* "The hatred of what were called French principles, was, at this period, in full activity. The privileged classes of every country hated Napoleon because his genius had given stability to the institutions that grew out of the revolution, because his victories had baffled their calculations, and shaken their hold of power. As the chief of revolutionary France, he was constrained to continue his career, until the final accomplishment of her destiny—and this necessity, overlooked by the great bulk of mankind, afforded plausible ground for imputing insatiable ambition to the French government, and to the French nation, of which ample use was made."—NAPIER'S *Peninsular War*, vol. i. p. 16.

"While France was in this state, England presented a scene of universal exultation. Tory politics were triumphant. Opposition in the Parliament was nearly crushed by events. The press was either subdued by persecution, or in the pay of the ministers. And the latter, with undisguised joy, hailed the coming moment, when aristocratic tyranny was to be firmly established in England."—*Ibid*, vol. iv. pp. 330, 331.

† "General Jomini, who was a Swiss in the French service, probably thought that the Emperor could not stand against such a host of enemies; and presuming that on the fall of Napoleon he should be left unprovided, he preferred seizing this new opportunity of trying his fortune, in which he thought himself as secure as when he first entered upon his military career."—SAVARY, vol. iv. p. 103.

* "But we were in a difficult situation. We were to be crushed without mercy; though the Emperor, far from taking an undue advantage of any of his victories, had always refrained from oppressing the vanquished. He constantly checked himself in his triumphs, being reluctant, as he used to say, to reduce a nation to despair. In Italy he made the first step toward reconciling the French

In reference to the negotiations with the allies, M. Caulaincourt, who took an active part in them, records: "With respect to Austria, I cherished but faint expectations. On the part of Russia and Prussia I saw nothing to hope for. You may easily believe that it cost me a painful effort to conceal, beneath an outward show of confidence, my profound conviction of the inutility of Napoleon's efforts to avert the storm. I saw that it must inevitably and surely break over our heads, even at the very moment when, to the Emperor's dictation, I wrote those pages which must ever remain a monument of the sincerity of Napoleon's desire to make peace on reasonable conditions. But all our sacrifices, all our efforts were unavailing, when opposed by the machinations of England, England our implacable and eternal enemy. Five powers were leagued against one! A contingent of two millions of men, nullified at once their defeats and our victories. In vain did the sons of France perform prodigies of valor on the field of battle, which they watered with their blood. They but enfeebled the resources of their country, which sooner or later was doomed to succumb, in the unequal conflict.

"When we had gained the victory of Lutzen, I offered, in the Emperor's name, peace to Russia and Prussia. But the offer was refused. A few days after this we were again victorious at Bautzen, but we sealed our triumph with the bravest blood in the French army. Bruyère, Kirgerni, and Duroc were among the lamented trophies of the enemy's defeat. The Emperor informed me that his conference with M. Budna (the Austrian envoy) had produced no result. 'Caulaincourt,' said he, 'among these men, *born kings*, the ties of nature are matter of indifference. The interests of his daughter and grandson, will not induce Francis to deviate one hair's breadth from the course which the Austrian cabinet may mark out. Oh! it is not blood, which flows in the veins of those people, but cold policy. The Emperor of Austria, by rallying cordially with me, might save all. United to France, Austria would be formidable. Prussia and Russia could no longer maintain the conflict. But Austria is ruled by an ambitious traitor. I must yet humor him a little ere I can destroy him. Metternich will do a great deal of mischief.'"

"I could never understand," continues Caulaincourt, "how the Emperor bore up under the physical privations and bodily fatigues of that campaign. The days were occupied by battles and rapid movements from place to place. The Emperor who, during the day was incessantly on his horse, usually passed his nights in writing. The memorable battle of Bautzen lasted thirty-four hours, and during the whole of that time the Emperor took no rest. On the second day, overcome with lassitude and fatigue, he alighted from his horse and lay down on the slope of a ravine, surrounded by the batteries of Marshal Marmont's corps, and amid the roaring of a terrific cannonade. I awoke him an hour after, by announcing that the battle was won. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'it may truly be said that good comes to us in sleep.' He immediately mounted his horse, for though the engagement was actually decided, the fighting was partially kept up until five in the evening."

Before proceeding with the melancholy recital of Napoleon's last struggles, it may be well to introduce to our readers some of the concessions which the career of this extraordinary man has extorted, even from the most malignant of his enemies. It is not necessary to introduce their antagonistic anathemas. For half a century the world has been flooded with them. Let us then contemplate briefly the *facts* which they admit. Sir Archibald Alison says:

"Never were talents of the highest, genius of the most exalted kind, more profusely bestowed upon a human being, or worked out to greater purposes of good or of evil. Gifted at once with a clear intellect, a vivid imagination, and a profound judgment; burning with the fervent passions and the poetic glow of Italy, and yet guided by the highest reasoning and reflecting powers; at once the enthusiastic student of the exact sciences, and a powerful mover of the generous affections; imbued with the soul of eloquence, the glow of poetry, and the fire of imagination, he yet knew how to make them all subservient to the directions of sagacious reason, and the dictates of extensive observation. He was not merely illustrious on account of his vast military achievements; but from his varied and often salutary civil efforts. He was not a great man because he was a great general; he was a great general because he was a great man. The prodigious capacity and power of attention which he brought to bear on the direction of his campaigns, and which produced such astonishing results, were but a part of the general talents which he possessed, and which were not less conspicuous in every other department, whether of government or abstract thoughts. It was hard to say whether he was greatest in laying down strategical plans for the general conduct of a campaign, or in seizing the proper direction of an attack on the field of battle, or in calculating

Revolution with Europe; and he laid the basis of a peace, which was signed at Campo Formio. After the battles of Marengo and Hohenlinden, he stopped, when it was in his power to have marched to Vienna. After the battle of Austerlitz he stopped short, when it was in his power to have confounded the most shameful of aggressions. And at Tilsit, after the battle of Friedland, he renounced all the advantages of a war still more fortunate than the first; and did not follow up his successes against a power whose forces were exhausted, because he wished to facilitate peace, and to secure the tranquillity of Europe on a steady foundation. Such examples of magnanimity deserve to be remembered.

"There was another consideration, which ought not to have been lost sight of by the sovereigns. Napoleon had calmed the revolutionary ferment, and had given laws to the democracy, by which they had so long been menaced. He was reproached for his insatiable thirst of glory, of love of war; but he had given a pledge of his wish to live in peace, by contracting an alliance with the house, which had reason to cherish the strongest resentment against him, and which he would have had but little difficulty in ruining."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iii. pp. 81, 82.

the exact moment, when his reserves could be most effectually employed. And those who are struck with astonishment at the immense information and just discrimination which he displayed at the council-board, and the varied and important public improvements which he set on foot in every part of his dominions, will form a most inadequate conception of his mind, unless they are at the same time familiar with the luminous and profound views which he threw out on the philosophy of politics, in the solitude of St. Helena. Never was evinced a clearer proof of the truth, which a practical acquaintance with men must probably have impressed upon every observer, that talent of the highest order is susceptible of any application; and that accident, or supreme direction alone, determines whether their possessor is to become a Homer, a Bacon, or a Napoleon.

"It would require the observation of a Thucydides, directing the pencil of a Tacitus, to portray by a few touches, such a character; and modern idiom, even in their hands, would probably have proved inadequate to the task. Equal to Alexander in military achievement, superior to Justinian in legal information, sometimes second only to Bacon in political sagacity, he possessed at the same time the inexhaustible resources of Hannibal, and the administrative powers of Cæsar. Enduring of fatigue, patient of hardship, unwearied in application, no difficulties could deter, no dangers daunt, no obstacles impede him; a constitution of iron, a mind, the ardor of which rendered him almost insensible to physical suffering, enabled him to brave alike the sun of Egypt and the snows of Russia; indefatigable in previous preparation, he was calm and collected in the moment of danger; often on horseback for eighteen hours together, and dictating almost the whole night to his secretaries, he found a brief period for slumber during the roar of the battle, when the enemy's balls were falling around him. Nor was peace a period of repose to his genius, or the splendor of courts a season merely of relaxation. When surrounded by the pomp of a king of kings, he was unceasingly employed in conducting the thread of interminable negotiations, or stimulating the progress of beneficent undertakings.

It was the pains which he took to seek out and distinguish merit and talent, among the private men, or inferior ranks of the army, joined to the incomparable talent which he possessed of exciting the enthusiasm of the French soldiers, by warlike theatrical exhibitions, or brief heart-stirring appeals in his proclamations, which constituted the real secret of his success; and if the use of proper words, in proper places, be the soul of eloquence, never did human being possess the art in higher perfection than Napoleon.

"No words can convey an adequate idea of the indefatigable activity of the Emperor, or of his extraordinary power of undergoing mental or bodily fatigue. He brought to the labors of the cabinet a degree of industry, vigor, and penetration, which was altogether astonishing. Those who were most in his confidence were never weary of expressing their admiration at the acuteness, decision, and rich flow of ideas, which distinguished his thoughts when engaged in business. No one better understood, or more thoroughly practiced De Witt's celebrated maxim, the justice of which is probably well known to all engaged extensively in active life, that the great secret of getting through business is to take up every thing in its order, and do only one thing at a time. During a campaign, he set no bounds to the fatigue which he underwent. Often, after reading dispatches, or dictating orders to one set of secretaries during the whole day, he would commence with another relay at night, and, with the exception of a few hours' sleep on a sofa, keep them hard at work until the following morning. The fervor of his imagination, the vehemence of his conceptions, seemed to render him insensible to the fatigues of the moment, which were felt as altogether overwhelming by his attendants, less wrapt up than him (he) in the intense anticipations of the future.

"Although the campaigns were the great scene of Napoleon's activity, yet peace was very far from being a season of repose to his mind. He was then incessantly engaged in the maze of diplomatic negotiations, projects of domestic improvements, or discussions in the Council of State, which filled up every leisure moment of the forenoon. He rose early, and was engaged in his cabinet, with his secretary, till breakfast, which never lasted above half an hour. He then attended a parade of his troops, received audiences of embassadors, and transacted other official business, till three o'clock, when he generally repaired to the Council of State, or rode out, till dinner, which was always at six. Dinner occupied exactly forty minutes. The Emperor conversed a great deal, unless his mind was much pre-occupied, but never indulged in the slightest convivial excess. Coffee succeeded at twenty minutes to seven, unless some special occasion required a longer stay at table; and the remainder of the evening until eleven, when he retired to rest, was engaged in discussions and conversation with a circle of officers, embassadors, scientific or literary men, artists of celebrity, or civil functionaries.

"In their society he took the greatest delight. On such occasions he provoked discussion on serious and interesting topics—not unfrequently morals, intellectual philosophy, and history—and never failed to astonish his auditors by the extent of his information, and the original views which he started on every subject that came under discussion. A little talent or knowledge, doubtless, goes a great way with an Emperor; and suspicions might have been entertained that the accounts transmitted to us, by his contemporaries, of the ability of his conversation, were exaggerated, did not ample and decisive evidence of it remain in the Memorials of St. Helena, and the luminous speeches, superior to any other at the council board, which are recorded by Thibaudeau and Pelet, in their interesting works on the

Council of State, during the Consulate and Empire."*

If there be such a thing as moral demonstration, it is in these pages demonstrated, that the allies are responsible for the wars which succeeded the French Revolution. Whatever reckless assertions individuals may make, no intelligent man will attempt to prove the reverse from historical documents. It is easy to ring the changes upon "monster," "insatiable ambition," "bloodthirsty conqueror," "tyrant," "usurper." But the *fact* that France was heroically struggling, in self-defense, for national independence, against the encroachments of her banded foes, no man can deny. War was as hostile to Napoleon's interests as to his wishes. He was assailed by coalition after coalition of the despots of Europe in a never-ending series, until France, after a long and glorious struggle, fell overwhelmed by numbers, and aristocracy again riveted upon Europe her chains.

This is so far admitted by the despots themselves, that they urge in extenuation, that the democratic government of France was so dangerous to the repose of Europe, that it was necessary for the surrounding governments, in self-defense, to effect its destruction. The despots of Europe understood perfectly well, that Napoleon was the Emperor of the Republic—that he was the able and determined advocate of democratic rights. William Pitt asserted that Napoleon though on the throne, was still "the child and champion of democracy," and that therefore he must be put down. When Napoleon made proposals of peace to England, it was contended by the British ministers, as a reason for refusing peace and for urging on the war, that the democratic tendencies of France, threatening to undermine the thrones of legitimacy, remained unchanged. "France," said Lord Grenville, "still retains the sentiments as is constant to the views which characterized the dawn of her revolution. She was innovating, she is so still—she was Jacobin, she is so still."

Despotic Europe consequently redoubled its blows upon the imperial republic. France, to repel the assault, was compelled to draw the sword. "The hostility of the European aristocracy," says Colonel Napier with his honorable candor, "caused the enthusiasm of republican France to take a military direction, and forced that powerful nation into a course of policy, which however outrageous it might appear, was in reality one of necessity."

Was Napoleon an usurper? It is in these pages not merely asserted, but proved, beyond all controversy, that Napoleon was elected to both the consular and the imperial throne, by the almost unanimous suffrages of his countrymen. Whether wisely or unwisely, the French nation *chose* the consular government, and *elected* Napoleon as First Consul. The act of daring, by which Napoleon restored to his enslaved countrymen the power to choose, won their gratitude. France, in the exercise of its unquestioned right, decided that, in the peculiar circumstances in which it was placed, with all the despots of Europe in arms against the republic, with a powerful party of royalists at home and abroad, doing every thing in their power to organize conspiracies, and to bring back the Bourbons, and with a Jacobin mob clamorous for plunder, it was in vain to attempt to sustain a republic. And it is by no means certain that this was not the wisest measure which could then be adopted.

Sir Archibald Alison, who will not be accused of framing apologies for Napoleon, says, in reference to the state of France at this time,

"While the republic, after ten years of convulsions, was fast relapsing into that state of disorder and weakness, which is at once the consequence and punishment of revolutionary violence, the hall of the Jacobins resounded with furious declamations against all the members of the Directory, and the whole system, which, in every country has been considered as the basis of social union. The separation of property was, in an especial manner, the object of invective, and the agrarian law, which Babœuf had bequeathed to the last democrats of the revolution, universally extolled, as the perfection of society. Felix Lepelletier, Arena, Drouet, and all the furious revolutionists of the age were there assembled, and the whole atrocities of 1793, speedily held up for applause and imitation. In truth, it was high time that some military leader, of commanding talent, should seize the helm, to save the sinking fortunes of the republic. Never, since the commencement of the war, had its prospects been so gloomy, both from external disaster and internal oppression."*

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. iv. chap. lxx.

In glaring contradiction to the facts, which even Sir Archibald Alison is constrained to record, he endeavors, in the following terms of reckless denunciation, to excuse the insolence and the aggression of the British government:

"If we contemplate him in one view, never was any character recorded in history more worthy of universal detestation. We behold a single individual, for the purposes of his own ambition, consigning whole generations of men to an untimely grave, desolating every country of Europe by the whirlwind of conquest, and earning the support and attachment of his own subjects by turning them loose to plunder and oppress all mankind. In the prosecution of these objects, we see him deterred by no difficulties, daunted by no dangers, bound by no treaties, restrained by no pity; regardless alike of private honor and public faith, prodigal at once of the blood of his people and the property of his enemies; indifferent equally to the execrations of other nations and the progressive exhaustion of his own. We perceive a system of government at home, based upon force, and resting upon selfishness; which supported religion only because it was useful, and spoke of justice only because it passed current with men; which at once extinguished freedom and developed talent, which dried up the generous feelings, by letting them wither in obscurity, and ruled mankind by selfish, by affording them unbounded, gratification. We see a man of consummate abilities, wielding unlimited powers for the purposes of individual advancement; straining national resources for the fostering of general corruption; destroying the hopes of future generations in the indulgence of the present; constantly speaking of disinterested virtue, and never practicing it; perpetually appealing to the generous affections, and ever guided by the selfish; everlastingly condemning want of truth in others, yet daily promulgating falsehoods among his subjects with as little hesitation as he discharged grape-shot among his enemies."

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. i. p. 567.

In confirmation of these views, Thiers presents the following picture of France at this time: "Merit was generally persecuted; all men of honor chased from public situations; robbers every where assembled in their infernal caverns; the wicked in power; the apologists of the system of terror thundering in the tribune; spoliation re-established under the name of forced loans; assassination prepared; thousands of victims already designed, under the name of hostages; the signal for pillage, murder, and conflagration anxiously looked for, couched in the words, the 'country is in danger;' the same cries, the same shouts were heard in the clubs as in 1793; the same executioners, the same victims; liberty, property could no longer be said to exist; the citizens had no security for their lives, the state for its finances. All Europe was in arms against us. America even, had declared against our tyranny; our armies were routed, our conquests lost, the territory of the republic menaced with invasion."

That under these circumstances, France should have decided upon a change of the form of government, is not strange. Still it matters not whether France acted wisely or foolishly in making the change. *The act was an exercise of her own undoubted right.* To accuse Napoleon of *usurpation*, for his co-operation with his countrymen in that act, is surely unjust.

As a mob of a few hundred individuals can overrun a whole city, so can a few resolute persons, holding the reins of government, trample upon a whole nation. An overwhelming majority of the people of France were opposed to this anarchy. So universal was the desire for the consular government, that it was established, says Alison, "*with entire unanimity.*" Napoleon was placed upon the consular throne by *three million eleven hundred and seven* votes. But *fifteen hundred and sixty-two* votes were cast in the negative. Such unanimity is unprecedented in the history of the world. And yet for half a century Europe has asserted, and many in America have re-echoed the assertion that Napoleon *usurped* the consular throne!

The change from the Consulate to the Empire was an act of concession to monarchical Europe. Admitting that it was a very unwise change, *still that was a question for France to decide, in the exercise of her own nationality, without asking the permission of foreigners.* This change was not forced upon a reluctant people, by a tyrant who was trampling upon their liberties. It was the free act of the French nation. And who will say that the French nation had not a right to make this change? It may have been a very impolitic act. It may have been exceedingly gratifying to the ambition of Napoleon; still it was a question for France to decide. The French people thought that the substitution of monarchical forms, would enable them better to sustain the principles of popular equality, against the hostility of the surrounding kings.

"Addresses flowed in," says Alison, "from all quarters—from the army, the municipality, the cities, the chambers of commerce, all imploring the First Consul to ascend the imperial throne." The senate, without a single dissentient voice, passed the decree, "That Napoleon Bonaparte be named Emperor, and in that capacity invested with the government of the *French Republic.*" The ratification of this decree was referred to the people. "The appeal to the people," says Alison, "soon proved that the First Consul, in assuming the imperial dignity, had only acted in accordance with the wishes of the immense majority of the nation. Registers were opened in every commune of France, and the result showed that there were *three million, five hundred and seventy-two thousand three hundred and twenty-nine* votes in the affirmative, and only *two thousand five hundred and sixty-nine* in the negative. History has recorded no example of so unanimous an approbation of the foundation of a dynasty."*

And yet Napoleon has been so universally called an *usurper*, that one becomes almost an outlaw from ordinary literary courtesies by venturing to affirm that he was not. In respect to this, so called usurpation, Sir Walter Scott says, "Another and a more formidable objection remains behind, which pervaded the whole pretended surrender by the French nation of their liberties, and rendered it void, null, and without force or effect whatsoever. It was from the commencement what jurists call a *pactum in illicito*; the people gave that which they had no right to surrender, and Bonaparte accepted that which he had no title to take at their hands. *The people are in this respect like minors, to whom the law assures their property, but invests them with no title to give it away or consume it; the national privileges are an estate entailed from generation to generation, and they can neither be the subject of gift, exchange, nor surrender, by those who enjoy the usufruct, or temporary possession of them.* As the people of France had no right to resign their own liberties and that of their posterity forever, so Bonaparte could not legally avail himself of their prodigal and imprudent cession."

This plump denial of the right of France to choose its own ruler, and its own form of government, though the universal doctrine in despotic Europe, will find few advocates in republican America. American freemen will declare in the language of Napoleon, that "*the sovereignty dwells in the nation;*" and they will also declare that Napoleon, elected to the highest office in the state by the free suffrage of the nation, *was no usurper.*

That an European loyalist, cherishing the views of Sir Walter Scott, should call Napoleon *an usurper*, is perhaps not strange. But that any American should re-echo that cry, thus denying to the people of France the right to adopt their own form of government, and to choose their own ruler, is strange indeed. England, in her leading journals, has heaped such insult upon the democratic institutions of America, as to create in the United States unfriendly feelings, which

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. ii. p. 236.

half a century of kindly intercourse will hardly efface. It would be well for the United States not to imitate her offensive example. We all, in this country, prefer a republic; but let us not insult a people who, under circumstances vastly different from ours, chose an Empire and an Emperor. The intercourse of friendly nations, as well as that of individuals, should be courteous.

But it may be asked, admitting that Napoleon was entitled to the throne by the votes of the people, did he not afterward abuse that power? did he not become a tyrant? did he not trample the liberties of his country in the dust? Despots, who were fighting against him, say that *he did.* But the French people, who placed him on the throne, who sustained him with their love, and who still adore his memory, say that he *did not.* Napoleon and the nation acted together, and struggled, shoulder to shoulder, in the tremendous conflict with their foes. The most rigorous measures which he adopted, the nation approved and sustained. Perhaps they were unwise. But the people and their Emperor went hand in hand in all the sacrifices which were made, and in all those Herculean efforts, which baffled their enemies and astounded the world. In the fearful peril which environed them, they deemed the conscription necessary, and the censorship of the press necessary, and the concentration of dictatorial power in the hands of Napoleon necessary. Admitting that they judged unwisely, still they did so judge. They deemed Napoleon the savior of France. They loved him for what he did, as monarch was never loved before. This is proved, beyond all intelligent denial, by the enthusiasm with which the French nation ever rallied around their Emperor, by the readiness with which the French people followed him to Marengo, to Austerlitz, and to Moscow, ever ready to shed their blood like water in defense of their Emperor, and of the institutions which he had conferred upon them. It is proved, by the almost supernatural enthusiasm with which France, as one man, rose to welcome Napoleon upon his return from Elba. It is proved by the universal demand of France, after his death, for his revered remains, that his ashes might repose among the people he loved so well. It is proved by the gorgeous mausoleum which the nation has reared to his memory, and by the affection, the adoration almost, with which his name is now pronounced in every peasant's hut in France. Tyranny does not bear such fruit. To call such a man *a tyrant* is absurd. The autocrat and the anarchist may hate the principles of his government; but he who wins through life, and after death, the blessings of a nation, and whose resurrection from the grave would win from that nation a shout of gratitude and love, such as the world has never seen paralleled, we surely must not call a tyrant.

"An apology, or rather a palliation," says Sir Walter Scott, "of Bonaparte's usurpation, has been set up by himself, and his more ardent admirers, and we are desirous of giving to it all the weight which it shall be found to deserve. They have said, and with great reason, that Bonaparte, viewed in his general conduct, was no selfish usurper, and that the mode in which he acquired his power was gilded over by the use which he made of it. *This is true;* for we will not underrate the merits which Napoleon thus acquired, by observing that shrewd politicians have been of opinion that sovereigns, who have only a *questionable right* to their authority, are compelled, were it but for their own sakes, to govern in such a manner *as to make the country feel its advantages in submitting to their government.* We grant, willingly, that in much of his internal administration Bonaparte showed that he desired to have no advantage separate from that of France, that he conceived her interests to be connected with his own glory, that he expended his wealth in ornamenting the empire, and not upon objects more immediately personal to himself. We have no doubt that he had more pleasure in seeing treasures of art added to the museum than in hanging them upon the walls of his own palace; and that he spoke truly when he said, that he grudged Josephine the expensive plants with which she decorated her residence at Malmaison, because her taste interfered with the public botanical garden of Paris. We allow, therefore, that Bonaparte fully identified himself with the country which he had rendered his patrimony, and that, while it should be called by his name, he was desirous of investing it with as much external splendor, and as much internal prosperity, as his gigantic schemes were able to compass. No doubt it may be said, so completely was the country identified with its ruler, that as France had nothing but what belonged to its emperor, he was in fact improving his own estate when he advanced her public works, and could no more be said to lose sight of his own interest, than a private gentleman does who neglects his garden to ornament his park. But it is not fair to press the motives of human nature to their last retreat, in which something like a taint of self interest may so often be discovered. It is enough to reply, that the selfishness which embraces the interests of a whole kingdom is of a kind so liberal, so extended, and so refined, as to be closely allied to patriotism, and that the good intentions of Bonaparte toward that France over which he ruled with despotic sway, can be no more doubted, than the affections of an arbitrary father, whose object it is to make the son prosperous and happy, to which he annexes the only condition, that he shall be implicitly obedient to every tittle of his will." In such language does one of the most hostile of Napoleon's historians reluctantly acknowledge his greatness as a sovereign.

The Congress of Laybach was held by the allied sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia in the year 1821. It was on this occasion that the Emperor of Austria made his famous speech to the professors of the university in that city.

"*Be careful,*" said he, "*not to teach your pupils too much. I do not want learned or scientific men. I want obedient subjects.*"

Laybach was the capital of those Illyrian provinces, into which Napoleon had infused the in-

tellectual life of civil and religious liberty. At the close of the Congress, the allied sovereigns issued a declaration, insulting to the memory of Napoleon. This called forth the following observations from the pen of the Abbé de Pradt, Archbishop of Malines. It is a noble atonement for his previous injustice.

"It is too late to insult Napoleon, now that he is defenseless, after having for so many years crouched at his feet while he had the power to punish. Those who are armed, should respect a disarmed enemy. The glory of a conqueror, in a great measure, depends on the just consideration shown toward the captive, particularly when he yields to superior force, not to superior genius. It is too late to call Napoleon a revolutionist, after having, for such a length of time, pronounced him to be the restorer of order in France, and consequently in Europe. It is odious to see the shaft of insult aimed at him by those who once stretched forth their hands to him as a friend, pledged their faith to him as an ally, sought to prop a tottering throne by mingling their blood with his. This representative of a revolution, which is condemned as a *principle of anarchy*, like another Justinian, drew up, amidst the din of war and the snares of foreign policy, those codes which are the least defective portion of human legislation, and constructed the most vigorous machine of government in the whole world. This representative of a revolution, which is vulgarly accused of *having subverted all institutions*, restored universities and public schools, filled his empire with the master-pieces of art, and accomplished those stupendous and amazing works which reflect honor on human genius. And yet, in the face of the Alps, which bowed down at his command; of the ocean subdued at Cherbourg, at Flushing, at the Helder, and at Antwerp; of rivers smoothly flowing beneath the bridges of Jena, Serres, Bordeaux, and Turin; of canals uniting seas together in a course beyond the control of Neptune; finally, in the face of Paris, metamorphosed as it is by Napoleon, he is pronounced to be the agent of general annihilation! He, who restored all, is said to be the representative of that which destroyed all! To what undiscerning men is this language supposed to be addressed?"

Look at Europe now, with Napoleon in his tomb, and aristocracy dominant. See Russia, marching her legions into Hungary, to crush, with iron hoofs, that brave people struggling for liberty. Hearken to the moans of Hungarian ladies, bleeding beneath the lash of their Austrian oppressors, and gaze, till tears of indignation blind your eyes, upon the melancholy train of Hungarian, Polish, and Italian exiles, perishing in all lands. Penetrate the dungeons of Naples, and wipe the oozing agony from the brow of the martyrs of liberty there. Look at Poland, fettered and lashed by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, till she lies still in exhaustion and despair. These are the despots, with whom the Tory government of England formed an alliance, to crush Napoleon. Such are the "*liberties*" which the battle of Waterloo conferred upon Europe. "*When I heard of the result of the battle of Waterloo, I felt as if the clock of the world had gone back six ages.*" Thus spake Robert Hall, one of the greatest and most eloquent of English divines.

Napoleon struggled, with energy unparalleled, to arrest the progress of Russian despotism. England joined the great tyranny of the North, and combined every despot of Europe in an iniquitous coalition against Napoleon. The illustrious champion of popular rights, after a gigantic struggle, was thus finally overthrown. And now Russia pours her tyrannic legions over prostrate nations unresisted, and is pressing proudly upon Constantinople. And England is now compelled to solicit another Napoleon, to assist her in checking these Russians. She is now, with fear and trembling, compelled to attempt, almost in despair, the very enterprise which she prevented Napoleon from accomplishing. Bowed down beneath a debt of four thousand million of dollars, which her Tory government incurred to uphold the aristocratic institutions of Europe, she now sees those despotisms trampling justice and mercy in the dust. Never was a nation placed in a more humiliating attitude. For one quarter of a century, she deluged Europe in blood, to arrest republican equality: and now she sees the necessity of again deluging Europe in blood, to arrest the progress of those very despotisms which she established. We pity her embarrassment. We wonder not at her hesitancy and vacillation. The memory of Napoleon is avenged. The sin of the British government was committed before the eyes of the world. God is just. Before the whole world, she has been compelled to utter her confession. The prediction of Napoleon is fulfilled:

"*I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians, by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as king. But your imbeciles of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence, I shall be applauded, and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. When they see the finest countries in Europe overcome, and a prey to those northern barbarians, they will say, 'Napoleon was right!'*"

SIGHTS AND PRINCIPLES ABROAD.

FLORENCE—ITS APARTMENTS—PALACES—STREETS AND THEIR CUSTOMS—THE PERGOLA AND THE MISERICORDIA—BALLS, ETC.

THERE is something in the very name of Florence that suggests refinement and pleasurable emotions. It is a delicious sound in itself, and of all others the most appropriate to the floral city of Italy. It recalls too the peerless queen of ancient sculpture, the Medicean Venus, and the triumph of modern art in Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola. Great names belong to its history, and its sons have bequeathed immortal works to mankind. It was then with involuntary respect and admiration that I entered, for the first time, the city of Dante and Michael Angelo, and trod the streets that had echoed to the footsteps of Galileo and Lorenzo the Magnificent.

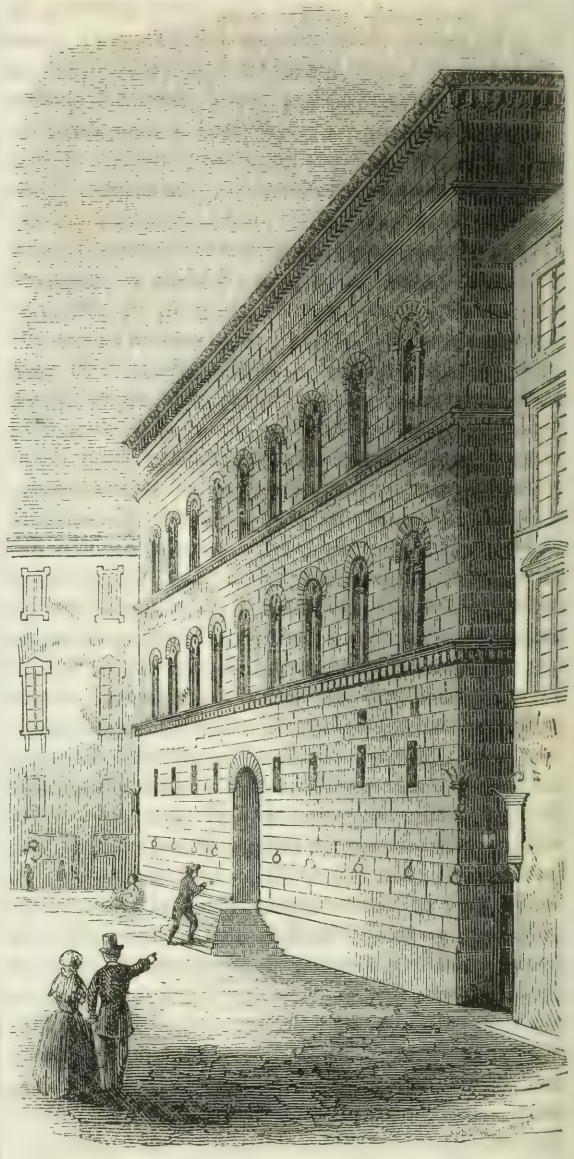
There is something too peculiarly fascinating

in the associations connected with Florence. We cluster about its name, at least I did, palaces and villas in charming profusion, a laughing landscape, treasuries of art, and a hospitality which makes it a paradise for exiles in pursuit of artistic ease or literary quiet. To crown all these advantages it has long enjoyed the reputation of being the cheapest place in Europe. I had not long been a resident before I discovered that Florence was like the Arno, extremely variable in its looks, and constantly rushing into extremes. The first aspect is its worst. It so improves upon acquaintance that, like a delicious fragrance, it always leaves behind a pleasing reminiscence.

The Arno, which divides it, is a most capricious river. One day it swells to a fierce torrent, filling the wide space between the quays to almost a level with their embankments, and rushes along with terrific force, threatening to sweep before it the massive stone bridges which dispute its passage. On the next it shrinks to a most consumptive looking stream, barely able to find its way over its own sands, and which a thirsty Arab might almost exhaust at one draught. During the ardent heats of summer it is lost amidst clouds of dust. Then Florence empties itself into the country, for even the barber has his villa, and apartments, like tombs, gape for occupants.

My first object was to secure an apartment. It was the season when all the world returns to the city, and its inhabitants expect in four months to make enough out of the fleeting crowd of Americans, English, French, and Russians, to live on during the entire twelve.

There was something seductive to even a republican imagination, coupled with the idea of living in a palace and possessing a garden ornamented with fountains and statues. Accordingly I commenced my search with them. There was no lack; but their exteriors, with the exception of a certain graceful solidity, bore more resemblance to our ideas of prisons, than luxurious mansions. I fancied them rather to be cut out of the solid rock, than built up stone by stone. Such were the rival palaces of the Strozzi, Riccardi, Pitti, and the old republican stronghold, the Palazzo Vecchio. These were the types of all of the olden time, when every house was a citadel, and each family an independent power, struggling for life and fortune with its neighbor. Their proportions are fine, and their general appearance very imposing, but they are far from answering to our modern ideas of a palatial residence, especially if we have derived our taste from the beautiful structures of Paris. Their interiors are arranged on the same Titanic scale. Apartments so lofty, that the eye fairly aches in the endeavor to trace out the ornaments of the ceiling, while the feet perish with cold on damp mosaic floors. The windows require a series of steps to reach their sills, and the doors and chimneys evolve a series of petrifying draughts that few modern constitutions are proof against. In general the palaces are built on narrow, dark streets, guiltless of sidewalks, and are impartially scattered all over the city, amidst characteristic styles of architecture of lesser pretensions. These have now degenerated into the abodes of poverty, so that, with the exception of a few modern innovations, no portion of the city can claim an aristocratic preference over another.



STROZZI PALACE.

The Strozzi Palace is the finest specimen of this type of mansions, from which cold magnificence and architectural effect banished comfort and sociability. It still belongs to the family that erected it in 1489, and looks as if it might continue to stand until time, in its march reversing those figures, shall tell its age by thousands instead of hundreds of years. There are but three stories, but each story attains itself the height of an American house. Its interior arrangements are on a scale of gloomy grandeur, so much beyond the wants of even a Florentine noble with his numerous train of dependents, that not many years since, some of the children of the family, in playing, discovered a suite of twelve rooms entirely unknown to the proprietor. The door had been walled up for two hundred years, and no one in this vast edifice had missed the space thus mysteriously closed. There is no garden attach-

ed to this palace. The interior forms a hollow square paved with flat stones, with nothing to relieve the dungeon-like aspect of the massive walls.

There are ancient palaces of this character, but on a lesser scale, scattered throughout the city, which offer furnished apartments to strangers at prices cheap enough for the space they proffer, but too dear for the amount of comfort they have in store. If it be winter, the gardens are a nuisance, because the frequent rains keep them so damp as to be prejudicial to health. Italians, profiting by the experience of centuries, do not plant their squares and open spaces, as we do, with grass and shrubbery, but scrupulously exclude all vegetation, believing it in cities to be unwholesome. Their squares are either paved or macadamized. Thus all the anticipated pleasures of orange-groves and smiling gardens dissolve, in Florence during winter, like "the baseless fabric of a dream" before the superior considerations of health. The chief object is to obtain a sunny aspect. There are comparatively few such, and they command higher prices in consequence. The truth is, that the boasted Italian climate is as treacherous as a coquette. You never know when you are on good terms with it. It weeps and smiles in the same instant. On the shady side of the street you are frozen, and on the sunny side roasted. The breeze when most wooing is most to be suspected. In short, you must keep constantly on the *qui vive* to stop the numerous colds, rheumatisms, fevers, and pleurisies that are floating about in the atmosphere, before they can obtain a lodgment in your body. I dislike a climate that keeps one in a constant fuss. There are some so hospitable that the stranger can abandon himself without reserve to their keeping, taking no thought for the coming shower, and welcoming without suspicion the grateful breeze, whether it be that of noon-day or midnight. With them a current of air is not loaded with ills to the human frame, nor does a meridian sun prove false to its smiling face. Such is the climate of the Hawaiian group, the paradise of invalids and amateurs of a pure atmosphere.

The furniture in general of the furnished apartments appears to have migrated hither from the "*maisons meublés*" of Paris, and the lodging houses of London, after having been turned out of their doors as unfit for further service. The attempts at neatness and embellishment are mournfully ludicrous; but as the standard of an American for home comforts must necessarily be considerably lowered before he reaches Italy, he views these things with a less fastidious eye, and charitably pities their owners for knowing no better. Habits and tastes partake of the fluctuating extremes of the climate. In the birth-place of the chefs-d'œuvres of art, and models of refined and celestial beauty, we find customs more disgusting and tastes more barbarous than among even semi-savages. Sights are daily seen in the most public places which, in the United States, would send their authors to the Penitentiary for a violation of public decency; while many streets—even those pretending to rank among the best—are almost impassable on account of their filthy condition. This arises from the neglect of providing in their houses what in England and America are considered indispensable adjuncts of even the meanest of habitations. When changes have been made, it has been owing to the demands of travelers, and the absolute necessity, if Italy would not starve, of catering to their wants.

Carpets, too, and fire-places capable of supporting a fire, are modern innovations. Florentines manage to live without both, when strangers from northern climes would be chilled to the very marrow. A few coals in an earthen dish suffice to keep their blood in motion, and if their feet are cold they thrust them into woolen muffs. These are homely things to mention in connection with the classical soil of Italy; but as all the world either comes or wishes to come hither, I am sure they will pardon me for mentioning a few things not usually to be found in travels or guide-books.

The distribution of the houses and palaces is the same as at Paris, into stories for separate families, only they rarely have "*porte cochères*," and less seldom, porters. It is very difficult, therefore, to find a friend after having found his house. No one pretends to know the names of the streets, for each corner has a separate christening. The houses throughout the city are numbered from one up to ten thousand, as may be, and as the series is not always a neighborly one, a stranger is often greatly puzzled where to begin his search. Supposing the house found, he has before him a narrow door, by the side of which he finds a perpendicular row of bells, one answering to each apartment, and numbered accordingly. These bells communicate with the different stories, and from them descend stout wires to the door latch, passing sometimes outside of the house, and sometimes in, so that every house has the appearance of being a telegraph office. You ring by chance one of these bells—one of the wires is set in motion, the door thrown open, and you find yourself in an unlighted entry, looking more like the entrance to some subterranean vault than to a gentleman's house. A voice from an immeasurable distance above calls out, "who's there?" You respond "a friend," or "a robber," if you wish to be waggish. If it be night, and you have forgotten to bring your pocket-taper, you must grope your way up an intricate and narrow stone staircase as you best may, or do as I have often done, beat a retreat in utter despair, for you can not see an inch beyond your nose. The custom is not to light the staircases—the exceptions are only the grand mansions. You have counted a hundred steps, omitting some in the agony of a battered shin, and at last find yourself at about what you consider the elevation which your friend, who is an amateur of sun-light, has selected for a lodging. Groping about for a bell, if you succeed in that search, a voice within, in a shrill key, demands again, "who's there?" If satisfied that yours has an innocent ring, the door is opened, and you discover that your friend lives on the opposite side of the street, just one story higher. You prefer

to meet him at Doney's or the Cascine, to undertaking again to find him in his lair. Indeed, the difficulties attending a domestic exploration are so well understood, that calls are considered as honored when returned at the Casino or any of the public rendezvous. An Italian talks very little about his home.

There are some neat and well furnished apartments at Florence, but to be found, they must be diligently sought. The average of such as strangers occupy are as I have described, with two prices, according to the season, summer paying but half the rate of winter. An apartment in a palace of from twelve to twenty or more rooms, furnished, including silver and linen, with a kitchen ample enough for a regiment, and the privilege of a garden, costs fifty dollars a month. A Tuscan dollar is equal to eleven dimes United States currency. Apartments of more moderate pretensions, smaller rooms, and therefore more easily warmed, but large enough for a family, abound at from twenty to forty dollars per month for the winter. A bachelor can find passable accommodations as low as five dollars, and obtain by the year a fine suite of rooms unfurnished for fifty dollars. The best situations in new houses, including modern improvements, bath-rooms, &c., can be had for about thrice that sum. But there is a Florentine maxim which strangers would do well to keep in mind. "Let your house the first year to your enemy, the second to your acquaintance, and the third to your friend." A new house, from the mode of construction, being considered unwholesome, as it takes a long time to dry. Villas go a-begging. In the summer they are comfortable, but in winter damp and chilly. Where houses are built almost exclusively of stone and mortar, with a copious provision of currents of air, this must be expected.

The market is well supplied at low prices. At the cafés and restaurants a breakfast costs eleven cents, and a good enough dinner thirty-three. At the table d'hôte of hotels fifty-five, and an excellent meal at that. But for those who wish to avoid the annoyances of providing for the table, the "trattori," or public cooks, supply meals of every quality and cost, served up at any hour in any part of the city. For one dollar and a quarter per day, a friend of mine was well served for five persons with a dinner consisting of soup, three courses of meat, several of vegetables, wine, and a dessert of pastry and fruit. Clothing and most other articles are cheaper than in the United States, and the services of the best professors in music, languages, and education generally, can be had for about one half the price. In short, if one can reconcile himself to Florentine habits, sharp wine, water so hard that it makes you fear that you will eventually become a stalactite, the loss of politics and newspapers, and odors that are the more aggravating from being unnecessary, Florence is the city for the money.

This is not all. There is another annoyance which, as it is the exclusive property of pretty women, I mention that they may go forewarned. It is as bad in many other European cities, but there is in it something more ludicrous at Florence than elsewhere.

Fashion tells the ladies, with reason, that they must not walk. The streets generally are in too uninviting a condition for such an operation where skirts are to be employed, and Bloomerism has not yet made its advent here. Besides it is apparent that they were intended only for carriages and beggars. There are a few places where they might walk were it not for the abominable habits of the male population. Foreign ladies frequently attempt it, and it is forgiven in them by the Flor-



THE BROTHERS OF PITY.

entines on the score of their being strangers and knowing no better. Old and ugly women can do it with impunity any where at any time. But let a lady of even ordinary attractions attempt it by herself, or in company with others of her sex, and if she be not vexed, astonished, mortified, and amused before she regains her own roof, it will be because she proves an exception to an otherwise general rule. When she leasts expects it, some impudent clown or peasant suddenly pokes his ugly, dirty face right under her bonnet, makes a mock kiss, cries "boo" or some such intelligible sound, or compliments her with a "cara" or some equally loving epithet, and walks innocently off, with his hands in his pockets, before her astonishment has had time to jump into indignation. If she escape these low vagabonds, she is sure to attract the race of gentlemen who, having nothing else to do, amuse themselves by following ladies. The less impudent dog them at a distance, but near enough to let them know that every motion is watched and commented upon. The bolder pass and repass to take a good stare; walk ahead that they may return and meet them, saying flattering things in an undertone, with the intention of being overheard. The boldest come along side, and let fly a complimentary volley without any compunctions whatever, much amused if an inexperienced damsel involuntarily jumps aside at such an unlooked for tribute to her attractions. There was one young Florentine, who made himself quite conspicuous at this sort of pastime. He could speak a few words of English, and had a mania for running after foreign ladies and launching upon their astonished ears the extent of his philological acquirements. His vocabulary was confined to a few flattering ejaculations. One day he overtook an English lady and her daughters. He was but a pint measure of a man, but he boldly gave chase, and coming up called out, "very good," "very much pretty," "I like," "you handsome," rattling on as fast as his tongue would permit. First he would be on one side, then on another, now heading them, now sailing round and cutting such absurd capers that the ladies could not refrain from smiling. This he took for encouragement, and plied his battery of admiration more vigorously than ever. The lady at last arriving at her own door suddenly entered, while he, more intent upon her than his own ways, pitched over a donkey that laid him sprawling in the street. This, with a hint that a little birch would be applied to his skin the next time he ventured upon a similar experiment cured him for a while; but the last I heard of him he was on the watch to waylay some American ladies as they descended from their carriages, popping up suddenly under their noses like a phantom, with his everlasting "very much pleased," and "charming ladies," from which amusement nothing short of a thorough drubbing is likely to cure him. The plain truth is, that a pretty lady though safe from violence is not safe from impertinence at any time of the day in Florence. Consequently she must keep a carriage if she would go out, so that whatever economy there may be in Florence, in other respects, over other capitals, it is in the main lost in the extra expense of horse-flesh. Or, in other words, the difference of prices between Paris and Florence in the essentials of housekeeping, enables one to keep a carriage in the capital of Tuscany.

There is still another indispensable expense, if a family desire to enter within the charmed circle of "society;" and this is a box at the Pergola, in one of the three tiers classified as noble. Although it costs a stranger a third more than a Florentine—this same ratio obtains in every thing else—it is not a costly affair. One hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars will pay the cost of a season of several months, and this expense may be reduced by imitating the example of the Florentines, and letting the box on nights when not wanted. You may dispense with receptions "*chez-vous*," but it is an unpardonable sin in the world of fashion not to be at home at the opera. The world goes to the opera as to a *réunion*. There they pay their visits, chat, laugh, partake of refreshment, turn their backs upon the stage, in short almost drown by their conversation the music. The opera is nothing; the assemblage of fashion every thing. A box then at the Pergola is really an economical affair, as it saves the expenses of society under one's roof; it is a most amusing one from the variety of ranks, nations, and toilets there represented. The English astonish there, as every where, with their brilliant colors, forests of plumes, and bizarre costumes; the Russians with their mines of precious stones; the Germans with their fair hair and brilliant complexions; the Florentines by their princely jewels, laces, and velvets, drawn from their imperishable hereditary stores; the French eclipse all by their matchless elegance, seemingly so simple and unstudied, while the Americans please all from their rarity and general good taste.

The theatre is so constructed that while one half of the audience of the boxes can, if they choose, look toward the stage, the other half are necessarily turned toward the Imperial box, which is quite a hall of itself. Of course the architect never contemplated in his design the spectacle as the main object of the edifice. It is merely an auxiliary. If an opera, it attracts attention only from novelty or the harmony of particular strains. But the ballet, which is introduced between the acts of the opera, rivets the attention of all. It is strange but true, that a Florentine audience prefers poor dancing to good music. While the American, Miss Maywood, was with them they had a legitimate excuse for their passion, for a more elastic, untiring, and the Italians say, graceful danseuse never appeared on any boards. They exalt her above Cerito, Ellsler, and even Taglioni. But what carried them away nightly into a tempest of applause was the perfection of her time. The music and her limbs moved in such entire accord as to seem but one impulse. "Bravas and encores," thundered over the house. Hands, feet, and lips were all in violent commotion in all quarters. No eloquence could have ex-

cited the susceptible Florentines to half such a pitch of "furore" as her legs. Bouquets as large as wine-barrels were precipitated upon the stage, their numerous ribbons fluttering gayly in the air as they fell, like the pennants from a mast-head. She fairly staggered under their weight. On one occasion, the prima donna having vainly essayed to carry off a monster bouquet, gracefully drew it behind the scenes by its ribbons, courtesying as she backed across the stage, amid the cheers of the spectators. At Maywood's benefit it took three carriages to carry away the floral avalanche tumbled at her feet.

There are nine theatres and operas in the little city of Florence, but, with the exception of the Pergola, of no pretensions to fashion or elegance. The Cocomero is a very humble and unsuccessful imitator of the Théâtre Française at Paris. At all there is a price of entry, in addition to which another sum is demanded for seats not in the parterre. There are two operas where the Tuscans can listen to the music of Mozart, Rossini, or Donnizetti, for five cents, and the cheapest of the theatres did provide a night's entertainment for a trifle less than three cents, commencing at eight and terminating past midnight.

It is at the opera, perhaps, that the attention is first drawn toward a society which ranks in the annals of Roman Catholic benevolence second only in good works to that of the Sisters of Charity. Not unfrequently in the midst of one of Maywood's marvelous pirouettes, the sharp tone of a bell strikes upon the ear. All listen. If it sounds but once, it is the signal of an ordinary accident; if twice, a grave casualty; if three times, a death. It is the bell of the Misericordia. From all parts of the house spectators rise one by one, and abruptly leave. Probably the gentleman with whom you are conversing, if an Italian, excuses himself, takes his hat, and departs. The audience turn again toward the stage, and in a minute the interruption is forgotten.

The society of Misericordia is one of the purest and noblest charities with which the Christian religion has blessed the world. It took its rise in 1244, when the plague ravaged Europe. For six centuries it has maintained its existence, true to the holy principles of its original foundation, a fact perhaps without a parallel in the history of humanity. It represents, in different proportions, the aristocracy, the liberal arts, and the people. The artisans of Florence, moved by the contagions that desolated their city, leaving multitudes of sick without succor, and of dead without burial, were the first to conceive the sublime idea of its institution. The wealthy added their donations, and the society soon took rank among the most important institutions of charity.

The Brethren of Pity, or the Misericordia, are under the direction of seventy-two members, called "Capi di Guardia" (chiefs of watch). These regulate the works of charity, the administration of its revenues, which are considerable, and the distribution of alms. They are composed of ten prelates, fourteen nobles, twenty priests, and twenty-eight artisans. Under their immediate orders are two hundred and eighty "giornanti," or journeymen, secular and ecclesiastical. Forty of these are always on service. There are, besides, inscribed on their lists voluntarily, the names of more than twelve hundred other brethren, called "buonevoglie," whom they can call upon at any moment to assist in their charitable labors.

The office of the Misericordia is in the Piazza del Duomo. Each brother on duty keeps there, marked with his name, a box containing his black robe, which covers him from head to foot. They are such as penitents formerly wore, with openings only for the mouth and eyes, in order that the incognito of charity, recommended by Christ, shall be strictly preserved. As soon as the signal is heard that their services are required, the members on duty assemble at their office, assume their mournful habits—which no one can see for the first time without being strangely affected—receive their orders, and proceed to the scene of their duties. Some are required to carry the diseased or wounded to the hospitals, or other places, as need may be. Others devote themselves to nursing in the homes of the ill and infirm poor. They often pass days and nights at their bedsides, bestowing upon them those attentions which try even the constancy of friendship and the affinities of blood. In every place, at any hour, wherever an accident calls, a groan is heard, or there are misery and suffering to be relieved, the Brothers of Pity are required, by their voluntary bond of good deeds, to bestow their alms and their offices. It matters not what may be the origin of the poor victim, or whether he confesses Christ, Moses, or Mohammed. Their charity blesses alike all men, without distinction of race or religion. They bury the unknown dead, carrying themselves the corpse to its sepulchre. The scaffold even does not repel them from fulfilling, in its broadest extent, the spirit of their vows. They are to be found at the latest moment beside the criminal, consoling and preparing him for his doom; and, after his head has fallen under the ax of the guillotine, gathering up his mangled remains, to bestow upon them a Christian burial. Priest and layman, noble and mechanic, unknown perhaps to each other, and unrecognizable by their nearest relatives, bear upon their shoulders the same litter, containing, it may be, a poor cripple, abandoned by all the world beside. Knowing his benefactors only by the uniform which proclaims them to be ministering angels to suffering mankind, he prays to their common Father alike for all. The spectator of the mournful cortége, be he prince or beggar, respectfully uncovers his head as it silently passes along the street. Often when unknown hands have borne away the head of a family to the succors, poverty too often denies to her children under their own roofs, or perhaps to his burial, the afflicted mother finds that the same hands have left behind them alms that will nourish her through her first sorrows, and linger forever in her grateful memory.

The Grand Duke is a member of the society, more in name than in action, though he is said

occasionally to assume the habit, and visit the bedside of the dying, leaving behind him a clew to his rank by the extent of his bounty.

But, as with every other creature of man, useful as it undoubtedly is, and meriting the warmest eulogiums, yet it is not without its evils. It was established during a period of great public calamity, when human nature shrank affrighted from the duties it was called upon to perform. The ties of blood had lost their power, wealth had grown alike feeble, while misery, disease, and despair rioted in their career of selfishness, profligacy and death. Then religion intervened, and, with her parable of the Samaritan, rekindled in the heart of humanity that ardent love of the common neighbor which led to the holiest rivalry in charity, and most touching self-abnegation the world had as yet witnessed on so comprehensive a scale. Its benefits during pestilence are incalculable, because it is during seasons when ordinary benevolence fails, that its sublime energies take their loftiest flight. They lead the forlorn hope of humanity, and cheerfully mount the breach to contest with death in its most appalling forms their right to save its victims. But when the world treads its usual course, the ordinary sentiments of human brotherhood had better be left to their natural action. Corporations in benevolence, as in commerce, tend to weaken individual responsibility or enterprise. If an accident occurs, it is rare indeed that the sufferer does not find a Samaritan among the sympathizing crowd, prompt to bind up his wounds. But should a brother of the Misericordia be at hand, he anoints the victim with oil from his crucifix, and thus seals him as his own. The neighbors, disburdened of the compassionate calls of their own consciences, cease to interfere, for he is no longer a waif upon the shores of humanity, but a wreck in charge of his spiritual and medicinal underwriters. The brother hastens to give the alarm to his assistants, but it sometimes happens that before they have time to don their habits and arrive at the side of the sufferer, he has passed beyond the reach of their help. However, these casualties are of rare occurrence, and it is doubtful if any other system of benevolence would be found better adapted to the wants of Tuscany—habituated as it is to the guidance of a hierarchy that forbids individual action and responsibility, in all matters of civil and religious policy—than that practiced by this organized militia of charity.

The Pergola retains its motley and brilliant world until near midnight, when it scatters itself among the various soirées, receptions, and balls which Florence proffers with so much hospitality. A singular feature of Florentine society is its cosmopolitan character. Elsewhere, the native element predominates; but here it is but one star in the firmament of fashion, often eclipsed by the superior magnitude of those that have wandered hither from foreign spheres. Representatives of all the nations of Europe here meet in social rivalry, each striving to outshine the other, while adding to the pleasure of the whole. Consequently society furnishes a variety, brilliancy, and piquancy not readily to be found in other cities.

The nobles have established a sort of Club, called the Casino, which possesses a fine suite of rooms in the Piazza Santa Trinita. Any stranger properly recommended can become a member, by the payment of a trifling fee for the benefit of the servants. There is no restaurant or reading-room; but it affords an agreeable social rendezvous, with facilities for cards and billiards. It is under the patronage of the Grand Duke; and, during the winter weekly balls are given. The Court generally attend, and the etiquette is of that easy good breeding that makes every one feel at home. They form a very agreeable addition to the hospitalities of Florence.

The chief attractions, however, are the court balls at the Pitti. The Grand Duke, with politic liberality, throws open his vast and beautiful *salons* frequently, during the fashionable season, to the society of Florence. No billets of invitation are issued, but notice is sent to each foreign minister when the balls are to occur, and he notifies those of his countrymen whom he judges suitable to be presented. Their names are sent in to the Grand Chamberlain. The Americans, having no representative, are obliged to apply to him personally. The Chevalier Ginori is always prompt to perform for those of respectability the service which properly belongs only to a representative of their country. Those who have ever been presented go freely to all the fêtes without further ceremony. The foreigners or Florentines, not yet presented, assemble at nine o'clock in one of the halls, where they await, with their ministers, the entrance of the Grand Duke. Each nation has a place apart. The Grand Duke, reversing the usual awkward courtly etiquette, which requires the inexperienced stranger to be presented to the sovereign, and *back* out from his presence, walks round the circle, hearing the name of each person, and occasionally stopping to make some observation. The whole affair is very quickly dispatched, and the parties hurry off to the dance, which is kept up with great animation until about two o'clock.

No city in Europe surpasses Florence in the magnificence of its toilets (at least so it is said); not so much in the dress, as in the displays of ancient lace and jewels. In viewing the *élite* of Florentine aristocracy on a gala night, one would suppose that each alone possessed the key of Aladdin's cave. The balls of the English and French courts may be more brilliant in their *tout ensemble*, but for sociability and good taste, those of the Grand Duke stand foremost. The charm of Italian society is that it immediately melts all reserve, while it retains a tone of chivalrous courtesy. You are unbent, in spite of yourself, when once the presentation is passed. It is really delightful to see the easy familiarity of the best-bred Italians among themselves. It is not elaborate, like that of Frenchmen, taking its cue from the head, but is a genuine inspiration of the heart. Personal freedoms are not bestowed, as among the Anglo-Saxon race, with an

emphasis that all but upsets the recipient, and makes him as fearful of meeting a "good fellow" as he would a mad dog; but are given with all the delicacy and grace of young girls. Our ways, to be sure, are not like their ways, and we rather shrink from a whiskered and mustached exquisite, who after knowing us one day calls us by our Christian name, on the second "my dear," and upon meeting after a brief separation rushes into our arms, landing an affectionate kiss plump on our lips, hugging us in the mean while with all the ardor of a just-accepted lover. Despite this risk, however, there is about them an undefinable courtesy which, without meaning or costing much, or savoring even of English "home" hospitality, fills up the chinks of social intercourse admirably, and makes a smooth surface often out of very unpromising materials. Possessing lively imaginations, quick perceptions, and great elasticity of spirit, with a natural taste for the beautiful in whatever they study, they give an Epicurean relish to society more delicately flavored than the sparkling tone of France, so like its own champagne. They are proud, sensitive, and trifling, but in their anger courteous, and if they waste time it is gracefully done. The more I see of Italian character, the higher the estimate I put upon its moral and intellectual capacities. If it does not correspond to our standard, charity requires us to ask why. When we have penetrated the spell that makes it what it is, we prize our own institutions the more, and pray for the time when Italy shall throw off her bonds, and contest on equal terms with the free nations of earth for that moral supremacy which alone constitutes true greatness.

A TRUE STORY OF AN ACTRESS.

THE early recollections of my life are all very pleasant ones. I remember a low, old parsonage-house with somewhat homely furniture; but abundance of books and flowers, and ringing with the voices of many children. I remember "the room where I was born," against whose windows the acacia-tree rustled, and where, in spring, the air came in laden with the sweet breath of the clustering lilacs without. I remember every nook, and tree, and stone about that old place; and every face among its inhabitants; for though my father died when I was very young, and we left our happy village to return to it no more, the varied scenes of my succeeding years have blotted out no features of my childhood's home, and are, many of them, but vaguely impressed upon my memory, while the memories of childhood stand out fresh and bright as the objects in a newly-painted picture.

In this little sketch I propose giving the history of one who dwelt for some time in our village, and whose gentle face and mournful story made a deep impression upon me as a child, and even haunts my fancy still.

I was necessarily ignorant of much that I am now going to relate; but I knew enough to feel that she was lonely, and deserted, and unhappy, and this was sufficient to awaken the warmest feelings of interest in the heart of any child. The story is no fiction, but a plain sad fact; and I shall give the particulars, as I have since heard them, without varnish or alteration, only, of course, substituting fictitious names for those of the real actors in the tale.

Effie Leigh was the only child of a small and respectable farmer in one of the northern counties. She was endowed from her infancy with a rare and delicate beauty, a talent of the most extraordinary nature for music, and a sweet and thrilling voice; all which gifts seemed strangely at variance with the fortunes to which she was born.

Farmer Leigh and his wife were plain-spoken country people, neither of them very young at the time of the child's birth; and a beholder, looking first at that rough, honest pair, and then at their delicate little girl, might almost have believed in one of the old tales of the neighborhood, that their offspring had been changed in its cradle, and a little radiant fairy substituted in its stead.

The little Effie, however, throve like any other mortal child; and at fifteen had grown into one of the fairest young creatures it was possible to behold. Her parents were justly proud of her; and often, when some grand lady would look from her carriage, and turn, and gaze again at their girl's faultless face, or as she sang in the little church on Sundays, and the fine company in the Squire's pew turned their eyes in amazement toward the gallery from whence her rich young voice poured forth in its fullness of childish devotion, they would sigh to think how few advantages it was in their power to afford their daughter; and that all her richness of beauty and genius must be hidden in the lowly village where she was born. In their simple affection they longed to send forth their fair young flower into a world that could appreciate her better than their own. They knew not then how far better it would have been, had she thus died, in the promise of her unspotted youth, upon her mother's breast!

When Effie was about fifteen years of age, by a strange chance their wishes were destined to be fulfilled.

One summer day the girl was sitting out, as was her wont, at work in the little farm-house garden; and half shaded from the observation of the passers-by under the shady branches of a large old pear-tree. As she worked, her voice broke out in one of its richest melodies. Note after note succeeded, each clearer and more bird-like than the former ones. She scarcely followed the simple air she was singing; but her sweet, wild cadences seemed actually overflowing from the music of her own soul.

The good dame, her mother, sat spinning before the house door; but turning, ever and anon, to gaze upon her darling. As she did so for about the twentieth time in as many minutes, she perceived the figure of a man standing in the road, half concealed from view by the tall garden-shrubs, but evidently listening in wonder and ad-

miration to the voice of the singer. When Effie concluded, the stranger slowly sauntered on, but in a few minutes returned; and three or four times in the course of the afternoon, Mrs. Leigh watched him pass, and repass, and gaze up at the house. He was an ordinary looking man, about fifty years of age; and the good dame, with that discrimination not uncommon among persons of her class, decided in her own mind that Effie's admirer was not a country gentleman. He was, in fact, the manager of one of the great London theatres taking his summer tour; and never was he more astonished than when, in walking down the humble street of an obscure village, he heard a voice, and taste, and execution, which, his long-tried judgment at once whispered him, might do credit even to London boards.

I need not enter into the details of this part of my story. Suffice it to say, that Effie's parents were delighted at the offer made to them by the London manager, of educating Effie at his own expense, for the stage; nor was the poor child herself long proof against the dazzling prospects held out to her—of brilliant and certain success.

Within a fortnight all necessary arrangements were over; and Effie accompanied Mr. N——, the manager, to London. At the end of a few months, he congratulated himself on his extraordinary luck in meeting with his young *protégée*, whose voice, under cultivation, was already beginning to surpass even his own high expectations. A new surprise awaited him—her talent for acting was to the full as great as was that for music—and this, united to her rare beauty (of which even I can speak of the faded traces), combined in forming a star, whose early dawn upon the horizon was already beginning to be a theme of interest among theatrical circles in the metropolis.

Three years passed away since Effie left her home, and the eventful night arrived in which she was to make her *débût* before the public. She appeared in a character which was well suited to her bird-like voice, and to the pure style of her youthful beauty. There are some who still remember her on that occasion, and the electrical effect which her first notes seemed to take upon the entire audience. Her success was undoubted and complete.

It may be imagined with what feelings the worthy old couple at home spelled over, in the newspapers, the accounts of their child's first appearance; and when the letter arrived, containing her own simple history of her triumph, their joy was fairly too much for them, and they both "lifted up their voices and wept!"

In the mean time, temptations, of which they never dreamed, assailed this strangely gifted being. Adulation and flattery from the highest in the land were offered in nightly incense at her shrine—the young, and noble, and fascinating were at her feet. But her fancy was yet free; and all the riches and brilliancy in the world could not tempt that faithful young heart into sin. She even received one or two honorable offers of marriage, which she respectfully declined; and continued devoted to her profession, and the engagements she had formed with Mr. N——.

Effie Leigh had appeared about three months before the public, when a young baronet, whom I will call Sir John Hamilton, returned to London, after a lengthened tour on the Continent. He belonged to an ancient family, and was a man of large property; but, like all his race, had a singularly haughty and forbidding character; and was never known to possess an intimate friend. A night or two after his return he went to the Opera, and listened in silent rapture to the young *prima donna*. The fate of both was sealed.

Very soon the untutored heart of Effie Leigh throbbed with real emotion, as, night after night, that dark, handsome face was turned upon her in speechless admiration; and the brilliant Opera House seemed blank and lonely until she felt—rather than saw—that Sir John Hamilton had entered his accustomed place, close to the stage. Nor was he less moved. The gifted singer, and humble farmer's daughter, had inspired him with a genuine passion, before whose honest influence the pride of wealth and race melted like hoar-frost in the sun. He knew there was but one way in which Effie was to be wooed and won; and, in an evil hour, Sir John Hamilton made her the offer of his hand in marriage.

Scarcely believing in the reality of her happiness, the poor girl accepted him. And thus, in a few brief months, terminated her brilliant theatrical career.

An enormous sum was demanded by the disappointed manager to compensate him for Effie's broken engagement, and paid by the enraptured bridegroom. The marriage took place immediately; and Sir John Hamilton proceeded with his bride to Italy, where they remained for some years.

Little is known of their life during this period. Several children were born to them; and they went seldom into society. But those who happened to meet them casually, remarked a great change in Lady Hamilton. The bloom, young though she was, had left her cheek, and there was a look of care, and almost fear, upon her face, contrasting painfully with the radiant, happy expression it had worn before her marriage. The brow of her husband was more gloomy—his demeanor more cold and haughty than ever.

It is not difficult to guess that their marriage was a most ill-assorted and unhappy one; and that after the first passionate dream of his love was over, Sir John Hamilton bitterly lamented his alliance with a girl of neither birth nor fortune.

Besides, poor Effie, though sweet, and gentle, and gifted, had little strength of mind; and, unfortunately, stood too much in awe of her stately husband to feel herself his companion. She never shone so little as in his presence, and he became irritated, and his pride wounded, at seeing how different she could be in the society of others. He cursed, again and again, his folly in marrying her, and ended, as I have remarked, by going into

no society, and dooming his young wife to a like seclusion.

At the end of five years they returned to England. Effie had found a new, sweet solace in the companionship of her little children; and in that fond tie, and the love *she* still felt for her husband, forgot the world and all she might have been in it.

Shortly after their return she gave birth to another child. On each occasion before she had been extremely ill, but this time her life was for many hours pronounced to be in danger. A raging brain-fever ensued, and, when slowly she returned to life, it was but too evident that her reason was alienated. The medical men gave some hopes of her ultimately recovering her intellects; but said that all would depend upon the most watchful care and tenderness. Her mind was probably never very strong; and the sudden change and excitement experienced by her, as a country girl, on coming to London, may have heightened the natural tendency. Be that as it may, her case was undoubted. Lady Hamilton was now but a shattered wreck of the gifted, dazzling vision, who, as Effie Leigh, first won the stern heart of her lord.

And now I come to a part of this true tale, so dark, so fearful, that I would fain pass it quickly by. Will it be believed, that the man who had sworn to love and cherish could now neglect this helpless being, whose infirmity should but have formed an additional claim upon his tenderness? It was so. Actuated by feelings I do not attempt to delineate, Sir John Hamilton removed his children to the care of a sister of his own, and went abroad himself, leaving the unfortunate Effie at his seat in ——shire, with very scanty menial attendance, and *none* to guide and control her wandering intellects. She had no companionship and no amusement; but, as her bodily strength increased, she seemed to take a pleasure in walking alone about the grounds and neighborhood, gathering flowers—of which she was passionately fond—and continually singing as she went along. The pitying cottagers often heard her crying for her children, and her greatest delight was when she could persuade some humble mother to intrust her baby to her arms. She would then sit happy for hours, rocking and singing to the infant, though often choked by the tears which fell upon its little unconscious face.

So two years passed away. Her husband had never once during that time come personally to see her; her reason, evidently, was becoming more and more enfeebled; and thus her neglected life wore on. She had no relations to inquire about her, or take her part (her parents—happily for them—being dead), and the kinsmen of Sir John Hamilton were not people to interfere on behalf of the low-born wife, even had he been a man to brook such interference.

I must tell the dark sequel in a few words. Unused to all affection, that poor heart warmed to the seeming kindness of a stranger. A human fiend betrayed the reasonless being whom God had afflicted . . . . . and when, after a lapse of three years, Sir John Hamilton suddenly appeared in his proud home, it was to find Effie, his wife, the mother of his children—how terribly avenged! . . . . . in his outraged honor, and her own unwitting shame. She happened to be gazing from her window as he approached; and, recognizing him in a moment, she ran from the house to meet him; her simple face lighted up with strange joy at seeing him, and all unconscious of the fearful guilt (not *her's* but *his*) of which her altered figure told.

He held her from him for an instant, for she would have clung around his neck, uttered one low, deep curse, and then flung her from his hold. She fell, fainting, to the earth, and that night in one of the neighboring cottages—for her husband would not allow her to be carried into his house again—her miserable offspring saw the light.

How Lady Hamilton came to live in our quiet little village, I never knew. She lodged—with her child—in the house of some poorer neighbors of ours, and, as these latter were great friends of mine, as a child—from the circumstance of old Mrs. Morrison making the best cakes in the whole neighborhood—I used to hear and see a good deal of their unfortunate lodger. Her mind was then entirely gone, but she was perfectly harmless and gentle, and grateful for any little kindness that was shown to her. I think I see her now, dressed in a somewhat fantastic manner—often in white—and sometimes with a few natural flowers in her bonnet. Her face was remarkably pale, her features fine and chiseled, and her expression sweet, though vacant. She looked very old to me, but I suppose could not have been much more than thirty when she first came into our neighborhood. The unfortunate little child was a lovely boy, with long fair curls and blue eyes, and she was pleased when we used to notice him; but she herself declined receiving any visitors, and, indeed, my father felt that, with her flickering intellect, he could have conferred no benefit by attempting to offer her the consolations of religion. She came occasionally to church; and I remember, as she passed the reading-desk, would turn and make my father a humble courtesy, and then pass on to her seat.

None of her family, of course, ever came to see her, and her only amusement was when an Italian organ-boy passed through the village. She would make him play all his tunes before her window, and, if not prevented, would have given him all the little she possessed, in return for the pleasure his music had afforded her. The poor little child was not a great deal with her, and the Morrisons told us she always seemed to regard him with a doubtful and capricious love, though she frequently rambled on about her other children, who, she thought, were all dead, in terms of the most doating affection. Little Charlie Hamilton (as he was called) did not associate with the other village children, and often—pitying his loneliness—we would let the little creature join us in our walks, when all his delight

was in gathering as many wild flowers as he could carry for "His mamma." He was about six years of age when we left our home, and I have never heard more of the unfortunate Lady Hamilton or her child.

FROZEN AND THAWED.

GOOD Doctor Wildenhahn, a man of lowly birth, whose stories are much liked in Germany by lowly readers—and by high-born readers, too—has written certain village tales of the Hartz Mountains. Of one of them the heroine is a poor little lace-worker, Dorel. I should like to tell again in fewer words, what I have read of Dorel.

She worked lace into elegant patterns, and so did many of the girls, her neighbors, on a quaint-looking parti-colored pillow: shifting her bobbins busily with nimble fingers, and bending over them a pair of the kindliest black eyes. She was ill-paid for her labor. Indeed, many of the maids in her village—who took less heed of their earnings—fainted sometimes through hunger as they sat at work. Dorel was the chief help of her widowed mother, and of five younger brothers and sisters. She was only eighteen; and, though she went barefooted, she looked like a little princess in her peasant dress, which was made up of three garments—a blue chemise, a red frock, and a neckerchief white as a blossom.

Gottlieb, her betrothed lover, was a rough peasant of the village; a joiner by trade, who inherited from his deceased father a house and little field, and was proud of being a freeholder. The village in which they lived is a very poor one, high up among the Hartz Mountains.

Gottlieb's nightly visits had become half-weekly, or weekly, and his conduct when he came had grown to be uncivil. Dorel's mother had been courted differently; and she was resolved to understand the suitor's conduct. Dorel pleaded for him that he had always been good to her, and that she would rather bear with him patiently, until the evil humor passed away. Her mother thought a regret before marriage better than a repentance after, and resolved to speak to Gottlieb; only she promised that she would speak privately, and not in Dorel's presence.

One evening the little pewter lamp was put upon the table, whence it shed a dim and yellow light on Dorel's lace pillow. The mother kindled a fire in the oven, and two of the elder children peeled potatoes with the handles of their pewter spoons. The little ones sat on a bench by the stove, playing a game together with some pebbles. The door opened, and in came a stout young lad of four-and-twenty, who sat down in an unoccupied warm corner, after he had said good-evening in an ill-tempered way.

"Good-evening, Gottlieb! Welcome," said the mother. Poor little Dorel looked very red, and made the bobbins fly extremely fast. Gottlieb was in a boorish sullen mood; the old woman was suppressing indignation, coughing and looking at Dorel, who, with an anxious loving heart, was laboring away over the lace pillow. There was a miserable silence.

The potatoes were peeled, the fire leaped in the oven. The mother pushed the great pot into it, coughed again, and discharged herself of an extremely noticeable sigh. Gottlieb sat like a log. After another quarter of an hour, the good woman's patience was exhausted: "Now, Gottlieb," she said, in a half angry tone, "I vow you sit there as if you had no tongue."

"Ay, ay," said the youth. "As you may take it."

"Indeed," said the mother, sharply, "I don't know how I am to take it! It would be well if you would open your mouth, and let us know what taking you are in."

"Hush, mother, dear!" whispered Dorel, beseechingly. "Gottlieb is surely tired after his work. Let him but rest a bit. The soup is ready by this time, and I will get the table ready for the soup."

So Dorel stood up; and, having put her bobbins carefully in order, threw a white cloth over the cushion, and placed it on a corner of the bench near the window. Then she spread a napkin upon the table, and laid pewter spoons for eight. Then she took from the cupboard a great loaf of black bread, and cut it into tidy little pieces over the large earthen bowl; and, when the bowl was filled, strewed salt and pepper over it. "Now, mother, you can pour out." The mother lifted the great pot out of the oven, mashed the cooked potatoes to a broth in it, and then poured the yellow soup over the bread. The bits of bread at first danced about like little fishes, but, beginning soon to swell, they filled the bowl with a mass so dense that Dorel had some trouble to stir and mix it with her spoon. The five other children then took their places; the elder ones near their mother, and the younger ones near Dorel; but Gottlieb did not stir.

"Now, Gottlieb," said the old woman, "will you not join us?"

He refused churlishly: said he had supped.

"But you will take a spoon with us?" said Dorel, gently.

"If I won't," said the rude lover, "I won't, and that's enough."

With a sad look, Dorel folded her hands and said the usual grace. The seven spoons then fished together, amicably, in the bowl. Five of them came and went fast, and always traveled mouthward full to the brim, for the children had good appetites. Mother ate; but did not seem to like her supper; poor Dorel chased with her spoon individual bits of crust until she caught them, and, when she caught them, set them down again. Whenever her spoon left the bowl it went almost empty on its expedition to her lips. Her share, however, was not left, nor Gottlieb's either. Five busy spoons emptied the bowl and scraped its sides, and then were themselves scraped clean by five little red tongues. Gottlieb all the while provided table music, drumming against the oven-sides or whistling to himself.

"Children, have you had enough?"

"Yes, mother," they answered, half aloud, as if they were not quite certain of the fact they

were attesting. Dorel said grace again, and was clearing the table, when the mother said, "I will do that. Go you and put the children to bed." Dorel knew what was meant, and went up stairs with the children, trembling; one holding by her hand, another lying on her arm. Poor little Dorel!

The mother had an explanation—that is to say, as much of explanation as could be had with a stolid man, who did not well know his own humor. She accused him of being taken up with tailor Wenzel's daughter, and of being contemptuous, and calling Dorel a beggar. Then the honest woman thought he was no right man to be her daughter's husband, when he had the spirit to say that he would not have married her except for pity.

Dorel was hearing the children say their nightly prayers and proverbs, which she had always done gently and helpingly; but now she was letting them blunder as they would. The other children cried out upon little Fritz: "Dorel, Fritz says the wrong prayer;" then she became attentive until she heard the house door violently shut, so that the walls trembled, and upon that she ran down stairs. "O, mother, what have you done? Is Gottlieb gone?"

"Yes, Dorel, and I think he will not come back again." Then Dorel cried bitterly.

"He is not worth a drop of cold water, child," said the good woman. "It is an escape for you. He would have made your home a misery if you had married him."

"Ah, mother, you judge too soon. He is not bad, and I love him so fondly." The mother gently told her daughter of the cruel things Gottlieb had said: but Dorel had excuses ready for all. Gottlieb had been her love and hope: he was her love still. "If it is my sin," she said, "I can not help it; but I never felt my love for him as much as now—I can not tell you why. And yet I think it is because I am so sorry for him."

"If you take it so," said the mother, "I agree with you. For surely, unless Heaven be merciful, he will go doggedly to his own evil end."

"Just so, mother," Dorel answered quickly. "And the mercy of Heaven upon one creature is sent always, you know, through another. We must have mercy upon Gottlieb."

"What can you do? You never can run after him? What do you mean, Dorel?"

"I do not know, but it may be that I shall. One thing I know I can do for him, and I will do that to-night."

"And what is that, child?"

"I will pray for him," said the simple girl, and fell again a-crying.

The door opened suddenly, and some one entered. "If that should be he!" cried Dorel in sudden terror. "No," said the old woman, "only his good or evil genius could bring him back; the good would not work on him so soon, and I don't think him bad enough to come back and do evil." Indeed, it was only the good-natured, lame Minel who halted in, and who was set down hospitably by the stove, and had the table drawn so that she might rest her lame foot on the ledge of it. She was a little, pale-faced lace-worker of Dorel's age; a near neighbor; and she took out her lace-pillow which she had brought with her, and Dorel fetched hers, and the two girls went on by the pale lamplight with their endless labors. Minel often came in that way and was always welcome.

"I thought Gottlieb was here," she said, but she knew better.

"Gottlieb," answered the mother, sharply, "has left here forever; and if you like him, Minel, he is yours."

"Too late in the field," said Minel, laughing.

"But if Dorel is content?" the mother asked.

"Still, too late," answered the girl.

"That is not kindly said," Dorel objected, with her downcast eyes upon her work; "what may you mean?" Minel meant kindness; and, with hesitation, told how she had just seen Gottlieb going into tailor Wenzel's house; how, on the last Sunday, she had seen him at a dance with tailor Wenzel's daughter, fetching beer for her because she could not take a dram. Poor little Dorel's tears streamed over her glowing cheeks. "Let the bad man go," said her mother, "you can not wash his sins out with crying. It would be better that he cried himself."

"I am very sorry for him, mother," she sobbed; "besides, he was so good always, he can not have become bad all at once."

Minel endeavored, however, to show her friend why she, for her part, had not thought Gottlieb so good always. He was too proud of his house and bit of field; he worked at his joinery as if he could live without it; and people did say that he must soon needs try to live without it, for his little business was being lost. Dorel was too coy and innocent she feared. Gottlieb could get on faster with the tailor's daughter, who must call herself Lisette; because, forsooth, Lisel (Lizzy) was not fine enough!

The old woman next endeavored to show her daughter how she had secretly grieved at, and dreaded Gottlieb's boorishness and sullenness of temper. At last, Minel put up her work. Dorel did not, as usual, seek to delay her going. When she was gone, the old woman took the hand of her daughter tenderly and Dorel fell upon her neck and said, "Do not be angry, mother, but I am not able to think hardly of Gottlieb."

That foolish young man after he had broken with his sweetheart went to the public-house. There, he sat down at the table with a highly distinguished looking person: very lean, with sharp nose and elbows, and a yellow skin, but a most dignified air—the tailor Wenzel. He was a tailor who had seen the world; who, in his day, as he told the village people, had clothed princes. Wenzel soon found by the young fellow's conduct what had happened; and, although Gottlieb was as rude to him as he had been to Dorel's mother, he bore with the ill humor and did his best, like a good father, to divert the youth into the snares of Lisel. He fished with the clumsiest of bait; but fine angling would have been lost

upon Gottlieb, as indeed any kind of angling might have been; for he had then only one notion in his head. Having wronged Dorel, he meant she should repent it—for he still clung to her in a churlish way—and his one thought that he enjoyed over his brandy was "I'll make her come after me yet." The tailor's hints were, however, so far in accordance with the youth's mood that he adopted the advice to go, when he had taken a full dose of the boldness purchasable at a tavern, to the tailor's house.

There, he broke in abruptly upon Mother Wenzel and her daughter; the old woman in an armchair by the stove with a pet cat upon her lap; Lisel upon a stool, reading. When the damsel saw Gottlieb she uttered a small shriek, and dragged a dirty cloth from underneath the oven, which she threw over her shoulders, dragged about with all her fingers in her hair, and said, "Good gracious! this is too great an honor! Please to be seated."

"If I'm not disturbing you," said Gottlieb, placing himself quite at his ease, still in a dogged way. "You were reading the Bible or the hymn-book, I suppose?"

"Oh dear, no," said Lisel, ashamed of the imputation, and quite eager to rebut it. "The book is called Rinaldo Rinaldini. Properly he's a robber; but so very nice. And Rosa—that is Rinaldini's love—she has *such* courage; and the Lion—that is Rinaldini—becomes when he speaks to her *such* a lamb. Doesn't he, mother?"

"That's true," she replied. "Lisel reads so naturally."

"Go on, then," said Gottlieb. "I'm in the mood myself, just now, to be a Ruinini, or what's the fellow's name. The world's too bad for me, and I've broken with Dorel. But the girl shall come after me yet."

"Broken with Dorel!"

"Yes. She is too proud, and her mother is the vilest woman in the world."

"There you have it!" said old Mother Wenzel. "Well for you, you are out of the snare. You would have had to support that entire tribe of children. Old and young were regularly fishing for you. Such a rich, handsome son-in-law is not to be had every day. But what will you do now, Gottlieb? You can't stay as you are."

"No," said the lout. "In spite to Dorel, that I can't. So I come here."

The mother rose, and, gently sliding her beloved cat down to the ground, made the young man a courtesy. "Too much honor for us and Lisel!" Lisel looked upon the ground and fumbled in the pages of Rinaldo, waiting for more precise communications. The cat, rubbing against the visitor's leg, received a kick, and departed wailing. "The nasty creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Wenzel, giving the lie to her sympathy with Gottlieb by caressing her afflicted favorite. Lisel listened attentively for the next words of the new Rinaldo. They were: "How can you keep such a beast of a cat? It shan't come near me. I can't bear dogs either, the beasts. Besides, why do you keep cats? What are mouse-traps for?" The old woman sat down with a grimace, and Lisel began reading viciously. Gottlieb pulled out his clay pipe, filled it, lighted it, and composed himself with quiet smoking. "Yes, yes," he said presently. "Dorel was not so bad, and things wouldn't have gone so far but for the mother. She was too bad altogether; she can talk, ay, she can talk one's heart asunder. But Dorel shall come after me yet. I don't care."

The old woman stroked the cat that was again at rest upon her lap; Lisel read on; but both women were at heart vexed and impatient: "Well, to be sure," Gottlieb continued; "Dorel's properly a neat girl. Be she as she may, I should like to see the girl that is her match. And what I like in her is, that she can't abide beasts of cats, who do nothing but eat up one's victuals." Mrs. Wenzel's wrath thereupon boiled over, but she still prudently endeavored to extract from the young man some definite pledge of surrender to her Lisel. Father Wenzel, coming in soon after from the tavern, found his household in distress, his daughter in despair and rage behind the stove, and his wife attacking the obtuse youth in vain. Tailor Wenzel came to the rescue. He insisted that the affair had all been settled between him and Gottlieb at the tavern; he dragged Lisel out of her hiding place; he gave her to Gottlieb, who received her open mouthed, then blessed them both, and told his wife to make a cup or two of coffee.

Next Sunday Gottlieb had his triumph. That is to say, he went to the dance arm in arm with his new sweetheart under Dorel's window. He had meant to fling defiance at the house as he went by, but his heart failed when he came near it, and he hurried away, dragging his Lisel after him in an ungainly fashion. Lisel looked up in triumph from among the roses and forget-me-nots inside her bonnet.

But she had no reason to enjoy her conquest. Gottlieb, though he betrothed himself for three long years, evaded marriage. After having endured his rudeness all that time, in hope of being one day mistress of his house and field, Lisel and her family abandoned their design. Lisel married a young journeyman tailor, who came by chance into the village.

Poor little Dorel during those three years worked at her lace pillow, and maintained and comforted her mother. She showed no change in her home-temper; and, as she scarcely ever went into the village except when she went to church, it could not be said that she was running after her lost swain. Twice, however, during that time, she became a topic in the neighborhood. Two suitors offered to take Gottlieb's place, both of them well to do; one of them, a young worker in the mines who had lately risen to the rank of under-overseer; the other, no less a person than the son and heir of the village innkeeper. Dorel refused them both, and a great talk arose upon that head. Was she too proud? Did she want Gottlieb back? Was there some fine gentleman in the background? Was it the mother who kept her, and lived upon her? Another event made

a great sensation. The widow's little hut was the last house in the village. A hundred paces farther on, the road passed through a thick pine forest, only passable by foot-travelers, or riders who could put trust in their horses. One evening, at twilight, the widow's family was alarmed by a cry for help at the door, and found a horseman who had come in from the wood, and stopped at the first house in the agonies of sudden illness. He was bent double and was stiff upon his horse. Dorel mounted a stool, and steadied by her mother, lifted him off, and took him in. She left him in her mother's care, conducted his horse to the inn, and then set off at dusk upon a mountain journey to the nearest doctor, who lived six miles distant. The stranger was a traveling merchant, and was on the point of death. After receiving much gentle help, he bequeathed a pocket-book and its contents to Dorel. With more gentle help, however, he recovered; eventually he departed, refusing to take back his gift, which was then found to contain good notes for three hundred dollars.

"Thank Heaven!" said the mother; "now we are at the end of trouble."

"Do you think so?" Dorel answered sorrowfully. "It seems to me that now our trouble will begin."

Months and years passed. The next great event in Dorel's life happened in winter time. A winter in the upper mountains of the Hartz, is very gloomy and very comfortless. Mountains and valleys lie covered yards deep with snow; roads have vanished, and the traveler on unknown ground incurs a risk of breaking through into some hidden chasm. The larch and pine-trees creak under their load of snow whenever the wind crosses them: and the whole forest seen at a distance, lies like a dark green girdle on the mountain sides. Ravens and crows become stiff in the open air, and are found fluttering behind the chimneys of huts. Out of the chimneys rises gray smoke in heavy piles from the brushwood mixed with dust and earth, which forms the fuel of the peasants. It is a poor fuel which smokes much and burns with a suppressed dull glow on their hearths. Ice is very thick on the little windows, and such light as they can ever admit is lessened by the heap of straw and refuse that rests against the walls outside, and rises higher than the window-ledge. There is a solemn silence on the mountains, only broken by the sledges of the charcoal burners, or the skimming over the hard snow of some light sleigh that belongs to a more wealthy mountaineer.

After a month of hard frost came a stormy but too warm south wind, threatening a rapid thaw. Thaw on the mountains brings with it unusual perils. Fields of snow, traversed easily in frosty weather, yield in critical places under the traveler's foot; and he is perhaps plunged into a mountain torrent, or falls into a prison with four walls of snow, which he attempts in vain to scale, and between which he perishes.

On such a day, Dorel had been working for a long time silently over her lace-pillow: not telling tales, as she did usually, to the younger children.

"Is any thing the matter, Dorel?"

"No, mother;" but she answered as if with her mind abroad.

"You do not talk. What ails you, child?"

Dorel owned that she felt ailing, though she knew not how. She was disturbed, she said. She dreaded some evil, she knew not what. The mother thought it must be heartburn. Dorel thought it might be heartburn, for her heart felt bad. She thought she would be better in the open air. It needed some persuasion to get leave to go abroad, because the mountain was not safe. At last her mother suggested that it was a long time since she had paid the minister a visit, and that if she went into the village she would still be among people. Dorel threw a frock over her shoulders, which served as cloak, and, pulling part of it as a hood over her head, drew it together under her chin, and looked out of it lovingly at her mother, with her fresh wholesome face and kindly black eyes, like the pretty girl she was; then hurried out. "God forgive my sin!" she said when she was out of doors. "It is the first lie I ever told mother. But I saw him go into the wood this morning, and he has not come back."

"She shall come after me yet," Gottlieb had said.

Dorel followed a path made by the hand-sledges, that went from the village to the wood. From the trees through which the wind was howling, the snow fell in dull heavy lumps about her, and she heard the hoarse crows crying hungrily. When she passed beyond the track of the sledges, her feet sank deeply in the snow as she worked on with anxious haste. At last, she stopped and looked about her. She felt sure that she was in the neighborhood of a small chasm called the Schieferbruch. Thence home, she knew her way. If she could but descend it! For that was the pit—about thirty yards deep—into which she had felt that Gottlieb might have fallen. "With the help of Heaven I will venture," she exclaimed, and struggled on till she found deep footsteps that crossed her path. At once she pursued their track. At one place the traveler had fallen. Farther on, something dark lay in a hollow—a fur cap. She wrung her hands. It was his cap, given to him by herself last Christmas four years.

From the edge of the chasm, at last Dorel looked down on a black object, silent under all her cries. She knelt waist-deep in snow, and prayed for a good angel to help her. "Gottlieb!" she cried again; "if you do not answer, may my sin be forgiven—I shall throw myself down to you among the snow!" She then heard a low wailing; and, commending to God her mother, the widow, and her household, she ventured to descend and struggle for her lover's life. Thrusting her arms into the snow when she was falling—climbing, rolling, sometimes buried nearly to the chin—Dorel came to the bottom safely, and flung herself on Gottlieb's body.

He still lived. With glowing hands she cleared away the snow in which he was imbedded. She rubbed his temples; and, having melted water by putting snow into her hands, she stooped to him, and let it flow between his lips. When his eyes opened, and his chest began to heave, she uttered a loud cry of joy, and tried to lift him by the shoulders; for he had no strength to help himself.

Then she remembered that she had a crust in her pocket which she had picked up when it had been left by one of the children in the bedroom. Gottlieb had no strength to bite it. "You will turn against it, Gottlieb, but there is no other help," she said, with a smile; and she bit the bread herself, and so stood over him, and fed him carefully, as a bird feeds her young. Then, when he could better use his limbs and stand upright, she bade him stamp upon the ground, and stamped before him merrily. At last they were able to climb up together out of the Schieferbruch, and Gottlieb was led by Dorel homeward. When they got into the track, there was Minel's little brother Karl to be seen turning a corner with a hand-sledge. "See," she said, laughing, "there is a carriage waiting for you!" She told Karl that he must lend his sledge and strength, to help in carrying the sick man home. Gottlieb was put, whether he would or no, into the dray; and Dorel, when she had taken the frock from her head and shoulders to throw over the young man's breast and face, started with Karl in the sledge. It was a fine sight for the villagers when Dorel was seen dragging Gottlieb out of the forest. She looked at nobody, and cared for nobody, conveyed him up to his own door, committed him to the care of his house-people, ordered peppermint tea to be made for him, and bade them put him instantly to bed. Then she went home, still glowing from the exercise.

"Thank God, Dorel, you are home at last. Where have you been?"

"Mother," she said, with emotion, "it was well that I went! But make me a cup of coffee. I am chilled."

"You shall have that, at once," said the widow, setting instantly to work upon it. "But what has happened to you?"

"Nothing to me. But, I was in time to save a man who was half-frozen in the Schieferbruch."

"Who was it?" the mother asked. Dorel turned aside with scarlet cheeks and tears; but said at last with forced indifference, "It was Gottlieb, mother."

"What! Gottlieb! the bad man! Heaven only knows, my child, what sort of stuff your heart is made of."

Gottlieb had been on his way to the next village to take the measure of a child's coffin, when he was caught in a thick snow-storm and missed his path. When the storm was over, he had staggered, half-faint, through the deep snow, until at last he fell where Dorel found him. Safe at home in bed, of course after what had happened, he repented heartily of his behavior to Dorel. Dorel, of course, would come or send to ask how he got on; then he would make amends to her. But Dorel did not come or send to ask how he got on. When he was up again and should have gone like a man to own his obligation to her and confess his evil-doing, he was too proud. He resolved to write. The ink was dry in the little bottle that hung by the wall; but he got up a brown broth in it with water. Then, as he found no paper in the house, he tore out a mouldy fly-leaf from his hymn-book, and wrote upon that. Having written his note, he folded, sealed it with glue out of his pot, and sent it by his landlady.

It was the first letter Dorel ever had received from any body, and she took it with astonishment and reverence. "I don't feel, mother, as if I ought to read it to myself. I will read it to you." It was the following:

"Dear Dorel—I have your frock with which you covered me when out of the Schieferbruch. Surely you want it, and I have something to tell you which your mother must not hear. So when the bells chime in the evening, you know where, namely behind the mill,

"I remain

"Your loving Gottlieb."

It is not needful to relate the mother's wrath at this. "Be easy, mother," Dorel said. "I have served four years for Gottlieb, and am not ashamed; perhaps Gottlieb can serve four years for me, but not in the way of that letter; that will not do. I am no Rachel, mother darling, but if I am only Leah, Gottlieb can be a Jacob. I abide by that."

Gottlieb adorned himself to meet his love in the miller's meadow, where they had met in old times twice before, and where he had been vexed with her for bringing, first her brother George as her companion, and next the lame Minel. No Dorel appeared. It was her pride, he said. It was her three hundred dollars. He was poorer than he had been, for his trade was almost gone. What did he care for her? So he went home sullen. Next day, he tied Dorel's frock in an old handkerchief and sent it to her by the landlady, hoping still that she might bring him back some message. But the frock was taken and the handkerchief returned, and nothing said.

Then Gottlieb began to put himself in Dorel's way, to pass her in the road and say, "good-morning!" when she went to church; he always had a courteous echo to his greeting and no more. Furthermore, he posted himself close before her seat at church. She looked at the minister and never once at him. The foolish fellow! If he had but gone with the right word in his mouth, to her cottage door! He persuaded Minel to sound her friend. Dorel, discovering that, was indignant for some minutes. Gottlieb then frequented taverns, neglected work, danced with Lisel: who, though married, was still a great dancer, and who had become able to take stronger drink than beer. He ran into debt, borrowed, sold his field, and hurried desperately to ruin.

"There is only one soul in the world that can

save Gottlieb," said Minel one day. "He is brought to this, through love of you, and through despair."

"And why," Dorel answered, "should he do evil for the love of me? It would be great sin if I made any man do ill who loved me. As for despair, I do not know what he despairs of; he has never said a word to me."

"But you know, Dorel, that he is ruined for love of you, and because you will have nothing to do with him. His house, too, is going to be seized for his debts, and he must go into the poor-house or—or kill himself."

"You say, Minel, that I will have nothing to do with him. Heaven knows I should have happier years behind me if I had felt so. And I should think it, for myself, a great sin even to suppose that I must be wicked because I am pained by love for somebody. I think that ought rather to make me good. And how do you know, Minel, that Gottlieb really loves me?"

"Why, you must own yourself that he cares for you only."

"I am a miserable woman!" exclaimed Dorel, weeping bitterly; "am I so bad and godless that I am to be won by defying Heaven? No, Minel. My heart is only too, too cheap, when it is to be had for a single spoken word. But Gottlieb's is not a good way of courting."

"And can you see him put into the poor-house?"

"Yes, I can, and marry him from the poor-house. I feel as though he must needs come to that, before his heart is softened."

"Let me tell Gottlieb what you say?"

"You might have told him of your own heart, what to do; but you must take no word from me. It is Gottlieb who must be the first to speak."

Gottlieb's house and goods were sold by auction; they were bought by the justice for two hundred and ninety dollars.

A year afterward, a poor old woman came to Dorel's cottage, with a kind greeting from Gottlieb, and an entreaty that she would go up to the poor-house, for that he would like to speak to her before he died.

"What do you say? Die!" cried Dorel, in great terror. "I never heard that he was ill."

"He's going fast," said the nurse carelessly. "I do as I can, but it's of no use."

"It can not be! What has happened?"

"He went out eight days ago, and came back yesterday as if his lungs were tied up with a cord. He wants the sacrament, and wants you and your mother. As he had nothing to cover him I've lent him an old gown; but it's sharp cold up there."

Dorel was gone while the woman spoke, crying, "Wait till my mother comes home, and then tell her."

The poor-house was a mud hut forming a single chamber. There was straw spread on a rude worm-eaten bedstead, and Gottlieb, wasted and ragged, lay on the straw: half covered by the patched gown of the nurse.

This was a great sorrow for Dorel. But when at last, after their few first words, he asked her for pardon, she bent over him, and said, "He who sees all things knows that I have nothing to pardon. You have made me sorry because you were blind. A year ago, if you had turned into the right course, we might both have been happy. I never have thought hardly of you, Gottlieb; I have loved you more dearly than you know. I knew you loved me in the bottom of your heart. I bought your cottage with my money—only my mother and the justice knew of that; and if you had come and said to me, 'I will defy God no more and put aside my stubbornness;' on that day I would have given you back the house and would have become your wife. But it was not to be."

"Now I see all," he said. "Alas my heart, and now it is too late."

"No! not too late," said Dorel. "Still in good time. Gottlieb, with you dies all my happiness in this world. I shall work alone until the end. But you will leave me, now, a holy memory and a blessed hope, Gottlieb. I will close your eyes to-day. Hereafter may you be sent to open mine!"

The sacrament was brought, and Gottlieb died and Dorel closed his eyes.

Years still ran on, and Dorel's mother died, and her brothers and sisters married away from her. She was left to the last, quietly working at her lace pillow, alone in the old house.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

THERE is a popular French book by Aimé Martin, which, during the last forty-four years, has gone through thirteen editions, the last recently, and which on each occasion of reprinting has been carefully made level with the knowledge of the day. It is an introduction to natural history and science, entitled Letters to Sophie, and the changes that have been made in it during the forty-four years of its existence would furnish an odd subject of speculation. The letters are filled with instructive and amusing facts, which glitter in the too luxuriant leafage like the gem fruits in a certain underground garden which a certain tailor's son once visited. Having got among them lately by some chance we filled our pockets from the store.

We will begin with the subject of Sensibility—the Sensibility of Nature. M. Durand lectured on Mineralogy in Paris, about fifty years ago, and he thought he proved that there was sensibility in stones. His great point was the love of the stone for the sun. It was quite a rose and nightingale scandal. Take a solution of salt, put one half of it in the sun; keep the rest in darkness. Superb crystals will form under the kiss of the sun, while in the shade the salt and water still remain salt and water. Light, said M. Durand, goes therefore into the composition of a crystal. Diamonds are almost wholly composed of sunlight; they are only found in places where the sun gives heat and light enough to make them. Now, said the French philosopher, what do you call that re-

ception of light to the bosom of a stone—what can you call that but love? He went farther, and asserting that all the highest mountains are placed under the equator, called them lumps of sunlight. They are imitations of the salt experiment on a large scale. Their granite peaks are crystalized light; but incomplete crystals. Give them more light and they will be complete—they will become crystals of the sublimest order, they will be diamonds—real Koh-i-noors, or mountains of light. If the sun were but a little brighter and a little hotter Chimborazo would be all one diamond, the Himalayas would be diamond steeps, and all towns in the East over the sunny side of their walls would have diamond turrets like Amberabad. Every sun-baked brick of Egypt would in that case become a jewel worth some quarts of Koh-i-noors.

All this is the result of the sensibilities of stones. The whole earth, many old sages believed—Kepler among them—was alive. M. Patrin taught of the earth how metals, plants, and minerals were formed by the gas in its body. It was not, to be sure, sensible like a man, but like a world. It could not talk words, but it could talk things.

This is not so very absurd. If the things in nature be not sensible, they certainly are not stupid. Look at a tree or a shrub. Bonuet used to say that at the end of all his study he could not see the difference between a cat and a rosebush. Let us see what the wits are that a rosebush has. Look at its leaves, with their smooth glittering surface turned to the sky; but their under-surfaces, all soft and full of pores, open to catch the moisture rising from the soil—half open when they need only a little, closed when they want none. The rain that falls upon the waxy roof made by the upper surface of the foliage runs off, and is dropped into the ground just over the sucking ends of all the rootlets. Turn some of those rose-leaves upside down. Lay a cat on her back, and she will not consent to remain in that unnatural position. The rose-leaf, too, objects to be inverted. A man may bend a branch so that its leaves all hang with the wrong side upward; but let him watch it. He will observe how all the little leaves slowly and very carefully begin to turn upon their stems. At the end of a few hours every leaf will have brought round its polished surface to the light, and be holding its open mouths again over the ground for drink.

Is the plant stupid? It knows what it wants and likes, and if that be within reach will get it. Put the rose-tree into soil with dry bad earth on its right hand and rich soil upon its left. You will not find it suffering its roots to be long in the dark about the trick that has been played them. They start out of course as usual, and as the mail-coaches used to do, in all directions; but those that begin their journey through poor dust receive in a mysterious way some information of the better land that is to be found by traveling in a contrary direction. Accordingly they all turn back to follow their companions who have gone into the richer pasturage. Propose to put those roots into jail, by digging a trench round the tree, or sinking a stone wall into the earth around it. The rootlets dive into the ground until they have reached the bottom of the obstacle, then pass it, and run up again until they find the level that best pleases them.

Who will now undertake to say that a plant is not sensible? Let Sophia go into the fields, and she will tread upon a multitude of flowers that know better than she does herself which way the wind blows, what o'clock it is, and what is to be thought about the weather. The *Calendula arvensis* opens in fine weather, and shuts up when rain is coming. The *Sonchus sibiricus* shuts up at the end of each day's business, but only remains tranquilly asleep when she has no doubts at all about the morrow, when she knows it will be fine. Let a traveler seek shelter from the sun under an acacia with thorns white as ivory, called by Linnæus the *Mimosa eburnia*. The dark shade on the sand perhaps becomes suddenly dotted with light; he looks up, and observes that his parasol is shutting itself up; that every leaf is putting itself to bed. If he will look closely he may observe too, that the leaves sleep by the dozen in a bed, nestling together in small heaps. The traveler has nothing to complain about; he does not need the shade; there is a cloud over the sun. The tree thinks—one is almost obliged to say, the tree thinks—that perhaps it will come on to rain. There is no reason why its whole roots should not be watered in the arid soil, and there is no reason why its leaves, delicately set on slender stems, should be beaten from their holdings. The leaves, therefore, are shut up and drawn together in small bundles, that they may find in union the strength which in isolation they do not possess: while at the same time room is left for the rain to pass between them to water the roots.

There is not an hour of the day that is not the beloved hour of some blossom, which to it alone opens her heart. Linnæus conceived the pleasant notion of a flower clock. Instead of a rude metal bell to thump the hour, there is a little flower bell ready to break out at three o'clock; a flower star that will shine forth at four; and a cup, perhaps, will appear at five o'clock, to remind old-fashioned folk that it is tea-time. Claude Lorraine, although he did not make a clock of four-and-twenty flowers in his garden, was a landscape painter most familiar with nature; and when he was abroad he could at any time know what o'clock it was by asking the time of the flowers of the field. It would have been of no use for him to ask a cat. The peasants of Auvergne and Languedoc all have at their doors beautiful barometers, in which there is no glass, quicksilver, or joiner's work. They were furnished by the flowers.

Let me put a spider into any lady's hand. She is aghast. She shrieks. The nasty ugly thing! Madam, the spider is perhaps shocked at your Brussels laces; and, although you may be the most exquisite miniature painter living, the spider has a right to laugh at your coarse daubs as she runs over them. Just show her your crochet work when you shriek at her. "Have you spent

half your days," the spider, if she be spiteful, may remark, "have you spent half your days upon the clumsy anti-macassars and these ottoman covers? My dear lady, is *that* your web? If I were big enough, I might with reason drop *you*, and cry out at you. Let me spend a day with you, and bring *my* work. I have four little bags of thread, such little bags! In every bag there are more than a thousand holes, such tiny, tiny holes! Out of each hole thread runs, and all the threads—more than four thousand threads—I spin together as they run, and when they are all spun, they make but one thread of the web I weave. I have a member of my family who is herself no bigger than a grain of sand. Imagine what a slender web she makes, and of that, too, each thread is made of four or five thousand threads that have passed out of her four bags through four or five thousand little holes. Would you drop her too, crying out about your delicacy? A pretty thing indeed for you to plume yourselves on delicacy and scream at us." Having made such a speech, we may suppose that the indignant creature fastens a rope round one of the rough points in the lady's hand and lets herself down lightly to the floor. Coming down stairs is noisy, clumsy work, compared with such a way of locomotion.

The creeping things we scorn, are miracles of beauty. They are more delicate than any ormolu clock or any lady's watch made, for pleasure's sake, no bigger than a shilling. Lyonnet counted four thousand and forty-one muscles in a single caterpillar, and these are a small part only of its works. Hooke found fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye of a bluebottle, and there are thirteen thousand three hundred separate bits, that go to provide for nothing but the act of breathing, in a carp.

Then there are wonders of locomotion in the world greater than any steam-engine can furnish. When the hart seeks the water-brooks, how many things are set in motion! Eyes to see where the water is, muscles to move the feet, nerves to stir the muscles, and a will—no man knows how—to stir the nerves. There are swift creatures who depend for self-protection on their legs, as hares and horses. Others less quick of movement commonly have weapons, as the bull or the rhinoceros. Birds living in marshes have long legs, as Frenchmen living in marshes, in the department of the Landes, make for themselves long legs by using stilts. Marsh birds have stilts born with them. The legs of animals are proportioned always to their bulk and to their habits. The huge body of the elephant stands upon four thick pillars, the stag has supports of a lighter and nimbler quality. Animals that get some of their living in the water, as beavers, otters, swans, ducks, and geese, are born with paddles on their feet. The mole, again, is born with spades on his fore legs; and the camel is born with his feet carefully padded, with his head lifted high above the sand waves, and his eyes carefully protected from glare and dust. One might think through a volume, to good purpose, about legs. Every creature has the legs it wants. A traveler in Africa relates how his baggage mule stumbled and fell, and could retain no footing over ground covered with fresh traces of the hippopotamus. The hippopotamus was born with clouts, and had the right feet for his own country; the mule was on a soil for which it had not been created.

Let us watch the movement of a little thing. How does a butterfly escape a bird? By tacking. It flies, when pursued, with a sharp zig-zag motion. Let us compare strength with strength. The commonest of beetles is in proportion six times stronger than the horse. Linnæus said of the elephant that if it were as strong for its size as a stag-beetle, it would be able to tear up the stoutest trees and knock down mountains.

The movements of birds upon the wing, furnish a familiar world of wonders: some fly like arrows, some describe circles in the sky, and others take a waving, undulating course. There are birds every where, and they are capable of almost any thing; what one bird can not do, another can. There are birds of the earth, birds of the water, and birds of the air. There are birds that scream at sea among the tempests, birds that sing at home of a calm evening in the tree shading the cottage door. There are birds that nest upon the soil in open plains, and there are birds that live in caverns: birds of the wood, birds of the mountain, birds that love towns and houses, birds living alone in deserts.

We have heard of the singing of swans. It is not quite a fable. During the winter nights, flocks of swans traverse the frozen plains of Iceland, filling the air with harmonies like murmurs of the lyre. There is perfect time kept at the concert which they give. The ablest bird opens the chant, a second follows, then a third, and finally the whole choir fills the sky with melody. The air is full of modulated utterances and responses, which the Icelander in his warm cabin is glad to hear; for he knows then that the spring weather is at hand.

There are more harmonies in nature than mere sounds afford. The world about us is all harmony, of which we can perceive only a part. The Cephisus that watered the gardens of the Academy, has disappeared with the woods of Mount Hymettus. The old Scamander has disappeared with the cedars of Mount Ida, under which it had its source. The climate of Italy was milder than it is, less relentless in its heat, before the destruction of the forests of the Tyrol. He who cuts down a tree destroys a colony of insects, a home or haunt of many birds, a source of food to quadrupeds perhaps, or even to man. The plantain-tree, that shades a fountain or hangs over the marshy borders of a stream, is a beautiful object. Between the river and the tree there is a harmony. The Persians were scourged with pestilential maladies from their marsh-bordered rivers, until they called the plantain-trees to their aid. "There has been no epidemic at Ispahan," says Chardin, "since the Persians adorned with such trees their river sides and gardens."

We may consider, too, the harmony of colors.

Raffaelle was not more choice about his painting than we find the sun to be. As winter departs, the modest violet first blossoms beneath a vail of leaves. The modesty means need of shelter. Protecting leaves radiate back upon the fragrant little flower all the heat that departs from it. As the snows disappear, blossoms of other flowers open which display themselves more boldly, but they are blanched or nearly so. In the passage from the last snows of winter to the first blossoms of spring, the harmony of color is preserved —hillsides and orchards are laden with a delicate white, varied rarely by the pink upon the almond-trees. Petels of apple-blossom floating on the wind mimic the flakes of snow that were so lately seen. As the warm season advances, colors deepen until we come to the dark crimson of autumn flowers and the brownness of the autumn leaves. This change is meant not only to be beautiful—it has its use. Why are the first spring flowers all white, or nearly white? Because, when the winds are still cold and when the sun is only moderately kind, a flower would be chilled to death if its heat radiated from it rapidly. But radiation takes place most freely from dark colors—from black, from the strongly defined greens, and blues, and reds. In the hot weather, flowers and leaves so colored, cool themselves more readily of nights, and form upon their surfaces the healing dew. In early spring, there is little need of dew or of facilities for cooling. The delicate spring flowers are, therefore, of a color that is least ready to encourage radiation. For the same reason—because white substances give out least freely the heat that they contain or cover—arctic animals are white as their native snows. For the same reason, too, the snow itself is white. When cold becomes severe, snow falls and hangs like a fur mantle about the soil. If snow were black, or red, or blue, it would still let some of the heat escape which is retained under its whiteness. The colors, even of men, darken in hot climates; in the hottest they are made quite black. Black substances give out their heat most freely.

In regions subject to a cold almost incessant, a short summer produces flowers of extremely vivid coloring. The summer, although short, is fierce, and the plants radiate fast that they may escape destruction. The dark verdure of the northern pines would cause them to lose heat with great rapidity. For compensation they are made to grow in pyramids that catch a cone of snow so cleverly as to great-coat them during the hard weather. Birch trees that grow in the same forests rise among the pines like silver columns, and they are not shaped to catch the snow, because they do not want it. They have their own light clothing of a brilliant whiteness.

Truly, we need not examine far into the wealth that is poured out in nature before we discover that

"Such bounty is no gift of chance."

Will not a study of such works as these teach boys to reason quite as well as Euclid? Have we touched, here, upon a kind of study that should be excluded from the discipline of schools? Has it no power to awaken intellect, to educate the head, the heart, and the soul?

ROYAL AMUSEMENTS IN JAVA.

THE terrible bull-fights, the national disgrace of civilized Spain, which were even transplanted to Mexico under the former Spanish dominion, and are carried on there with more ardor and pleasure than in their original home, have been frequently enough described with all the power language could command. We must confess, on the other hand, however, that we scarce knew any thing about the extraordinary tiger-fights which take place at the courts of the lesser princes in the island of Java, and which may be regarded as counterparts of the Spanish bull-fights, though emanating from a lower standpoint of civilization. We have come across a very animated description of them in a work by Franz Junghahn, a Dutch traveler, who has written a very valuable treatise on the internal state of Java from personal observation; and we will proceed to give our readers some account of the way these tiger-fights are carried on.

Writing from Solo, the seat of a little Javanese prince, who has the reverend title of Susuhunan, but is usually called Emperor by Europeans, Junghahn writes as follows:

"To-morrow there is a tiger-fight!"—this was the cry from every mouth. The tigers which had been captured for this purpose by command of the emperor, and have been kept alive, had devoured nearly every dog in the village, which was given them as food, either dead or alive. It was high time to have the fight carried out, if the tigers were not to perish of inanition.

The day arrives. In the front gallery with the Dutch resident are all the officers of the garrison, all the employés, and a few dozen citizens, all dressed in their gala clothes, as well as the royal princes—the latter are nearly all attired in European uniforms; the majority are lieutenants, some captains, a couple majors, and one even a colonel. They look very chivalrous, except that they have not laid aside one article of the Javanese national dress, namely, the colored handkerchief, with which they keep their long tresses in order.

At length the signal is given, the carriages drive up, and bear the company, surrounded by a swarm of pedestrians, to the palace. In the second court-yard all descend, and the procession proceeds on foot up and down flights of stairs: at several points musicians are stationed, who make a loud noise with their drums and trumpets. In the central court the body-guard is drawn up with shouldered pikes, and trumpeters also in waiting. Before the resident the guard lower their weapons reverentially. Thus they walk on to the actual entrance of the sanctuary. Here stands a troop of old, half-naked women! they receive the resident with shakes of the hand, and accompany him further to the "supreme master." These are important personages; they form the immediate body-guard of the emperor, whose per-

son no male servant dare approach. The procession has scarce passed through the last portal, before a fresh troop of red-coated musicians, adorned with plumes of feathers, who are drawn up in the central hall, commence making a tremendous noise with their drums, trumpets, and cymbals. Here the emperor is seated on his chair of state. The Europeans approach him with uncovered heads. The prince of the country rises with measured solemnity on the approach of the resident, and offers each European his hand with stately ceremony. The resident takes his place at his left hand, and the other Europeans by his side. A few minutes are passed silently and without a sound. Then they set out: the emperor and the resident, arm-in-arm, walk in front; women, with the upper parts of their bodies uncovered, follow next; they carry betel-boxes, spittoons, and the imperial velvet chair of state, which four of them hold high in the air. The Europeans joined the procession, mixed up with Javanese; the musicians again break out into their noisy accompaniment. Thus the procession moves along over the terrace to the front court, where the preparations for the tiger-fight have been made.

A cage is erected here, formed of trunks of trees and bamboos, fifteen feet high and ten feet in diameter. It contains a live buffalo, adorned with garlands round its neck and horns. The external circumference of the cage is surrounded by long oblong chests, made of stout planks. Each chest contains a live tiger, between whom and the buffalo only a trap-door forms a partition. When this is pulled up the buffalo places himself in a fighting position, with his head turned toward the door of the tiger's den. The tiger does not appear to show any inclination to commence hostilities; it is necessary to enrage the beast first by means of fire, or by poking at it with sharpened sticks. At length the tiger springs forth from the chest with a hoarse growl. The excitement of the spectators has reached its highest pitch. The buffalo turns round in a circle, always keeping its armed forehead opposed to the creeping and crouching enemy; and when the tiger is couchant, drives him with his horns against the sides of the chest. At another moment the tiger becomes the assailant, springs on the buffalo, and frequently fastens its teeth so firmly in the animal's back, that the buffalo tosses him back and forward in every direction. This horrible contest is repeated with many variations: at times the tiger climbs up to the roof of the cage, and is there caught in falling on the horns of the buffalo and again hurled in the air. Generally the tiger is soon exhausted, lies gnashing its teeth, and gasping for breath on the floor of the cage, while the buffalo walks restlessly round and round and shaking his head ominously. On other occasions the buffalo evinces no inclination for the contest, and both animals are irritated to an extreme pitch by burning straw or boiling water, which attendants sitting on the top of the cage pour down on the beasts, or through the so-called "buffalo herb," a species of stinging-nettle, which causes considerable inflammation. The buffalo is nearly always the victor; he receives a few slight wounds from the claws and teeth of the tiger, and eventually looks down with the pride of victory upon one or more dead and dying tigers which lie vanquished before him. The narrowness of the cage, in which the tiger can not move freely enough in its fashion and spring on the foe, aids the buffalo to gain the victory, especially as tigers that have been shut up for any length of time, and have only satisfied their hunger with a scanty supply of dead dogs, soon lose their strength.

The battle is continually accompanied by the sound of hurried blows on the gamelang, between which the shouts of the spectators encouraging the animals may be heard echoing. At the close of the spectacle the signal for silence was given. The emperor had been regarding the spectacle, seated on his throne at some little distance, and between him and the cage was a long open space, which was bounded by rows of Europeans. They now seated themselves again, and the viceroy and premier, Pangerang Adipati, walks between the ranks to receive the further commands of his highness. The viceroy, a rather lively and corpulent old man of reverend aspect, with long gray hair, dressed in rich Javanese clothes, with the little white cylindrical cap, which is a sign of high rank at court, throws himself, at a distance of twenty-five paces, down upon the uncovered sandy soil, raises his clasped hands to his broad forehead, and salutes his master. While seated on the ground he crawls further along for about five steps, then repeats his salutation (called sembah), then crawls a few paces further, and eventually, after the third repetition of this ceremony, remaining seated in all humility on the ground before his lord, at a distance of fifteen paces, which he dare not encroach upon. The deepest silence prevails all around; the emperor sits motionless on his throne. The viceroy gives his report in a hoarse voice. At each, however short, paragraph of his speech, he raises his hands again to his forehead, which he holds in a suppliant posture, until the emperor has expressed his commands. This takes place in a solemn voice and in a few words. The viceroy replies in the same fashion, with many repetitions of the sembah. The order has been given for a contest of a different nature. The viceroy at length retires, cringing and slowly crawling backward.

The Susuhunan rises, walks in front, arm-in-arm with the resident. All his movements are made with studied calmness, and the state-chair is carried after him by the women in great solemnity. The procession walks to a little stage with a balcony-shaped elevation. As many Europeans as can find room then follow, and stand among the women, who, with their betel-boxes and spittoons, are quite inseparable from the emperor. These women, standing by dozens behind their lord's chair, mixed up with officers and employés in uniform, furnish a strange sight.

All the walls are thronged with spectators; even the branches of the surrounding trees bear living fruit. The whole square is full of people.

Not far from the royal balcony a company of lancers, three or four deep, has formed a hollow square; the space they inclose is about 300 feet long, and about half the breadth. The first row of soldiers hold their lances horizontal, the second at an acute angle, and the other perpendicularly.

In the centre of this square stand, at regular intervals apart, a number of wooden chests, each about eight feet long, and with the front turned toward the emperor; they resemble Javanese coffins, and contain each a live tiger.

Two festively-attired officials approach the balcony, kneel down and make their salaam; a signal from the ruler follows; they rise again with fresh sembahs, and retire with solemn and measured tread. The square opens to receive them, and then closes upon them. They go to the first tiger chest, pile straw, brushwood, and dry logs against the rear of it, and set it on fire. One mounts on the chest, cuts the ropes with which the lid was fastened down, pulls the latter up, rattling it once or twice, lifts it off, and throws it to some distance; all this is done with great solemnity; he then descends from the chest, falls on his knees, and for the last time makes a sembah to the emperor.

All eyes are fixed on the opening of the chest, the excitement growing apace the higher the fire behind it flares up. The officer retires, going through a dignified national dance, to which the blows of the gamelang furnish the accompaniment. The fire burns still higher; the two officials have quitted the square. At length, in the dark opening of the chest is seen the tiger; he growls furiously. The blows of the gamelang are redoubled. The tiger—it is a royal one—is not so tall, but surely as long as a buffalo. The splendid brute, as if proud of its beautiful striped garments, looks silently around undauntedly upon the three rows of sharp lances stretched out against it; the tiger walks three or four times up and down, and then lies down; the dazzling flames trouble it but little; it seems to be thoughtful, and to be trying to form some decision. At length it rises, and walks slowly to one side of the wall of lances, which it examines calmly. It finds no way of escape; it turns to the other side; but here countless lance-points are thrust out to greet it. Despair seems to seize upon it; it utters a hoarse hollow sound, and gallops along the ranks madly, trying to break through them in an oblique direction. But, wherever it approaches the ranks, a dozen spears immediately sink to receive it, and force it to retreat. It tries the same plan on the other side, but must retreat here, too; and thus it continues its furious, irregular gallop, until at last, spurred up to fury, it dares the last attempt—a leap on to the spears. But caught upon the lances, it falls backward, rolls over once or twice, then springs up again, runs a few paces further, receives fresh stabs from the lances, and at last sinks exhausted on the sand. Swarms of spearmen then surround it, and drive their death-dealing weapons into the royal brute.

The sport is continued by opening several chests, and the victims all suffer the same fate. The beasts behave in different ways; many set off in a gallop at once, and throw themselves on the rows of spears. This is more especially a peculiarity with the leopards, and the younger animals. The majority look around cautiously, and do not hazard the *salto mortale* till after long hesitation; many even attempt to crawl back into the chest, although it is already on fire; others lie down in the square, and reveal no inclination to get up again. As a precaution against this, two baskets made of bamboo, and representing little huts, stand in the square; a few Javanese conceal themselves in them, and, moving along under their cover, approach the animal, and compel it to get up by pricking it with sharpened staves. After four or five tigers have been driven out of their chests and sacrificed, the glowing sun has reached its zenith, and brings a close to the spectacle by the fury of its beams.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THOMAS NEWCOME SINGS HIS LAST SONG.

THE earliest comers were the first mate and the medical officer of the ship in which the two gentlemen had come to England. The mate was a Scotchman: the doctor was a Scotchman; of the gentlemen from the Oriental Club, three were Scotchmen.

The Southerons, with one exception, were the last to arrive, and for awhile we stood looking out of the windows awaiting their coming. The first mate pulled out a pen-knife and arranged his nails. The Doctor and Mr. Binnie talked of the progress of medicine. Binnie had walked the hospitals of Edinburgh before getting his civil appointment to India. The three gentlemen from Hanover Square and the Colonel had plenty to say about Tom Smith of the Cavalry, and Harry Hall of the Engineers: how Topham was going to marry poor little Bob Wallis's widow; how many lakhs Barber had brought home, and the like. The tall gray-headed Englishman, who had been in the east too, in the king's service, joined for awhile in this conversation, but presently left

* Continued from the February Number.

it, and came and talked with Clive: "I knew your father in India," said the gentleman to the lad; "there is not a more gallant or respected officer in that service. I have a boy too, a step-son, who has just gone into the army; he is older than you, he was born at the end of the Waterloo year, and so was a great friend of his and mine, who was at your school, Sir Rawdon Crawley."

"He was in Gown Boys, I know," says the boy; "succeeded his uncle Pitt, fourth Baronet. I don't know how his mother—her who wrote the Hymns, you know, and goes to Mr. Honeyman's chapel—comes to be Rebecca, Lady Crawley. His father, Colonel Rawdon Crawley, died at Coventry Island, in August, 182—, and his uncle, Sir Pitt, not still September here. I remember, we used to talk about it at Gray Friars, when I was quite a little chap; and there were bets whether Crawley, I mean the young one, was a Baronet or not."

"When I sailed to Rigy Cornel," the first mate was speaking—nor can any spelling nor combination of letters of which I am master, reproduce this gentleman's accent when he was talking his best—"I racklackt they used always to sairve us a drem before denner. And as your frinds are kipping the denner, and as I've no watch to-night, I'll jist do as we used to do at Rigy. James, my fine fellow, jist look alive and breng me a small glass of brandy, will ye? Did ye iver try a brandy cock-tail, Cornel? Whin I sailed on the New York line, we used jest to make bits before denner: and—thank ye, James:" and he tossed off a glass of brandy.

Here a waiter announces, in a loud voice, "Sir Thomas de Boots," and the General enters, scowling round the room according to his fashion, very red in the face, very tight in the girth, splendidly attired with a choking white neckcloth, a voluminous waistcoat, and his orders on.



"Stars and garters, by jingo!" cries Mr. Frederic Bayham; "I say, Pendennis, have you any idea, is the Duke coming? I wouldn't have come in these Bluchers if I had known it. Confound it, no—Hoby himself, my own bootmaker, wouldn't have allowed poor F. B. to appear in Bluchers, if he had known that I was going to meet the Duke. My linen's all right, any how;" and F. B. breathed a thankful prayer for that. Indeed who, but the very curious, could tell that not F. B.'s but C. H.'s—Charles Honeyman's—was the mark upon that decorous linen?

Colonel Newcome introduced Sir Thomas to every one in the room, as he had introduced us all to each other previously, and as Sir Thomas looked at one after another, his face was kind enough to assume an expression which seemed to ask, "And who the devil are you, Sir?" as clearly as though the General himself had given utterance to the words. With the gentleman in the window talking to Clive he seemed to have some acquaintance and said not unkindly, "How d' you do, Dobbin."

The carriage of Sir Brian Newcome now drove up, from which the Baronet descended in state, leaning upon the arm of the Apollo in plush and powder, who closed the shutters of the great coach, and mounted by the side of the coachman, laced and periwigged. The Bench of Bishops has given up its wigs; can not the box, too, be made to resign that insane decoration? Is it necessary for our comfort, that the men who do our work in stable or household should be dressed like Merry-Andrews? Enter Sir Brian Newcome, smiling blandly: he greets his brother affectionately, Sir Thomas gayly; he nods and smiles to Clive, and graciously permits Mr. Pendennis to take hold of two fingers of his extended right hand. That gentleman is charmed, of course, with the condescension. What man could be otherwise than happy to be allowed a momentary embrace of two such precious fingers? When a gentleman so favors me, I always ask, mentally, why he has taken the trouble at all, and regret that I have not had the presence of mind to poke one finger against his two. If I were worth ten thousand a year, I can not help inwardly reflecting, and kept a large account in Threadneedle Street, I can not help thinking he would have favored me with the whole palm.

The arrival of these two grandees has somehow cast a solemnity over the company. The weather

is talked about: brilliant in itself, it does not occasion very brilliant remarks among Colonel Newcome's guests. Sir Brian really thinks it must be as hot as it is in India. Sir Thomas de Boots, swelling in his white waistcoat, in the armholes of which his thumbs are engaged, smiles scornfully, and wishes Sir Brian had ever felt a good sweltering day in the hot winds in India. Sir Brian withdraws the untenable proposition that London is as hot as Calcutta. Mr. Binnie looks at his watch, and at the Colonel. "We have only your nephew Tom to wait for," he says; "I think we may make so bold as to order the dinner,"—a proposal heartily seconded by Mr. Frederick Bayham.

The dinner appears steaming, borne by steaming waiters. The grandees take their places, one on each side of the Colonel. He begs Mr. Honeyman to say grace, and stands reverentially during that brief ceremony, while De Boots looks queerly at him from over his napkin. All the young men take their places at the further end of the table, round about Mr. Binnie; and at the end of the second course Mr. Barnes Newcome makes his appearance.

Mr. Barnes does not show the slightest degree of disturbance, although he disturbs all the company. Soup and fish are brought for him, and meat, which he leisurely eats, while twelve other gentlemen are kept waiting. We mark Mr. Binnie's twinkling eyes, as they watch the young man. "Eh," he seems to say, "but that's just about as free and easy a young chap as ever I set eyes on." And so Mr. Barnes *was* a cool young chap. That dish is so good, he must really have some more. He discusses the second supply leisurely; and turning round simpering to his neighbor, says, "I really hope I'm not keeping every body waiting."

"Hem!" grunts the neighbor, Mr. Bayham; "it doesn't much matter, for we had all pretty well done dinner." Barnes takes a note of Mr. Bayham's dress—his long frock-coat, the ribbon round his neck; and surveys him with an admirable impudence. "Who are these people," thinks he, "my uncle has got together?" He bows graciously to the honest Colonel, who asks him to take wine. He is so insufferably affable, that every man near him would like to give him a beating.

All the time of the dinner the host was challenging every body to drink wine, in his honest old-fashioned way, and Mr. Binnie seconding the chief entertainer. Such was the way in England and Scotland when they were young men. And when Binnie, asking Sir Brian, receives for reply from the Baronet—"Thank you. No, my dear Sir. I have exceeded already, positively exceeded," the poor discomfited gentleman hardly knows whither to apply; but, luckily, Tom Norris, the first mate, comes to his rescue, and cries out, "Mr. Binnie, *I've* not had enough, and I'll drink a glass of any thing ye like with ye." The fact is, that Mr. Norris *has* had enough. He has drunk bumpers to the health of every member of the company; his glass has been filled scores of times by watchful waiters. So has Mr. Bayham absorbed great quantities of drink; but without any visible effect on that veteran toper. So has young Clive taken more than is good for him. His cheeks are flushed and burning; he is chattering and laughing loudly at his end of the table. Mr. Warrington eyes the lad with some curiosity; and then regards Mr. Barnes with a look of scorn, which does not scorch that affable young person.

I am obliged to confess that the mate of the Indiaman at an early period of the dessert, and when nobody had asked him for any such public expression of his opinion, insisted on rising and proposing the health of Colonel Newcome, whose virtues he lauded outrageously, and whom he pronounced to be one of the best of mortal men. Sir Brian looked very much alarmed at the commencement of this speech, which the mate delivered with immense shrieks and gesticulation: but the Baronet recovered during the course of the rambling oration, and at its conclusion gracefully tapped the table with one of those patronizing fingers; and lifting up a glass containing at least a thimble-full of claret, said, "My dear brother, I drink your health with all my heart, I'm su-ah." The youthful Barnes had uttered many "Hear, hears!" during the discourse with an irony, which, with every fresh glass of wine he drank, he cared less to conceal. And though Barnes had come late he had drunk largely, making up for lost time.

Those ironical cheers, and all his cousin's behavior during dinner had struck young Clive, who was growing very angry. He growled out remarks uncomplimentary to Barnes. His eyes, as he looked toward his kinsman, flashed out challenges, of which we who were watching him could see the warlike purport. Warrington looked at Bayham and Pendennis with glances of apprehension. We saw that danger was brooding, unless the one young man could be restrained from his impertinence, and the other from his wine.

Colonel Newcome said a very few words in reply to his honest friend the chief mate: and there the matter might have ended: but I am sorry to say Mr. Binnie now thought it necessary to rise and deliver himself of some remarks regarding the King's service, coupled with the name of Major General Sir Thomas de Boots, K.C.B., &c.—the receipt of which that gallant officer was obliged to acknowledge in a confusion amounting almost to apoplexy. The glasses went whack whack upon the hospitable board; the evening set in for public speaking. Encouraged by his last effort, Mr. Binnie now proposed Sir Brian Newcome's health; and that Baronet rose and uttered an exceedingly lengthy speech, delivered with his wine glass on his bosom.

Then that sad rogue Bayham must get up, and call earnestly and respectfully for silence and the chairman's hearty sympathy, for the few observations which he had to propose. "Our armies had been drunk with proper enthusiasm —such men as he beheld around him deserved the applause of all honest hearts, and merited

the cheers with which their names had been received. (Hear, hear! from Barnes Newcome sarcastically. Hear, hear, HEAR! fiercely, from Clive.) But while we applaud our army, should we forget a profession still more exalted? Yes, still more exalted, I say in the face of the gallant General opposite, and that profession, I need not say, is the Church. (Applause.) Gentlemen, we have among us one who, while partaking largely of the dainties on this festive board, drinking freely of the sparkling wine-cup which our gallant hospitality administers to us, sanctifies by his presence the feast of which he partakes, inaugurates with appropriate benedictions, and graces it, I may say, both before and after meat. Gentlemen, Charles Honeyman was the friend of my childhood, his father the instructor of my early days. If Frederick Bayham's latter life has been checkered by misfortune, it may be that I have forgotten the precepts which the venerable parent of Charles Honeyman poured into an inattentive ear. He too, as a child, was not exempt from faults; as a young man, I am told, not quite free from youthful indiscretions. But in this present Anno Domini, we hail Charles Honeyman as a precept and an example, as a *decus fidei* and a *lumen ecclesiæ* (as I told him in the confidence of the private circle this morning, and ere I ever thought to publish my opinion in this distinguished company). Colonel Newcome and Mr. Binnie! I drink to the health of the Reverend Charles Honeyman, A.M. May we listen to many more of his sermons, as well as to that admirable discourse with which I am sure he is about to electrify us now. May we profit by his eloquence; and cherish in our memories the truths which come mended from his tongue!" He ceased; poor Honeyman had to rise on his legs, and gasp out a few incoherent remarks in reply. Without a book before him, the Incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's Chapel was no prophet, and the truth is he made poor work of his oration.

At the end of it, he, Sir Brian, Colonel Dobbin, and one of the Indian gentlemen quitted the room, in spite of the loud outcries of our generous host, who insisted that the party should not break up. "Close up, gentlemen," called out honest Newcome, "we are not going to part just yet. Let me fill your glass, General. You used to have no objection to a glass of wine." And he poured out a bumper for his friend, which the old campaigner sucked in with fitting gusto. "Who will give us a song? Binnie, give us the Laird of Cockpen. It's capital, my dear General. Capital," the Colonel whispered to his neighbor.

Mr. Binnie struck up the Laird of Cockpen, without, I am bound to say, the least reluctance. He bobbed to one man, and he winked to another, and he tossed his glass, and gave all the points of his song in a manner which did credit to his simplicity and his humor. You haughty Southerners little know how a jolly Scotch gentleman can *desipere in loco*, and how he chirrups over his honest cups. I do not say whether it was with the song or with Mr. Binnie that we were most amused. It was a good commonty, as Christopher Sly says; nor were we sorry when it was done.

Him the first mate succeeded; after which came a song from the redoubted F. Bayham, which he sang with a bass voice which Lablache might envy, and of which the chorus was frantically sung by the whole company. The cry was then for the Colonel; on which Barnes Newcome, who had been drinking much, started up with something like an oath, crying, "O, I can't stand this."

"Then leave it, confound you!" said young Clive, with fury in his face. "If our company is not good for you, why do you come into it?"

"Whas that?" asks Barnes, who was evidently affected by wine. Bayham roared "Silence!" and Barnes Newcome, looking round with a tipsy toss of the head, finally sate down.

The Colonel sang, as we have said, with a very high voice, using freely the falsetto, after the manner of the tenor-singers of his day. He chose one of his maritime songs, and got through the first verse very well, Barnes wagging his head at the chorus, with a "Bravo!" so offensive that Fred Bayham, his neighbor, gripped the



young man's arm, and told him to hold his confounded tongue.

The Colonel began his second verse: and here, as will often happen to amateur singers, his falsetto broke down. He was not in the least annoyed, for I saw him smile very good-naturedly; and he was going to try the verse again, when that unlucky Barnes first gave a sort of crowing imitation of the song, and then burst into a yell of laughter. Clive dashed a glass of wine in his face at the next minute, glass and all; and no one who had watched the young man's behavior was sorry for the insult.

I never saw a kind face express more terror than Colonel Newcome's. He started back as if he had himself received the blow from his son. "Gracious God!" he cried out. "My boy insult a gentleman at my table!"

"I'd like to do it again," says Clive, whose whole body was trembling with anger.

"Are you drunk, Sir?" shouted his father.

"The boy served the young fellow right, Sir," growled Fred Bayham in his deepest voice. "Come along, young man. Stand up straight, and keep a civil tongue in your head next time, mind you, when you dine with gentlemen. It's easy to see," says Fred, looking round with a knowing air, "that this young man hasn't got the usages of society—he's not been accustomed to it:" and he led the dandy out.

Others had meanwhile explained the state of the case to the Colonel—including Sir Thomas de Boots, who was highly energetic and delighted with Clive's spirit; and some were for having the song to continue; but the Colonel, puffing his cigar, said, "No. My pipe is out. I will never sing again." So this history will record no more of Thomas Newcome's musical performances.

CHAPTER XIV.

PARK LANE.



CLIVE woke up the next morning to be aware of a racking headache, and by the dim light of his throbbing eyes, to behold his father with solemn face at his bed-foot—a reproving conscience to greet his waking.

"You drank too much wine last night, and disgraced yourself, Sir," the old soldier said. "You must get up and eat humble pie this morning, my boy."

"Humble what, father?" asked the lad, hardly aware of his words, or the scene before him. "O, I've got such a headache!"

"Serve you right, Sir. Many a young fellow has had to go on parade in the morning, with a headache earned overnight. Drink this water. Now jump up. Now, dash the water well over your head. There you come! Make your toilet quickly, and let us be off, and find cousin Barnes before he has left home."

Clive obeyed the paternal orders; dressed himself quickly; and descending, found his father smoking his morning cigar in the apartment where they had dined the night before, and where the tables still were covered with the relics of yesterday's feast—the emptied bottles, the blank lamps, the scattered ashes and fruits, the wretched heeltaps that have been lying exposed all night to the air. Who does not know the aspect of an expired feast?

"The field of action strewed with the dead, my boy," says Clive's father. "See, here's the glass on the floor yet, and a great stain of claret on the carpet."

"O father!" says Clive, hanging his head down, "I know I shouldn't have done it. But Barnes Newcome would provoke the patience of Job; and I couldn't bear to have my father insulted."

"I am big enough to fight my own battles, my boy," the Colonel said good-naturedly, putting his hand on the lad's damp head. "How your head throbs! If Barnes laughed at my singing, depend upon it, Sir, there was something ridiculous in it, and he laughed because he could not help it. If he behaved ill, we should not; and to a man who is eating our salt too, and is of our blood."

"He is ashamed of our blood, father," cries Clive, still indignant.

"We ought to be ashamed of doing wrong. We must go and ask his pardon. Once when I was a young man in India," the father continued very gravely, "some hot words passed at mess—not such an insult as that of last night; I don't think I could have quite borne that—and people found fault with me for forgiving the youngster who had uttered the offensive expressions over his wine. Some of my acquaintance sneered at my courage, and that is a hard imputation for a young fellow of spirit to bear. But providentially, you see, it was war-time, and very soon after I had the good luck to show that I was not a *poule mouillée*, as the French call it; and the man who insulted me, and whom I forgave, became my fastest friend, and died by my side—it was poor Jack Cutler—at Argaum. We must go and ask Barnes Newcome's pardon, Sir, and forgive other peoples' trespasses, my boy, if we hope forgiveness of our own." His voice sank down as he spoke, and he bowed his honest head reverently. I have heard his son tell the simple story years afterward, with tears in his eyes.

Piccadilly was hardly yet awake, the next morning, and the sparkling dews and the poor homeless vagabonds still had possession of the grass of Hyde Park, as the pair walked up to Sir Brian Newcome's house, where the shutters were just opening to let in the day. The housemaid, who was scrubbing the steps of the house, and washing its trim feet in a manner which became

such a polite mansion's morning toilet, knew Master Clive, and smiled at him from under her blousy curl-papers, admitting the two gentlemen into Sir Brian's dining-room, where they proposed to wait until Mr. Barnes should appear. There they sate for an hour looking at Lawrence's picture of Lady Ann, leaning over a harp, attired in white muslin; at Harlowe's portrait of Mrs. Newcome, with her two sons simpering at her knees, painted at a time when the Newcome brothers were not the bald-headed, red-whiskered British merchants with whom the reader has made acquaintance, but chubby children with hair flowing down their backs, and quaint little swallow-tailed jackets and nankeen trowsers. A splendid portrait of the late Earl of Kew in his peer's robes hangs opposite his daughter and her harp. We are writing of George the Fourth's reign; I dare say there hung in the room a fine framed print of that great sovereign. The chandelier is in a canvas bag; the vast side-board, whereon are erected open frames for the support of Sir Brian Newcome's grand silver trays, which on dinner days gleam on that festive board, now groans under the weight of Sir Brian's blue-books. An immense receptacle for wine, shaped like a Roman sarcophagus, lurks under the side-board. Two people sitting at that large dining-table must talk very loud so as to make themselves heard across those great slabs of mahogany covered with damask. The butler and servants who attend at the table take a long time walking round it. I picture to myself two persons of ordinary size sitting in that great room at that great table, far apart, in neat evening costume, sipping a little sherry, silent, genteel, and glum; and think the great and wealthy are not always to be envied, and that there may be more comfort and happiness in a snug parlor, where you are served by a brisk little maid, than in a great dark, dreary dining-hall, where a funereal major-domo and a couple of stealthy footmen minister to you your mutton chops. They come and lay the cloth presently, wide as the main sheet of some tall ammiral. A pile of newspapers and letters for the master of the house, the *Newcome Sentinel*, old county paper, moderate conservative, in which our worthy townsman and member is praised, his benefactions are recorded, and his speeches given at full length; the *Newcome Independent*, in which our precious member is weekly described as a ninny, and informed almost every Thursday morning that he is a bloated aristocrat, as he munches his dry toast. Heaps of letters, county papers, *Times* and *Morning Herald* for Sir Brian Newcome; little heaps of letters (dinner and soirée cards most of these), and *Morning Post* for Mr. Barnes. Punctually as eight o'clock strikes, that young gentleman comes to breakfast; his father will lie yet for another hour; the Baronet's prodigious labors in the House of Commons keeping him frequently out of bed till sunrise.

As his cousin entered the room, Clive turned very red, and perhaps a faint blush might appear on Barnes's pallid countenance. He came in, a handkerchief in one hand, a pamphlet in the other, and both hands being thus engaged, he could offer neither to his kinsmen.

"You are come to breakfast, I hope," he said —calling it "weakfast," and pronouncing the words with a most languid drawl—"or, perhaps, you want to see my father? He is never out of his room till half-past nine. Harper, did Sir Brian come in last night before or after me?" Harper, the butler, thinks Sir Brian came in after Mr. Barnes.

When that functionary had quitted the room, Barnes turned round to his uncle in a candid, smiling way, and said, "The fact is, Sir, I don't know when I came home myself very distinctly, and can't, of course, tell about my father. Generally, you know, there are two candles left in the hall, you know; and if there are two, you know, I know of course that my father is still at the House. But last night after that capital song you sang, hang me if I know what happened to me. I beg your pardon, Sir, I'm shocked at having been so overtaken. Such a confounded thing doesn't happen to me once in ten years. I do trust I didn't do any thing rude to any body, for I thought some of your friends the pleasantest fellows I ever met in my life; and as for the claret, 'gad, as if I hadn't had enough after dinner, I brought a quantity of it away with me on my shirt-front and waistcoat!"

"I beg your pardon, Barnes," Clive said, blushing deeply, "and I'm very sorry indeed for what passed; I threw it."

The Colonel, who had been listening with a queer expression of wonder and doubt on his face, here interrupted Mr. Barnes. "It was Clive that—that spilled the wine over you last night," Thomas Newcome said; "the young rascal had drunk a great deal too much wine, and had neither the use of his head nor his hands, and this morning I have given him a lecture, and he has come to ask your pardon for his clumsiness; and if you have forgotten your share in the night's transaction, I hope you have forgotten his, and will accept his hand and his apology."

"Apology! There's no apology," cries Barnes, holding out a couple of fingers of his hand, but looking toward the Colonel, "I don't know what happened any more than the dead. Did we have a row? Were there any glasses broken? The best way in such cases is to sweep 'em up. We can't mend them."

The Colonel said gravely—"that he was thankful to find that the disturbance of the night before had no worse result." He pulled the tail of Clive's coat, when that unlucky young blunderer was about to trouble his cousin with indiscreet questions or explanations, and checked his talk. "The other night you saw an old man in drink, my boy," he said, "and to what shame and degradation the old wretch had brought himself. Wine has given you a warning too, which I hope you will remember all your life; no one has seen me the worse for drink these forty years, and I hope both you young gentlemen will take counsel by an old soldier, who fully preaches

what he practices, and beseeches you to beware of the bottle."

After quitting their kinsman, the kind Colonel farther improved the occasion with his son; and told him out of his own experience many stories of quarrels, and duels, and wine; how the wine had occasioned the brawls; and the foolish speech over night the bloody meeting at morning; how he had known widows and orphans made by hot words uttered in idle orgies; how the truest honor was the manly confession of wrong; and the best courage the courage to avoid temptation. The humble-minded speaker, whose advice contained the best of all wisdom, that which comes from a gentle and reverent spirit, and a pure and generous heart, never for once thought of the effect which he might be producing, but uttered his simple say according to the truth within him. Indeed, he spoke out his mind pretty resolutely on all subjects which moved or interested him; and Clive, his son, and his honest chum, Mr. Binnie, who had a great deal more reading and much keener intelligence than the Colonel, were amused often at his naïve opinion about men, or books, or morals. Mr. Clive had a very fine natural sense of humor which played perpetually round his father's simple philosophy, with kind and smiling comments. Between this pair of friends the superiority of wit lay, almost from the very first, on the younger man's side; but, on the other hand, Clive felt a tender admiration for his father's goodness, a loving delight in contemplating his elder's character, which he has never lost, and which in the trials of their future life inexpressibly cheered and consoled both of them. *Beati illi!* O man of the world, whose wearied eyes may glance over this page, may those who come after you so regard you! O generous boy, who read in it, may you have such a friend to trust and cherish in youth, and in future days fondly and proudly to remember!

Some four or five weeks after the quasi reconciliation between Clive and his kinsman, the chief part of Sir Brian Newcome's family were assembled at the breakfast-table together, where the meal was taken in common, and at the early hour of eight (unless the senator was kept too late in the House of Commons overnight): and Lady Ann and her nursery were now returned to London again, little Alfred being perfectly set up by a month of Brighton air. It was a Thursday morning; on which day of the week, it has been said the *Newcome Independent* and the *Newcome Sentinel* both made their appearance upon the baronet's table. The household from above and from below; the maids and footmen from the basement; the nurses, children, and governesses from the attics; all poured into the room at the sound of a certain bell.

I do not sneer at the purpose for which, at that chiming eight o'clock bell, the household is called together. The urns are hissing, the plate is shining; the father of the house standing up, reads from a gilt book for three or four minutes in a measured cadence. The members of the family are around the table in an attitude of decent reverence, the younger children whisper responses at their mother's knees; the governess worships a little apart; the maids and the large footmen are in a cluster before their chairs, the upper servants performing their devotion on the other side of the side-board; the nurse whisks about the unconscious last-born and tosses it up and down during the ceremony. I do not sneer at that—at the act at which all these people are assembled—it is at the rest of the day I marvel; at the rest of the day, and what it brings. At the very instant when the voice has ceased speaking and the gilded book is shut, the world begins again, and for the next twenty-three hours and fifty-seven minutes, all that household is given up to it. The servile squad rises up and marches away to its basement, whence, should it happen to be a gala day, those tall gentlemen at present attired in Oxford mixture, will issue forth with flour plastered on their heads, yellow coats, pink breeches, sky-blue waistcoats, silver lace, buckles in their shoes, black silk bags on their backs, and I don't know what insane emblems of servility and absurd bedizenments of folly. Their very manner of speaking to what we call their masters and mistresses will be a like monstrous masquerade. You know no more of that race which inhabits the basement floor, than of the men and brethren of Timbuctoo, to whom some among us send missionaries. If you met some of your servants in the streets (I respectfully suppose for a moment that the reader is a person of high fashion and a great establishment), you would not know their faces. You might sleep under the same roof for half a century, and know nothing about them. If they were ill, you would not visit them, though you would send them an apothecary and of course order that they lacked for nothing. You are not unkind, you are not worse than your neighbors. Nay, perhaps if you did go into the kitchen, or to take the tea in the servants' hall, you would do little good, and only bore the folks assembled there. But so it is. With those fellow Christians who have just been saying Amen to your prayers, you have scarcely the community of Charity. They come, you don't know whence; they think and talk you don't know what; they die, and you don't care, or *vice versâ*. They answer the bell for prayers as they answer the bell for coals: for exactly three minutes in the day you all kneel together on one carpet—and, the desires and petitions of the servants and masters over, the rite called family worship is ended.

Exeunt servants, save those two who warm the newspaper, administer the muffins, and serve out the tea. Sir Brian reads his letters, and chumps his dry toast. Ethel whispers to her mother, she thinks Eliza is looking very ill. Lady Ann asks, which is Eliza? It is the woman that was ill before they left town? If she is ill, Mrs. Trotter had better send her away. Mrs. Trotter is only a great deal too good-natured. She is always keeping people who are ill. Then her Ladyship begins to read the *Morning Post*, and glances over the names of the persons who were present

at Baroness Bosco's ball, and Mrs. Toddle Tompkyns's *soireé dansante* in Belgrave Square.

"Every body was there," says Barnes, looking over from his paper.

"But who is Mrs. Toddle Tompkyns?" asks Mamma. "Who ever heard of a Mrs. Toddle Tompkyns? What do people mean by going to such a person?"

"Lady Popinjoy asked the people," Barnes says gravely; "The thing was really doosed well done. The woman looked frightened; but she's pretty, and I am told the daughter will have a great lot of money."

"Is she pretty, and did you dance with her?" asks Ethel.

"Me dance!" says Mr. Barnes. We are speaking of a time before Casinos were, and when the British youth were by no means so active in dancing practice as at this present period. Barnes resumed the reading of his county paper, but presently laid it down, with an execration so brisk and loud, that his mother gave a little outcry, and even his father looked up from his letters to ask the meaning of an oath so unexpected and ungenteel.

"My uncle, the Colonel of sepoys, and his amiable son have been paying a visit to Newcome —that's the news which I have the pleasure to announce to you," says Mr. Barnes.

"You are always sneering about our uncle," breaks in Ethel, with impetuous voice, "and saying unkind things about Clive. Our uncle is a dear, good, kind man, and I love him. He came to Brighton to see us, and went out every day for hours and hours with Alfred, and Clive too drew pictures for him. And he is good, and kind, and generous, and honest as his father. And Barnes is always speaking ill of him behind his back."

"And his aunt lets very nice lodgings, and is altogether a most desirable acquaintance," says Mr. Barnes. "What a shame it is that we have not cultivated that branch of the family."

"My dear fellow," cries Sir Brian, "I have no doubt Miss Honeyman is a most respectable person. Nothing is so ungenerous as to rebuke a gentleman or a lady on account of their poverty, and I coincide with Ethel in thinking that you speak of your uncle and his son in terms which, to say the least, are disrespectful."

"Miss Honeyman is a dear little old woman," breaks in Ethel. "Was not she kind to Alfred, Mamma, and did not she make him nice jelly? And a Doctor of Divinity—you know Clive's grandfather was a Doctor of Divinity, Mamma, there's a picture of him in a wig—is just as good as a banker, you know he is."

"Did you bring some of Miss Honeyman's lodging-house cards with you, Ethel?" says her brother, "and had we not better hang up one or two in Lombard Street; hers and our other relation's, Mrs. Mason?"

"My darling love, who is Mrs. Mason?" asks Lady Ann.

"Another member of the family, Ma'am. She was cousin—"

"She was no such thing, Sir," roars Sir Brian.

"She was relative and housemaid of my grandfather during his first marriage. She acted, I believe, as dry nurse to the distinguished Colonel of sepoys, my uncle. She has retired into private life in her native town of Newcome, and occupies her latter days by the management of a mangle. The Colonel and young pothouse have gone down to spend a few days with their elderly relative. It's all here in the paper, by Jove." Mr. Barnes clenched his fist, and stamped upon the newspaper with much energy.

"And so they should go down and see her, and so the Colonel should love his nurse, and not forget his relations if they are old and poor," cries Ethel, with a flush on her face, and tears starting into her eyes.

"Hear what the Newcome papers say about it," shrieks out Mr. Barnes, his voice quivering, his little eyes flashing out scorn. "It's in both the papers, I dare say. It will be in the *Times* to-morrow. By—it's delightful. Our paper only mentions the gratifying circumstance; here is the paragraph. 'Lieutenant Colonel Newcome, C.B., a distinguished Indian officer, and younger brother of our respected townsman and representative Sir Brian Newcome, Bart, has been staying for the last week at the King's Arms, in our city. He has been visited by the principal inhabitants and leading gentlemen of Newcome, and has come among us, as we understand, in order to pass a few days with an elderly relative, who has been living for many years past in great retirement in this place.'"

"Well, I see no great harm in that paragraph," says Sir Brian. "I wish my brother had gone to the Roebuck, and not to the King's Arms, as the Roebuck is our house; but he could not be expected to know much about the Newcome Inns, as he is a *new comer* himself. And I think it was very right of the people to call on him."

"Now hear what the *Independent* says, and see if you like that, Sir," cries Barnes, grinning fiercely; and he began to read as follows:

"'Mr. *Independent*—I was born and bred a Screwcomite, and am naturally proud of *every body* and *every thing* which bears the revered name of Screwcome. I am a Briton and a man, though I have not the honor of a vote for my native borough; if I had, you may be sure I would give it to our *admired* and *talented* representative, Don Pomposo Lickspittle Grindpauper, Poor House, Agincourt, Screwcome, whose ancestors fought with Julius Cæsar against William the Conqueror, and whose father certainly wielded a *cloth yard shaft* in London not fifty years ago.

"'Don Pomposo, as you know, seldom favors the town of Screwcome with a visit. Our gentry are not of *ancient birth* enough to be welcome to a Lady Screwcome. Our manufacturers make their money by trade. O fie! how can it be supposed that such *vulgarians* should be received among the *aristocratic society* of Screwcome House? Two balls in the season, and ten dozen of gooseberry, are enough for *them*.'"

"It's that scoundrel Parrot," burst out Sir



AN ASTOUNDING PIECE OF INTELLIGENCE.

Brian; "because I wouldn't have any more wine of him—No, it's Vidler, the apothecary. By Heavens! Lady Ann, I told you it would be so. Why didn't you ask the Miss Vidlers to your ball?"

"They were on the list," cries Lady Ann, "three of them. I did every thing I could; I consulted Mr. Vidler for poor Alfred, and he actually stopped and saw the dear child take the physic. Why were they not asked to the ball?" cries her Ladyship bewildered; "I declare to gracious goodness I don't know."

"Barnes scratched their names," cries Ethel, "out of the list, Mamma. You know you did, Barnes; you said you had gallipots enough."

"I don't think it is like Vidler's writing," said Mr. Barnes, perhaps willing to turn the conversation. "I think it must be that villain Duff, the baker, who made the song about us at the last election; but hear the rest of the paragraph," and he continued to read:

"'The Screwcomites are at this moment favored with a visit from a gentleman of the Screwcome family, who, having passed all his life *abroad*, is somewhat different from his relatives, whom we all so *love and honor!* This distinguished gentleman, this gallant soldier, has come among us, not merely to see our manufactures—in which Screwcome can vie with any city in the North—but an old servant and relation of his family, whom he is not above recognizing; who nursed him in his early days; who has been living in her native place for many years, supported by the generous bounty of Colonel N——. That gallant officer, accompanied by his son, a fine youth, has taken repeated drives round our beautiful environs in one of friend Taplow's (of the King's Arms) open drags, and accompanied

by Mrs. M——, now an aged lady, who speaks, with tears in her eyes, of the goodness and gratitude of her gallant soldier!

"'One day last week they drove to Screwcome House. Will it be believed that, though the house is only four miles distant from our city—though Don Pomposo's family have inhabited it these twelve years for four or five months every year—Mrs. M—— saw her cousin's house for the first time; has never set her eyes upon those grandees, except in public places, since the day when they *honored* the county, by purchasing the estate which they own?

"'I have, as I repeat, no vote for the borough; but if I had, O wouldn't I show my respectful gratitude at the next election, and plump for Pomposo! I shall keep my eye upon him; and am, Mr. *Independent*,

"'Your Constant Reader,

"'PEEPING TOM.'"

"The spirit of radicalism abroad in this country," said Sir Brian Newcome, crushing his egg-shell desperately, "is dreadful, really dreadful. We are on the edge of a positive volcano." Down went the egg-spoon into its crater. "The worst sentiments are every where publicly advocated; the licentiousness of the press has reached a pinnacle which menaces us with ruin; there is no law which these shameless newspapers respect; no rank which is safe from their attacks; no ancient landmark which the lava flood of democracy does not threaten to overwhelm and destroy."

"When I was at Spielburg," Barnes Newcome remarked kindly, "I saw three long-bearded, putty-faced blaguards pacin up and down a little court-yard, and Count Keppenheimer told me they were three damned editors of Milanese newspapers, who had had seven years of imprisonment already; and last year, when Keppenheimer came to shoot at Newcome, I showed him that old thief, old Batters, the proprietor of the *Independent*, and Potts, his infernal ally, driving in a dog-cart; and I said to him, Keppenheimer, I wish we had a place where we could lock up some of our infernal radicals of the press, or that you could take off those two villains to Spielburg; and as we were passin, that infernal Potts burst out laughin in my face, and cut one of my pointers over the head with his whip. We must do something with that *Independent*, Sir."

"We must," says the father, solemnly, "we must put it down, Barnes, we must put it down."

"I think," says Barnes, "we had best give the railway advertisements to Batters."

"But that makes the man of the *Sentinel* so angry," says the elder persecutor of the press.

"Then let us give Tom Potts some shootin at any rate; the ruffian is always poachin about our covers as it is. Speers should be written to, Sir, to keep a look out upon Batters and that villain his accomplice, and to be civil to them, and that sort of thing; and, damn it, to be down upon them whenever he sees the opportunity."

During the above conspiracy for bribing or crushing the independence of a great organ of British opinion, Miss Ethel Newcome held her tongue; but when her papa closed the conversation, by announcing solemnly that he would communicate with Speers, Ethel turning to her mother said, "Mamma, is it true that grandpapa has a relation living at Newcome who is old and poor?"

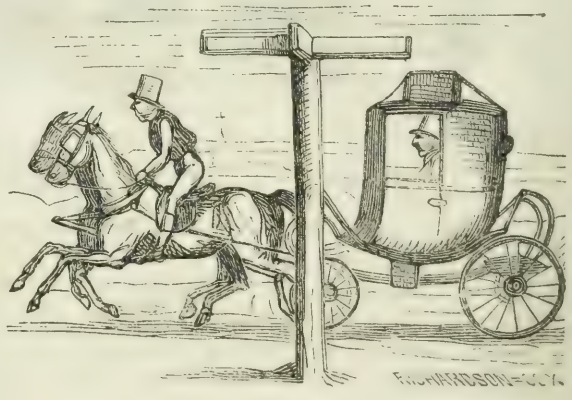
"My darling child, how on earth should I know?" says Lady Ann. "I dare say Mr. Newcome had plenty of poor relations."

"I am sure some on your side, Ann, have been good enough to visit me at the bank," says Sir Brian, who thought his wife's ejaculation was a reflection upon his family, whereas it was the statement of a simple fact in Natural History. "This person was no relation of my father's at all. She was remotely connected with his first wife, I believe. She acted as servant to him, and has been most handsomely pensioned by the Colonel."

"Who went to her, like a kind, dear, good, brave uncle as he is," cried Ethel; "the very day I go to Newcome I'll go to see her." She caught a look of negation in her father's eye, "I will go—that is, if papa will give me leave," says Miss Ethel.

"By Gad, Sir," says Barnes, "I think it is the very best thing she could do; and the best way of doing it, Ethel can go with one of the boys, and take Mrs. Whatdoyoucallem a gown, or a tract, or that sort of thing, and stop that infernal *Independent's* mouth."

"If we had gone sooner," said Miss Ethel, simply, "there would not have been all this abuse of us in the paper." To which statement her worldly father and brother perforce agreeing, we may congratulate good old Mrs. Mason upon the new and polite acquaintances she is about to make.



CHAPTER XV.

THE OLD LADIES.

THE above letter and conversation will show what our active Colonel's movements and history had been since the last chapter in which they were recorded. He and Clive took the Liverpool Mail, and traveled from Liverpool to Newcome with a post-chaise and a pair of horses, which landed them at the King's Arms. The Colonel delighted in post-chaising—the rapid transit through the country amused him, and cheered his spirits. Besides, had he not Dr. Johnson's word for it, that a swift journey in a post-chaise was one of the greatest enjoyments in life, and a

sojourn in a comfortable inn one of its chief pleasures? In traveling he was as happy and noisy as a boy. He talked to the waiters, and made friends with the landlord; got all the information which he could gather, regarding the towns into which he came; and drove about from one sight or curiosity to another with indefatigable good-humor and interest. It was good for Clive to see men and cities; to visit mills, manufactories, country seats, cathedrals. He asked a hundred questions regarding all things round about him; and any one caring to know who Thomas Newcome was, and what his rank and business, found no difficulty in having his questions answered by the simple and kindly traveler.

Mine host of the King's Arms, Mr. Taplow aforesaid, knew in five minutes who his guest was, and the errand on which he came. Was not Colonel Newcome's name painted on all his trunks and boxes? Was not his servant ready to answer all questions regarding the Colonel and his son? Newcome pretty generally introduced Clive to my landlord, when the latter brought his guest his bottle of wine. With old-fashioned cordiality, the Colonel would bid the landlord drink a glass of his own liquor, and seldom failed to say to him, "This is my son, Sir. We are traveling together to see the country. Every English gentleman should see his own country first, before he goes abroad, as we intend to do afterward—to make the Grand Tour. And I will thank you to tell me what there is remarkable in your town, and what we ought to see—antiquities, manufactures, and seats in the neighborhood. We wish to see every thing, Sir—every thing." Elaborate diaries of these home tours are still exant, in Clive's boyish manuscript and the Colonel's dashing handwriting—quaint records of places visited, and alarming accounts of inn bills paid.

So Mr. Taplow knew in five minutes that his guest was a brother of Sir Brian, their member; and saw the note dispatched by an ostler to "Mrs. Sarah Mason, Jubilee Row," announcing that the Colonel had arrived, and would be with her after his dinner. Mr. Taplow did not think fit to tell his guest that the house Sir Brian used—the Blue House—was the Roebuck, not the King's Arms. Might not the gentlemen be of different politics? Mr. Taplow's wine knew none.

Some of the jolliest fellows in all Newcome use the Boscawen Room at the King's Arms as their club, and pass numberless merry evenings and crack countless jokes there.

Duff, the baker; old Mr. Vidler, when he can get away from his medical labors (and his hand shakes, it must be owned, very much now, and his nose is very red); Parrot, the auctioneer; and that amusing dog, Tom Potts, the talented reporter of the *Independent*—were pretty constant attendants at the King's Arms; and Colonel Newcome's dinner was not over before some of these gentlemen knew what dishes he had had; how he had called for a bottle of sherry and a bottle of claret, like a gentleman; how he had paid the post-boys, and traveled with a servant, like a top-sawyer; that he was come to shake hands with an old nurse and relative of his family. Every one of those jolly Britons thought well of the Colonel for his affectionateness and liberality, and contrasted it with the behavior of the Tory Baronet—their representative.

His arrival made a sensation in the place. The Blue Club at the Roebuck discussed it, as well as the uncompromising Liberals at the King's Arms. Mr. Speers, Sir Brian's agent, did not know how to act, and advised Sir Brian by the next night's mail. The Reverend Dr. Bulders, the rector, left his card.

Meanwhile, it was not gain or business, but only love and gratitude which brought Thomas Newcome to his father's native town. Their dinner over, away went the Colonel and Clive, guided by the ostler, their previous messenger, to the humble little tenement, which Thomas Newcome's earliest friend inhabited. The good old woman put her spectacles into her Bible, and flung herself into her boy's arms, her boy who was more than fifty years old. She embraced Clive still more eagerly and frequently than she kissed his father. She did not know her Colonel with them whiskers. Clive was the very picture of the dear boy as he had left her almost two score years ago. And as fondly as she hung on the boy, her memory had ever clung round that early time when they were together. The good soul told endless tales of her darling's childhood, his frolics and beauty. To-day was uncertain to her, but the past was still bright and clear. As they sat prattling together over the bright tea-table, attended by the trim little maid, whose services the Colonel's bounty secured for his old nurse, the kind old creature insisted on having Clive by her side. Again and again she would think he was actually her own boy, forgetting in that sweet and pious hallucination, that the bronzed face, and thinned hair, and melancholy eyes of the veteran before her, were those of her nursling of old days. So for near half the space of man's allotted life he had been absent from her, and day and night, wherever he was, in sickness or health, in sorrow or danger, her innocent love and prayers had attended the absent darling. Not in vain, not in vain, does he live whose course is so befriended. Let us be thankful for our race, as we think of the love that blesses some of us. Surely it has something of Heaven in it, and angels celestial may rejoice in it, and admire it.

Having nothing whatever to do, our Colonel's movements are of course exceedingly rapid, and he has the very shortest time to spend in any single place. That evening, Saturday, and the next day, Sunday, when he will faithfully accompany his dear old nurse to church. And what a festival is that day for her, when she has her Colonel and that beautiful, brilliant boy of his by her side, and Mr. Hicks, the curate, looking at him, and the venerable Dr. Bulders himself eyeing him from the pulpit, and all the neighbors fluttering and whispering to be sure, who can be that fine, military gentleman, and that splendid young man sitting by old Mrs. Mason, and lead-

ing her so affectionately out of church? That Saturday and Sunday the Colonel will pass with good old Mason, but on Monday he must be off; on Tuesday he must be in London, he has important business in London—in fact, Tom Hamilton, of his regiment, comes up for election at the Oriental on that day, and on such an occasion could Thomas Newcome be absent? He drives away from the King's Arms through a row of smirking chambermaids, smiling waiters, and thankful ostlers, accompanied to the post-chaise, of which the obsequious Taplow shuts the door, and the Boscawen Room pronounces him that night to be a trump; and the whole of the busy town, ere the next day is over, has heard of his coming and departure, praised his kindliness and generosity, and no doubt contrasted it with the different behavior of the baronet, his brother, who has gone for some time by the ignominious sobriquet of Screwcome, in the neighborhood of his ancestral hall.

Dear old nurse Mason will have a score of visits to make and to receive, at all of which you may be sure that triumphant advent of the Colonel's will be discussed and admired. Mrs. Mason will show her beautiful new India shawl, and her splendid Bible with the large print, and the affectionate inscription, from Thomas Newcome to his dearest old friend; her little maid will exhibit her new gown; the curate will see the Bible, and Mrs. Bulders will admire the shawl; and the old friends and humble companions of the good old lady, as they take their Sunday walks by the pompous lodge-gates of Newcome Park, which stand with the baronet's new-fangled arms over them, gilded, and filagreed, and barred, will tell their stories too about the kind Colonel and his hard brother. When did Sir Brian ever visit a poor old woman's cottage, or his bailiff exempt from the rent? What good action, except a few thin blankets and beggarly coal and soup-tickets, did Newcome Park ever do for the poor? And as for the Colonel's wealth, lord bless you, he's been in India these five and thirty years; the baronet's money is a drop in the sea to his. The Colonel is the kindest, the best, the richest of men. These facts and opinions, doubtless, inspired the eloquent pen of "Peeping Tom," when he indited the sarcastic epistle to the *Newcome Independent*, which we perused over Sir Brian Newcome's shoulder in the last chapter.

And you may be sure Thomas Newcome had not been many weeks in England before good little Miss Honeyman, at Brighton, was favored with a visit from her dear Colonel. The envious Gawler scowling out of his bow-window, where the fly-blown card still proclaimed that his lodgings were unoccupied, had the mortification to behold a yellow post-chaise drive up to Miss Honeyman's door, and having discharged two gentlemen from within, trot away with servant and baggage to some house of entertainment other than Gawler's. While this wretch was cursing his own ill fate, and execrating yet more deeply Miss Honeyman's better fortune, the worthy little lady was treating her Colonel to a sisterly embrace, and a solemn reception. Hannah, the faithful housekeeper, was presented, and had a shake of the hand. The Colonel knew all about Hannah: ere he had been in England a week, a basket containing pots of jam of her confection, and a tongue of Hannah's curing, had arrived for the Colonel. That very night, when his servant had lodged Colonel Newcome's effects at the neighboring hotel, Hannah was in possession of one of the Colonel's shirts: she and her mistress having previously conspired to make a dozen of those garments for the family benefactor.

All the presents which Newcome had ever transmitted to his sister-in-law from India, had been taken out of the cotton and lavender in which the faithful creature kept them. It was a fine hot day in June, but I promise you Miss Honeyman wore her blazing scarlet Cashmere shawl; her great brooch, representing the Taj of Agra, was in her collar; and her bracelets (she used to say, "I am given to understand they are called Bangles, my dear, by the natives,") decorated the sleeves round her lean old hands, which trembled with pleasure as they received the kind grasp of the Colonel of colonel's. How busy those hands had been that morning! What custards they had whipped!—what a triumph of pie-crusts they had achieved! Before Colonel Newcome had been ten minutes in the house, the celebrated veal-cutlets made their appearance. Was not the whole house adorned in expectation of his coming? Had not Mr. Kuhn, the affable foreign gentleman of the first-floor lodgers, prepared a French dish? Was not Betty on the look-out, and instructed to put the cutlets on the fire at the very moment when the Colonel's carriage drove up to her mistress's door? The good woman's eyes twinkled, the kind old hand and voice shook, as holding up a bright glass of Madeira, Miss Honeyman drank the Colonel's health. "I promise you, my dear Colonel," says she, nodding her head, adorned with a bristling superstructure of lace and ribands, "I promise you that I can drink your health in good *wine!*" The wine was of his own sending; and so were the China fire-screens, and the sandal-wood workbox, and the ivory card-case, and those magnificent pink and white chessmen, carved like little sepoys and mandarins, with the castles on elephants' backs, George the Third and his queen in pink ivory, against the Emperor of China and lady in white—the delight of Clive's childhood, the chief ornament of the old spinster's sitting-room.

Miss Honeyman's little feast was pronounced to be the perfection of cookery; and when the meal was over, came a noise of little feet at the parlor-door, which being opened, there appeared, first, a tall nurse with a dancing baby; second and third, two little girls with little frocks, little trowsers, long ringlets, blue eyes, and blue ribbons to match; fourth, Master Alfred, now quite recovered from his illness, and holding by the hand, fifth, Miss Ethel Newcome, blushing like a rose.

Hannah, grinning, acted as mistress of the

ceremonies, calling out the names of "Miss Newcomes, Master Newcomes, to see the Colonel, if you please, Ma'am," bobbing a courtesy, and giving a knowing nod to Master Clive, as she smoothed her new silk apron. Hannah, too, was in new attire, all crisp and rustling, in the Colonel's honor. Miss Ethel did not cease blushing as she advanced toward her uncle; and the honest campaigner started up, blushing too. Mr. Clive rose also, as little Alfred, of whom he was a great friend, ran toward him. Clive rose, laughed, nodded at Ethel, and eat gingerbread-nuts all at the same time. As for Colonel Thomas Newcome and his niece, they fell in love with each other instantaneously, like Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess of China.

I have turned away one artist: the poor creature was utterly incompetent to depict the sublime, graceful, and pathetic personages and events with which this history will most assuredly abound, and I doubt whether even the designer engaged in his place can make such a portrait of Miss Ethel Newcome as shall satisfy her friends and her own sense of justice. That blush which we have indicated, he can not render. How are you to copy it with a steel point and a ball of printer's ink? That kindness which lights up the Colonel's eyes; gives an expression to the very wrinkles round about them; shines as a halo round his face—what artist can paint it? The painters of old, when they portrayed sainted personages, were fain to have recourse to compasses and gold-leaf—as if celestial splendor could be represented by Dutch metal! As our artist can not come up to this task, the reader will be pleased to let his fancy paint for itself the look of courtesy for a woman, admiration for a young beauty, protection for an innocent child, all of which are expressed upon the Colonel's kind face, as his eyes are set upon Ethel Newcome.

"Mamma has sent us to bid you welcome to England, Uncle," says Miss Ethel, advancing, and never thinking for a moment of laying aside that fine blush which she brought into the room, and which is *her* pretty symbol of youth, and modesty, and beauty.

He took a little slim white hand and laid it down on his brown palm, where it looked all the whiter: he cleared the grizzled mustachio from his mouth, and stooping down he kissed the little white hand with a great deal of grace and dignity. There was no point of resemblance, and yet a something in the girl's look, voice, and movements, which caused his heart to thrill, and an image out of the past to rise up and salute him. The eyes which had brightened his youth (and which he saw in his dreams and thoughts for faithful years afterward, as though they looked at him out of heaven), seemed to shine upon him after five-and-thirty years. He remembered such a fair bending neck and clustering hair, such a light foot and airy figure, such a slim hand lying in his own—and now parted from it with a gap of ten thousand long days between. It is an old saying, that we forget nothing; as people in fe-



ver begin suddenly to talk the language of their infancy: we are stricken by memory sometimes, and old affections rush back on us as vivid as in the time when they were our daily talk, when their presence gladdened our eyes, when their accents thrilled in our ears, when with passionate tears and grief we flung ourselves upon their hopeless corpses. Parting is death, at least as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end; it is carried off in a coffin, or, weeping in a post-chaise, it drops out of life one way or other, and the earth-clods close over it, and we see it no more. But it has been part of our souls, and it is eternal. Does a mother not love her dead infant? a man his lost mistress? with the fond wife nestling at his side—yes, with twenty children smiling round her knee. No doubt, as the old soldier held the girl's hand in his, the little talisman led him back to Hades, and he saw Leonora . . . . .

"How do you do, Uncle," say girls No. 2 and 3, in a pretty little infantile chorus. He drops the talisman, he is back in common life again—the dancing baby in the arms of the bobbing nurse babbles a welcome. Alfred looks up for awhile at his uncle in the white trowsers, and then instantly proposes that Clive should make him some drawings; and is on his knees at the next moment. He is always climbing on somebody or something, or winding over chairs, curling through bannisters, standing on somebody's head, or his own head—as his convalescence advances, his breakages are fearful. Miss Honeyman and Hannah will talk about his dilapidations for years after the little chap has left them. When he is a jolly young officer in the Guards, and comes to see them at Brighton, they will show him the blue dragon Chayny jar on which he *would* sit, and which he cried so fearfully upon breaking.

When this little party has gone out smiling to take its walk on the sea-shore, the Colonel sits down and resumes the interrupted dessert. Miss Honeyman talks of the children and their mother,

and the merits of Mr. Kuhn, and the beauty of Miss Ethel, glancing significantly toward Clive, who has had enough of gingerbread-nuts and dessert and wine, and whose youthful nose is by this time at the window. What kind-hearted woman, young or old, does not love match-making?

The Colonel, without lifting his eyes from the table, says "she reminds him of—of somebody he knew once."

"Indeed!" cries Miss Honeyman, and thinks Emma must have altered very much after going to India, for she had fair hair, and white eyelashes, and not a pretty foot certainly—but, my dear good lady, the Colonel is not thinking of the late Mrs. Casey.

He has taken a fitting quantity of the Madeira, the artless greeting of the people here, young and old, has warmed his heart, and he goes up-stairs to pay a visit to his sister-in-law, to whom he makes his most courteous bow as becomes a lady of her rank. Ethel takes her place quite naturally beside him during his visit. Where did he learn those fine manners, which all of us who knew him admired in him? He had a natural simplicity, an habitual practice of kind and generous thoughts; a pure mind, and therefore above hypocrisy and affectation—perhaps those French people with whom he had been intimate in early life had imparted to him some of the traditional graces of their *vieille cour*—certainly his half-brothers had inherited none such. "What is this that Barnes has written about his uncle, that the Colonel is ridiculous?" Lady Ann said to her daughter that night. "Your uncle is adorable. I have never seen a more perfect grand Seigneur. He puts me in mind of my grandfather, though grandpapa's grand manner was more artificial, and his voice spoiled by snuff. See the Colonel. He smokes round the garden, but with what perfect grace! This is the man Uncle Hobson, and your poor dear papa, have represented to us as a species of bear. Mr. Newcome, who has himself the *ton* of a waiter! The Colonel is perfect. What can Barnes mean by ridiculing him? I wish Barnes had such a distinguished air; but he is like his poor dear papa. *Que voulez-vous*, my love? The Newcomes are honorable: the Newcomes are wealthy: but distinguished; no. I never deluded myself with that notion when I married your poor dear papa. At once I pronounce Colonel Newcome a person to be in every way distinguished by us. On our return to London I shall present him to all our family: poor good man! let him see that his family have some presentable relations besides those whom he will meet at Mrs. Newcome's, in Bryanstone Square. You must go to Bryanstone Square, immediately we return to London. You must ask your cousins and their governess, and we will give them a little party. Mrs. Newcome is insupportable, but we must never forsake our relatives, Ethel. When you come out you will have to dine there, and to go to her ball. Every young lady in your position in the world has sacrifices to make, and duties to her family to perform. Look at me. Why did I marry your poor dear papa? From duty. Has your Aunt Fanny, who ran away with Captain Canonbury, been happy? They have eleven children, and are starving at Boulogne. Think of three of Fanny's boys in yellow stockings at the Bluecoat School. Your papa got them appointed. I am sure my papa would have gone mad, if he had seen that day! She came with one of the poor wretches to Park Lane: but I could not see them. My feelings would not allow me. When my maid, I had a French maid then—Louise, you remember; her conduct was *abominable:* so was Préville's—when she came and said that my Lady Fanny was below with a young gentleman, *qui portait des bas jaunes*, I could not see the child. I begged her to come up in my room: and, absolutely that I might not offend her, I went to bed. That wretch Louise met her at Boulogne and told her afterward. Good night, we must not stand chattering here any more. Heaven bless you, my darling! Those are the Colonel's windows! Look, he is smoking on his balcony—that must be Clive's room. Clive is a good kind boy. It was very kind of him to draw so many pictures for Alfred. Put the drawings away, Ethel. Mr. Smee saw some in Park Lane, and said they showed remarkable genius. What



a genius your aunt Emily had for drawing; but it was flowers! I had no genius in particular, so mamma used to say—and Doctor Belper said, 'My dear Lady Walham' (it was before my grandpapa's death), 'has Miss Ann a genius for sewing buttons and making puddens?'—puddens he pronounced it. Good night, my own love. Blessings, blessings on my Ethel!"

The Colonel from his balcony saw the slim figure of the retreating girl, and looked fondly after her: and as the smoke of his cigar floated in the air, he formed a fine castle in it, whereof Clive was lord, and that pretty Ethel, lady. "What a frank, generous, bright young creature is yonder!" thought he. "How cheery and gay she is; how good to Miss Honeyman, to whom she behaved with just the respect that was the old lady's due—how affectionate with her brothers and sisters. What a sweet voice she has! What a pretty little white hand it is! When she gave it me, it looked like a little white bird lying in mine. I must wear gloves, by Jove I must, and my coat *is* old-fashioned, as Binnie says; what a fine match might be made between that child and Clive! She reminds me of a pair of eyes I haven't seen these forty years. I would like to have Clive married to her; to see him out of the scrapes and dangers that young fellows encounter, and safe with such a sweet girl as that. If God had so willed it, I might have been happy myself, and could have made a woman happy. But the Fates were against me. I should like to see Clive happy, and then say *Nunc dimittis*. I shan't want any thing more to-night, Kean, and you can go to bed."

"Thank you, Colonel," says Kean, who enters, having prepared his master's bed-chamber, and is retiring when the Colonel calls after him.

"I say, Kean, is that blue coat of mine very old?"

"Uncommon white about the seams, Colonel," says the man.

"Is it older than other people's coats?"—Kean is obliged gravely to confess that the Colonel's coat is very queer.

"Get me another coat then—see that I don't do any thing or wear any thing unusual. I have been so long out of Europe, that I don't know the customs here, and am not above learning."

Kean retires, vowing that his master is an old trump; which opinion he had already expressed to Mr. Kuhn, Lady Hann's man, over a long potation which those two gentlemen had taken together. And, as all of us, in one way or another, are subject to this domestic criticism, from which not the most exalted can escape, I say, lucky is the man whose servants speak well of him.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH MR. SHERRICK LETS HIS HOUSE IN FITZROY SQUARE.

In spite of the sneers of the *Newcome Independent*, and the Colonel's unlucky visit to his nurse's native place, he still remained in high favor in Park Lane; where the worthy gentleman paid almost daily visits, and was received with welcome and almost affection, at least by the ladies and the children of the house. Who was it that took the children to Astley's but Uncle Newcome! I saw him there in the midst of a cluster of these little people, all children together. He laughed delighted at Mr. Merryman's jokes in the ring. He beheld the Battle of Waterloo with breathless interest, and was amazed—amazed, by Jove, Sir—at the prodigious likeness of the principal actor to the Emperor Napoleon; whose tomb he had visited on his return from India, as it pleased him to tell his little audience who sat clustering round him: the little girls, Sir Bryan's daughters, holding each by a finger of his honest hands; young Masters Alfred and Edward clapping and hurraing by his side; while Mr. Clive and Miss Ethel sat in the back of the box enjoying the scene, but with that decorum which belonged to their superior age and gravity. As for Clive, he was in these matters much older than the grizzled old warrior, his father. It did one good to hear the Colonel's honest laughs at clown's jokes, and to see the tenderness and simplicity with which he watched over this happy brood of young ones. How lavishly did he supply them with sweetmeats between the acts! There he sat in the midst of them, and ate an orange himself with perfect satisfaction. I wonder what sum of money Mr. Barnes Newcome would have taken to sit for five hours with his young brothers and sisters in a public box at the theatre and eat an orange in the face of the audience? When little Alfred went to Harrow, you may be sure Colonel Newcome and Clive galloped over to see the little man and tipped him royally. What money is better bestowed than that of a schoolboy's tip? How the kindness is recalled by the recipient in after days? It blesses him that gives and him that takes. Remember how happy such benefactions made you in your own early time, and go off on the very first fine day, and tip your nephew at school!

The Colonel's organ of benevolence was so large, that he would have liked to administer bounties to the young folks his nephews and nieces in Bryanstone Square, as well as to their cousins in Park Lane; but Mrs. Newcome was a great deal too virtuous to admit of such spoiling of children. She took the poor gentleman to task for an attempt upon her boys when those lads came home for their holidays, and caused them ruefully to give back the shining gold sovereign with which their uncle had thought to give them a treat.

"I do not quarrel with *other* families," says she; "I do not *allude* to other families;" meaning, of course, that she did not allude to Park Lane. "There *may* be children who are allowed to receive money from their father's grown-up friends. There *may* be children who hold out their hands for presents, and thus become mercenary in early life. I make no reflections with regard to *other* households. *I* only look, and think, and pray for the welfare of my *own* beloved



AN EVENING AT ASTLEY'S.

ones. They want for nothing. Heaven has bounteously furnished us with every comfort, with every elegance, with every luxury. Why need we be bounden to others, who have been ourselves so amply provided? I should consider it ingratitude, Colonel Newcome, want of proper spirit, to allow *my* boys to accept money. Mind, I make *no allusions*. When they go to school they receive a sovereign a-piece from their father, and a shilling a week, which is ample pocket-money. When they are at home, I desire that they may have rational amusements: I send them to the Polytechnic with Professor Hickson, who kindly explains to them some of the marvels of science and the wonders of machinery. I send them to the picture galleries and the British Museum. I go with them myself to the delightful lectures at the institution in Albemarle Street. I do not desire that they should attend theatrical exhibitions. I do not quarrel with those who go to plays; far from it. Who am I that I should venture to judge the conduct of others? When you wrote from India, expressing a wish that your boy should be made acquainted with the works of Shakspeare, I gave up my own opinion at once. Should I interpose between a child and his father? I encouraged the boy to go to the play, and sent him to the pit with one of our footmen."

"And you tipped him very handsomely, my dear Maria, too," said the good-natured Colonel, breaking in upon her sermon; but Virtue was not to be put off in that way.

"And why, Colonel Newcome," Virtue exclaimed, laying a pudgy little hand on its heart; "why did I treat Clive so? Because I stood toward him *in loco parentis;* because he was as a child to me, and I to him as a mother. I indulged him more than my own. I loved him with a true maternal tenderness. *Then* he was happy to come to our house: *then* perhaps Park Lane was not so often open to him as Bryanstone Square; but I make *no allusions*. *Then* he did not go six times to another house for once that

he came to mine. He was a simple, confiding, generous boy. He was not dazzled by worldly rank or titles of splendor. He could not find *these* in Bryanstone Square. A merchant's wife, a country lawyer's daughter—I could not be expected to have my humble board surrounded by titled aristocracy; I would not if I could. I love my own family too well; I am too honest, too simple—let me own it at once, Colonel Newcome, too *proud!* And now, now his father has come to England, and I have resigned him, and he meets with no titled aristocrats at my house, and he does not come here any more."

Tears rolled out of her little eyes as she spoke, and she covered her round face with her pocket-handkerchief.

Had Colonel Newcome read the paper that morning, he might have seen among what are called the fashionable announcements, the cause, perhaps, why his sister-in-law had exhibited so much anger and virtue. The *Morning Post* stated, that yesterday Sir Brian and Lady Newcome entertained at dinner His Excellency the Persian Embassador and Bucksheesh Bey; the Right Honorable Cannon Rowe, President of the Board of Control, and Lady Louisa Rowe; the Earl of H——, the Countess of Kew, the Earl of Kew, Sir Currey Baughton, Major General and Mrs. Hooker, Colonel Newcome, and Mr. Horace Fogey. Afterward her Ladyship had an assembly, which was attended by &c. &c.

This catalogue of illustrious names had been read by Mrs. Newcome to her spouse at breakfast, with such comments as she was in the habit of making.

"The President of the Board of Control, the Chairman of the Court of Directors, and Ex-Governor General of India, and a whole regiment of Kews. By Jove, Maria, the Colonel is in good company," cries Mr. Newcome, with a laugh. "That's the sort of dinner you should have given him. Some people to talk about India. When he dined with us he was put between old Lady Wormley and Professor Roots. I don't wonder at his going to sleep after dinner. I was off myself once or twice during that confounded long argument between Professor Roots and Dr. Windus. That Windus is the deuce to talk."

"Dr. Windus is a man of science, and his name is of European celebrity!" says Maria solemnly. "Any intellectual person would prefer such company to the titled nobodies into whose family your brother has married."

"There you go, Polly; you are always having a shy at Lady Ann and her relations," says Mr. Newcome, good-naturedly.

"A shy! How can you use such vulgar words, Mr. Newcome? What have I to do with Sir Brian's titled relations? I do not value nobility. I prefer people of science—people of intellect—to all the rank in the world."

"So you do," says Hobson, her spouse. "You have your party—Lady Ann has her party. You take your line—Lady Ann takes her line. You are a superior woman, my dear Polly; every one knows that. I'm a plain country farmer, I am. As long as you are happy, I am happy too. The people you get to dine here may talk Greek or algebra for what I care. By Jove, my dear, I think you can hold your own with the best of them."

"I have endeavored by assiduity to make up for time lost, and an early imperfect education," says Mrs. Newcome. "You married a poor country lawyer's daughter. You did not seek a partner in the Peerage, Mr. Newcome."

"No, no. Not such a confounded flat as that," cries Mr. Newcome, surveying his plump partner behind her silver teapot, with eyes of admiration.

"I had an imperfect education, but I knew its blessings, and have, I trust, endeavored to cultivate the humble talents which Heaven has given me, Mr. Newcome."

"Humble, by Jove!" exclaims the husband. "No gammon of that sort, Polly. You know well enough that you are a superior woman. I ain't a superior man. I know that: one is enough in a family. I leave the reading to you, my dear. Here comes my horses. I say, I wish you'd call on Lady Ann, to-day. Do go and see her, now that's a good girl. I know she is flighty, and that; and Brian's back is up a little. But he ain't a bad fellow; and I wish I could see you and his wife better friends."

On his way to the City, Mr. Newcome rode to look at the new house, No. 120, Fitzroy Square, which his brother, the Colonel, had taken in conjunction with that Indian friend of his, Mr. Binnie. Shrewd old cock, Mr. Binnie. Has brought home a good bit of money from India. Is looking out for safe investments. Has been introduced to Newcome Brothers. Mr. Newcome thinks very well of the Colonel's friend.

The house is vast, but it must be owned, melancholy. Not long since it was a ladies' school, in an unprosperous condition. The scar left by Madame Latour's brass plate may still be seen on the tall black door, cheerfully ornamented in the style of the end of the last century, with a funereal urn in the centre of the entry, and garlands, and the skulls of rams at each corner. Madame Latour, who at one time actually kept a large yellow coach, and drove her parlor young ladies in the Regent's Park, was an exile from her native country (Islington was her birth-place, and Grigson her paternal name), and an outlaw at the suit of Samuel Sherrick: that Mr. Sherrick, whose wine vaults undermine Lady Whittlesea's Chapel where the eloquent Honeyman preaches.

The house is Mr. Sherrick's house. Some say his name is Shadrach, and pretend to have known him as an orange boy, afterward as a chorus singer in the theatres, afterward as secretary to a great tragedian. I know nothing of these stories. He may or he may not be a partner of Mr. Campion, of Shepherd's Inn: he has a handsome villa, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, entertains good company, rather loud, of the sporting sort, rides and drives very showy horses, has boxes at the Opera whenever he likes, and free access behind the scenes: is handsome, dark.

bright-eyed, with a quantity of jewelry, and a tuft to his chin; sings sweetly sentimental songs after dinner. Who cares a fig what was the religion of Mr. Sherrick's ancestry, or what the occupation of his youth? Mr. Honeyman, a most respectable man surely, introduced Sherrick to the Colonel and Binnie.

Mr. Sherrick stocked their cellar with some of the wine over which Honeyman preached such lovely sermons. It was not dear; it was not bad when you dealt with Mr. Sherrick for wine alone. Going into his market with ready money in your hand, as our simple friends did, you were pretty fairly treated by Mr. Sherrick.

The house being taken, we may be certain there was fine amusement for Clive, Mr. Binnie, and the Colonel, in frequenting the sales, in the inspection of upholsterers' shops, and the purchase of furniture for the new mansion. It was like nobody else's house. There were three masters with four or five servants over them. Kean for the Colonel, and his son; a smart boy with boots for Mr. Binnie; Mrs. Kean to cook and keep house, with a couple of maids under her. The Colonel, himself, was great at making hash mutton, hot-pot, curry and pillau. What cozy pipes did we not smoke in the dining-room, in the drawing-room, or where we would! What pleasant evenings did we not have with Mr. Binnie's books and Schiedam! Then there were the solemn state dinners, at most of which the writer of this biography had a corner.

Clive had a tutor—Grindly of Corpus—whom we recommended to him, and with whom the young gentleman did not fatigue his brains very much; but his great *forte* decidedly lay in drawing. He sketched the horses, he sketched the dogs; all the servants, from the blear-eyed boot-boy to the rosy-cheeked lass, Mrs. Kean's niece, whom that virtuous housekeeper was always calling to come down stairs. He drew his father in all postures—asleep, on foot, or horseback; and jolly little Mr. Binnie, with his plump legs on a chair, or jumping briskly on the back of the cob which he rode. He should have drawn the pictures for this book, but that he no longer condescends to make sketches. Young Ridley was his daily friend now; and Grindly, his classics and mathematics over in the morning, and the ride with his father over, this pair of young men would constantly attend Gandishe's Drawing Academy, where, to be sure, Ridley passed many hours at work on his art, before his young friend and patron could be spared from his books to his pencil.

"Oh," says Clive, if you talk to him now about those early days, "it was a jolly time! I do not believe there was any young fellow in London so happy." And there hangs up in his painting-room now a head, painted at one sitting, of a man rather bald, with hair touched with gray, with a large mustache, and a sweet mouth half smiling beneath it, and melancholy eyes! and Clive shows that portrait of their grandfather to his children, and tells them that the whole world never saw a nobler gentleman.

BLANCHETTE—A FAIRY TALE.

THERE was once a bad king of France, Louis XI., and a pretty little dauphin, whom they called Charlot, but who was looking forward to be one day Charles VIII. The old king generally reigned, trembled, and suffered unseen within the dismal walls of the castle of Plessis-les-Tours. But about the middle of the year 1483, he went upon a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Cléry, accompanied by Tristan his hangman, Poictier his physician, and François-de-Paul his confessor, for the old tyrant feared greatly men and death and God.

The remembrance of one deed of blood among a thousand—that of the death of Jacques d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours—particularly tormented him. That great vassal had paid with his life an attempt at rebellion against his liege lord, and so far justice was satisfied. But the cruel monarch had compelled the three young children of the condemned noble to the same fate with their father, and for a long time after, the stings of a wounded conscience reproached him with the guilt of this unnecessary revenge. Frequently did he feel sorry for his crime; but he did not amend. By a strange inconsistency, common to most wicked men, remorse did not awake pity in his heart; and at the same time that, in the trembling consciousness of sin, he interposed the image of the Madonna between himself and the unquiet spectre of Nemours, which always haunted him, one of the innocent children of the late duke was languishing and dying in the dungeons of Plessis-les-Tours.

That castle was a terrible and mysterious place: its vestibules black with priests, its court bristling with soldiers, its chapel always illuminated, and its draw-bridge raised, gave it the double aspect of a citadel and a convent. Every one there spoke in a low tone, and trod with a measured step, as though they were pacing the avenues of a cemetery. Hopeless captives, buried by hundreds, groaned in the vaults beneath: some for having spoken against the king, some for having spoken against the people—the greater part, however, for nothing at all. Each slab of the pavement was a tombstone placed over the living. In this melancholy abode dwelt the Dauphin Charles, then in his twelfth year. Without employment for his mind, he lived nearly as solitary and secluded as his father's prisoners. In vain did the poor child look around him for some object to distract his attention from the miserable moans that from every side disturbed him. A forest, green and fresh, waved at the foot of the castle; the Loire, bright and joyous, meandered along the horizon; but the severity of the king was always creating some new horror, and there was not even the peace of solitude in this distressful place. Therefore, after notching his sword for a long time against the wall, and spelling the large characters, red and blue, of his *Rosary of Wars* and Holy Bible, this dreamy youth would pass his time leaning on the window-sill, and gazing for hours upon the beautiful sky of Touraine, and

imagining in the changing forms of the clouds armies and battles.

One day, his manner as well as his look expressed a greater degree of ennui than usual. The *Ave-Maria* of mid-day had been already chanted. His breakfast, which was composed, at his own request, of sweetmeats and confections, failed to entice him, and remained untouched upon the table, which he occasionally struck impatiently with his hand. He rose at intervals, gaping and yawning with expectancy and inquietude, and frequently repeating: "Blanchette, Blanchette! the breakfast will melt in the sun, and if you delay longer, the flies will eat your share;" and he listened for a reply. But as the forgetful guest did not answer to this invitation, the poor Amphytrion tormented himself still more, and stamped upon the ground. Suddenly a slight noise upon the carpet made him start up. He turned his head, uttered a faint cry, and fell back into his arm-chair, intoxicated with joy, and murmuring with a sigh: "*Child!*" You imagine, without doubt, that this Blanchette so earnestly desired was a fine lady, sister or cousin of the prince. Be not deceived: Blanchette was simply a little white mouse, so active that she glided along like a ray of light, and so gentle that, in time of war, she might have found grace with Grimalkin himself. Charles caressed the pretty little visitor. He looked at her with delight for a long time, while she ate biscuit from his hand; and then recollecting that it became his dignity to grumble, said, in a tone pleasantly grave: "Ah, miss, inform me, if you please, what I ought to think of your conduct. I have forbidden my doors to Olivier le Dain, the cat, whose physiognomy and whiskers frighten you; even Bec d'Or, my fine falcon, is dying of jealousy; and you leave me, ingrate, in this way, to run in the fields all night like other mice! And where have you been, regardless of your own danger and my anxiety? Where have you been? Tell me, for I will know." The interrogator pressed his questions, but, as may well be supposed, poor Blanchette answered nothing. She fixed her little intelligent eyes with a sorrowful air upon those of the grumbling child, and rumpled the pages of the Bible that lay half-open on the table. She stayed her pink paws, however, on the passage: "*To visit the prisoners!*" Charles became confused and surprised, as often happens to the presumptuous who receive a lesson at the moment when they intend to give one. He had many a time heard strange things of the underground inhabitants of Plessis-les-Tours, and many a time meditated a pious pilgrimage to the dungeon of the young Armagnac, whose age and birth more particularly excited his curiosity and sympathy. But the terror which his father inspired had hitherto restrained him. He now reproached his prudence as a crime, and determined the same evening to expiate his offense.

A few minutes after the curfew had tolled, he stole away from his turret, followed by a young page laden with a basketful of bread and wine and fruit, and descended into one of the interior courts of the castle. A company of the Scotch Guards was pacing along its massive walls in the light of the moon. "Who goes there?" cried a voice hoarse and menacing.

"The dauphin."

"No one passes here."

But Charles approached the officer of the watch, and whispered some words into his ear.

"If it be so, young prince, go on, and Heaven protect thee. If you are discovered, I am lost."

Our hero employed the same means with the other guards of the castle, and dispelled their scruples with the like success. Perhaps you are anxious to know what were those magic words which, in the mouth of a child, could sheath the sword and open the bolts of the prison-house. They were these: "*The king is very ill!*" Charles had faith in that formula, the all-powerfulness of which he had often experienced: it recalled to the memory of the gentlemen attached to the old king, to the soldiers, the courtiers, the jailers, and the pages, that the dislike of a child might be suddenly converted into the rancor of a king.

The dauphin and his page, under the guidance of the jailer, ventured, not without some hesitation, into the humid and gloomy vaults, and down the slimy spiral staircase, that menaced them with danger at every step. All three proceeded by the uncertain glare of a pine-torch—sometimes struck by the wing of a blind bat, sometimes annoyed by the water that dripped from the frigid walls. At length a noise, vague at first, but becoming more and more distinct at each advance—a noise of moaning and wailing announced the limit of their expedition. Picture to yourself a cage of iron fastened into the wall, low and narrow, where each movement must be one of pain, and where sleep could be only a continual nightmare! In this, a child groaned and tortured itself. I say child, though the Duke of Nemours, guest of that frightful dwelling-place, would soon attain his seventeenth year; for, could you have seen him, thin and pale as he was, you would have supposed him to be hardly twelve years old. Not yet arrived at manhood, he had suffered so much that he astonished the keepers themselves by his tenacity of life: and the jailer, who brought him daily his cruse of water and black bread, halted upon the threshold of the vault, demanding each time if it would not be better to send the grave-digger.

To accost the prisoner, the dauphin sought for kind words, but only found tears. Nemours understood that mute salutation, and responded to it with a sigh of acknowledgment. Then the two conversed through the bars of the cage. When the one declined assuming in that place the dignity of the son of a king, the other could not suppress a movement of surprise and alarm; but the uneasy impression was soon removed by the frank and open manner of the dauphin. Shut out for ten years from the things of the world, the young recluse was asking his royal friend naïve questions, such as remind us of those put by anchorites of the desert to occasional travelers

—"Do they still build towns?" "Do they still marry?"—when an unexpected incident gave a new and more lively turn to the conversation. A third person came and threw herself between these friends of an hour old; and that personage, so ill brought up as to intrude in this manner—I am ashamed to confess it—was no other than the messmate of the dauphin—the rival of Bec d'Or—Blanchette. Passing through the grating by favor of her small size, she mounted the legs and arms of the encaged Nemours, and lavished on the captive caresses as fond, if not more so, than those she had bestowed that morning on the young prince himself.

"Heyday! you know Blanchette?" said Charles, surprised and piqued.

"Do I know her?" replied Nemours; "for six years she has been my mouse, my friend, my sister."

"The ingrate! it was only this morning she partook of my biscuit and breakfast in the turret."

"For six years, monseigneur, she has come to my dungeon to share with me my black bread!"

"The little fiend!" murmured the young prince; but his childish rage vanished before the naïve smile of Nemours.

"I believe, monseigneur," said the young duke, "you will willingly do me the honor to break a lance with me for the fine eyes of Miss Blanchette? It is impossible this moment to comply with the challenge; see"—and Nemours held up before the eyes of his rival his arms incased in irons.

Then ensued an original and touching badinage between the son and the prisoner of Louis. Each of them pretended to surpass the other in misfortune: the one made his adversary touch the clammy walls and the thick bars of his prison, the other painted the ennui and living bondage of his court existence, the weight of which was insupportable; the one showed his tortured body, the other his bleeding heart; and both terminated their pleading by the same conclusion: "You see well, Nemours—you see well, monseigneur—that I have need of Blanchette to help me to live in this suffering." Thus, after a long dispute, they ended where they commenced. They resolved, then, to throw the matter into arbitration, and chose the object of the debate as umpire.

"You, mademoiselle," said the dauphin to Blanchette, "declare freely to which of us you would rather belong." And suddenly you might have seen the little mouse run from one to the other with all gentleness, then stop between them, looking at them in turns with her brilliant eyes, and seeming to say: "To you both, my children!"

Soon after, Tristan—that worthy associate of Louis XI.—and his master returned to Plessis-les-Tours. They were accompanied with distrust and alarm. The prince, however, did not discontinue his visits to the prisoner; indeed, they became from day to day longer and more frequent than ever; and what would not have failed to excite the suspicion of a child less candid than the dauphin Charles, the jailer, who up to this time had been only a reluctant and trembling accomplice in these interviews, now seemed to encourage and provoke them by his complaisance. One evening, the two friends chatted as usual, Charles leaning against a projection of the postern, Blanchette running from one to the other, and distributing her caresses with edifying impartiality. The conversation, a long time straggling, turned at last upon the projects of the young prince for his future reign.

"Let me see! what will you do when you are king?" gayly observed the prisoner, who, older in years, and especially in misfortune, had in the conversation a marked superiority over his friend.

"A fine question! I will make war."

Nemours sighed sadly.

"Yes," continued the dauphin, tapping his forehead with his forefinger, "I have had the design for a long time. First, I will go and conquer Italy—Italy, you see, Nemours, is a marvelous country: there the streets are filled with music, the bushes laden with oranges, and there are as many churches as houses. I will keep Italy for myself—then I will go and take Constantinople in passing, for my friend Andrew Palæologus; and afterward, with the aid of Heaven, I reckon upon delivering the Holy Sepulchre."

"And after that?" inquired the young duke with a leer.

"Ah! after that—after that"—repeated the ignorant dauphin, somewhat embarrassed—"afterward—I shall still have time to conquer other countries, if there be any."

"And your anxiety for glory will make you neglect your people? Will you do nothing for them?"

"Yes, truly! and first, before I go, I will send Oliver and Tristan to Jericho; and, moreover, I will put down all hangmen;" and as Blanchette at these words frisked more joyously and more caressingly than ever, he added in a gay tone: "I will do something for you, Blanchette—I will put down the cats!"

The two laughed heartily at this sally, but their gayety was only like a flash of lightning. They checked themselves suddenly, and looked at each other with alarm; for it appeared to them that other bursts of laughter, too different from theirs to be a simple echo, resounded against their gloomy walls. Nevertheless, they contrived to reassure each other.

"Hope and courage," said the young dauphin to the young duke, holding out his hand as a sign of adieu. The poor captive raised himself up to seize and press that consoling hand, but his limbs, benumbed by long torture, refused to perform his affectionate wish. He uttered a cry of pain, and fell back upon his stool.

"O dear! when shall I be king?" cried the young prince moved to tears.

"Soon, if God will," replied Nemours.

"Never!" interrupted a third speaker, at the time invisible. But presently Louis XI. appeared, and then Tristan, and then Poictiers, and then others, the familiars of the king.

By the glimmering light of a lantern, which one of them till then had kept concealed under his cloak, Charles could see the terrible old man advance with slow steps, like a spectre, and murmuring these words, broken by an obstinate cough: "Ah, gallant youth, you long for my crown, even while I'm alive, do you? Pious and prudent son, you dream already of my funeral! Wretch, your sword!" A fit of coughing more violent than the other interrupted him. The dauphin made no other resistance than that of repelling by a gesture of indignation Tristan, who had sprung forward to disarm him. He then gave his sword to one of the gentlemen present, and, at a signal from the king, was dragged off by the guard. Before leaving this subterranean habitation, Louis threw a look full of hate at the cage of his victim; then, leaning toward his intimate, Tristan, whispered some words into his ear.

"I understand," assented the hangman; "he must be got rid of—depend upon me. This night at twelve"—and finishing by pantomimic play the sense of the sentence, already too clear, struck his right hand smartly into the palm of his left. The cortège then departed, and in the midst of the diminishing sound of footsteps, Nemours could distinguish for a long time the voice of the dying despot, who coughed and grumbled, and spat death-warrants through his last teeth.

Poor Nemours! That sweet ray of Heaven, hope, had glided into his dungeon, only to make the darkness appear more profound. "To have numbered sixteen years," thought he; "to have met with a brother like the Dauphin Charles, and a sister like Blanchette, and now to—die!" And in each sound, vague and distant, of the castle-clock, which measured his last hours, he fancied he could hear a voice saying; "He must die, he must die!"

At length the deep spiral staircase resounded with hasty steps. A streak of light, escaping without doubt from the lantern of the executioner, illumined the threshold of the prison. The condemned, feeling that his hour was come, hurriedly threw the mouse, which he had kept close in his bosom, to the ground. "Adieu, my mouse," said he; "run away and hide thyself, or they will kill thee also." In the meanwhile the sound had gradually increased, the streak of light became larger and larger, the gate creaked upon its hinges, and, thinking that he could already see the gigantic outline of Tristan on the wall, the young duke clasped his hands, closed his eyes, recommended his spirit to God, and waited—— He had not long to wait.

"Duke of Nemours," cried out a tender and well-known voice, "you are free!"

The captive started at these words, threw a timid glance around him, and fancied he dreamed. But Charles was there—no longer timid, constrained, dejected as the evening before, but calm, grave, speaking and walking as a master. An hour of royalty had apparently matured him to reign. The noble ladies, who had accompanied him into this abode of torture, contemplated the young prisoner in his cage with smiles and tears; the gentlemen, on the other hand, pressed their hands upon the hilt of their swords, as they stood before that outrage against infancy which they witnessed; and a similar thrill went through the whole crowd of varlets, squires, and pages, who held the dismal flambeaux, and shook the vaults with cries of "Long live the king!"

"Yes," said Charles, "Heaven has made me within an hour an orphan and a king. Nemours, forgive my father, and pray for his soul." Turning to his attendants, he added: "Let this cage be instantly destroyed; let it be thrown into the Loire; and let not a fragment remain to keep alive a too painful remembrance."

The workmen ordered to proceed, devoted themselves to the task with ardor; but, to their surprise, the file was blunted by the bars without making any impression; and the stone in which they were fastened immovable, responded to the strokes of the hammer only by a dull and mocking sound.

"Sire," said an old monk, shaking his head, "all human effort will be ineffectual to execute your orders, for," added he, pointing to the cage, "this is not human workmanship. I have heard say that a gipsy sorcerer built it formerly, to save himself from the gibbet. It will be necessary, in order to break it to pieces, to have the aid either of the wand of a fairy—but there are no fairies nowadays that I know of—or of the infernal hand that constructed it—and the gipsy has long ago disappeared!"

"Let them search for the man, and bring him here," said the king. "To the person that shall find him, honors and rewards shall be given—a diamond of my crown, if he be noble; his weight in gold, if he be a plebeian;" and with a wave of his hand he dismissed his brilliant suite.

The two friends were left alone, except that some pages waited on them at a distance, looking at each other in silence. A terrible disquietude, which they dared not communicate, made their hearts beat in unison. "If the magic workman is dead," thought they, "the enchanted cage can never be opened!" Then they wept; but, strange to say, Blanchette for the first time did not appear moved at their tears—an idea more vivid and very natural occupied her mind. The clock of Plessis-les-Tours was on the point of striking the hour. Suddenly the gloomy and fetid vaults of the castle were filled with light and perfume; the iron cage moved *en masse*, like the scene of a theatre, and sank into the earth—who can tell where, if not to the infernal regions, whence the artist had drawn his inspiration. The frightened orphans believed that lightning and thunder proceeded from beneath. "Blanchette! Blanchette! where art thou?" they exclaimed, trembling for the life of their adopted sister.

"Here I am," replied a soft voice over their heads. Lifting up their eyes, they beheld with amazement a figure in the costume of a fairy, standing upon a pedestal of clouds, and holding

in her hand a glittering wand. "Be not afraid, my children," continued she: "it is I whom you call Blanchette, but whom my companions name the *Fairy of Tears*, for I love to succor the helpless, and comfort the afflicted. For a fault I committed in Fairyland, I was condemned to assume the shape of some animal or insect. I chose that in which you have loved me, that I might visit the captive in his dungeon. My time of punishment is expired, and my first act on restoration to power, has been to destroy the enchanted cage. Your tears are dried up, and my mission with you is accomplished."

The little king and the little duke clasping their hands, exclaimed: "Good little fairy, do not abandon us yet."

"I must," replied she with a grave air. "You have no more need of my consolations, which are wanted elsewhere. I hear near at hand a little beggar-girl, whose sobs call me. I must run to her aid. Adieu, my children!"

She spoke, and disappeared in a flash of lightning.

THE ACCESSION OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

ALEXANDER of Russia died on the first of December, 1825, at Taganrog on the Sea of Azof, the southern extremity of his dominions, fifteen hundred miles from his northern capital. He had outlived his reputation by ten years. Had he died immediately after the overthrow of Napoleon, the world might have doubted whether the Russian Czar was not the second great man of his century. He had come successfully out of that desperate contest which, commencing with the terrible disaster of Austerlitz, had been closed by the triumphant occupation of Paris. Of the confederacy which overthrew Napoleon he had been the soul and centre. His conduct, after the victory had been won—toward France, if not toward his great personal opponent—had shown a magnanimity worthy of the constancy with which the struggle had been waged. Alexander should have died in 1815. Had he died before 1820 history would have spoken of him as a monarch imbued with liberal ideas, compelled to rule despotically over a barbarous people, but hating the despotism whose powers he wielded, and anxious to replace it by liberal institutions. To the Polish Diet he formally announced that it was his purpose to extend a constitutional government to all the countries under his dominion; declaring that liberal institutions were perfectly allied to order, and the best security for the happiness of nations. This was in 1818. Two years later, when the great revolutionary movements in Southern Europe seemed on the point of overthrowing despotism in Spain and Italy, Alexander threw himself unreservedly into the arms of Absolutism. The "Holy Alliance," of which he had been the founder and main supporter, deserting its original purpose as a philanthropical and religious league among Christian governments, became a synonym for despotism. The sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, assembled in Congress at Laybach, determined that Italy should again be consigned to the power of the tyrants whose yoke had been shaken off; and formally announced the principle that all ameliorations made in the condition of the people were and should be merely the grace of the sovereigns. England and France took no part in this measure. The league of Absolutism was formed, and the Russian Czar was at its head; a position which he has ever since held. A vast conspiracy was soon formed among the younger and more enthusiastic of the officers of his army, carried on by means of secret societies, the object of which was to overthrow despotism in Russia, and in its place to establish a constitutional government. Some imperfect knowledge of this conspiracy was gained by the Czar, and his last days were embittered by it, though he little dreamed of its extent, and how close the outbreak was at hand.

Alexander died childless, at the age of forty-eight. None of his legitimate children had survived infancy. A devotee in religion, he had ever been an unfaithful husband; but the death of the last of the offspring of his illicit intrigues took place a few months before his own, so that no one survived to embarrass the regular succession to the throne. By the ancient laws of the empire the Czar had the power of selecting his own successor, his right of choice not being confined even to the Imperial family These laws had been formally annulled by Paul I., and the right of succession had been definitely fixed in the Imperial male line, in the order of their birth. The undoubted successor to the throne, as all men believed, was the Emperor's next brother, the Grand Duke Constantine—so named by his grandmother, the great Catharine, who hoped that he would one day be ruler of Constantinople, extending his sway over the dominions of the first Christian Emperor, whose name he bore.

Constantine was one of those strange characters who sometimes arise to puzzle philosophers and historians. Unlike all his brothers, who were remarkable for their stately and commanding presence, he had the Tartar visage of his father. His features were those of a genuine Calmuck. His forehead was low and mean; his nose, scarcely more elevated than that of an orang-outang, terminated in broad flat nostrils; long white eyebrows, always in motion, almost concealing his light blue eyes, contrasted oddly with his uncouth red face, deeply scarred by the small-pox. In disposition and manners he was a perfect savage, polished but not civilized. In his frequent and ungovernable paroxysms of rage, his savage nature burst out without restraint. Woe to the man who then encountered him. His eccentricities and excesses leave it doubtful whether he had not inherited the insanity of his ancestor. In his youth he was a great favorite with his grandmother, the famous Catharine, whom he amused by his petulance and oddities. As he grew up, a fondness for the details of military discipline became his absorbing passion. The slightest defect in equipment

—a button missing, a mustache longer than the regulation standard, a breastplate or belt ill polished or carelessly put on—could not escape his quick eye, and was sure to call down severe punishment. As a soldier he served with no little credit, first under Suwarrow in Italy, subsequently at Austerlitz, and in the campaign of Paris. He was married at an early age, by the orders of the imperious Catharine, to a princess of the House of Coburg, so famous for furnishing spouses to the sovereigns of Europe. But the savage manners and habits of the Grand Duke were insupportable by a princess brought up at a civilized court. In some of his bursts of passion he would force her to rise during the night, and lie across the threshold of their apartment. The young princess separated from her savage consort, and returned to Germany; and Constantine abandoned himself to a succession of amours. As viceroy of Poland he became noted for his brutality and despotism.

To this half-insane savage it seemed that, by the fundamental law of the empire, must descend the supreme dominion over sixty millions of people. At last an event occurred which furnished occasion for transferring the succession to his brother Nicholas, seventeen years his junior. In 1820 Constantine became desperately enamored with Jeanne Gudinska, a noble and beautiful Polish lady, who soon acquired uncontrolled influence over him. Strange to say, instead of wishing to form with her one of those illicit connections into so many of which he had entered, he set his heart upon making her his wife. But the Greek Church, more inflexible even than the Catholic upon the subject of divorce, seldom grants a dissolution of the marriage tie. Constantine, however, knew that his brother Alexander was deeply anxious that he should never be Emperor of Russia; and the Czar was in effect the head of the Russian Church. In his overmastering passion he offered to renounce his claim to the succession, on condition of receiving a divorce from his wife, and being allowed to contract a new alliance with the object of his affection.

Alexander granted his request Constantine married Jeanne Gudinska, and never for an instant seems to have regretted his decision. The marriage, however, was what is called a *morganitic* or *left-hand* marriage, which is perfectly legitimate, but does not give the children who may be born from it any claim to the estates and dignities of the father. In 1822, in addition to his previous verbal promise, he placed in the hands of his brother the Czar a solemn written renunciation of his right of succession. "Not recognizing in myself," so ran this remarkable document, "either the genius, the talent, or the power requisite for my being ever elevated to that sovereign dignity to which I might lay claim by my birth, I beseech your Imperial Majesty to transfer that right to the one to whom, after myself, it belongs, and thus forever to assure the stability of the empire. As for myself, I add by this renunciation a new guarantee and new force to the engagements which I, of my own accord, solemnly contracted at the time of my divorce from my first consort. Deign, Sire, graciously to grant my supplication, to which our august widowed mother has given her accord, and sanction it by your Imperial assurance."

Alexander formally accepted this act of renunciation, and ordered it to be deposited in the archives of the empire, together with a manifesto recognizing Nicholas as heir to the Imperial dignity. These documents were inclosed together in a package, superscribed with a direction that, in the event of his death, the package should be opened by the Council before proceeding to the performance of any other official act. The change in the succession, however, was never made public. It remained a strict family secret. It is even doubtful whether Nicholas himself was aware of it. For all that has ever appeared, it was known only to Alexander, Constantine, and their mother.

Alexander lived but three years after the execution of this document. The news of his death reached Constantine at Warsaw within less than a week after it took place. The Grand Duke shut himself up in his apartment for two days after receiving the mournful tidings. Perhaps he was giving way to uncontrollable grief—for it is certain that he cherished the most unbounded love and veneration for his deceased brother. Perhaps he was meditating whether he should not still assert his claims upon the empire. If such were the case, his mind was fully made up when he appeared, after his two days' seclusion. He was saluted as Czar by all his officers and ministers; but he peremptorily declined to be addressed as such. He had, he said, years ago voluntarily renounced the right of succession in favor of his brother Nicholas, who was now by law and right Emperor. He immediately dispatched a courier to his mother and brother at the capital, renewing and confirming his renunciation. To Nicholas, so many years his junior, he wrote in the same tone of veneration which he had been accustomed to use to Alexander. "I regard it," he said, "as a sacred duty most humbly to beseech your Imperial Majesty to deign to accept from me, first of all, my oath of subjection and fidelity." His whole happiness, he continued, would lie in manifesting toward his brother his profound veneration and unlimited duty; and he would never cease to serve him and his descendants with the utmost fidelity.

The tidings of the death of Alexander reached St. Petersburg two days after their arrival at Warsaw. The courier who brought them had traveled fifteen hundred miles, in the depth of a Russian winter, in eight days. When he arrived at the Imperial palace the whole court were assembled in the chapel, offering up thanksgivings for the recovery of the Czar, that had been announced by the last dispatches from Taganrog, which had been longer on their way. The incense was still floating through the lofty aisles, and the hymns of gratulation were pealing from the choir, when the courier entered, and placed

his dispatches in the hands of Nicholas. He read them in silence, then slowly advancing to the priest informed him that the Czar was no more, and requested him to cause the exulting chants to cease, and to break the mournful tidings to the widowed Empress-Mother, whose lips were still quivering with thanksgivings for the welfare of her best-loved son. The priest took the crucifix in his hands, and shrouding it in crape, advanced to where the Empress knelt. "Man must bend to the decrees of God," he solemnly ejaculated. She understood the meaning conveyed under the words, and fell senseless into the arms of her attendants.

The empire had been for a week without a sovereign. No time was to be lost in unavailing grief for the departed. The mother and son consulted together for a few moments. What passed between them no man knows. Whether she urged or opposed the decision to which Nicholas came must be forever unrevealed. The Grand Duke, if he had been made acquainted with his brother's renunciation in his favor, acted as though he was in perfect ignorance of it. He proceeded to the Senate House to take the oath of subjection to Constantine, and to cause him to be at once proclaimed Emperor. The sealed packet left by Alexander was produced, with its superscribed injunction that upon his death it should be opened, before any other business should be transacted. It was opened, and the renunciation of Constantine, and the manifesto of Alexander recognizing Nicholas as his successor, were read by the astonished Council. "And as to ourselves," concluded this manifesto, "we beg of all our faithful subjects that they will address fervent prayers to our Saviour Jesus Christ, that he may deign in his divine mercy to receive our soul into his everlasting kingdom."

In accordance with these instructions the Council at once prepared to proclaim Nicholas as Czar and Autocrat of all the Russias. He peremptorily forbade the procedure. He was not, he said, the Emperor; the resignation of his brother had never been publicly announced, no action had ever been taken upon it, it was consequently invalid, and he was the rightful sovereign. He therefore directed the Council to proclaim Constantine. They hesitated and demurred. It was in truth a delicate position; and they might ruin themselves by over-haste. Should Constantine decide to treat his renunciation as void, they would subject themselves to his disfavor by proclaiming Nicholas. Should Nicholas mount the throne, would he forgive them for their undue zeal in obeying his commands to proclaim Constantine? The astute politicians could not believe that Nicholas was sincere in his wish to decline the Imperial dignity. He, however, persisted in his orders; and they contrived a means of solving the difficulty in which they were placed, by acknowledging one brother, while they proclaimed the other. "You are our Emperor," said they. "We owe to you absolute obedience. Since you command us to recognize the Grand Duke Constantine as our legitimate sovereign, we have no alternative but to obey." The troops of the Guard were then drawn up before the palace, the death of Alexander, which had not hitherto been made known to the public, was announced, and the oath to Constantine was administered.

Hardly had this been done, and dispatches sent to Constantine, informing him of his having been proclaimed at the capital, than the Grand Duke Michael arrived from Warsaw with the letters from Constantine confirming his renunciation, and proffering his own oath of fealty to Nicholas. Still Nicholas refused to accept the Imperial dignity, and after a few hours' delay for necessary rest, Michael was again sent back with an answer to that effect. Midway between St. Petersburg and Warsaw, the young Grand Duke met a courier hurrying back from Constantine, with a reply to the dispatches announcing that he had been proclaimed at the capital. He bore a letter to Nicholas, addressed to "His Majesty the Emperor," repeating in the most decided terms his renunciation. Still again Nicholas urged his brother to accept the dignity; and still again Constantine refused. This fraternal contest, without a parallel in the history of thrones, continued three weeks. At the close of that time, Nicholas, convinced that his brother was immovable in his resolution, suffered the manifesto for his own accession to be signed on the evening of the 24th of December, preparatory to its official publication the next day.

But meanwhile a volcano was on the point of bursting forth which threatened to overwhelm the Imperial throne and all the institutions by which it was surrounded. Not a few of the young and enthusiastic officers who had aided in the overthrow of liberal institutions in Western Europe, had been in turn conquered by liberal ideas. They had seen the superiority of the western nations to their own half-civilized people, where the Emperor was all, and all others were nothing. They believed that civilization could be improvised in a generation; that a constitutional government would at once elevate the Russian serf and serf-like noble to the rank in which they had seen the peoples stand who had for generations been free from absolute despotism. They could not refrain from giving some expression to their new ideas. The grim old generals who had grown gray in the service of despotism, looked askance upon the advocates of these new ideas. "Rather," said one of them, "than suffer these men to reenter Russia, I would, were I Emperor, throw them into the Baltic." In a despotic state conspiracy is the only means of reform. These hot-headed young men organized a vast association for the purpose of subverting the Imperial throne. The army furnished almost the whole body of conspirators, and the association naturally divided itself into two separate though affiliated societies, corresponding to the northern and southern divisions of the army. The time for the outbreak had been more than once fixed, and then postponed. It was at length decided that it should take place simultaneously in the north and the south, during the month of May, 1826.

The members of these associations were for the most part officers of the army of the lower grades. The greater number of them were young and enthusiastic, with more zeal and enthusiasm than firmness and endurance. Joined with them were some desperadoes ready for any hazardous enterprise, together with a few of those stern self-determined men, at once reflective and zealots, whom nature has marked out as revolutionists. At the head of the association of the south was Colonel Paul Pestel, a slight young man of some thirty years of age, of consummate cunning, great activity, perseverance, eloquence, and boundless ambition. He was a German by descent and education; and had served with credit in the campaign of Paris. Besides him the two most prominent leaders were two brothers Mouravieff; young men of polished education and refined tastes, but destitute of that practical sense which perceives the fitness of time and occasion.

Far more important, however, was the association of the north, the seat of whose operations was St. Petersburg. The heads of this society were the princes Troubetzkoi and Obolonsky, and Conrad Ryleïeff. In Russia the title of prince does not necessarily involve any connection with the Imperial family, nor even any very exalted rank or great wealth. But the two chiefs who bore that title, though of slender means, were highly connected. To Troubetzkoi, in consideration of the relationship in which he stood to various personages of influence, the nominal headship of the conspiracy was intrusted. When the insurrection broke out, he was to be named dictator. He was fiery and enthusiastic; but as the sequel proved, utterly wanting in firmness and determination. This was more than suspected by some of his confederates. "Have we not an admirable chief?" asked Ryleïeff, at one of their meetings. "Yes, in height," sneeringly replied another, in allusion to Troubetzkoi's commanding stature.

But the real heart and soul of the confederacy was Conrad Ryleïeff, who wanted but to have been cast upon happier times and a less hopeless enterprise, to have ranked among great men. Had he lived in England during the time of the Commonwealth, he would have taken his place among the stanchest of the regicides who brought their king to the scaffold. Had he been a Frenchman of the revolution, he would have taken his post among those old republicans who forswore Napoleon when he abandoned democratic principles. In our own country he would have won a foremost place among those who proclaimed the universal equality of men. He was a democrat from principle, a devoted admirer of the Constitution of the United States, yet willing, for the time, to assist in maintaining a constitutional monarchy in Russia. He held his position in the conspiracy by sheer dint of talent and indomitable will. He was neither high-born nor wealthy. He had entered the army, but retired at an early age with no higher rank than that of lieutenant. For a while he held the unsalaried office of secretary to the criminal tribunal of St. Petersburg. He maintained himself and family by acting as secretary to a commercial association called the "American Company." He was moreover an enthusiast and a poet, and under happier auspices might have placed his name high on the list of those few men who have adorned Russian literature. He seems to have had a presentiment that his career would end on the scaffold. "Well do I know"—so runs one of his poems—"Well do I know that a gulf is yawning to swallow up the first who rises against a nation's oppressors. Fate has chosen me. But, tell me, in what country, in what age, has independence been won without victims? I shall die for the country of my birth. I know it, I feel it, and it is with joy that I bless my approaching doom."

Among the subordinate members of the society were the four brothers Bestoujeff, one of whom was the bosom friend and confident of Ryleïeff; Kakhofski, a desperado ready for any deed of blood, who sneered at his enthusiastic coadjutors, deriding them as *philanthropists;* and Jakoubovich, another desperado, who was willing to stop at no half-measures, but proposed to set free the criminals, and gorge the populace with drink. Besides these were a host of young officers scattered through almost every regiment in the capital, who were relied upon to bring over their companies when the time for action should come.

The death of Alexander, and the generous contest which ensued between Nicholas and Constantine, induced the conspirators to hasten the day for the outbreak. The strongest feeling in the minds of the Russians of the lower class is that of veneration for the Emperor. Constantine had been proclaimed as such; and it would not be difficult to convince them that his renunciation was a forgery, and that his brother was conspiring to gain the crown. Nicholas was but little known to the soldiers; he was in fact rather unpopular as an over-strict disciplinarian. The soldiers thus confused between the rival Emperors, would be easily induced to follow the orders of their leaders, who would be able to make such terms with the new Czar as they should deem proper. It was now the 24th of December. In two days more the troops would be summoned to swear fidelity to Nicholas. The conspirators also learned that government had gained some intimations of their intention. It was resolved to precipitate matters, and to begin the insurrection on the morning of the 26th. "The scabbards are broken," said Ryleïeff; "we can no longer hide our sabres." "I pass the Rubicon," exclaimed his friend Alexander Bestoujeff, "and will force my way with the sabre." It was no time for half-measures. It was determined, if possible, that Nicholas should be assassinated. "We will see," said one, "whether there are any Brutuses or Riegos in Russia." Said Ryleïeff to the ferocious Kakhofski, "Dear friend, you only of us all are alone in the world. You ought to sacrifice yourself for the Society. Rid us of the Emperor."

The morning of the 26th came, and as the oath to Nicholas was being administered to the civil

authorities and in several regiments, the conspirators rushed through the regiments most devoted to them, exclaiming, "They are deceiving us. The Grand Duke Constantine has not refused the throne. He is in irons, as also is the Grand Duke Michael."—"I have come from Moscow with orders from the Emperor Constantine to oppose this treachery," cried Alexander Bestoujeff.—"The Emperor loves our regiment, and will increase its pay. Down with all who are unfaithful to him," shouted his brother Michael. The confusion spread. The wooden blocks which supplied the place of flints on parade days were quickly thrown aside, and in a few minutes the arms were put in fighting condition, and the troops were formed in order of battle. At that moment the general of the regiment rode up and ordered the officers to repair to head-quarters. He was instantly shot dead, and the troops, with loud cries of "Hurrah for Constantine," marched into the centre of the great square, and took up their position close by the immense granite rock from the summit of which the statue of Peter the Great seems to wave benedictions upon the city which he had evoked from the Finnish marshes.

It was almost noon, and as yet Nicholas had received no tidings of the outbreak. In an hour he learned that several companies in actual revolt were under arms close to the palace. A moment's irresolution, and all was lost. He did not hesitate. Giving hasty orders to collect such troops as could be depended upon, he took his son, a delicate child of eight years, by the hand, and descended to the body-guard who kept watch at the gates. "I confide him to your care," said he, delivering the terrified boy into their hands. They passed him along from rank to rank, and swore to die in his defense. They refused to deliver the young prince into the hands of his tutor, who demanded him. "God knows the hearts of all," they said; "but we will surrender our father's son only to our father in person."

Meantime, a body of troops had been brought together, and Nicholas, putting himself at their head, advanced to meet the mutineers, from whose augmented ranks the cry of "Hurrah for Constantine!" was continually heard. On the way he encountered a company of troops. He accosted them with the customary salutation, "Good-day, my children."—"Constantine for ever!" was their rejoinder as they marched on to join the insurgents. Another detachment, whom he addressed in the same manner, halted in surprise. "To the right-about—march!" he promptly added, and they obeyed mechanically. Still re-enforcements continued to pour in upon the mutineers. Some companies, who had already taken the oath to Nicholas, were persuaded that it was obtained by fraud, and deserting their superior officers, they joined in the cry of "Constantine forever!" Attacks, which wanted but little of being successful, were made upon the Senate House, the Winter Palace, and the Arsenal, where were stored immense quantities of munitions of war. It was an even chance whether this first day of the reign of Nicholas would not also be the last.

But of the leaders of the conspirators none were at their appointed posts. The dictator, Troubetzkoi, was not to be found. His heart had failed him at the moment of trial; and, instead of heading the insurrection, he had taken himself to the palace to offer his oath to Nicholas. Rylcieff had gone in search of Troubetzkoi, and was detained too long to be of service.

The Emperor now stood confronting the insurgents with superior forces. It had been merely a question of time; and they had lost. Still he was anxious to avoid the necessity of attacking them, and sent General Miloradovich, a gray old veteran, whose impetuous bravery had won for him the title of the "Murat of Russia," to expostulate with them. The old general was shot down by the fierce Kakhofski, with the exclamation, "Who now talks of submission?"—"Constantine forever!" was the reply which rose from the ranks of the insurgents; "Hurrah for Constantine! Hurrah for *Constitoutzia!* (the Constitution)." "Who is Constitoutzia?" asked one old soldier of another. "It's the Empress—the wife of Constantine, I suppose," replied his comrade.

Nicholas made one more attempt at pacification; he sent the aged Metropolitan of the Church to remonstrate with them. The feeble voice of the old man was drowned by the shouts and martial music; his gray hairs even were insulted, and he returned trembling, though unharmed.

At length the word for attack was given. The mutineers were pressed on all sides by the cavalry of the Guards. They stood firm in close ranks, and repulsed every attack. It was now four o'clock, and the shades of night were fast closing in. The Czar ordered the cannon to be brought up and pointed at the dense masses. The lighted matches were waved about in the dusky air, while the insurgents were ordered to disperse. They stood firm. A volley was fired above their heads. The only reply was, "Constantine forever!" The cannoneers were ordered to fire point-blank. They wavered and hesitated. Should disaffection seize upon them, all were lost. The Grand Duke Michael seized a match, and applied it to the piece. The hesitation of the cannoneers was gone. Volley after volley plowed the ranks of the insurgents. They broke and fled along the streets and quays. The victory was won. Nicholas was Emperor of Russia. By six o'clock all was over, and the day was closed by a solemn *Te Deum* in the Imperial chapel.

In due time a military commission was appointed to investigate the causes of the insurrection, and to try the leaders, who had fallen into the hands of the Emperor. Troubetzkoi, who had gone to the palace to swear fealty early in the morning, was seized with such a panic of terror as to be unable to stir for some time. He finally recovered sufficiently to be able to make his way to his own house; from which, after nightfall, he crept away to the Austrian minis-

ter, his brother-in-law, with whom he hoped to find an asylum. He was surrendered by the minister, and brought before Nicholas. He at first denied all knowledge of the insurrection. Being confronted with documents bearing his own signature, he fell upon his knees before the Emperor, and abjectly begged for his life. Nicholas ordered the trembling conspirator to seat himself, and write to his wife from his dictation. "I am well," so ran the epistle; "and my life is to be spared." The conspirator hesitated at these last words. "Sign and seal it," continued the Czar. "If you have courage to endure a dishonored and remorseful life, I grant it to you. But I promise you nothing more;" and he kept his word to the letter. The prince was sent to Siberia, whither he was accompanied by his wife. After fifteen years of exile, she ventured to petition, not for pardon, but for permission to change their abode to some less dreary part of that prison-land. Her request was sternly refused. Mercy had exhausted itself in his behalf.

The news of the transactions at St. Petersburg reached the army of the south in a few days. An attempt at insurrection was then made, but it was speedily put down, and Pestel and his associates were arrested and delivered over to the military commission.

After six or seven months the commission finished its labors. The whole affair had been subjected to a most thorough investigation. The trials were secret; and the prisoners were denied the aid of counsel. Otherwise they seem to have been conducted with due caution and fairness. The punishments pronounced were less numerous and severe than might have been expected. Thirty-seven were condemned to death; but the punishment of all but five was commuted to banishment and hard labor in Siberia. One hundred and thirty were sentenced to undergo various minor penalties.

Those sentenced to death were Ryleïeff, Pestel, Kakhofski, one of the brothers Mouravieff, and Bestoujeff-Rumine. One day was granted them, after their sentence was pronounced, to prepare to die. They all met their fate with firmness. Ryleïeff said that he had brought himself within the penalty of the law, and as far as the law was concerned, his sentence was just; but he had no motive except patriotism, and he met death without fear. His death would be an expiation to society. He wrote to his wife, bidding her a final adieu; charged her not to murmur at what had befallen him; wished her to see the confessor who would attend his last moments and would convey her his final blessing, to whom she should give a token of remembrance; and desired her then to leave St. Petersburg, and return to her native province. The letter, which was blotted all over with tears, was scarcely finished, when he was summoned to the scaffold.

It was eighty-five years since the Russian capital had been the scene of an execution. The exact time, when the last sentence of the law was to be carried into effect upon five men who had filled so large a place in the public mind, was kept a secret, and there were but few spectators. It was two o'clock on the morning of the 25th of July, and the population of the capital were wrapped in their deepest slumbers; but at midsummer, in those high northern latitudes, only a brief interval of obscurity separates two days; and even at that early hour every object was plainly discernible. During the night a scaffold, large enough for the execution of the doomed five, had been erected on the ramparts of the fortress which overlooks the Neva. At its foot, a fire burned in a brazier. A faint note of drums, here and there, and a few trumpet notes, summoned a company from each regiment to march to the place of execution; and then all was still. In an hour the same drums announced the arrival of the culprits whose punishment had been commuted to banishment to Siberia. They were arranged on their knees in front of the gallows, while their sentence was read to them. Their swords were then broken above their heads, in token of degradation from their military rank; their epaulettes, uniforms, and decorations were thrown into the brazier and consumed; and they, clad in the gray garments of criminals, were marched in front of the gibbet back to their place of confinement. No sooner had they disappeared within the gloomy portals of the fortress, than the five who were doomed to the gallows appeared upon the ramparts, their heads closely muffled in the hoods of their gray capotes. The distance and the covering prevented their faces from being seen by the few spectators; but their bearing was calm and firm. There was no appearance of unmanly fear or of bravado equally unmanly. They had played for a great stake, and had lost, and were prepared for the consequences. They ascended the platform with firm steps; the ropes were adjusted about their necks, above the hoods of their capotes; the executioner stepped aside, and the platform fell. Pestel and Kakhofski were strangled at once; but the noose slipped over the hoods around the faces of the others, and they fell bruised and maimed into the pit below, amidst the confused mass of planks and timbers of the platform. There was no one present who had authority to stay the execution; and had there been, there is little probability that any respite would have been granted. The platform was arranged again. Bestoujeff-Rumine was so much injured as to be unable to walk, and was carried upon the scaffold. Ryleïeff was stunned by the fall, but recovering himself, and saying "Can nothing go right with me — not even death?" walked calmly up to the appointed place. —"Woe to the country where they can neither conspire, nor judge, nor hang!" exclaimed Mouravieff, as he again took his station. Again the drop fell, and the roll of the drum announced that the execution was over. It was five o'clock; in an hour the paraphernalia of death had disappeared, and when the awakened populace thronged to the spot, they found nothing left to indicate the fatal tragedy that had been there enacted. Thus ended the first and the last attempt that has been made in Russia in favor of constitutional government.

The Czar took no unworthy vengeance upon the families of the offenders. To the father of Pestel, he gave a considerable estate, and a sum of money; and appointed his brother one of his own aids-de-camp. The widow of Ryleïeff had been left destitute; Nicholas sent to her a proffer of aid. She refused it, with a heroic constancy worthy of her husband; all she asked was to be condemned to share his fate. Without her knowledge, however, he made ample provision for the support and education of her children. No punishment whatever was inflicted upon the common soldiers, who had evidently been misled into the belief that they were in arms to defend the cause of their lawful sovereign. They were merely drafted into companies by themselves, and sent to the Caucasus, to give them an opportunity to regain their lost military honor, by fighting against the enemies of the Czar; a decision which they hailed with shouts of joy.

One more scene properly belongs to this eventful drama. The coronation of the Emperor and Empress was to take place, at Moscow, the ancient capital, "the mother of the Russian cities," which had arisen with more than its old magnificence from the terrible conflagration of 1812. Every state and province of the vast empire had sent its deputies; the pomp of civilization vied with the splendor of barbarism. Every country sent its ministers; the pope, even, being represented by a nuncio. Turkey and Persia alone were unrepresented—as though there was a presentiment that the accession of Nicholas boded no good to his Moslem neighbors—an omen which subsequent events have not failed to confirm. Nicholas made his triumphal entry into Moscow on the 17th of August. Ten days after was the festival of the patron saint of Russia. The great crowd was thronging before the palace gates, which suddenly opened, and Nicholas appeared with his brothers, the Grand Dukes Michael and Constantine, on either hand. The coronation had been at first appointed for that day, and Constantine had hurried from Warsaw, hoping to take his Imperial brother by surprise, and that their first meeting since their generous contest should be on his coronation day. No sooner were they perceived by the crowd than the air was rent with shouts of "Hurrah, the Emperor!" "Hurrah, Constantine!" Eight months before, Nicholas had heard, with far other feelings, this last shout go up from the insurgent troops in the great square at St. Petersburg. Then it was a token of peril for himself and his crown; now it was the pledge for the security of both. Constantine was at first surprised, and knitted his long white brows over his keen blue eyes in momentary anger; but in a moment perceiving the purport of the shout, he smiled with satisfaction, and threw himself into the arms of his brother and sovereign—upon whom he had himself conferred the Imperial dignity.

On the 3d of September, the coronation was celebrated in the church of the Assumption, in view of the sacred picture, the palladium of Russia, the portrait of the Virgin, painted—so says tradition—by none other than the Evangelist Luke: that picture which, in popular belief, had, just five centuries before, stayed the march of Timour, and turned him away from Moscow. At the conclusion of the long and imposing ceremonies, the sacred unction was laid upon the brow of the Czar, which gave him the privilege of entering the holy of holies of the temple, and partaking of the sacrament in both kinds "after the manner of the priests." The aged Metropolitan who had so shortly before, vainly raised his feeble voice to quell the insurrection at the capital, uttered the benediction; and the *Vivat* pronounced by a priest, was re-echoed by innumerable voices. Thus it ran: "O Lord, grant a happy and peaceful life, health of body and salvation of soul, thy good help in all things, success and victory over the wicked, to our orthodox, most glorious, and most Christian monarch, our great lord, crowned, raised to the supreme rank, and annointed with holy oil, Nicholas Paulovich, the Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias." The Emperor walked forth in solemn procession, his brothers on either hand. As they came out of the sacred inclosure, Constantine looked up to the serene sky which smiled overhead. "Brother," said he to the Czar, "what a beautiful day—not a cloud to be seen." "What had I to fear," replied the Emperor, "had I not my conductor by my side?" Thus in the first moments of his supreme elevation, recognizing that he owed his elevation to the unwavering constancy of Constantine.

So ended the drama of the Accession of Nicholas. His nature, and the circumstances by which he was surrounded, doubly pledged him to the maintenance of absolute power. How unflinchingly, on all occasions, and at every hazard that pledge has been redeemed, the history of his reign of thirty years bears witness on every page: and the end thereof is not yet.

WHY MY UNCLE WAS A BACHELOR.

IT had often occurred to me to speculate on the reason which could have induced my uncle to remain unmarried. He was of such a kindly temper, so chivalrous toward women, so keenly alive to domestic enjoyments, and withal such an earnest promoter of marriage in all his relations and dependents, that it seemed to me perfectly inexplicable. But for his kind offices, I am sure it would have been impossible for me to have induced my father to consent to my marriage with Maria; the cottage in which we live, furnished as it is, with its well-stocked garden and coach-house, was the wedding-present he made us; my sister Kate, too, what unhappiness he saved her by his kindness to Charlie Evans, who every one knows was something of a scapegrace! But my uncle saw the good in him which nobody else but Kate could discover, and had him down at his parsonage, and by his sweet and pious wisdom won him over to a steady and earnest pursuit of his profession. And now people talk of his brilliant talents and say how much

good Kate has done him; but we all know who it was that gave him help and countenance just at the right moment, and we all love my uncle the more dearly for his good work.

When I was still a lad, and Maria's blue eyes had first turned my thoughts toward matrimony, it occurred to me to ask my mother in the course of one of our pleasant evenings alone together, why my uncle had never been married?

A grave sadness came over my mother's face, and she softly shook her head, as she replied in a suppressed tone, "Your uncle had a great sorrow in his youth, my dear; we must respect it. What it was, I do not know; he has never told me, and I have never asked him."

It was no matter of surprise to me to hear my mother speak thus; for, in spite of the gentleness of my uncle's manners and his warm affection, there was a dignity about him which rendered it impossible to intrude upon a confidence he did not offer. I felt that his sorrows were sacred, and never again made any attempt to gain information respecting them; although I could not refrain from a tender speculation as to the character of that grief which had deprived him of a happiness he was eminently calculated to enjoy.

In the summer of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, my uncle, according to his custom, came to spend a week with us. He was in fine health and spirits, and we and our children enjoyed the festival even more than usual. On the Friday evening, my uncle had been into town, and it was growing dusk when he returned. He came as usual into my study. I looked up on his entrance to welcome him; but was struck by the pallor of his countenance, and by the traces of emotion which disturbed the tranquil dignity of his ordinary bearing. I placed a chair for him, and he sat down in silence—a silence which for some moments I felt almost afraid to break. At length I said in a low voice, "Has any thing occurred to distress you, Sir?"

"No, Edward," he replied, slowly and like one who has some difficulty in collecting his thoughts, "nothing that ought to distress me; but I am very weak; my faith is very weak—and I heard it suddenly. I have heard to-night," he continued after a pause, and speaking more continuously, "of the death of a lady whom I used to know many years ago. She was young and full of life when I knew her. I have always thought of her as so young, so full of life, that the great change to death seems almost impossible. Edward, you will not think me wearisome if I speak to you of what was, long and long ago, before you were born, when your mother was still a child."

I assured him by my looks rather than by my words, of the interest with which I should listen. He sank again into silence; but, after a considerable interval during which he seemed to be collecting his thoughts, he resumed,

"My father, as you know, was the head of the younger branch of the great Northumberland family of the Watsons; my mother was a daughter of Sir George Mildmay of Cobham Hall. I refer to these circumstances, not from any pride that I take in having what is termed good blood in my veins, but merely because they exercised an important influence over my life. When a child, I was very much spoilt, for I was considered handsome and intelligent, and my mother was proud of me. She was a woman of few but strong affections and of a very decided will. My father, who had been a soldier, contented himself with maintaining almost military discipline in his household, but left to my mother the internal administration of affairs. Feeling unconsciously the superior activity of her mind, he allowed himself to depend, in all important matters, on her judgment. They were united by a very strong attachment founded on a similarity of principles—prejudices perhaps, in some cases—and favored not a little by the difference of their physical constitutions. The fine proportions of my father's figure, and his great manly beauty, gave him such a material superiority to my mother—who was small and delicately made, and withal not handsome—that he with greater ease submitted to her moral supremacy; and, without knowing it, allowed his mind to be fed and guided by hers. For a long time I was an only child—your mother, as you know, is ten years younger than I—so that the absence of play-fellows and companions of my own age fostered—perhaps created—in me a pensive and meditative disposition; an inclination to dwell upon small incidents, to keep my emotions secret, to repress the outward show of feeling—but to feel only the more deeply.

"I was brought up at Rugby, and the independent citizens of our rough school republic were the only associates of my boyhood. During the holidays indeed my mother used to take me to Cobham Hall, the seat of my uncle Mildmay, where I used to see my cousin Grace, a girl of somewhat about my own age. But she was never away from her governess, and was so demure and ladylike that I was afraid to speak to her. My mother always expressed a great affection for Grace, and when she wrote to me at school, especially as I began to grow older, there was invariably some mention of her in her letters, as, 'Your cousin Grace, whom I saw yesterday, sends her love;' or, 'I went to Cobham a few days since; they are all well, your cousin Grace is growing fast, her figure promises to be very fine, she hopes to see you soon and sends her love.' And so matters went on, till the time came for me to leave Rugby, when my mother informed me that, as there was a good living in the family, she and my father and my uncle wished me to go into the church.

"I am sorry to say, Edward, that although I was then nineteen, I had never seriously thought of my future calling; my wants had always been carefully provided for; and, in the security of a contemplative temperament, I had glided down the stream of time with very little perception of the nobler portions of my nature, of my higher capacity for enjoyment and for suffering. My

mother's proposal I acceded to without difficulty, and without any serious reflection. So, I went to Oxford, met many of my old Rugby associates there, and lived very much as I had lived before: only spending a little more money. But this was not to continue—I was to be roused from this spiritual torpor; I was to learn what was in me. If the lesson was bitter, it was wholesome; and I can re-echo that deep and wise saying of one of your modern poets, Edward, which is the fruit of suffering:

"'Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.'

I went to spend part of the summer vacation of the year eighteen hundred and ten—I have good reason to remember the year—with a friend at his father's house, a pleasant place in the neighborhood of Warwick. There were no field sports to beguile the time; and Topham and I were neither of us fond of study, so that we had some difficulty in disposing of our leisure. Colonel Topham, my friend's father, was little better off in this respect than ourselves—he could hardly find occupation for himself during more than three or four hours in the morning, so it was with great exultation that, one afternoon on his return from Warwick, he brought us the intelligence that the Theatre was to be opened on the following Monday, and that it was announced that Mrs. Siddons would be passing through the town, and would play Catherine in Henry the Eighth for one night; of course he had secured places for all our party. Theatres were hardly then what they have become since—either the audience possessed less intellectual culture, and were satisfied with less, or the actor understood his art better; at all events the amusement was very popular, and the announcement of the opening of a country theatre was a signal for a pleasurable excitement in the neighborhood. You may imagine, then, how much the excitement was increased by the prospect of seeing the greatest actress of her own, perhaps of any time, of whose retirement people already began to talk.

"I shall not attempt to describe to you what I should want words to convey—the suffering majesty of the wronged Catherine, almost divine as she appeared by the side of the ranting Henry. She bore herself as if she knew that she was every inch a queen, her dignity giving a most moving pathos to her womanly tenderness; while he, uncomfortable with padding and vainly endeavoring to speak in a voice suitable to his artificial proportions, rendered absurd the violent but princely tyrant of the poet. Such inequalities, painful as they are, are looked upon as matters of course in a country theatre. We had come to see Mrs. Siddons, and expected nothing but amusement from the blunders and misapprehensions of the rest of the company. My friends were familiar with most of the actors—several were native to the place—but the name of the actress who was to play Anne Boleyn had already given rise to some speculation in our party. No one was acquainted with it, no one had seen the lady who bore it. When she entered, in her graceful and modest costume, there was an involuntary start of admiration through the house. Any thing more lovely was never seen; and when she spoke, her words were delivered with propriety and intelligence, but in a subdued and rather timid tone, which added greatly to her charm. We held our breaths, lest we should lose one tremor of her girlish voice. Catherine herself was almost forgotten in sympathy and pity for Anne Boleyn.

"In the after-piece, the young actress played again. This time she had a part which entirely suited her: she had to play a spoilt child, sent to school to be taught manners. The character was exactly suited to her years and to her taste. She acted without effort and with perfect success. It was evident that for the time she was living in the scene. It was impossible to express delight while she was speaking and moving—we feared to lose one glance of the mischief-loving eyes, one toss of the beautiful head; but, when at last we burst out into loud applause, she looked round in amazement to see for whom the demonstration was meant, and when our renewed cries and the whispers of some one who stood near her convinced her that she was the object of our admiration, a look of bewilderment which had much more of displeasure than of triumph in it, broke over her countenance; she made a hasty salutation; and ran off the stage.

"Nobody thought, nobody spoke, of any thing but the beautiful actress. We soon learnt that she was niece to the manager, and was residing in the town with her mother, a widow, and three or four brothers and sisters. We went to the theatre whenever she acted. Mrs. Topham invited her to her house; so did all the ladies in the neighborhood. In the morning she looked even more lovely than on the stage; she was hardly seventeen; her complexion had the transparency and the variability of early youth; in her mind and manners, the simple trustfulness of the child was blended with the opening sensibilities of the woman. It is impossible to give you any idea of the elastic grace of her motions, of the marvelous and ever-changing expressions of her countenance—nothing that approached her could withstand her witchery.

"As a natural consequence of her position and her singular beauty, Violet Elder was capricious and proud. She did not attempt to conceal her dislike of some of the forward coxcombs who pressed their attentions upon her, or her displeasure at an ill-expressed or too open compliment. How it was, I know not; perhaps, because my silent admiration was better suited to her taste; perhaps, as I rather incline to think, from the natural kindness of her heart which led her to see the loneliness of mine, and to compassionate the nervous tremor with which her presence inspired me, for these or other reasons she soon distinguished me and showed pleasure in conversing with me. She took me into her confidence, demanded little services of me, treated me as a friend, and invited me home to see her

mother, whom she loved with a devoted though sometimes dictatorial affection. If she looked lovely among the gay and wealthy where her only business was to be amused, how much more lovely did she appear in her simple home, the support and ornament of the humble household. Here, all pride, all restraint was lost in her affection for her mother—a gentlewoman still eminently handsome and not beyond the middle age—and in her cordial and playful love for her younger brothers and sisters. I must not dwell on this part of my story, though God knows I could linger over it for hours.

"That I loved her with a true and earnest passion, I need hardly tell you. She returned my love; I had the assurance from her own dear lips. After the term of my visit at Topham Court had expired, I took lodgings not far from Warwick, accounting to myself and to my mother for not going home by the necessity of reading for my approaching examination. My mother wrote to me frequently, and continually mentioned my cousin Grace. This I did not remark at the time, and merely read and replied to her letters in an absent manner. I was wrapt in the sweet delirium of a higher existence; all that was gross and material about me seemed to be laid to rest. Violet was all in all to me. I had no thought, no apprehension for any thing except her. Creation seemed clothed in divine beauty; life, in its larger, fuller sense, was opening upon me, for I drank deep of the golden waters of love.

"Thus passed half a year. I returned to Oxford, but we corresponded almost daily. I did not communicate any thing relative to Violet to my mother, from an instinctive apprehension, I suppose; for certainly it was not the result of design. Besides, I never had been accustomed to speak of my feelings to her or to any one, and I was such a child in worldly matters that I had never yet formed any plans for the future. When I returned to Warwick at Christmas, however, Mrs. Elder gently required of me some explanation, some statement of my intentions. She told me that it was very much against her wish that her daughter had ever embraced the profession of the stage; that nothing but the representations of her brother-in-law and the necessities of her family had induced her to consent to her making use of her talents in this way; that it would be a very great happiness to her to see her united to me, convinced as she was of our mutual attachment; that she felt the dangers of Violet's position, and was extremely anxious to place her in one more congenial to her tastes and better calculated to develop the softer portions of her character. She concluded by informing me that Violet had received an extremely advantageous offer of an engagement in London, but that they had delayed accepting it until she had spoken with me.

"I replied that I was just ready to take orders, that there was a good living waiting for me, and that I would write to my parents by that night's post to request their consent. Mrs. Elder looked a little grave that evening, but Violet and I were perfectly happy. We sat talking of our future. I described to her the Parsonage and the surrounding country; spoke of my father, of my mother, and of my grand relations at Cobham Hall.

"The next day was also one of unmingled happiness. We walked in the bright winter weather along the hard roads, her brothers running races past us. Her complexion assumed a more transparent brilliancy; her eyes sparkled with health and happiness.

"That night, when I returned to my lodgings, I found my mother waiting for me. She was white with passion. In unmeasured terms she upbraided me with dissimulation and every species of misconduct. In her anger she told me that my hand had long since been disposed of; that I was affianced to my cousin Grace; that she and her brother had settled it when we were both children. She reminded me of the calling for which I was intended, and demanded if I thought an actress a fit wife for a clergyman and a Watson? At first her vehemence stunned me, and I listened in bewildered dismay; but the contemptuous mention of Violet roused the dormant passions within me. I sternly and indignantly protested that Violet was worthy of a much greater fortune than I could offer her. I declared that I would not be bound by a contract made without my knowledge. I asserted that I would make Violet my wife—that in the sight of Heaven we were already united. My mother was in her turn astounded; she had never suspected that I inherited so much of her own temper. From angry denunciation she turned to entreaty, to supplication. I met her in the same spirit. I begged her to see Violet—to judge for herself. She absolutely refused; and commanded me, if I valued her blessing, to attend her home on the morrow.

"I had been too long accustomed to obey her to refuse compliance, especially as she enforced her command by telling me of my father's severe illness, and of his imperative desire to see me. Besides, I was frightened at the strength of my own passions, and hoped to be able to soften her, and to win my father to my side.

"While my mother was dressing next morning, and while the post-chaise in which we were to travel was waiting at the door, I ran down to Violet's house. It was still very early, and I had to wait some minutes before Violet could see me. I had not been in bed nor had I closed my eyes all night. I suppose I looked very haggard, for she started when she saw me.

"'Is any thing the matter?'

"'No, no, dearest; I am only come to say good-by. I am obliged to go to the North. My father is very ill, and wants to see me.'

"Violet's face brightened. She laid her hand lovingly on my arm.

"'I am very sorry, love; but I hope he will soon be better, and that you will not be many days gone.'

"They were the last words I ever heard her speak. I could not bear her trustful tenderness; my tears choked my utterance.

"How my mother detained my letters; how my uncle himself went to Warwick, saw Violet, appealed to her pride, told her that if I married her I should be disowned by my family, and ruined; how by a thousand other false and cruel arguments they wrung from her a renunciation of my engagement to her, and at last induced her to send me back all my little presents, and all my letters, I never knew until long, long afterward. She sent me a few lines—a little letter—with them, but I did not receive it at the time—not until long, long afterward. Though the things of which I speak are long past, though the paper is yellow with age, and the words traced in her pretty girlish hand are illegible, I know them by heart.

"'Dearest—I shall never write to you again. I send you back your presents, and, what is much harder, your letters. Your mother and uncle are quite right. I never thought I was fit to be your wife. I wish you very, very happy. Do not think I blame you at all. God bless you. Perhaps I ought not to pray for you, but I can not help it yet; and I do not think my prayers can do you harm. You know how dearly I loved you; but I do not love you now, since it would be your ruin. Oh! if I must become very wicked, if I must grow proud and sinful, still pray for me, you, who are so good, who are to live a pure and holy life, your prayers will be heard; and it can not do you harm to pray for me.—VIOLET ELDER.

"'P.S.—I hope you will marry your cousin, and that you will be happy.'

"I do not think my mother, fertile as she was in expedients, could have succeeded in keeping me away from Violet, but for my father's continued and serious illness. As it was, I wrote again and again to Violet, and, as I received no answer, no explanation of the return of my letters, I was in a continual state of agitation. An idea of the truth—that my letters were detained—sometimes flashed across my mind; but I found it hard to believe that my mother would have recourse to such means. At rare intervals I felt displeasure against Violet. At length, my father getting no better, but rather worse, the doctors ordered him to a warmer climate. I am not sure that my mother did not suggest the remedy; she was certainly very eager in adopting it.

"While we were in London on our way to the Continent, I insisted on going to Warwick. My mother made no difficulty; she was probably aware of the inutility of my visit.

"When I reached the lodgings which the Elders had occupied I found them empty, the theatre was closed, all the company were dispersed. The keeper of the lodgings informed me that Violet had been very ill; that she was gone to Scotland—she believed, to fulfill an engagement. We were to sail for Italy on the morrow. To follow her was impossible, and the woman could give me no clew to her address. It was even a comfort to know that Violet had been ill; that might be the reason of my letters remaining unanswered. Her mother, too, would probably be offended at the refusal of my parents to sanction our engagement. Violet had been very ill, the landlady said, for three weeks. She had had a fever, and they had cut off nearly all her beautiful hair. She used to cry out and talk wildly when she was ill; but her mother nursed her herself, and allowed no one else to go into the room. She was almost well before she went away. She used to go out in a carriage, and she revived and smiled again, too; but, somehow, there seemed a weight on her spirits: it wasn't her old smile—but then she had been very ill.

"Perhaps the woman had connected Violet's illness with me. Women have an intuitive perception of such matters. At first she was very cold and little disposed to be communicative. But I suppose my own countenance bore some trace of the suffering I had undergone. Perhaps she saw in me something that moved her compassion; be that as it may, she threw off the constraint she had at first put upon herself, told me many touching details of Violet's weakness, and permitted me to visit the room where I had so often sat with her. She also gave me a braid of the hair which had been cut off; how she came to have it I don't know; I have sometimes hoped it might have been left with her for me.

"I accompanied my parents to Italy with reassured spirits. Violet loved me, and my heart was strong within me. I would make the best use of my time while I was abroad, and if on our return my mother still refused her consent, I would be able to support my wife by my exertions. Time and distance seemed as nothing. A little year and Violet would be mine. But the year lengthened into two. My father slowly declined; he pined to see home again, and we set out on our journey. But he was never more to set his foot on English ground: he died at Naples, and there he lies buried.

"When my mother had a little recovered from the shock, she, my sister and I set out on our return. Perhaps in that saddened state of her feelings she might have softened toward Violet, but it was now too late.

"During our stay in Italy I had heard of Violet only in her public character. I had heard of her appearance in London, and of her triumph. My college friend, Topham, wrote me accounts of her. He told me she was surrounded by admirers, among whom there were more than one of rank and station, who aspired to her hand; but he said that she was grown very haughty; more beautiful than ever—unquestionably more beautiful, but strangely proud, disdainful, and willful. He confessed that she had treated him with marked, and with what he considered, supercilious coldness. Topham was by no means the person to whom I could confide the secret of my affection. He belonged to the class of young men who have no depth of feeling themselves, and whose system of honor has no reference to any thing beyond the opinion of the narrow circle in which they move. I imagined that Violet knew the strength and constancy of my love, that she had faith in me, and for my sake assumed this repulsive manner to her suitors. Knowing

her trustful tenderness, and abundant affection, this seemed to me nothing but a vail with which she sought to hide the sufferings of her heart. I panted for the moment when I should see her once more, face to face, and tell her all I had endured and hoped.

"My uncle, Sir George, met us on our arrival in London. We were to stay at a house which he then occupied in Grosvenor Street; my aunt and my cousin Grace were also there, and George Mildmay, a fine boy of seventeen, just returned from Eton. After the first emotions of meeting were over, the ladies withdrew together; my uncle retired to his library; and George and I were left to ourselves. I could not help looking with admiration at the handsome, intelligent face, and listening with surprise to the masterly manner in which my cousin, whom I had never thought of but as rather a spoilt boy, dealt out the news of the town.

"'You'll like to see what's doing at the theatres, I dare say,' said he, when a pause in the conversation suggested the introduction of a new subject, 'we'll run down to Drury Lane by-and-by, if you like; not that there's any thing worth looking at in the way of women. It was a monstrous shame of Woodhouse to run off with our little Sultana.'

"'With whom?' inquired I, mechanically.

"'Why, the very princess and fairy queen of actresses, the brightest eyes—the loveliest hair—such a glorious laugh—and a foot and ankle that were delightful to look at. It's a splendid thing for her. Woodhouse has somewhere about four thousand a year *in esse*, and double as much *in posse*; though to be sure so he ought, for he's a slap and dash fellow. They say he's growing tired of his prize already, and she's so confoundedly cold and proud; but you know her; you were at Warwick when she came out.'

"Yes, I did know her. I had known ever since he began to speak, of whom he was talking, but the sudden and unexpected blow had stunned me, and I was glad to let him rattle on. Violet, my Violet—she whom I had never for one moment ceased to love—she, my own tender Violet—married, and married to such a man!

"The boy talked on, retailing all the town gossip respecting her who dwelt in my heart's-core. An irrepressible desire to see her, to assure myself of the extent of my misery, came over me. I asked the boy where she lived; he replied by mentioning a street not far distant. How I broke from him, I don't know, nor does it matter now; I only know that I hurried to the street which he had named, and almost by instinct found the house.

"I must have inquired for Violet by her name, for I was admitted—in a minute I found myself in her presence. The room was luxuriously furnished; Violet sat beside a lady, probably a visitor, on a sofa. She looked eminently handsome, but with a beauty different to that which I had loved; her carriage was more stately, and there was something haughty in her expression; her dress, too, had lost the girlish simplicity which was familiar to me. It was but for a brief space that I could gaze upon her unobserved—and at the time I was conscious of none of these things; but all, even to the minutest details of her dress, were stamped on my recollection with the truth and vigor of a daguerreotype picture. Oh how often have I wept over that vision, so gloriously lovely, but even then marred and sullied by the world!

"Violet looked up and perceived me. The rich color fled from her cheeks, the pupils of her eyes dilated, her whole countenance assumed an expression of horror and despair, her lips trembled with the attempt to form a sound, and she half stretched out her arms toward me. The sight of her emotion overwhelmed me. I trembled from head to foot; something I believe I said, or strove to say, and hurried from the house. In that gaze I had read her soul and she mine! in the electric shock of spirits hers had revealed its depths to me as clearly and as truly as a landscape is shown in the instantaneous flood of lightning. I knew her story then, as truly by instinct as afterward I knew it by facts; yet, in all the heart-struggle of that dreadful time, it was a comfort, it was a triumph to me to feel that even as I had loved Violet, Violet had loved me.

"I forced from my mother the confession of her interference; I compelled her to acknowledge the means she had employed to keep us apart; I extracted from my uncle an account of his interview with Violet; I saw how his heart had almost softened to her youth and tender love; in short, I gained such comfort as was left me—the memory of Violet, in all her innocent beauty and trustful affection; but I never sought to see her again.

"Years went on; her husband's fortune was dissipated by his lavish expenditure. Violet was compelled to return to the stage; her beauty drew upon her the misery of many admirers; her actions did not escape censure. Her husband died, and she married a second time. Her children—for she had two whom she must have loved with all the ardor of her nature—turned out badly; they were both boys. Sorrow and even poverty darkened her declining days; bodily suffering was added to mental disquietude; but I have heard, from those on whom I can depend, that she learned the lesson sorrow and trial are sent to teach—that she put away the world from her heart, that she died in hope, and rests in peace.

"Since the winter when I last beheld her, in the pride of her young womanhood, eight-and-thirty years have passed. She has fallen asleep, and my pilgrimage is nearly ended; but never on one day of those eight-and-thirty years have I ceased to pray for her; morning and evening I have prayed for her, and many a time besides It was of the innocent girl that I thought, but it was for the suffering woman that I prayed. My mother earnestly strove to awaken in me some affection which might replace the remembrance of Violet. Had her fate been happier, I can not tell what might have been moved within me; but

I had so entirely loved her, and I knew her to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers that I could think of her, alone.

"She is gone where the children of the Father shall at length be pure and holy—where the sorrows and misapprehensions of this world shall be scattered like mists before the risen sun—where I hope to see her; the same, yet more beautiful in the majesty of completed suffering."

My uncle ceased, and large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. He died after three years, strong in the faith in which he had lived. A locket, containing some curls of auburn hair, and a letter the characters of which were illegible, were found on his breast. We did not remove them; and beside the porch of his little country church we reverently laid him to rest, with these remembrances of her whom he had loved so tenderly and truly.

ABOARD A SPERM-WHALER.

WE dare say the reader is sufficiently familiar with the many-times-told story of the Greenland whale-fishery, but we may be permitted to doubt whether he knows much about the sperm-whale, and its capture in the far-off South Seas. We therefore invite him to accompany us on board a whaler, on its cruising station—and to do this he need not quit his cushioned arm-chair by the parlor fire—and we will show him the whole art and mystery of capturing the sperm or cachalot whale

But before stepping on board, it may be as well to say a few words about the South-sea whalers and their equipment. These vessels are not old double-sided tubs like the Greenlandmen, but smart, well-formed, thoroughly rigged ships and barques of 300 to 400 tons, manned by a crew of which at least three-fourths are prime A. Bs. These ships make voyages which frequently occupy three years, and which call into exercise the utmost degree of nautical skill, both scientific and practical. During this prolonged voyage, the mariners generally make the acquaintance of foreign people of all colors and all degrees of civilization, in the South Sea Isles, the coast of South America, the Indian Archipelago, &c., and find abundant exercise for every manly virtue—courage, endurance, patience, and energy, all being absolutely requisite, together with no small amount of real talent on the part of the commanding-officers. The South-seaman surpasses all merchant vessels in the very romantic nature of its service. It roves round the globe; and in the vast Pacific Ocean sails to and fro, and from island to island, for years at a spell. The crew employed in such a service, if they only possess the ordinary intelligence of seamen, can not fail to have their powers of observation sharpened, their reasoning faculties called into exercise, and their whole mental development stimulated. Accordingly, sperm-whalers are remarkably shrewd intelligent men; close observers of the phenomena of nature so liberally exhibited in their ocean pathways; and altogether noble specimens of seamen.

On the deck of a sperm-whaler, there is a platform to receive the portions of the whale taken on board, and at the mainmast-head are strong pulleys, called the cutting blocks and falls, which are used to hoist the blubber, &c., on board by aid of the windlass. There is also on deck a square brick erection, a little abaft the foremast, made to support a couple of great iron caldrons, called *try-pots*, in which the blubber is boiled. Adjoining them is a copper cooler; and every possible precaution is adopted to guard against accidents from fire. The number of casks carried by a South-seaman is very great, and the sizes vary up to nearly 350 gallons. The crew generally have abundance of fresh water till the cargo is nearly full; and besides the casks, there are four large iron tanks. Indeed, we have been informed that recently the South-seamen have been entirely fitted with iron tanks for the oil, and carry no more barrels than are requisite for the supply of fresh water, which in some instances is also kept in iron tanks.

On a somewhat similar system to that adopted in the Greenland trade, the officers and crew of South-seamen are paid for their services, not in fixed wages, but in a certain percentage on the cargo—thus stimulating them to obtain as large a freight in as short a period as possible, and insuring the best exertion of their energies for mutual advantage. The *lay*, or share of the captain, is, on the average, about one-thirteenth of the value of the cargo; and an able seaman gets about the one-hundred-and-sixtieth part for his portion. The entire crew, including master, mates, surgeon, harpooners, &c., amount to from thirty to forty men. A supply of provisions for three years and upward is taken out; and the arrangements now made for the preservation of health are so judicious, that scurvy is of very rare occurrence. South-seamen are remarkably *clean* ships—the reverse of the popular notion concerning whalers; within a few hours after the capture of a whale, the vessel and crew exhibit no signs of the temporary disorder the cutting-up necessarily occasions.

A South-seaman usually carries five swift boats, thirty feet in length, built of light materials, and shaped both ends alike, in order that they may with greater readiness be *backed* from the vicinity of a dangerous whale; they are steered with a long oar, which gives a much greater and more decided command over a boat than a rudder. Five long oars propel each boat, the row-locks in which they play being muffled, in order to approach the destined victim without noise. Sockets in the floor of the boat receive the oars when apeak. As these whale-boats are thin in the timbers, for the sake of buoyancy and speed, they very frequently get shattered by blows from the fins, flukes, and tail of the whale attacked; and consequently their crews would inevitably perish, were it not for a contrivance which we think can not be too generally known to all who go a-boating either on business or pleasure. Life-lines are fixed at the gunwales of the boat; and when an accident causes her to fill, the oars are lashed athwart by aid of these lines, and although

she may be quite submerged, still she will not sink, but bear up her crew until rescue arrives. We are sure that were this simple expedient known and adopted by merchant seamen and others, many hundreds of lives would be saved every year; for it is rarely that a boat is swamped so rapidly that there is not time to lash the oars athwart her gunwale.

And now, reader, please to step on board the sperm-whaler. We are cruising somewhere in the great Pacific Ocean. Our ship is clean from stem to stern—from try-works to cutting-falls; our boats are hanging ready to be launched at a moment's notice; keen eyes are sweeping the horizon in every direction, and sharp ears are anxiously listening for the anticipated cry of "There she spouts!"—for we are sailing along the edge of a current, and sperm-whales are known to be in the vicinity. It is early morning, with a fine working-breeze; and if you will take your station with us on the cross-trees—or, if that is too lofty an elevation, on the foretop beneath them—we will point out to you the well-known indications of sperm-whales being hereabouts. First of all, you probably glance, with a sort of wondering smile, at the queer-looking machine at the cross-trees overhead. Well, that is the *crow's-nest;* but its tenant is not a feathered creature, but a tarry, oily, old Salt, who is the look-out man for the nonce, and whose keen gray eye, even while he refills his cheek with a fresh plug, is fixed with absorbing attention on yonder tract of water, where he seems to expect every instant to see a whale rise and spout. The crow's-nest, as you perceive, is composed of a framework in the shape of a cask, covered with canvas, and furnished with a bit of seat and other little conveniences, to accommodate the look-out, and, when necessary, shelter him in some measure from the weather, as he frequently has to remain long aloft at a time. We believe, however, that South-seamen do not use, nor require, the crow's-nest so much as the Greenlandmen.

Now, look around, and mark what vast fields there are of the Sally-man, and of Medusæ of all kinds, and observe the numerous fragments of cuttle-fish floating about, remnants of the recent meals of the cachalot; and, above all, see the great smooth tracts of oily water, which show that a party of whales has passed over this portion of the ocean's surface not very long ago. Ah! you admire the countless flocks of birds hovering close by the ship. Yes, they are in unusual numbers, for they know by instinct that they will soon obtain abundance of food. But for one bird in the air, there are a thousand fish just beneath the surface. See! for hundreds of yards on every side of the ship, the water is literally blackened with albacores. They have attended us for many weeks, and will not be got rid of, unless a strong wind drives the ship along at a very rapid rate. They swim sociably along with us from one cruising-ground to another, and can be captured by hook and line with the greatest ease. They are fine fellows, averaging some four feet in length, and are of excellent quality for the table. Watch them frightening the poor little flying-fish into the air! The latter are soon snapped up by the hovering birds, or are seized and devoured by the voracious albacores, the moment their feeble powers of flight are exhausted, and they drop helpless into the sea again. The albacores, too, have a very terrible enemy in turn—nothing less than the sword-fish, many of which corsairs make a rush, from time to time, through the dense droves of albacores, and transfix them, one or two together, with their long projecting swords, off which the slain albacores are then shaken and devoured by their ruthless enemy. It sometimes happens that the sword-fish misses his aim, and drives his weapon into, and even through a ship's side, to the great danger of the vessel.

Ha! our old look-out man sees a sign! Now he hails the deck. "There she blows! there she spouts!" What lungs the old fellow has! Hark to what follows. "Where away?" sharply cries the officer on deck. "A school of whales broad off the lee-bow, sir!" "Main-yard aback! &c. Out boats!" "There she blows again! There she flukes!" "How far off?" "Three miles, sir! There she breaches." "Be lively, men! Lower away!" "All clear, sir! Lower away it is!" "Cast off falls!—unhook!—out oars!—give way, men!"

You will please to bear in mind, worthy companion, that you and we are now seated somewhere in the boat, as it pulls away, "With measured strokes, most beautiful!" and that we shall consequently see whatever takes place. Meanwhile, let us take advantage of the interval which must intervene ere the whale we pursue is within harpoon's reach, to enlighten you a little about sperm-whales generally. The cachalot or sperm-whale is one of the largest of all the cetacean tribe, not unfrequently attaining the length of 60 feet: there is an authenticated instance of a sperm-whale 76 feet in length, and 38 feet in girth—a leviathan among leviathans! The female cachalot does not attain much more than half the size of the male, and yet gives birth to young ones 14 feet in length, and of proportionate girth. The average yield of oil is about eighty barrels for a full-grown male, and twenty-five for a female. The cachalot is black in color, but is occasionally spotted with white toward the tail. The head is one-third the entire length of the creature, and is of a square form, with a very blunt snout. The body is round, or nearly so, and tapers much toward the tail. The fins are triangular shaped, and very small; but the tail is of immense size, very flexible, and of tremendous power. When the animal strikes it flatly on the water, the report is like that of a small cannon. When used in propulsion, the tail is bent back beneath the body, and then sprung out again; when aiming at a boat or other object, it is bent sharply, and strikes the object by its recoil. The eyes are placed far back in the head, and well protected by integuments. They do not measure more than two inches in length by one in breadth, and have small power of gazing in an

oblique direction. The tongue is small, and can not be protruded; but the gullet or throat is quite in proportion to the bulk of the animal, so that it could easily swallow a man; and this fact clearly disposes of the skeptical objection to the Scripture narrative of the prophet Jonah. The expansion of a pair of jaws nearly a score of feet in length must be a startling sight! The lower jaw appears slender in comparison with the vast bulk of the upper one.

The greater part of the head of the sperm-whale is composed of soft parts, called junk and case. The junk is oily fat; and the case is a delicate fluid, yielding spermaceti in large proportion. The teeth of the cachalot appear mainly on the lower jaw, projecting about two inches through the gum, and they are solid ivory, but without enamel. The black skin of this whale is destitute of hair, and possesses such a peculiar alkaline property, that seamen use it in lieu of soap. The lard or blubber beneath it varies from four to fourteen inches in thickness, and is perfectly white and inodorous. What whalers term schools are assemblages of female cachalots in large numbers—from twenty to a hundred, together with their young, called calves, and piloted by one or more adult males, called bulls. The females are called cows. As a general rule, full-grown males either head the schools or roam singly; sometimes a number of males assemble in what is called a drove.

And now let us revert to the chase we are engaged in. See! the school has taken the alarm, and is off at the rate of eight miles or more an hour. Is it not a beautiful and exciting spectacle to watch these huge monsters tearing along on the surface of the water, spouting vapor from their spiracles like steam from the valve of a steamboat, and leaving a creamy wake behind them, almost equal to that of a ship. Their movement is easy and majestic, their heads being carried high out of the water, as though they were conscious of being the monarchs of old Ocean. See, again! there is a sperm of the largest size, which has just leaped so as to show its entire bulk in the air—almost like a ship in size. What a crash and whirl of foam as it falls into its native element! But we gain on one fine fellow, which our headsman is steering for. Ay, now we are within fair striking distance, and a harpoon is hurled by the brawny arm of the harpooner in the bows, and pierces deep into the cachalot's side. A second follows; and the wounded animal gives a convulsive plunge, and then starts off along the surface at astonishing speed, dragging our boat along with it. You observe that the whale-line runs through a groove lined with lead, and is secured round a logger-head. The 200 fathoms of line will soon be all out, for the whale is preparing to *sound*, or dive deep beneath the surface. There he sounds; and the practiced harpooner has already bent on a second line to the end of the first. Well, he can not possibly remain above an hour beneath the surface, and probably will reappear very soon. Just as we thought; and now we must haul gently alongside, the officer in command standing with his formidable lance poised ready to dart on the first opportunity. That blow is well planted; more succeed, and already the victim is in its last *flurry*. Our watchful rowers back water, to be beyond reach of a blow from the expiring monster's tail or flukes. He now spins round, spouting his life-blood, and crimsoning the sea far and near; now he turns over on his side, and the cheers of the men proclaim their easy victory.

While preparations are making to tow the dead cachalot to the ship, permit us to impart a little further information concerning the chase and capture of the sperm-whale. You have beheld a very easy capture; but not unfrequently the cachalot makes a most determined resistance, and with every appearance of being actuated by revenge, as well as by the instinct of self-preservation, attempts to seize and destroy a boat with its jaws. In this it frequently succeeds. At other times, it sweeps its tail rapidly through the air, and suddenly bringing it down on a boat, cuts the latter asunder, and kills some of the crew, or whirls them to a great distance. Occasionally, so far from fleeing from approaching boats, as the Greenland whale almost invariably does, the terrible cachalot will boldly advance to attack them, rushing open-mouthed, and making every effort to crush or stave them. Often will the cachalot turn on its side or back, and project its long lower jaw right over a boat, so that the terrified crew have to leap overboard, oars in hand. Sometimes it rushes head-on at the boat, splintering it beyond repair, or overturning it with all on board. But what shall we say to a cachalot attacking the ship itself, and actually coming off victor? An enormous cachalot rushed head-on, and twice struck the American sperm-whale ship *Essex*, so as to stave in the bows, and the ship was lost, the crew barely having time to escape in the boats! We refer the reader who desires to know more of the peculiar habits of the sperm-whale, to the books of Herman Melville, the American sailor-author, and of Mr. Bennett. We may say a few words more, however, on the subject of the dangers incident to the capture of the cachalot. The harpooner, especially, is liable to be entangled in coils of the line as it runs out after a whale is struck, and to be then dragged beneath the surface; and even although the line is severed at the moment by the ax kept in readiness, the man is usually gone. Yet more appalling is the calamity which occasionally befalls an entire crew, when the struck whale is diving perpendicularly. It has happened repeatedly on such an occasion, that the line has whirled round the loggerhead, or other fixture of the boat; and that in the twinkling of an eye, almost ere a prayer or ejaculation could be uttered, the boat, crew, and all, have been dragged down into the depths of ocean! Such, too, is the pressure of the water upon a boat when it descends to a certain depth, that on being drawn to the surface again, it will not float, owing to the fluid being forced into the pores of the planks, not only by

the mere density of the ocean, but also by the rapid rate at which the whale has dragged it. It has happened many a time, that a boat at a distance from the ship has been seen to disappear suddenly, pulled bodily down by a harpooned whale, not a vestige of boat or crew being ever seen on the surface again! If we regard whaling merely as a manly *hunt* or chase, quite apart from its commercial aspects, we think it is far more exciting, and requires more nerve and more practiced skill, and calls into exertion more energy, more endurance, more stout-heartedness, than the capture of any other creature—not even excepting the lion, tiger, or elephant.

But let us return to our own captured cachalot. You perceive that the men on board the ship are preparing to receive it. They have placed some short spars outside the vessel to facilitate operations, and have removed a dozen feet of the bulwark in front of the platform to which we before directed attention. The cutting-falls are also all ready, and the ship itself is hove-to. We will anticipate what ensues, and describe it for you. The dead whale floats buoyantly—although in some rare instances it will sink—alongside the ship, where it is well secured, and a stage is slung over the vessel's side, from which the officers overlook and direct operations, &c. The blubber between the eye and pectoral fin is cut through with the spade, which is a triangular-shaped instrument, as sharp as a razor, attached to a long shaft or handle. A man now gets upon the whale—his boots being spiked to prevent slipping—and fixes the hook of the falls to it. The windlass is then manned, and lifts up the detached blubber, the spades cutting away and the whale slowly turning over at the same time. The strip of blubber thus in course of separation is about four feet in breadth, and is called a blanket-piece. It is cut in a spiral direction, and lowered on deck when it reaches up to the head of the cutting-falls. Fresh hold is then taken, and the operation is continued until the whale is entirely flenshed. If the whale is a small one, the whole of the head is at once cut off, and hoisted bodily on deck; but if a large one, its important parts are separately secured. Finally, the skeleton is cut adrift, to float or sink, as may happen. The entire operation occupies at least ten hours, if the whale is very large.

During this cutting-up affair, the water far and near is red with blood, and great flocks of petrels, albatrosses, &c., hover about to pick up the floating morsels. Swarms of sharks also never fail to attend; and so voracious are these creatures, that the men have to strike at them with their spades, to prevent them from devouring the whale piecemeal, ere its remains are abandoned to fish and fowl as their legitimate prey. Although the whalers generally kill many sharks on such occasions, it is said that if a man slips from the carcass of the whale into the midst of these devourers, they seldom attempt to injure him. Personally, however, we can not say that we should like to put the generosity of Messieurs Sharks to such a test.

The blubber is carefully separated from the bits of flesh which may adhere to it preparatory to boiling, an operation first undergone by the head matter, which is kept distinct from the body matter—the former yielding spermaceti, the latter sperm-oil. The scraps, or refuse matter from the oil, themselves supply the furnace with fuel, burning clearly, and emitting intense heat. This operation is called trying-out, and is only dangerous when proper precaution is not used to prevent water from falling into the boiling oil, or by carelessly throwing in wet blubber; in which cases the caldrons may overflow very suddenly, and every thing be in flames together. From the try-works the oil is conveyed to the coolers, and thence to the casks; and a good-sized whale, in favorable weather, may be cut up and converted into oil, &c., within a couple of days.

The spectacle of trying-out on a dark night is exceedingly impressive. There is the ship, slowly sailing along over the pathless ocean, the furnace roaring and producing lurid flames that illumine the surrounding waves, the men passing busily to and fro, and dense volumes of black smoke continually rising in the air and drifting to leeward. Trying-out in a gloomy midnight has a touch even of sublimity about it; and we can conceive the feelings of awe and terror it would inspire in a spectator beholding the ghastly show for the first time from the deck of another ship. We think it is Herman Melville who compared the crew of a sperm-whaler, on such an occasion, to a party of demons busily engaged in the celebration of some unhallowed rite; nor is this fancy at all outrageous, to our thinking. What a picture might a painter of genius make of the scene!

And now, reader, we hope you do not begrudge the time spent with us aboard a sperm-whaler? But we crave the favor of your company, or rather, in Shakspearian language, we say, "lend us your ear" yet a little longer. Certain announcements appeared recently in the papers concerning improved methods of killing the leviathans of the deep. First in order was a simple and presumably effective plan for projecting the harpoon into the body of the whale. A small cannon or swivel was fixed in the bow of the boat, so as to be capable of being raised or depressed, and to turn on its pivot in any required direction. The harpoon was fired from this gun at the object—with a few fathoms of small chain attached, so that no injury would result to the whale-line itself in the act of firing. This scheme appears to have been well received for its apparent feasibility; but whether it has, on fair practical trial, been found to fall short of what was expected from it, we are unable to state. Its advantages were expected to be the following:—The harpoon could be fired from such a distance, that there would not be any necessity of approaching dangerously near the animal at the outset; and the force of its projection would be such, that the harpoon would be certain to be firmly planted, and very probably might penetrate a vital part, and nearly kill the whale at a blow.

A yet more important and extraordinary innovation is that which was proposed some two years ago, and is now again attracting new attention—being nothing less than whaling by electricity. The electricity is conveyed to the body of the whale from an electro-galvanic battery contained in the boat, by means of a metallic wire attached to the harpoon, and so arranged as to re-conduct the electric current from the whale through the sea to the machine. This machine is stated to be capable of throwing into the body of the whale such strokes of electricity as would paralyze in an instant its muscles, and deprive it of all power of motion, if not actually of life.

Should all we are told about this whaling by electricity be true, a marvelous change will take place in the fishery. The danger of attacking and killing the cachalot will be reduced to its minimum; few or no whales which have once received the fatal galvanic shock will escape; the time consumed in their capture will probably not average the tenth of what it does at present; and the duration of the ship's voyage will be materially shortened, for there will be no limit to the success of the chase, and the rapidity with which the cargo will be made up, except the time which now, as always, will be absolutely necessary to boil down the blubber. But how long will the supply of cachalots be sufficient, under the new system, to yield remunerative freights? We know that the sperm-whale has already been seriously thinned in some localities, and that a certain time—perhaps much longer than whalers and naturalists reckon—is necessary for whales to grow to a profitable size. Now, the electric battery, according to our authorities, being so deadly in its application, we should suppose that when a whaler falls in with a large school of cachalots, and sends out all his boats, each armed with a battery, they will be able to kill perhaps thrice the present maximum number (five), which can be secured at one chase and attack, and in one-fifth of the usual time. If they do this, it matters little whether they can secure all the dead whales for cutting up—the animal is at any rate destroyed, and years must elapse ere another will have grown to take its place in the ocean. To drop this speculation, however, we may at least reasonably conclude, that the capture of sperm-whales will become a matter of more certainty and greater expedition than it is at present; and if the number does *not* rapidly diminish year by year—although we seriously anticipate that it will—the price of sperm-oil, and the other commercial products of the fishery, may be expected to become materially lower. That this would cause an increased demand for these products, there can be no doubt, for at present the limited supply, and the large quantity of sperm-oil used for lubricating delicate machinery keep up the price.

Let us now conclude with a few words on the commercial products of the cachalot. The most important is the sperm-oil, used for lamps and for lubricating machinery. It is more pure than any other animal oil. Spermaceti is a transparent fluid when first extracted from the whale, but it becomes concrete when exposed to a cold temperature, or placed in water. It is found in all parts of the whale, but chiefly in the head and the dorsal hump. After being prepared, it is cast in moulds for sale in the shops, and is chiefly used for making candles. Formerly, as Shakspeare tells us, it was considered to possess curative properties—

> The sovereign'st thing on earth
> Is spermaceti for an inward bruise.

The teeth yield ivory, which always sells at a remunerative price. Lastly, there is the rare and mysterious substance called ambergris—the origin of which was long a problem, which even the learned could not solve. It is now known to be a kind of morbid excrescence produced in the intestines of the cachalot, and in no other species of whale. It is sold as a perfume, fetching five dollars an ounce when pure, and rare in the market even at that price. When found floating on the sea, it has undoubtedly been voided by the cachalot, or has drifted from it when the body became decomposed after death.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

PROFESSOR WILSON, it is generally understood, is now retired forever from public life; it is feared also from the full exercise and command of his brilliant faculties. He is lying on the verge of the western horizon, a great but troubled sun, shining amid rainy clouds, and ere the luminary pass away, and while yet he hangs "low but mighty still," we are tempted to utter at once our admiration of his splendor, and our sorrow over his anticipated departure.

There is something exceedingly sweet and solemn in the emotions with which we watch the uprise of a new and true poet;—and there is something exceedingly sad and solemn in the emotions with which we regard the downgoing of a great bard. We have analogies with which to compare the first of these events, such as the one we have selected, that of the appearance of a new star in the heavens, but we have no analogy for the last. For we have never yet seen *a star or sun setting forever*. We have seen the orb trembling at the gates of the west, and dipping reluctantly into the ocean; but we knew that he was to appear again, and take his appointed place in the firmament, and this forbade all sadness, except such as is always interwoven with the feeling of the sublime. But were the nations authentically apprised that on a certain evening the sun was to go down to rise no more, what straining of eyes, and heaving of hearts, and shedding of tears, would there be; what climbing of loftiest mountains to get the last look of his beams; what a shriek, loud and deep, would arise when the latest ray had disappeared; how many would, in despair and misery, share in the death of their luminary; what a "horror of great darkness" would sink over the earth when he had departed; and how would that hor-

ror be increased and aggravated by the appearance of the stars,

"Distinct but distant, clear, but ah, how cold,"

which in vain came forth to gild the gloom and supply the lack of the dead King of glory! With some such emotions as are suggested by this impossible supposition do men witness the departure of a great genius. His immortality they may firmly believe in, but what is it to them? He has gone, they know, to other spheres, but has ceased to be a source of light, and warmth, and cheerful genial influence to theirs forever and ever. Just as his life alone has deserved the name of Life, native, exuberant, overflowing life, so his death alone is worthy of the name, the blank, total, terrible name of Death. The place of the majority of men can easily be supplied, nay, is never left empty, but his can not be filled up *in sæcula sæculorum.* Hence men are disposed, with the ancient poets, to accuse the heavens of envy in removing the great spirit from among them, or to say with a modern:

"They surely have no need of you
In the place where you are going;
Earth hath its angels, all too few,
While heaven is overflowing."

But the grief becomes still more absolute and hopeless when the departing great one is the last representative of a giant race, the last monarch in a mighty dynasty of mind. Then there seem to die over again in him all his intellectual kindred. Then, too, the thought arises, who is to succeed, and, in the shadow of his death-bed, youthful genius appears for a time dwindled into insignificance, and we would willingly pour out all the poetry of the young age as a libation to Nemesis to save him from his doom. Some feelings like these, at least, are crossing our minds as we think of Wilson's present melancholy position and prospects, and as we remember that if not the very last, he is one of the last of those mighty men of valor, the Coleridges, Wordsworths, Byrons, Campbells, Shelleys, Cannings, Peels, Jeffreys, Moores, &c. &c. &c., who cast such a lustre upon the literature and oratory of the beginning of this century, and who have dropped away, star by star, till now there survive of their number only Brougham, Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, Rogers, Lockhart, Croly, and Christopher North, and some of these, too, are dying as we thus write. Truly says the poet—

"It is a woe too deep for tears, when all
Is reft at once; when some surpassing spirit,
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves
Those who remain behind, not sobs or groans,
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope,
But pale despair and cold tranquillity,
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were."

We desire to speak of Wilson with as much impartiality and freedom as though he were dead, and shall consider his personal appearance and history; his genius in its native powers and aptitudes; his achievements as a critic, humorist, writer of fiction, professor, and poet; his relation to the age; his influence on his country; and the principal defects in his genius, history, and character.

We must first of all look at that magnificent presence of his, which ever haunts us and all who have seen it, as we think of him. In the case of many the body seems to belong to the mind, in Wilson the mind seemed to belong to the body. You were almost tempted to believe in materialism as you saw him walking through the street, or entering his class-room, so intensely did the body seem alive, so much did it appear to ray out meaning, motion, and power, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. You thought, at other times, of the first Adam, the stately man of red clay rising from the hand of the Almighty potter. Larger and taller men we have seen, figures more artistically framed we have seen; faces more chastely chiseled, and "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," are not uncommon, but the power and peculiarity of Wilson lay in the combination of all those qualities which go to constitute a perfect man. There was his stature, about six feet two inches. There were his erect port and stately tread. There was his broad and brawny chest. There was a brow lofty, round, and broad. There were eyes, literally flames of fire when roused, and which, like Chatterton's, rolled at times as though they would have burned their sockets. There were a nose, chin, and mouth, expressing by turns firmest determination, exquisite feeling, laughing humor, and fiery rage. And flowing round his temples, but not beneath his broad shoulders, were locks of the true Celtic yellow, reminding you of the mane worn by the ancient bison in the Deu-Caledonian forests. "You are a man," said Napoleon, when he first saw Goethe. Similar exclamations were often uttered by strangers as they unexpectedly encountered Wilson in the streets. Johnson said that you could not converse five minutes with Burke under a shed without saying, "This is an extraordinary being." But in Wilson's case there was no need for his uttering a single word; his face, his eye, his port, his chest, all united in silently shining out the tidings—"This is an extraordinary man."

We will not deny that there was about him—about his look, his hair, his dress and gesture—much that seemed *outré* and savage, and which made some hypercritics talk of him as a "splendid beast, a cross between the eagle, the lion, and the man." You saw, at least, one who had been much among the woods, and much among the wild beasts, who, like Peter Bell, had often

"Set his face against the sky
On mountains and on lonely moors,"

who had slept for nights among the heather, who had bathed in midnight lakes, and shouted from the top of midnight hills, and robbed eagles' eyries, and made snow-men, and wooed solitude as a bride; and yet, withal, there was something in his bearing which showed the scholar, the gentleman, the man of the world, and even the wag, and if you presumed on his oddity, and sought

to treat him as a simpleton, or a semi-maniac, he could resent the presumption by throwing at you a word which withered you to the bone, or darting at you a glance which shriveled you up into remorse and insignificance.

We have seen him and heard him in many of his aspects and moods, and shall try to recall some of them to our view, for the sake of our readers. We have seen him entering Blackwood's shop, with the tread of a giant, a tread that shook the very boards, the very books, the very shelves, the very shop-boys, although accustomed to his presence. We have seen him in the street, or in the Parliament-house, or in the Exhibition, surrounded three deep by acquaintances, male and female, whom he was keeping in a roar of laughter, or, occasionally hushing into a little eddy of silence, which seemed startling amid the torrent of noisy life which was rushing around. We have watched him followed at noonday, through long streets, by enthusiasts and strangers, who hung upon his steps, and did "far off his skirts adore." We have seen him *monstrari digito* a thousand times, ay, and by digits that shook with awe as they pointed! We have heard him, in the Assembly-rooms, speaking on the genius of Scott, a little after the death of the wizard, and in the tremble of his deep voice could read his sorrow for the personal loss, as well as his enthusiasm for the universal genius. We have heard him in his class-room, in those wild and wailing cadences, which no description can adequately re-echo, in those long, deep-drawn, slowly expiring sounds which now resembled the moanings of a forsaken cataract, and now seemed to come hoarse and hollow from the chambers of the thunder, advocating the immortality of the soul, describing Cæsar weeping at the grave of Alexander, repeating with an energy which might have raised the dead, Scott's lines on the landing of the British in Portugal, and discovering the secret springs of laughter, beauty, sublimity, and terror, to audiences whom he melted, electrified, subdued, solemnized, exploded into mirth or awed into silence at his pleasure. And never can we forget the last time we heard, or ever hope to hear, those eloquent lips. It was in Stirling, where, addressing a large popular assembly, he threw his soul amid them, like a strong swimmer in a full-lipped sea, touched by turns their every passion, and at last, by the simple words, rendered more powerful by the proximity of the spot, "One bloody summer day at Bannockburn," raised them all to their feet in one storm of uncontrollable enthusiasm. A celebrated professor was present. He had never seen Wilson before. He was fascinated by his appearance, and struck especially by his eye. "That eye, that eye," he continued to mutter. It was certainly an extraordinary eye. Now it glittered like a sharp sunlit sword, now it assumed a dewy expression of the sliest humor, now it swam in tears, now it became dim and deep under some vast vision of grandeur which had come across it, now it seemed searching every heart among his hearers, and now it appeared to retire and communicate directly with his own. And woe to those against whom it threw out the quick flashing lightning of his wrath! It was then Cœur De Lion, in the "Talisman," with his hand and foot advanced to defend the insulted banner of England.

Indeed, we marvel that no critic hitherto has noticed the striking similitude between Wilson and Scott's portraiture of Richard the Lion-hearted. We are almost inclined to believe that Sir Walter had him in his eye. Many of their qualities are the same. The same leonine courage and nobility of nature—the same fierce and ungovernable passions—the same high and generous temper—the same love of adventure and frolic—the same taste for bouts of pleasure and for humble society—the same love of song and music—the same imprudence and improvidence—the same power of concentrating the passions of hot hearts and amorous inclinations upon their wives, and the same personal appearance in complexion, strength, and stature, to the very letter, distinguish the fictitious and the real character; for of course we do not confound the Richard of "Ivanhoe" and the "Talisman" with the Richard of history. Neither Richard nor Christopher was always a hero. The former enjoyed the humors of Friar Tuck as heartily as he did the minstrelsy of Blondel; and our lion-hearted Laker could be as much at home among gipsies and smugglers as ever he was with Wordsworth and Coleridge. The Shaksperian width of his sympathies propelled him into all the queer nooks and corners of human life, as well as into all its altitudes and ideal depths. His motto was "*Nihil humani alienum puto.*" His life has been a most romantic one, and yet almost entirely free from that immorality which generally tinges careless and romantic lives. Enormous falsehoods have been told and believed about his habits. We will not say that he was a total abstainer all his life, although for a large portion of his latter career he acted rigidly upon the principle, and could do so at all times, when he chose. But the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* were not altogether fictitious. He enjoyed good cheer with all the gusto of a strong and healthy man. We saw him once glorying over a turkey, which he called "the Queen of Turkeys." He never, we believe, drank by himself, but in company he was often somewhat convivial. His great delight, however, was not in the wine, but in the excitement of the society. In search of this he encountered the strangest adventures, and had intercourse with all sorts of odd characters. He is said to have resided once for three months in the back-shop of a Highland blacksmith, spending his days in strolling through the hills, and his evenings in writing poetry, and on one occasion to have wagered with the smith, who was a character, that he would run up a lofty mountain before the door without pausing for breath, and won the wager. A thousand similar stories are afloat about his following his late amiable lady, under

the disguise of a waiter, to various inns at the lakes, till an *éclaircissement* took place, through her father noticing that in every inn during their progress the waiter was the same, and demanding an explanation, when Wilson revealed himself, and was permitted to pay his addresses in form; about him and his wife, the summer after marriage, journeying through the whole Highlands on foot; his projecting a tour to the interior of Africa, and being with difficulty withheld from the undertaking; about his spending a number of months in a gipsy encampment; his praying aloud, in his enthusiasm, as he passed, on an autumn morning, while the mist was melting into glory, from St. Mary's Loch to Moffat; his practice of *howling out* his poetry as he was inscribing it upon the page, to the admiration and despair of the Ettrick Shepherd, who, when near him on these occasions, and writing poetry too, always threw down his pen when he heard Christopher beginning thus to sing and "sound on his dim and perilous way;" his custom of shutting himself up and allowing his beard to grow while employed on his articles or poems; the fervid fury and miraculous speed with which he composed, nothing beside him in general but his inkhorn and a teapot, or a series of soda-water bottles; his writing in a week, now the greater part of a number of "Blackwood," and now his entire essay on Burns; his *pursuing a bull* with a pitchfork, on horseback, through the midnight; about his visiting stills, boating, leaping, shooting cats, birds, and wild deer, driving hearses, &c., &c., &c. Some of these stories we suspect to be false, others we know to be true, and a large proportion we may rank as doubtful. But who shall put an end to all dubiety, and stop the circulation of all unfounded rumors, by writing an authentic and minute account of this strange man's history? And who shall paint that stream of conversation which broke from his lips? His talk was not an art or acquirement, still less a trick or a knack, still less an effort and a dogmatism; it was the irresistible outflow of a full and fiery soul, now wild, now witty, now pathetic, now fierce, now anecdotical, and now descriptive, but always free, easy, unaffected, rich, and powerful. We are inclined to rank Wilson, as next to Burns, the greatest converser Scotland, perhaps Britain, has ever produced. Carlyle's talk is indeed a powerful essence, but it is rather the continuous soliloquy of a melancholy man of genius, who talks to relieve an overburdened heart, and to bleed a plethoric pride, than it is that varied, genial, and dramatic thing we call conversation.

We are no Boswells: and if we were, we have had few opportunities of hearing Professor Wilson talk, often as we have seen and heard him lecture. We never called on him but once in company with a distinguished friend. At first, the servant was rather shy, and spoke dubiously of the visibility of the Professor; but, upon sending up our names, we heard him growling out on the top of the stairs a hearty command to admit us. In a little he appeared, and such an apparition! Conceive the tall, strong, "salvage"-looking man we described above, with his beard wearing a week's growth, his hair half a twelvemonth's, no waistcoat, no coat, a loose cloak flung on for the nonce, a shirt dirty, and which, apparently, had been dirty for days, and, to crown all, a huge cudgel in his hand! He saluted us with all his usual dignified frankness; for, in his undress of manner as well as of costume, he was always the gentleman, and the conscious genius; and, after asking us both to sit, and sitting down himself, he commenced instantly to converse upon the subject that seemed nearest to him at the moment. He had been up recently at Loch Awe, for he loved, he said, to see the "spring come out in the Highlands." He had, besides, been visiting many of his old acquaintances there, "shepherds and parish ministers," and of one of these with whose name, as our father's friend, we had been long familiar—the late Dr. Joseph Macintyre, of Glenorchy, he spoke in terms of the fondest and most respectful affection. This gentleman—the minister of a parish lying in one of the most secluded and romantic glens in the Highlands—was the Oberlin of that district. He had, besides his labors as a minister, found time to establish an academy for boarders, and thither the future author of the "Lights and Shadows," then a loose-hanging, tall, thin, bright-eyed stripling, was sent by his father. The venerable Doctor was very kind to him, predicted his eminence, and, probably moved by the *vivâ voce* descriptions the gifted youth gave of his occasional rambles among the mountains, and by his narration of the stories he picked up there, advised him to become a writer of tales and a recorder of traditions, and need we say how he has bettered the instruction? There was a full-length picture of him when a boy on one side of the room, representing him as standing beside a favorite horse. This, he said, had been taken at the special desire of his mother. The figure was that we have just described, and the terms in which he spoke of his mother were honorable alike to her and to him. We understand that she was a pious woman, and contributed much to give him those profound impressions of religion which were never altogether strangers to his mind. He spoke a great deal about De Quincey, and with profound admiration. His feelings toward Coleridge seemed less cordial than we had imagined. It was altogether an agreeable interview, and we left deeply impressed with his affability and kindness, as well as with his great mental powers.

We met him but once more, as aforesaid, at Stirling, on the occasion of a great literary *Conversazione* held in that town. His appearance there had been announced, but was scarcely expected, as it was during the session of College. Thither, however, he came, like a splendid meteor, and was received with boundless enthusiasm. We remember, while walking with him from dinner to the room of meeting—it was in 1849, the cholera year—that some one remarked how singular it was that "cholera and Christo-

pher North had entered the town the same day." "And I, the author of the 'City of the Plague,' too," was his prompt rejoinder. Never had there been such a night in Stirling, nor is there ever likely to be another such. He felt his fame; his spirits rose to the highest pitch; and, although we had heard more elaborate prelections from his lips, we never heard any thing better calculated to move and melt, to thrill and carry away on a stream of "torrent rapture" a popular assembly.

We pass to speak of the constituents of his genius. These are distinguished by their prodigal abundance and variety. He is what the Germans call an Allsided Man. He has, contrary to common opinion, much metaphysical subtlety. That is, as Sir William Hamilton once said to his class about him, "not the least wondrous of his wondrous powers." It has not, indeed, been subjected to such careful culture as some of his other faculties. But no one can read some of his criticisms, or could have listened to many of his lectures, without the profound conviction that the philosophic power was naturally strong within him. Of his imagination we need not speak. It is large, rich, exuberant; fond alike of the Beautiful and the Sublime, of the Pathetic and the Terrible. His wit is less remarkable than his humor, which is one of the most lavish and piquant of all his faculties. Add to this, prodigious memory, keen, sharp intellect, wide sympathies, strong passion, and a boundless command of a most musical and energetic diction, and you have the outline of his gifts and endowments. He is deficient only in that plodding, painstaking sagacity, which enables many common-place men to excel in the physical sciences.

These powers have never, we are certain, found an adequate development. It is only the bust of Wilson we have before us. It is only an extraordinary man we see; had he grown to his full size he had not been a man but a monster. As has been said elsewhere, "Had he but condensed his powers, subdued somewhat the notion of his mighty genius, urged it into one great channel, and added the 'Consecration' to the 'Poet's Dream,' there was no eminence in any direction which he might not have reached. In poetry, in philosophy, in oratory, in preaching, in the drama, in fiction, in the army, in parliament, as a traveler in every department save that of the severer sciences, all who know him know that he could have taken the foremost place." Yet let us not, because he has not done mightier things, call his actual achievements small: they are not only very considerable in themselves, but of the most diversified character.

Wilson is a critic, a humorist, was a professor, is a writer of fiction, and a poet. Let us rapidly review his character in all these varied departments. With him criticism is not an art or attainment, it is an insight and an enthusiasm. He loves every thing that is beautiful in literature, and abhors all that is false and affected, and pities all that is weak or dull; and his criticism is just the frank, fearless, and eloquent expression of that love, that abhorrence, and that pity. Hence his is a catholic criticism; hence his canons are not artificial; hence the reasons he can and does give for his verdicts are drawn, not from arbitrary rules, but directly from the great principles of human nature. With what joyous gusto does he approach a favorite author. His praise falls on books like autumn sunshine, gilding and glorifying whatever it touches. And when, on the other hand, he is disgusted or offended, with what vehement sincerity, with what a noble rage, with what withering sarcasm, or with what tumultuous invective, does he express his wrath. His criticisms are sometimes rambling, sometimes rhapsodical, occasionally overdone in blame or in praise; often you are compelled to differ from his opinions; and in polish, precision, and profundity, they are inferior to many others; but in heartiness, eloquence, native insight, and sincerity, they are unapproached.

We have alluded to his humor. It is a very extraordinary gift. It is not quiet and subtle, like Lamb's; it is broad, rich, bordering on farce, and strongly impregnated with imagination. It is this last characteristic that gives it its peculiar power, as Patrick Robertson can testify. This gentleman possesses nearly as much fun as Wilson; but in their conversational contests, Wilson, whenever he lifted up the daring wing of imagination, left him floundering far behind. Of course, the best specimens of this power are to be found in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," those immortal dialogues where one is at a loss whether more to admire the splendor of the descriptions, the vivacity of the retorts and discussions, the energy of the criticisms, or the riotous and uproarious mirth. They have been republished in America, and we should like to see his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, redacting and reprinting them here.

Wilson, as a Professor, did not, perhaps, give his students so much information as some others do; nor was he a good drill-sergeant; but he did something of greater importance; he excited and inspired their minds. He breathed a breath of fire through his class-room, and ever and anon he led before their wondering view the great pomps of an eloquence never surpassed in depth and pathos: to hear other professors they went as a task, to hear Wilson as a pleasure; and if some complained that they carried little away, the general feeling was, that the sense of sublimity he often gave them, the thrills and frequent tears, were far more valuable than cart-loads of metaphysics. No teacher ever more exclusively addressed the *soul* and heart of his hearers. His lectures are never, we fear, to be collected. They were often written on scraps of paper, and some of these precious Sibylline leaves are, we suspect, as irrecoverably fled as the leaves of the past autumn. As a lecturer, his manner was not refined; but his eye sounding every heart in his auditory, his arms uplifted or descending with vehement energy, and the slow-rolling thunders of his voice, redeemed all deficiencies.

Good old Dr. Macintyre, we have seen, thought Wilson's forte was fiction. We can hardly concur with the doctor in this opinion; for, although many of his tales are very fine, they are so principally from the poetry of the descriptions which are sprinkled through them. He does not tell a story particularly well, and this because he is not calm enough. He *sings*, not *says*, his stories. He is too Ossianic in all his narratives. Hence had he attempted a long three or four volumed novel, it would have been illegible. Even Margaret Lindsay, his longest tale, rather tires before the close, through its eloquent sameness and monotony of pathos. Only very short letters should be all written in tears and blood. He wants entirely the ease of Scott. And his alternations of gay and grave are not so well managed in his tales as they are in his "Noctes." Yet nothing can be finer than some of his individual scenes and pictures. Who has forgotten his Scottish Sunset, which seems dipped in fiery gold; or that Rainbow which bridges over one of his most pathetic stories; or the drowning of Henry Needham; or the Elder's Deathbed; or that incomparable Thunderstorm, which seems still to bow its giant wing of gloom over Ben Nevis and the glen below? In no modern, no not in Ruskin himself, do we find prose passages so gorgeous, so filled with the intensest spirit of poetry, and rising so naturally into its language and rhythm, as in Wilson's "Lights and Shadows."

His poetry proper has been generally thought inferior to his prose, and beneath the level of his powers. Yet, if we admire it less, we love it more. It is not great, or intense, or highly impassioned, but it is true, tender, and pastoral. It has been called the poetry of peace: it is from "towns and toils remote." In it the author seems to be exiled from the bustle and rage of the world, and to inhabit a country of his own, not an entirely "Happy Valley," for tears there fall, and clouds gather, and hearts break, and death enters; but the tears are quiet, the clouds are without wind, the hearts break in silence, and the awful shadow comes in softly, and on tiptoe departs. Sometimes, indeed, the solitude and the silence are disturbed by the apparition of a "Wild Deer," and the poet is surprised into momentary rapture, and a stormy lyric is flung abroad on the winds. But in general the region is calm, and the very sounds are all in unison and league with silence. Wilson's poetry is far from being a full reflection of his multifarious and powerful nature; it represents only a little, quiet nook in his heart, a small, sweet vein in his genius, as though an eagle were to carry within his broad breast a little bag of honey, like that of the bee. It does not discover him as he is, but as he would wish to have been. His poetry is the Sabbath of his soul.

The relation in which he stands to the age has been, like Byron's, somewhat uncertain and vacillating. He has been on the whole a "Lost Leader." He has neither properly belonged to the old or the new, to the conservative nor the movement parties, shall we say? neither to the skeptical nor the Christian sides. He had many tendencies to radicalism in his constitution, and was, at Oxford, it is said, such a flaming radical, that he insisted on blacking his own shoes! But circumstances, along with the influence of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Scott, prevailed to identify him with the Tories, although, like most of that school of politics, he has become vastly more liberal of late years. His early training was religious, but he seems to have fallen in youth among the quicksands of doubt. How far he emerged from these in after days, and what were his ultimate views on these topics, we can not tell, and shall not repeat conflicting and unattested rumors. The general tone of his writings has been Christian. We have heard him in his lectures illustrate particular doctrines of our faith with eloquence, intelligence, and even unction, and we know that he refused to preside at a dinner talked of to Emerson in Edinburgh, because he had no sympathy with his opinions. But it must at the same time be acknowledged that he has not bent all the forces of his mighty mind with sufficient concentration on the paramount object of inculcating moral principle, and enforcing spiritual truth.

Here in fine, is our grand quarrel with Wilson. He has not been sufficiently in earnest. He has not done with his might what his hand found to do. He has hid his *ten* talents in a napkin. He has trifled with his inestimable powers, and not felt a sufficiently strong sense of stewardship upon his conscience. He has been a lazy Titan, gathering nuts in the woods, or pelting pebbles on the shores, and not a working, unwearied child of duty. Hence, he has been by turns a joyous, and by turns a melancholy, but never, we fear, a happy man. This deep moral defect has denied true unity, and perhaps permanent power, to his writings. But a more generous, a more wide-minded, a more courteous, and, with few exceptions, a more gifted man, probably never lived. By nature, he is Scotland's brightest son, save Burns; and he, Scott, and Burns, must rank everlastingly together as the first three of her men of genius. While he lives he unites the sympathies of his countrymen as though they were those of a single heart, and when he comes to die, he may obtain, but will not require, a splendid mausoleum, for he can (we heard him once quote the lines, as only he could quote them)

> "A mightier monument command,
> The mountains of his native land."

A RUSSIAN GENERAL OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

HISTORY, in its bolder features, repeats itself from age to age. Thus, by the sanguinary conflict at present raging between the Russians and the Turks, we are involuntarily reminded of similar encounters between these two antagonistic races toward the close of the last century. True to the traditional policy which it has so long

steadily and obstinately pursued, the Russian dynasty, unsatisfied with its enormous sway, is still meditating and attempting fresh schemes of unscrupulous aggression. Happily, owing to the extensive prevalence of international peace, no opportunity has been afforded for an entire generation to test the military qualities of the troops which the Czar is pouring down upon the south-western frontiers of his empire. Whether or not they are possessed of that stern hardihood and fierce intrepidity, which invested their predecessors with such a prestige of terror, is a question which is now being earnestly debated by politicians, statesmen, and publicists, under a deep conviction of the importance attaching to its settlement. The successes of an army, however, are greatly dependent upon the personal qualifications of its generals; and in this respect, probably, the battalions of Nicholas will suffer by comparison with the heroes of Catherine and Paul. At all events, we apprehend, no compeer of the renowned Suwarow is to be found among the present leaders of the disciplined Muscovite hordes. At such a juncture as the present, therefore, when any information calculated to throw light upon the belligerents is likely to be acceptable, it may not be amiss to devote a portion of our space to the illustration of the character and career of the eccentric and indomitable commander whose name we have just mentioned.

Field-marshal Suwarow was of Swedish extraction. His father before him had been a distinguished general in the service of Catherine I; and his nephew, of the same name, and his only surviving descendant, has displayed remarkable talents, and has commanded in some of the disastrous campaigns in Circassia. Our hero commenced his military career at the early age of thirteen. In the twenty-fifth year of his age he obtained a lieutenancy in a regiment of the line, from which period his advancement was rapid. After distinguishing himself in all the warlike commissions intrusted to him, he was, in 1768, dispatched to Poland, where, in an incredibly short space of time, he vanquished the patriotic armies of that oppressed land, and won new honors from his gratified sovereign. For a period of about twenty years after this successful campaign he was engaged in almost incessant hostilities against the Mohammedan power; numerous important towns and fastnesses, together with vast tracts of valuable territory, being wrested from the dominion of the Porte, and permanently annexed to the gigantic and ever-expanding possessions of the Czar. The name of Suwarow is especially associated with Ismail—as indissolubly, in fact, as Marlborough is with Blenheim, Wellington with Waterloo, and Napoleon with Marengo and Jena. The place just named was a Turkish fortress of great importance, which had throughout the entire course of the war withstood the assaults of the Russian forces. Prince Potemkin at length issued peremptory orders for its reduction within a prescribed period, and Suwarow, with his usual spirit of determination, undertook to storm the stronghold. To stimulate the soldiers, he promised to them the plunder of the place, and ordered them to give no quarter. The evening before the assault, he said to his troops: "To-morrow morning, an hour before daybreak, I mean to get up; I shall then dress and wash myself, then say my prayers, and next give one good cock-crow, and capture Ismail!" In due time the signal was given, and the attack commenced. Twice were the onsets of the Russians repulsed by the raking fire of the enemy; at length, however, their fury prevailed, and the walls were scaled. In the awful slaughter that ensued 33,000 Turks were killed or severely wounded, and 10,000 besides were made prisoners. The laconic and impious report of the conquest sent to the empress was thoroughly characteristic of Suwarow:

> "Praise be to God, and praise be to you;
> Ismail is taken; Suwarow is there!"

Eight days were occupied in burying the dead. The only share in the spoil claimed by this self-denying general was a horse, to supply the place of one which he had lost in the action.

In 1794, Suwarow suppressed a fresh revolt of the unfortunate Poles, and, after a series of signal victories, took possession of Warsaw. It was on this occasion that Catherine made him a field-marshal, and gave him a staff of command made of gold, with a wreath of jewels in the form of oak-leaves, the diamonds alone of which were valued at 60,000 roubles. The honors conferred by despotic authority, however, are always precarious, and the merest caprice, or a momentary impulse of passion on the part of the autocrat, is often sufficient to cause the sudden disgrace and banishment of a valuable public servant. It happened so in the case of Suwarow. Notwithstanding the long and eminent services which he had rendered to the crown, he was, in a fit of petulance on the part of the Emperor Paul, degraded from his high position and sent into ignominious exile. The trivial circumstance which led to his downfall is said to have been as follows. During Paul's quixotic reformation of the Russian costume, Suwarow received from him a package of sticks, as models of the tails and curls which, with the addition of powder, were to adorn the troops under his command. Now there was nothing, perhaps, to which the brave conqueror of the Turks and Poles had a more inveterate aversion than foppery; he accordingly replied to the half-cracked emperor's extraordinary dispatch with three lines of doggrel, which may be thus freely rendered:

> "The tails have not the bayonet's powers,
> The curls are not long twenty-fours,
> The barber's powder is not ours."

These sarcastic lines deeply offended Paul, and he banished the unfortunate warrior-poet to his estate at Khantschausk. On receiving this unjust sentence, the old general assembled his troops, and took leave of them in an address, of which this is the conclusion: "I do not despair," said he, "but that the emperor, our common father, will one day relent, in consideration of my

age. Then, when Suwarow shall reappear among you, he will resume these badges (taking off all his brilliant orders), which he leaves you as a pledge of his friendship, and as a token of your remembrance. You will not forget that he won them in the victories to which he led you." At these words he laid them on the drums in front of the line, and retired amidst the tears and groans of the indignant soldiery.

This presage of his restoration to the imperial favor turned out to be correct. In the second year of his banishment, and the sixty-ninth of his age, the menacing condition of Europe, overrun with French armies, rendered it necessary to enlist his services once more. Accordingly, while Suwarow was leading an almost patriarchal life on his retired estate, attending to agricultural matters, arranging the disputes and not unfrequently the love affairs of his peasantry, and acquiring the art of church-bell ringing, an official dispatch, addressed to "Field-marshal Suwarow," was put into his hands. "This is not for me," he said; "a field-marshal is at the head of armies: I am nothing but an old soldier, called Suwarow;" and he returned the letter. Some days later, a similar packet, addressed "To my faithful subject, Suwarow," was presented to him, in which, on opening it, he read:—"I have resolved to send you into Italy, to the assistance of his Majesty, the emperor and king, my brother and ally. Suwarow has no need of triumphs nor of laurels, but the country has need of him, and my wishes agree with those of Francis II., who, having conferred on you the supreme command of his Italian army, begs you to accept that dignity. It depends on Suwarow alone to satisfy the hopes of his country, and the desire of the emperor, Paul I." Suwarow, with the intense aristocratic feeling of a Russian noble, was rejoiced at the prospect of meeting the revolutionary armies of France, whom he hated as the propagators of anarchy and irreligion, and gladly accepted the commission. In the fervor of his emotion, he pressed the letter to his heart and to his wounds, and cried aloud, "It is new life to me!"

After a solemn thanksgiving for his good fortune, the field-marshal hastened to St. Petersburg to pay his duty to his sovereign. The interview was short and embarrassing—painful to Suwarow, and humiliating to Paul. Neither party was anxious to prolong the conference. The former, with all his loyalty, could not respect the emperor; and the latter was too conscious of his own injustice ever sincerely to forgive the object of it. But little time, however, was lost in gratulation; Suwarow hurried onward to Vienna, where he was received with distinguished honors by the Emperor Francis and the Austrian troops. During the interview, the emperor asked him what was his plan of operations. "I never make any, your majesty," he replied; "time, place, and circumstances decide me." "You must have some plan," continued Francis; "I wish to know it." Suwarow smiled, and said, "If I had, sire, I should not tell it; your majesty's council would know it this evening, and the enemy to-morrow." To this point the veteran adhered so rigidly that the emperor was compelled to yield his assent, much to the annoyance of the members of the war council.

Quitting Vienna, for the purpose of joining the army, he arrived at Verona on the 9th of April, 1799. Here, with a full knowledge of his eccentricities, at the palace prepared for his reception the mirrors were ordered out and straw was ordered in. A few days afterward, he advanced to the head-quarters of the allied armies, near Valeggio, where the Russian contingent of 22,000 men was to join them. The result of this formidable coalition of the continental powers against the aggressions of France is too well known to the student of history to need description in this place. By a series of rapid and brilliant engagements, as will be remembered, the republican troops were defeated and driven out of Italy and Germany. After these successes Suwarow led his brave troops through the Alps by the St. Gothard pass, in which celebrated march they had to force their way through some of the finest divisions of the French retreating army, whose artillery and musketry swept the narrow defiles and ledge-paths along which the Russians passed. After enduring incredible hardships, and losses from famine, fire, cold, and exhaustion, the spectral remnant of this intrepid band arrived at their destination on the appointed day. Great was the mortification and indignation of Suwarow however, to find that all the columns and divisions which were to have been there to join him, were defeated and scattered—a disaster the culpability of which is ascribed to the faithlessness of the Archduke Charles, who, contrary to previous arrangements withdrew his army from Switzerland before the terrible passage had been completed or even commenced, and thus left the Russians to be remorselessly sacrificed by the French who vastly outnumbered them.

This treachery led to a rupture between the old marshal and the conceited young archduke, and a refusal to expose his shattered army to any fresh perils until he had received orders from his imperial master. These orders when obtained, commanded the immediate return of the army. Suwarow, therefore, with a small suite, preceded it; but, on reaching Cracow, he fell dangerously ill. Paul sent his own physician to attend him; and, to cheer him, intimated that a grand military triumphal ceremony was preparing for him. But, alas! for the fickleness of worldly honors and distinctions! while he yet lay in deep affliction on the road, his enemies were intriguing for his disgrace, and so successfully, it seems, that the autocrat had his fall from the imperial favor proclaimed at the head of every regiment in his service.

On receiving intelligence of this cruel blow all the sufferings of the aged warrior were aggravated. He pressed on, however, to St. Petersburg, which he entered at nightfall. Instead of being borne to the imperial palace he was taken to his nephew's hotel, which he never left alive.

A few friends here visited him in secret. With the mockery of a heartless despotism, the relenting Paul sent a messenger to him the day before his death, to signify that his majesty was graciously disposed to grant any request the expiring generalissimo might wish to present. The message roused him for a time; and, after enumerating the favors he had received from the Empress Catherine, he concluded by asking that a portrait of that empress, which he had always worn, might be buried with him in his tomb, and remain forever fastened to his heart. On the following day he died, and his funeral was celebrated with great pomp, 15,000 of his soldiers accompanying his body to the grave.

This great general was as singular and unique in person as in character. He was miserably thin, and only five feet one inch in height. A large mouth; a pug nose; eyes commonly half closed, though when dilated in battle, terribly expressive; a few gray side-locks, brought over the top of a bald crown, and a small unpowdered queue; the whole surmounted by a three-cornered felt hat, ornamented with green fringe; completed the picture of Field-marshal Suwarow. By severe exercise, cold baths, and frugal diet, in which he always shared his soldiers' fare, he kept himself even to old age in a vigorous state of health. He slept on a bed of straw or hay, covered simply by a light blanket. He had a philosophical contempt of dress, and might often have been seen drilling his men in his shirt sleeves. It was only during the severest weather that he wore cloth, his outer garments being usually of white serge turned up with green. One of his greased slouching boots he usually dispensed with, having his kneeband unbuttoned and his stocking about his heel.

In camp, Suwarow's habits were very eccentric. Always on the alert, he often arose at midnight, and welcomed the first soldier he saw moving with a piercing imitation of the crowing of a cock, in compliment to his early rising. He seldom took off his clothes at night; but, as he once remarked, when he got lazy and wanted to sleep comfortably, he would "take off one spur." When he did undress, however, buckets of water were thrown over him before he again put on his clothes. To impress on his children (as he called his soldiers) the duty of implicit obedience, his aids-de-camp were accustomed to interrupt his dinner or his doze with, "You must eat no more;" or, "You must walk." "Why!" he would answer, in affected surprise; "by whose order?" "By that of Field-marshal Suwarow," was the reply. "Ah! he must be obeyed," was the laughing and submissive rejoinder. On one occasion he had his arm raised to strike a soldier, when an officer boldly exclaimed, "The field-marshal has commanded that no one shall give way to passion," he then at once desisted, saying, "What the field-marshal orders, Suwarow obeys." Few indulgences were allowed to his soldiers, whom he strove to make as hardy as himself. If he went into a house, when the army bivouacked, he frequently ordered away the doors and windows. "I am not cold nor afraid," he would say; and the soldiers, who laughed as they obeyed the order, would try to brave the cold like "their father." When provisions were scarce, he not unfrequently met the difficulty by ordering a general fast, which, as he scrupulously kept it himself, was cheerfully acquiesced in by the men. His ordinary marches are almost without parallel in the history of campaigning. In Poland, in 1769, his force marched 300 miles in 12 days, and as much in 1771, fighting almost every second day.

Suwarow always manifested a contempt for court sycophants—a propensity that sometimes placed his conduct in rather a ludicrous light. Thus, for instance, on being called to court by Catherine, people of whom he knew nothing crowded round him, full of professions of sympathy and friendship; he speedily disentangled himself from them to walk up to a dirty stove-heater, and, embracing him, requested his esteem and countenance. "I am on new ground here," he remarked; "and they tell me every one at court may be dangerous." On a subsequent occasion the emperor sent to him Count de Kutaijoff, a menial Turk whom he had ennobled; and Suwarow, turning to his attendant, thus addressed him: "Iwan, you see this nobleman; he has been what you are: he is now a count, and wears orders. It is true that he has been near the person of our gracious sovereign; but behave well, Iwan—who knows what you may come to be?"

With all his roughness and want of conventional polish, there was much affectionateness in the heart of the old warrior. He was also remarkably free from all selfishness and covetousness; while occasionally, when he had the means of gratifying it, his generosity was princely. He accepted no lands from Catherine until after he had children; and when she was distributing favors at Kresneutschouk, and asked him, "Do you want nothing, general?" "Nothing, your majesty," he replied; "unless you'll order me my lodging-money"—a few roubles. One illustration of his generosity must suffice, and with that we close this meagre sketch. In 1796 he made an application to Catherine, through his son-in-law, Zouboff, in favor of a deserving officer. Zouboff neglected the business, and Suwarow wrote to him: "I see my request was ill-timed. I have given an estate to the officer. I shall always do thus. Rich as we are by the bounty of the empress, it is but right that we should share our fortune with those who serve her well."

THE GHOST OF A LOVE STORY.

IN an excursion I once made in Brittany, I arrived one evening at the little town of Pontaven in Lower Cornwall—for Cornwall is on both sides of the channel—with all its *Tors*, *Tres*, and *Pens*, as well on the French as on the English land, which goes far to prove that the two countries of Great and Little Britain were once united.

It was a beautiful summer, and the charming country in that point of projecting land between the Bay of Douarnenez and the inlet of Benodet, had never looked more smiling and agreeable. I was on my way to Quimper, the capital of the district, and need not have ventured on such fare as the very shabby inn offered; but I had a fancy to stop in order to have an opportunity of visiting the ruins of a castle which I had observed on my way, crowning a hill rising above a village called Nizon, a short walk from Pontaven.

As I was well aware that to view a ruin aright, one should "go visit it by the pale moonlight," and the moon being then "in her highest noon," I meditated an excursion with my companions —one of whom was a Breton born, and the other a brisk little native of Normandy—to the Castle of Rustéfan, as soon as our supper had a little restored us after a day's journey over bad roads.

The walk was extremely pretty through deep shaded lanes, across which the clear rays of the moonlight danced as they escaped through the leaves, stirred by a soft breeze. We soon reached the village, and mounted the steep hill, at the highest point of which rose the numerous walls and towers of what must once have been a large castle. In what had been the inner court the ground was covered with soft turf; where, formerly, the village fêtes and dances were held.

One night, a merry party of young people were dancing on this green, and had not yet ceased, when the clock of the chapel of Nizon tolled twelve. Exactly at that moment, although the weather had been beautiful until then, for it was a warm summer, a sudden chill came over all, the moon became obscured, and the wind rose in sharp gusts which violently shook the thick ivy garlands on the wall. The party stopped in the midst of their dance, for every one had felt the influence of the change, and, as the sky grew darker and the wind louder, they clung to each other in actual fear. Presently those who had courage to look round them were aware that, gazing at them from the pointed ruined window of the donjon, stood a figure in the dress of a monk with a shaven crown and hollow lustrous eyes. As the Great Revolution had long since cleared the country of monasteries, and as no monk had ever been seen in the locality except in a picture, the general astonishment was great. The terror increased when the figure, slowly moving from the window, reappeared at a lower one, as if descending the broken stair, and finally was seen to emerge from beneath the stone portal into the interrupted moonlight, and appeared—still fixing his lustrous eyes upon them—to be advancing. With a general cry of terror, and with a rapidity which only fear could give, all rushed toward the opposite entrance, and, nearly falling over each other in their eagerness to escape, darted from the castle and made the best of their way to the bottom of the hill, nor stopped until they had regained the cottages.

After this, the ruins were never visited by night; but occasionally it happened that a stranger, coming from a distance, would have to cross the lower part of the hill, which the castle crowned, and, if he looked up from the marshy lake into which drains all the water from the heights round about, and which is one of the most dismal, dreary-looking spots in the neighborhood, he was sure to see, mounting the hill and advancing slowly to the chief entrance to the castle, a funeral procession conducting a bier covered with a white cloth, and having four tapers at the corners, just as is usual on the coffin of a young girl. This would enter the castle gate and disappear.

Others have heard, as they passed under the walls, the sound of weeping and lamenting, and sometimes of a low melancholy singing, and have been witnesses to the appearance on the walls of a female figure, as of a very young girl, dressed in a robe of green satin strewn with golden flowers, who walks mournfully along uttering sighs and sobs, and occasionally singing in a tearful voice, words which no one has been able to comprehend.

My Breton friend, to whom all the legends of his country were familiar, finding that I was interested in the account of these apparitions of the castle, thus satisfied my longing to know how the belief could have arisen of these appearances of monk and lady.

"I suppose it was to give a gloomier horror to the legend that our friends the peasants of Nizon fixed upon a monk for their ghost. The fact is, it is a priest who appears, with shaven head and brilliant eyes; one of those whom you may meet any day in the parish; indeed, the real hero of the tale filled that very office. You may have observed two names frequently repeated over the shops, both in the village below and at Pontaven —both Naour and Flécher are common hereabouts; the first are extremely proud of their name, for it proves them to be descendants of the once powerful lord of the castle of Rustéfan, in days when lords were people who had the command of all the country and all the peasants within their ken. As for Flécher, it was never more illustrious than it is now, yet it is connected with the history of these old ruins as much as the other.

"The peasants of Brittany are very ambitious that their sons should enter the church: it removes them from evil habits and hard labor, it gives them education and a certain superiority which every mother wishes her child to attain: moreover, in their opinion, it secures them heaven, and provides prayers for their kindred, and if the priest should happen to turn out a saint, the whole family is made immortal in fame.

"Marie Flécher, a widow with an only son, lived at Pontaven, and, every time her pretty little boy Ivan came home from the hills after tending the flocks of the farmer who employed him, she sighed to think that so promising a child should have no better occupation. As he grew older, her regret increased, until at last she be-

came quite unhappy, and imparted to her son her desire that he should go to school at Quimper and study to be a priest, instead of wasting his time in keeping sheep, and dancing and flirting with the young girls of the village. 'This is not a life for you,' she said. 'I have had a dream, in which the Blessed Virgin directed me to dedicate you to her service: she hates idleness and ignorance, and you must go to the good father at Quimper, who will give you an education for nothing. You will first become a *clerc*, then a priest, have a salary, be able to keep your poor mother when she can work no longer, and pray for the soul of your father.'

"'But,' said Ivan, laughing and caressing her, for he was very gay, 'I don't want to be either a priest or a monk; I have lost my heart to the prettiest girl in the parish.'

"Marie started and looked disturbed: 'This will not do, Ivan,' she said; 'you are too poor for that. You must leave your sheep and the young girls, and come with me to Quimper to learn to be something more than a clown, and to gain heaven by becoming a priest. You shall study, and shall be a *clerc*.'

"The most beautiful girls in that part of the country were the daughters of the lord of the Castle of Rustéfan, whose name was Naour, and whose lady was the godmother of Ivan Flécher: no one could look at any one else when these young ladies came down on their white ponies to the Pardon of Pontaven, clattering along the stony street, and dressed in green silk, with gold chains round their necks. They were all handsome; but the youngest, Généviève, was far beyond the others, and every body at Pontaven said she was in love with the handsomest young man of the village, and he was Ivan Flécher, who was now a *clerc*, studying for the priesthood.

"It was at the Pardon of Pontaven that Généviève and Ivan met, only for a moment, after his absence at the school of Quimper. 'Ivan,' said the young girl to him, 'I have had four lovers who were *clercs*, and each of them has become a priest: the last of them is named Ivan Flécher, and he intends to break my heart.'

"The young lady rode on, and Ivan did not dare to reply, for it had been arranged, without his consent being asked, that he was to take holy orders. On the day when he was to go through the ceremony of being received into the church, he passed the village castle, and there was the beautiful Généviève sitting at the gate embroidering a chalice cloth in gold thread. She looked up as he passed, and said, 'Ivan Flécher, if you will be advised by me, you will not receive orders, because of all that you have said to me in former days.'

"'I can not withdraw now,' replied he, turning as pale as death, 'for I should be called perjured.'

"'You have then forgotten,' said Généviève, 'all that has been said between us two; you have lost the ring I gave you the last time we danced together!'

"'No,' replied he, trembling; 'but God has taken it from me.'

"'Ivan Flécher!' cried the young girl in accents of despair, 'hear me! Return! All I possess is yours. I will follow you to any fate. I will become a peasant like you, and work like you. If you will not listen to me, all that remains is to bring me the sacrament, for my life is ended.'

"'Alas! alas!' sobbed Ivan, 'I have no power to follow you; I am in the fetters of Heaven; I am held by the hand of Heaven, and must become a priest!'

"It was not likely that the father of the beautiful Généviève should favor their loves. He was therefore extremely glad when he found that the handsome young *clerc* had taken orders, and received him in the most friendly manner when he came to the castle to beg that he would assist at his first mass. The favor was immediately granted with a promise that his godmother, the Lady Naour, should be the first to put an offering into the plate.

"But on the day when Ivan was to say his first mass, there was a sad confusion in the church; he began it well enough, but faltered in the middle of it, and burst into a violent flood of tears, so that his book was as if water had flowed over it. A sudden cry was heard in the church, and a girl with her hair disheveled, and with frantic gestures, rushed up the aisle, in sight of every one, and throwing herself on her knees at the feet of the young priest, cried out:

"'In the name of Heaven, stop! You have killed me!'

"When they lifted her from the pavement, where Ivan Flécher had fallen in a fit, the beautiful Généviève was dead.

"Ivan, who had sacrificed his love to the prayers of his mother, recovered after a time, and rose in the church; but he never smiled again; and the only recreation he ever allowed himself, was to wander about the gardens of the castle, where, unknown to her parents, he had been formerly, before he went to Quimper to study, in the habit of seeing the young lady of Naour. He passed most of his time when disengaged from his duties, in praying on her tomb. Some years afterward, he was found one morning lying there, dead; embracing the stone which covered her remains.

"A ballad relating the history of these unfortunate lovers, was composed in Breton, and is still popular, both in Tréguier and in Cornwall, and those who have heard it, do not doubt that the spectres occasionally seen among the ruins of the Castle of Rustéfan, are those of Ivan and Généviève."

I passed some hours of a beautiful moonlight night, after listening to this legend, in the scene of the tragedy; but, except the lustrous eyes of a large gray owl, nothing startled me in the deep shadows of the towers; and, except the sighing of the breeze, no sound disturbed the solitude.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

PUBLIC attention has been mainly directed during the past month to the discussion and action of the United States Senate on the bill for the organization of the Nebraska and Kansas Territories, reported by Mr. Douglas, of which we gave an outline in our Record for March. On the 14th of February the debate was continued by Senator Houston of Texas, who spoke in opposition to the bill, on the ground that it was unjust toward the Indians in the Territory, and in violation of pledges repeatedly given to them; and also that it proposed to repeal the Missouri Compromise, which he considered both sections of the country in good faith bound to maintain. Upon the conclusion of his speech, the amendment offered by Mr. Douglas, declaring the Missouri Compromise to be inoperative and void, was adopted by a vote of 35 to 9. Mr. Chase then offered an amendment, adding to the one just adopted a clause declaring the right of the people of the Territories to prohibit slavery if they should see fit. On the 16th Mr. Badger spoke at length in support of the bill, contending that the South ought to enjoy the right of carrying their property into new territories, and that there could be no such compact, binding Congress for all time, as the Missouri Compromise is claimed to be. On the 17th Mr. Seward spoke at length against the bill, giving a historical sketch of the settlement of the West, and of the circumstances which led to the adoption of the Missouri Compromise, insisting that those by whom it was adopted ought to adhere to its provisions, especially as they had reaped their share of the benefits to be derived from it, and replying successively to the various arguments which had been advanced in its support. He called upon Senators from the slaveholding States to estimate the effect upon their own peculiar interests, as well as upon the country at large, of the passage of this bill. He predicted that it would renew, instead of stifling, agitation on the subject of slavery, and that the struggle between Freedom and Slavery would inevitably be continued until one or the other should be compelled to yield. After sketching the rapid increase of population at the North, he expressed the belief that the progress of slavery could not keep pace with it, and that in spite of all the efforts made for its perpetuation, it must eventually yield to the advancement of universal freedom. On the 20th, Mr. Pettit of Indiana spoke in support of the bill, urging the absolute and hopeless inferiority of the negro race, and the consequent necessity of keeping them in slavery, and advocating the repeal of the Missouri Compromise as necessary to remove an odious and unjust restriction from the Southern States. He entered at length into a reply to a speech made some years since by Mr. Cass, and contended, in opposition to it, that Congress had full power over the Territories. Mr. Cass made a brief reply. On the 21st, Mr. Sumner of Massachusetts spoke at length against the bill, claiming that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise would be a breach of public faith—sketching its history to show its binding character as a compact between the North and South—and appealing earnestly to Senators from the Southern States not to disturb it. He went on to show, by copious citations, that the bill was a flagrant and extravagant departure from the original policy of our fathers, who looked steadily forward to the time when slavery might be safely abolished, and who kept that end in view in all their public action. He then examined in detail the arguments used in defense of the bill, and closed by declaring his fixed faith in the ultimate universal triumph of justice and freedom. On the 23d, Mr. Toombs of Georgia spoke in favor of the bill, contending that it was wise, just, constitutional, and ought to be adopted—that it had received the acquiescent approval of nineteen-twentieths of the public sentiment of the United States, and that it was not a departure from the ancient policy of the country. He was followed by Mr. Butler of South Carolina, who urged that the Missouri Compromise ought to be repealed—that if not violated it would be as advantageous to the South as the Nebraska Bill—that it was never passed by constitutional authority, and was only submitted to because the South was willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of harmony; and that although the present bill contained provisions which he did not approve, it was so nearly just that he would support it. On the 27th, Senator Cass spoke on the bill, asserting that all political sovereignty over the Territories belonged to the people thereof and not to Congress, and denying that Southern slaveholders had the right to carry their slaves into new territory. He declared his intention to vote for the bill, although he disliked many of its provisions. Senators Cooper and Brodhead of Pennsylvania spoke in support of the bill, as did also Mr. Thompson of New Jersey, on the 28th. On the 1st of March Mr. Clayton spoke at length, rehearsing the action of 1850 on the Compromise Bill, mainly for the purpose of showing that at that time the North had violated the principles of the Missouri Compromise, and that they could not now, therefore, represent them as binding upon the South. For himself he said he believed that act to be unconstitutional, and would vote for its repeal. He thought that the Territory of Nebraska did not require at present such a government as was provided for it by this bill. He was opposed to giving the inhabitants of the Territory power to legislate on the subject of slavery, and thought they should be prohibited from touching the subject at all until the organization of a State government. On the 2d an excited debate took place, turning mainly on the part individual Senators had taken in regard to the bill, in the course of which Mr. Badger urged that its friends should reject every amendment that might be offered by Mr. Chase, or by those who held the same views concerning slavery which he was known to entertain. After this debate was closed the vote was taken, and the amendment offered by Mr. Chase was rejected by a vote of 10 to 36. Mr. Badger then offered an amendment, providing that nothing in the bill should be construed to revive or put in force any law which may have existed prior to 1820 either protecting, abolishing, establishing, or prohibiting slavery. This was carried 35 to 6. Mr. Douglas moved to amend so as to strike out the provision giving Congress power to disapprove the legislation of the Territory, and so as to enable a two-thirds vote to overrule the Governor's veto. This was carried. Mr. Clayton moved to strike out the provision permitting aliens to hold office and to vote in the election of officers in the Territory. It was agreed to, Ayes 23, Nays 21. Mr. Chase offered an amendment making the Governor, Secretary, and Judges elective by the people of the Territory, which was rejected by a vote of 10 to 30. Mr. Chase then offered an amendment including

the two Territories under one organization, urging that the condition of the country did not require the establishment of two governments. After a slight personal discussion, the amendment was rejected, Ayes 8, Nays 34. The bill was then reported to the Senate, when a separate vote was called for on the amendment excluding aliens from voting, which was concurred in by a vote of 22 to 20, as follows:

YEAS.—Messrs. Adams, Atchison, Badger, Bell, Benjamin, Brodhead, Brown, Butler, Clay, Dawson, Dixon, Evans, Everett, Fitzpatrick, Houston, Hunter, Johnson, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Sebastian, Slidell.

NAYS.—Messrs. Chase, Dodge of Wis., Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Fish, Fessenden, Foot, Hamlin, Jones of Iowa, Jones of Tenn., Norris, Pettit, Seward, Shields, Smith, Stuart, Sumner, Wade, Walker, Williams.

On the 3d Mr. Bell of Tennesee made a speech in opposition to the bill, which he thought was wholly unnecessary. There were three hundred millions of acres of land in the Territories, sufficient to support an empire. The Indians in that section had been guaranteed a home there, and he was opposed to the project of driving them away. He considered the bill a clear violation of Indian treaties, and he was surprised that this feature of it had not excited more attention:—the whole philanthropy of the Senate, it seemed to him, had been engrossed by the African race—there had been no word of pity for any but them. He did not believe that the result of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise would be such as was anticipated by its friends—but feared that it would excite discontent, renew agitation, and be productive of other serious evils. He did not believe that any necessity existed for its passage. Mr. Dawson replied, and was followed by Mr. Norris of New Hampshire, who spoke at length in support of the bill—maintaining that the Compromise of 1850 clearly recognized the principle of non-intervention by Congress with the domestic affairs of the people of the Territories, and that this principle could only be carried out by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Fessenden of Maine spoke warmly against the bill, contending that the Constitution gave the Slave States great advantages over the Free States, and that the latter ought not to permit these advantages to be made still greater. Mr. Douglas replied, and after a warm personal debate, in which several Senators participated, the vote was taken, and the bill passed by a vote of 37 to 14, as follows:—the names of Whigs being in Italics:

YEAS.—Moses Norris and Jared W. Williams of N. H.; Isaac Toucey of Conn.; John R. Thompson of N. J.; Richard Brodhead, Jr., of Penn.; John Pettit of Indiana; Stephen A. Douglas and James Shields of Illinois; Aug. C. Dodge and George W. Jones of Iowa; Lewis Cass and Charles E. Stuart of Michigan; Wm. M. Gwin and John B. Weller of California; James A. Bayard of Delaware; *Thomas G. Pratt* of Md.; James M. Mason and R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia; *George E. Badger* of N. C.; A. P. Butler and Josiah J. Evans of South Carolina; *William C. Dawson* of Georgia; Benj. Fitzpatrick and Clement C. Clay, Jr., of Alabama; Stephen Adams and Albert G. Brown of Mississippi; Jackson Morton of Florida; John Slidell and *J. P. Benjamin* of Louisiana; *Archibald Dixon* and *John B. Thompson* of Kentucky; *James C. Jones* of Tennesee; D. R. Atchison and *Henry S. Geyer* of Missouri; W. K. Sebastian and Robert W. Johnson of Arkansas; and Thomas J. Rusk of Texas.

NAYS.—Hannibal Hamlin, *William Pitt Fessenaen* of Maine; CHARLES SUMNER of Massachusetts; Charles T. James of Rhode Island; *Truman Smith* of Connecticut: *Solomon Foot* of Vermont; *William H. Seward* and *Hamilton Fish* of New York; SALMON P. CHASE and *Benjamin F. Wade* of Ohio; Isaac P. Walker and Henry Dodge of Wisconsin; *John Bell* of Tennessee; Samuel Houston of Texas.

This statement of the vote shows that of the 37 who voted in favor of the bill there were 14 Democrats from the Free States, and 14 Democrats and 9 Whigs from the Slave States; and that of the 14 votes against it there were 6 Democrats (including Senators Chase and Sumner, who belong to the Independent Democrats), and 6 Whigs from Free, and one Democrat and one Whig from Slave States. Five of each party were absent or did not vote.——Senator Gwin, from the Select Committee in the Senate appointed to consider that subject, reported a bill on the 10th of March, providing for the construction of a Railroad to the Pacific. Its main features are, that it gives every alternate section of land, within twenty miles on each side of the road, to Companies who will contract to build it, and appropriates not less than $600 per annum per mile for carrying the mail daily. The road is to be commenced within three years, and to be completed within ten. The contractor must deposit two millions of dollars as security for the performance of the work,—and forfeit $100,000 for every month of delay in its completion. The Company shall own the road for forty years, and then surrender it to the United States; Congress may buy it at any time by paying the cost and twelve per cent. The location of the initial points and the route is to be fixed by the Company contracting.——No other business of special importance has been done in the Senate; and in the House the passage of the Homestead bill is the only action taken worthy of note. The bill permits any free white male citizen, or person who shall have declared his intention of becoming a citizen previous to the passage of the act, to select a quarter section of the public lands, and on proof that he has occupied and cultivated it for five years, he is to receive a title to it from the government. The bill passed the House on the 7th of March by a vote of 107 to 72.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 16th of February. The election of a United States Senator was the main topic of interest. Efforts were made to bring on the election at the present session, although the term of the present incumbent will not expire for more than a year, in order to secure the choice of a special candidate. The mining news is highly favorable. Abundant rains had supplied water for the operations of the miners, and large quantities of gold continued to be produced. There have also been important discoveries of fresh mines,—one of which, a vein of decomposed quartz, is said to be the most productive yet discovered. The markets are overstocked with goods of all kinds. The clipper ship San Francisco was wrecked while entering that port. From Lower California we hear that the invading expedition of Captain Walker was in a position of a good deal of difficulty. Owing to the hard fare and other causes of complaint forty-five men of his company had refused to accompany him in his expedition against Sonora, and had taken their departure for San Diego. He announced his purpose of leaving for Sonora on the 5th of February with the remainder of his force, which did not exceed one hundred and fifty men. Those who left took their arms with them. Very little interest in the crusade seems to be felt in California, and it is probable that the affair will result in failure.

From *Oregon* we have news to the 3d. The season had been very cold, more so than for years before. Further difficulties have occurred with the

Indians:—some alleged outrages by them were revenged by a party of fifty miners, who attacked an Indian village and killed sixteen of the natives.—— It is stated that the Governor of Washington Territory has notified the Hudson's Bay Company that they must withdraw from the Indian trade within the Territory by the 1st of July.

Fresh difficulties have arisen with *Cuba*. The steamer Black Warrior recently touched at the port of Havana on her way from New Orleans to New York. The officers of the port noticed that she had cotton on board, although her manifest certified that she had no cargo, and declared the cargo confiscated on that account. The owners of the steamer urged that it had never been usual for the manifest to mention cargo not intended for Havana—that all vessels touching at that port had uniformly made up their statements in the same way, and that the Cuban officials had never before intimated any objection to it. If there was an error in the manifest, moreover, they claimed the usual privilege of twelve hours to correct it. This was peremptorily refused, and the cargo declared confiscated. The captain of the steamer thereupon hauled down the United States flag, and surrendered the vessel also to the government. The report of the transaction created a good deal of feeling in the United States, and propositions were at once brought forward in Congress to suspend the neutrality laws, so far as Spain is concerned, and for taking other measures of retaliation. No action had been taken at the time of closing this Record.

GREAT BRITAIN.

War with Russia, which seems at last to have become inevitable, is the topic universally discussed in England. Public sentiment, which has kept steadily in advance of the action of government on the Eastern question, hails the final decision with exultation, and welcomes the war of which no foresight can see the termination. It has been officially announced in Parliament that the Emperor of Russia had peremptorily rejected the last Vienna note,—that all negotiations had been broken off, without any hope of their being renewed, that the Russian embassadors had left London and Paris, and that the English government, with the full alliance and support of France, is prepared to enter upon a vigorous prosecution of war. The course marked out seems to be generally understood. A contingent of 20,000 men is to be sent to Turkey as an auxiliary force, under the command of Lord Raglan in chief, under whom several distinguished officers, including Lord Cardigan, General Brotherton, and the Duke of Cambridge have volunteered to serve. Colonel Eyre, who distinguished himself in the Kaffir war, is to command a brigade. Half of the contingent, comprising 10,000 infantry, were already under orders, and would leave as rapidly as possible. The first detachment of 2500 left Southampton in three steamers on the 22d, and about 900 left Liverpool on the same day. The regiments are rapidly filled with volunteers, and the activity in the dock-yards has prepared thirty ships carrying 2220 guns for the Baltic.

The debates in Parliament on the subject have been interesting and instructive. On the 13th in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell introduced the New Reform Bill, which proposes important changes in the representation, and would command universal attention but for the overwhelming interest felt in the Eastern war. The bill proposes to disfranchise entirely boroughs containing less than 300 electors or 5000 inhabitants, of which there are 19, returning 29 members:—to take away one member each from boroughs having less than 500 electors or 10,000 inhabitants and returning two members, of which there are eleven:—the number of members, therefore, will be reduced 62 by disfranchisement, and *four* seats are already vacant. So that there are 66 to be disposed of. The bill proposes that every county and part of a county containing a population of more than 100,000 and returning two members, shall hereafter return *three*—which will add 38. Certain divisions of counties now returning two members are to be subdivided and each sub-division to return three—which will add 8. Cities and boroughs containing more than 100,000 inhabitants at present returning two members are hereafter to return three—which will add 10. Certain towns containing over 20,000 inhabitants are to return one member each: the Inns of Court are to return two and London University one—which will give a further addition of 8. This will leave *two* seats vacant, and it is proposed to give these to Scotland. The bill proposes also to give the franchise to persons in receipt of salaries of not less than £100 per annum—persons receiving £10 per annum from government, bank or India Stock, persons paying 40 shillings per annum to the income or assessed taxes, graduates of any university, and persons who have for three years possessed a deposit of £50 in any Savings Bank. The franchise for counties is to be extended to all occupiers rated at £10 per annum residing elsewhere than in represented towns: the borough franchise to occupiers rated at £6 who have resided in the borough for two and a half years.—The bill was made the subject of a brief debate and was vindicated by Lord John Russell, who maintained that it was both liberal and conservative in its provisions, and that its passage was demanded by the best interests of the country.

The Eastern question was brought to the attention of the House of Lords on the 6th, by the Marquis of Clanricade, who confined himself to inquiring whether the Emperor of Russia had answered the last propositions from Vienna. Lord Clarendon replied that the Emperor's answer had been received, but that its terms were quite unacceptable and not of a character to send to Constantinople. Baron Brunow, the Russian Minister, had taken leave of him on the 4th, and had broken off the relations subsisting between England and Russia. Lord Ellenborough said he had no doubt they were at the commencement of one of the most formidable wars in which Great Britain had ever been engaged, and he regretted that the people of that country did not appear to be at all aware of the magnitude, the probable duration, and the dismal consequences of that war. He acquitted the Ministers of all responsibility for the war, and urged them to increase to the utmost possible extent every immediate preparation for it. In reply to further questionings from various quarters, Lord Clarendon declared that all negotiations had been broken off—and that he had no reason for hoping that they could be renewed.——In the House of Commons on the 16th, Mr. Disraeli inquired whether the letter of the Emperor of France to the Emperor of Russia had been sent with the knowledge and concurrence of the English government. Lord John Russell replied that it had—and that although the English government did not consider itself responsible for its contents, he had no doubt it was sent for the laudable purpose of making a final effort for the preservation of peace. On the 17th, Mr. Layard

opened the debate in a speech devoted mainly to a review of the action of the Ministry, which he complained had not been straightforward. He examined the published dispatches to show that the British government had been mistaken, short-sighted or credulous throughout, and that the affair at Sinope, as well as the occupation of the Principalities, might have been prevented but for the vacillating and timorous instructions sent out from England. He expressed the hope that in prosecuting the war they would not be satisfied with restoring the *status quo ante bellum*, and declared that the Turks had advanced more in fifteen years than the Russians in a hundred and fifty. Sir James Graham replied, vindicating the government from the censure bestowed upon its action, and urging that the course it had pursued had cemented the union with France and obtained the consent of Austria and Prussia to such an interpretation of old treaties as would secure the independence of Turkey. Lord Dudley Stuart condemned the conduct of government as consisting of one part discretion and three parts cowardice. Mr. Roebuck defended the Ministry, and praised them in not having rushed hastily into war. Lord John Russell followed in a long and eloquent speech, charging upon the Russian government the most direct and unequivocal falsehood. He reviewed the negotiations to show the deception which Russia had practiced, and to vindicate the action of the British government. Austria and Prussia had been found slow in asserting their independence of Russia, but their sympathies were with the Western Powers, whom they would ultimately aid. The conduct of the Emperor of the French throughout all these transactions had been so open, frank, and straightforward, that it was impossible not to place the utmost reliance on him and his government. He thought it would be necessary to add three millions of pounds to the expenses of the year, and reminded the House that success in war depends upon secrecy, upon combination, and rapidity. He said he should deeply regret such a conflict, but if the ambition of Russia could not otherwise be restrained, England must enter upon the contest with a stout heart, and rely on God to defend the right. On the 20th, Mr. Cobden reviewed the conduct of the government, mainly for the purpose of showing that Turkey was not entitled to the sympathy of England, and that the interest of Great Britain should have prompted her to take part with Russia in securing protection to the Christian population of Turkey. He ridiculed the notion that Europe was in any danger from Russian ambition, and said that the Russian empire was of more importance to English commerce than any foreign country, except the United States. Mr. Disraeli made a very able speech, designed to convict the ministry of culpable blindness to the purposes of Russia, whose policy, he said, had been so clearly indicated at the very outset that prudent men should have been on their guard. He complained that the ministry had never demanded an explicit declaration of Russian designs, nor protested against them until too late. Their conduct, he said, could only have originated in morbid credulity or in connivance with Russia. If it were only the former, their misconduct might still be retrieved, and the war conducted to an honorable issue. But various circumstances, he thought, connected with the negotiations, could scarcely be explained except on the supposition of connivance. Proceeding to examine the present state of the question, he referred to the alliance with France, and pointed out the distinction between maintaining the balance of power and preserving the territorial distribution of Europe, saying that any attempt to do the latter would involve England in continual wars. He concluded with an assurance that, whatever might be their opinion of the conduct of ministers, the opposition would do nothing to impede the action of the government in the present crisis. Lord Palmerston, in reply, expressed his satisfaction that no one had charged the government with having rashly and imprudently plunged the country into war; that would have been a heavy responsibility, from which he was glad to be relieved. The very moderation and forbearance with which they were charged had enabled them to preserve the good opinion of the country, and to secure its united support in the crisis to which they had arrived. They were accused of credulity; but he asserted that the dispatches justified them in having for a considerable period reposed confidence in the assurances of the Russian government. Count Nesselrode, with his own lips, had given the British minister at St. Petersburgh the assurances on which they had relied. When positive assertions are thus made by the government of a great country like Russia, they are entitled to be believed. When Count Nesselrode, at a later stage of the negotiations, asserted that the British and French governments had been aware from the outset of the demands of Russia, he asserted that which was utterly at variance with the facts; and he felt bound to say that, throughout these transactions, the Russian government and its agents had exhausted every modification of untruth, concealment, and evasion, and ended with the assertion of a positive falsehood. Nothing had been lost by forbearance; on the contrary, it had tended to secure the friendship and alliance of Austria and Prussia, which was a matter of great importance in this contest. He maintained, in reply to the arguments of others, that the object for which England was going to war—namely, to uphold the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire—was one worthy of such exertions, and that there was hardly any country in Europe which gave evidence of greater progress than Turkey. In considering the events of the future, he proceeded to show that the strength of the Russians had been overrated, and that the Turks had shown a vitality and power which they were not believed to possess. When two such countries as England and France come to their aid, he thought the cause of the Emperor of Russia was entirely desperate. He felt convinced that the people of the country would fully support the action of the government, and he should apply without misgiving to Parliament for aid. The topic has been referred to on several other occasions in both Houses, but nothing further has been said worthy of record.

FRANCE.

The Eastern war continues in France, as in England and indeed throughout Europe, to be the leading topic of interest. On the 29th of January the Emperor addressed an autograph letter to the Emperor of Russia, stating that the differences between Russia and Turkey had reached such a point of gravity that he thought it his duty to explain the part France had taken on that question, and to suggest means by which he thought the peace of Europe could still be preserved. It was not the action of the maritime powers, as his Majesty urged, but the occupation of the Principalities which had taken the subject from the field of discussion into that of

fact. Still even that event was not regarded as a cause of war—but a note was prepared by the four powers destined to give common satisfaction. That note was accepted by Russia, but commentaries were immediately added which destroyed all its conciliatory effect, and prevented its acceptance by the Porte. The Sultan in turn proposed modifications to which the four powers acceded but which the Czar rejected. Then the Porte, wounded in its dignity and threatened in its independence, declared war and claimed the support of her allies. The English and French squadrons were ordered to the Bosporus, not to make war but to protect Turkey. Efforts for peace were still continued; other propositions were submitted, and Russia declared her intention to remain on the defensive. Up to that time France and England had been merely spectators—when the affair of Sinope occurred and forced them to take a more defined position. It was no longer their policy that was checked —their military honor was wounded. Hence the order was given to their squadrons to enter the Black Sea and to prevent by force, if necessary, the recurrence of such an event. Arrived at this point, it was clear that there must be either a definitive understanding or a decided rupture. If his Majesty desired a pacific solution it was suggested that an armistice should be signed, that diplomatic negotiations should be resumed, and that all the belligerent forces should retire from the places where the motives of war had called them. The Russian troops would abandon the Principalities and the allied squadron the Black Sea. The Emperor of Russia would name a plenipotentiary to negotiate a treaty with the Sultan, to be submitted to the four powers. If a plan should be adopted on which France and England should agree, peace would be restored and the world satisfied. If his Majesty should refuse this proposition they must leave to the fate of arms and the hazards of war that which might be decided by reason and justice. The letter closed by quoting from the Czar's letter of Jan. 17, 1853, his protestation that their relations ought to be sincerely amicable and to repose on the same intentions, the maintenance of order, love of peace, respect for treaties, and reciprocal benevolence: "that programme," adds Napoleon, "is worthy of the Sovereign who traced it, and I do not hesitate to affirm that I have remained firm to it." This letter was regarded rather as a manifesto to the French nation than as an appeal to the Czar; it was extensively placarded and issued in immense numbers in extra editions of the *Moniteur*. The diplomatic correspondence of the French government upon this question has been published. The details of the military measures of France had not been announced, but it was understood that a large contingent would be immediately sent to Turkey and several ships added to the French squadron in the Black Sea. M. Kisseleff, the Russian Minister, left Paris on the 6th. By an imperial decree the convocation of the Senate and Legislative Body had been adjourned to the 2d of March. The military preparations are carried on with great energy. Large orders had been given for supplies of clothing and for munitions of war, and it was believed that not less than 40,000 men would be assigned to the Eastern service.

THE GERMAN STATES.

Great interest is felt in the position which Austria and Prussia will finally decide to assume in connection with the difficulties between Russia and Turkey. Count Orloff had been sent to Vienna as the bearer of propositions by the Russian Emperor, which the representatives of the Four Powers had pronounced inadmissible, and which they had declined to submit to the Porte. It was believed that he was also authorized to enter into arrangements to secure the alliance of Austria with Russia; and, although reports were rife that he had failed in this attempt, nothing definite or authentic was known concerning the objects or result of his mission. An article had been published in the *Moniteur*, evidently by authority, saying that the Western Powers relied on the sympathies of Austria, who, by her position, is called on to play an active and conspicuous part. She has always declared herself in favor of the points claimed by England and France, and the interests of her people are declared to be identical with those of France. The important declaration is added, that "the French Government will never adopt a double-faced policy, and thus while defending the integrity of the Ottoman Empire at Constantinople, it can not suffer that integrity to be violated by aggressive acts from Greece; nor can it, while the flags of France and Austria are united in the East, allow any attempt to be made to separate them beyond the Alps." This is regarded as a menace to Austria, threatening her with insurrections in Italy if she does not join France in the present war. The latest reports indicate that Austria will endeavor, as long as possible, to maintain a position of complete neutrality; but it is believed that fear of a fresh Hungarian insurrection will eventually compel her to take sides with Russia. The omission of any reference to Prussia, in the articles of the *Moniteur*, is regarded as significant—since it indicates that her position is not distrusted by France as strongly as that of Austria.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

No military movements of special importance have taken place on the Danube since our last Record. The Russians are concentrating large numbers of troops, and are apparently preparing for a combined attack on the fortresses now in possession of the Turks, and for crossing the Danube. The Turks are also sending reinforcements. Several severe skirmishes had taken place on the left bank of the Danube in which the Turks had been victorious, the reported loss of the Russians being 800 killed and 1600 wounded—that of the Turks being about half that number. Meantime an insurrection had broken out in Greece, which threatened to be somewhat formidable. There seems to have been a concerted rising in Albania, Macedonia, and Thessaly against the Turkish Government, and the insurgents are said to number over 40,000. In several skirmishes which have occurred between them and the Turkish troops they are said to have been uniformly successful. Great enthusiasm prevails throughout Greece at the prospect of establishing, in consequence of the war with Russia, a Greek Empire on the ruins of Turkey. The Government of Greece is not at all concerned in these movements, and is believed to regard them with alarm. It is said that proofs have been discovered that the conspiracy is the result of Russian intrigues, and that several Russian agents and officers have been arrested for complicity in the affair. The exactions of the Russian authorities in Wallachia are incredibly oppressive, and are driving the inhabitants into open rebellion. Villages have been burned because the inhabitants refused to comply any further with the requisitions of the Russians, and thousands of the people have fled to the mountains.

Editor's Table.

THE SACREDNESS OF THE HUMAN BODY—or the respect due to the human remains—is it a prejudice, a relic of the times when men did not think, a blind superstition at war with science, with philosophy, with our truest secular good? or has it a deep ground in the reason, as well as in the purest moral and religious sentiments of our nature? The question is one deserving our attention, not only for its intrinsic importance, but on account of certain movements which have lately given it a new interest for the public mind. Its consideration may interrupt some of our speculations on "Political corruption," but the immoral and irreverent sentiment we have laid upon "the Table" for dissection grows so naturally out of a loose social and political morality, that the one subject may be considered quite germane to the other. An increasing irreverence for the *body* may well characterize a time when men's *souls* are everywhere bought and sold for political offices, and the highest weal or woe of the most important nation on earth is staked on measures having no purer motive than the party advantage they may give, for the time being, to this or that clique of spoil-hunting factionists.

The fact is beyond all doubt. There ever has been in all places, in all ages, among all classes and conditions of mankind, a deep-feeling in respect to the remains of our earthly mortality. The human body, on the departure of the spirit from it, has never been regarded in the same light as other matter. Nor has this been merely a tender association of ideas, such as would be caused by any object intimately connected with our recollections of departed friends. It has a deeper ground. The body is not like a picture, a book, a garment, or any thing else that once *belonged* to the deceased, and which recalls him vividly to our remembrance. It is something more than a belonging, a property, an association. Philosophy and psychology may protest against the thought, but still they can never do away the deep planted feeling, that in those cold, and motionless, and speechless relics there is still remaining something of the former selfhood. The language of Antony was in harmony with truth as well as nature—

> Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
> Our Cæsar's *vesture* wounded? Look you here,
> Here is *himself*, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

The higher self has gone but there is an *eidolon*, an *umbra*, a shadow, a representative, yet inhabiting the seemingly abandoned tenement, and keeping up the title in the name of the former humanity, or as we may say in legal phrase, in trust for that personality from which it has not been, and never will be, wholly severed. It is true, the great creditor of our fallen race has his lien upon the old crumbling mansion, but there is yet a reversionary interest; and its lord shall again return to the home which saw the infancy of his being. In strictest harmony with this idea, and transcending all mere metaphor, is the language of Scripture when it speaks of "the *redemption* of the body," or the restoration from that old forfeiture implied in the sentence—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Science may prove, ever so clearly, that there is nothing there but carbon, and oxygen, and lime, and phosphorus, and azote; a false spiritualism, or a proud Platonism, may affect to despise the body as a clog to the spirit in the present state, and as a heavy incumbrance from which it will be forever delivered in another; but all this can never eradicate the sentiment we are considering. It enters too deeply into our laws of thinking, our laws of speech, our most interior moral and religious emotions. The attempt to do violence to all these, may work, for a while, an incalculable moral mischief, but it can not wholly succeed. Scripture and nature both protest against the wrong it would inflict upon all that is most pure, most tender, and most precious in our humanity.

The sacrilegious tendency of which we speak, shows itself in two ways. There is the claim of science, and the claim of the mart. The doctor and the merchant both demand that "the earth shall give up to them her dead." One wants the bodies themselves, the other, the room they occupy. One presents the plea of useful knowledge, the other of increasing trade which must have its accommodations. One would extract the elixir of life and health from mortality; the other would create the philosopher's stone from dust and ashes; it would bring out of dead men's bones that charm of the alchemist which shall convert the vaults of the church-yard into the vaults of the bank, and the moss-grown mouldering monuments into the bright gold of an advancing commerce. It must be confessed, however, that there is no little inconsistency in the respective attitudes of the two parties so clamorous for a similar object. Some have not hesitated to advocate the claim of the doctors, and to talk of the necessities of science, who have been horrified at the thought that the sacrilegious foot of trade should disturb the bones of their ancestors. The hospital, the almshouse, and the prison, may thus be invaded for the secular good of humanity, but Trinity ground is sacred. There are higher associations there. The church, too, comes to the rescue, and nobly must we say, has she fulfilled her duty in the case. We cast no blame on her. The dead most near and dear to us lie far away from her revered inclosures; they slumber in the rural burying ground, and near the shadow of the meeting-house; yet still, on this question, our feeling is all on the side of the "venerable corporation." We cherish it as well for the honored dead who lie buried in those grounds, as for the great principle involved in the contest. The church is in the right. We praise her pious zeal. Every other Christian church, or denomination, in the land ought to make common cause with her: Yet still, must we say it, the other invasion of the dead is no less sacrilegious, while it makes even a deeper appeal to our human sympathies.

We can not help thinking that the necessities of medical science have been greatly overrated. Even where the want is conceded, the benefits may be purchased too dear. Better that the causes of some bodily diseases remain concealed, than that the knowledge of them be obtained at the sacrifice of some of the best feelings of the soul. But admitting the force of every plea, may we not ask—is there not in many cases, in most cases perhaps, an unfeeling waste? A very scientific Professor once

told us that in one of our Medical Colleges, the number of subjects obtained for dissection in one course of winter lectures amounted to upward of forty, and this he spoke of as a very insufficient supply. Carry out the ratio to the numerous medical colleges in our city and land, and the number of graves disturbed, and human bodies desecrated, every year, must be reckoned by thousands. We would be cautious here in treating of a matter which, it may be said, the writer does not professionally understand; but must it not strike almost every unprofessional mind in the same light? Why this apparently enormous waste? Why must the human body be dissected over and over again ten thousand times, not so much for the discovery of new truths—for that is not even alleged as the ground in most cases—but to explain old and well known truths to every new class of students? May there not be made most accurate anatomical representations by means of drawings, by preparations in wax, and other modes that might be mentioned, reserving dissections for those cases alone, where the parts are too minute, and the action too microscopical to be set forth by any such methods? Can not a knowledge of the general anatomy be given unless a man is cut up every time the class comes before the lecturer? These questions may perhaps betray ignorance of the subject in some respects, but of the ordinary workings of human nature all intelligent men are alike judges, and upon the minds of such the conviction will press itself, that the hardening effect of these scientific butcheries—we mean to use the term in no more offensive sense than if we were applying it to the worthy citizens who supply us with animal food—must produce an indifference, a recklessness, which not only leads to the waste of which complaint is made, but actually comes to believe it indispensable? The right feeling on this subject might, perhaps, obtain results equally scientific, and equally valuable, from far less means, and with far less sacrifice of what is of more value than almost any amount of knowledge whether speculative or practical.

It does no hurt to the dead. Nothing can be weaker than this common argument; nothing could show a more inadequate appreciation of the real merits of the great question involved. It does no hurt to the dead, but it does an immense injury to the living. We refer not now to the more immediate pain given to the sensibilities. Severe as this is, there is an evil far greater in what may be styled the demoralizing consequences that must flow from the loss of that reverence which has ever been connected with all that reminds us of the departed. It is the tendency to mar, and, in time, wholly to destroy, a feeling most intimately associated with all that goes to make life serious, rational, and religious. It breaks up the sympathies which unite us with the dead and thus tend more than all things else to preserve the past as well as present brotherhood of the race. An increasing indifference to the grave and its sacred contents must produce a state of mind at war, in feeling, if not in abstract dogma, with some of the most solemn revelations of Scripture. We do not make enough of the resurrection in our modern theology. If there is any thing in Christianity fundamental it is this. The New Testament not obscurely teaches, that a most important part of Christ's work was "the redemption of the body" as well as of the soul. We may become too Platonic here, and find, as has been found before in the history of the Church and the world, that an excessive and abstract spirituality is ever drawing round to the other apparent extreme of a sensualizing materialism. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body has indeed been marred by some of our modern speculations even within the pale of reputed orthodoxy and evangelism; but it still holds a most important place in all views that have any title to the Christian name. With it must go all that has ever been regarded as distinctive in the creed, as well as in the philosophy of the Church. "If the dead rise not, then is Christ not risen, and if Christ be not risen, then is our faith vain;" a darkness deeper than that of the crucifixion hour yet hangs dense and drear over all the earth; "in the noon day" of science and philosophy we yet "grope as the blind, and stumble as those who have no light."

Every thing, therefore, is unchristian, as well as irreligious and demoralizing, which goes to destroy any feeling, or association of ideas, so vitally connected with this great truth of revelation. The air of the dissecting-room is unfavorable to it; not that the superficial scalpel of the surgeon could ever penetrate the psychological and physiological mystery that lies so far beneath, and thus show the falsity of the common belief; but the outward appearances, the outward, material, tangible associations, are hostile to the Scriptural view. And this is the point we wish mainly to present. We care not now for any of the difficult questions that have been raised respecting it. Opposition to the doctrine is not, as many ignorantly suppose, a new thing, brought out at last by the meridian light of modern science. "*How* are the dead raised up, and *with what body* do they come?" was asked in the days of Paul, and it has been repeated in every age of the Church. The answer of Athenagoras, in the second century, shows that all the common objections were as rife then as they are now. Fathers and schoolmen, as well as modern metaphysicians, have filled volumes with arguments in respect to what constitutes bodily identity. Yet still—faith clings to the dogma, and will not let it go. Seeking no explanation of the mystery, unweakened by any scientific argument against, and deriving no strength from any similar reasoning in favor, it believes that the body will be raised again—yea, the same body. What is *laid down* will be *raised up*, or *stand up*, if we may use the literal figure of the word ANASTASIS. How far, in quantity or quality, there may be the same matter, it does not inquire; it is enough that it be the same *body;* it is sufficient for it, that there is in some way a continued identity of being—of bodily being. "What is sown in weakness will be raised in power; what is sown in dishonor will be raised in glory; what is sown in corruption will be raised in incorruption;" what is sown in mortality will be raised in immortality. And the pledge of all this is the resurrection of Christ, the literal, visible, identical resurrection of Christ, overriding all metaphysical objections, and giving the assurance that in that model case the same body which was taken from the cross, and laid in the sepulchre, rose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven, glorified, purified from the laws of gross matter, undecaying, incorruptible, immortal.

But not to trespass farther upon the domain of theology, it is in this great truth we see the reason of this special reverence for the human body. It is not like any other portion of matter. It undergoes dissolution, but yet there is a mysterious preservation of a surviving identity. It is true the dissecting knife of the lecturer, and the after combustion of the janitor, do no more than hasten a process which is going on more slowly in the earth; every

body understands that as well as those who would present it as their profoundest argument; but, as far as the associations and feelings are concerned, the difference is immense. In the one case there come up to the mind, calmly, seriously, impressively, the ideas of rest, of seclusion, of divine guardianship, of a silent waiting for the great day of deliverance from the dominion of death and Hades; with the other we connect, and we can not help connecting, the ideas of ignominy, of vile abuse, of irreverence, of irreligion. Especially of the Christian's grave do we think as the sacred chamber that contains a hidden treasure. There is suggested the idea of divine power watching over those "who sleep in Jesus;" as though from the calm blue heavens above, an unslumbering eye was ever looking down upon the consecrated spot. It is the thought expressed in those touching lines that Watts has paraphrased from Job, and which have been repeated on so many rural grave stones:

"God the Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies,
Looks down and watches o'er our dust,
Till He shall bid it rise."

Now what a contrast to all this religious feeling, so tender, so melancholy, and yet so full of moral health to the soul—what a contrast, we say, to these blessed influences that come to us from the grave in connection with the doctrine of the resurrection, is presented by the scenes and associations of a dissecting room—the sacred human body, the once loved form, the former temple of a loving spirit, thus lying mangled, debased, deformed, made the subject of unfeeling remark by some cold materializing lecturer, and exposed to the rude gaze, and ruder hands of hardened, and it may be, licentious students.

Must it not be demoralizing? We are fully aware of the strength of the opposing plea, and, on the score of utility, would admit the difficulty of fully answering it. Science, it is said, must have its subjects as well as its books! We would treat with all fairness the honorable and useful men who present the claim. But there is, certainly, another side to the picture; there are other evils; there are other utilities; and if they come in conflict, we are compelled to strike a balance between the higher and the lower—between those that relate to the body's health and those that belong to the spiritual hygieia, or the soul's truest good.

A mere examination of the human body, conducted with that reverential sympathy which befits the act, does not shock our feelings. Relatives are almost ever willing to have a post mortem examination, to ascertain the nature of a disease. Violence, it is true, is done to the sacred tenement, but it is violence from the hand of a friend. It is ever with tenderness, with sympathy, with all mournful respect; and when the painful act has been completed, every care is used in closing up the breach, and presenting again that appearance of entirety which the conceptive faculty demands when we would think of the state of the dead. Could we be certain that such was the spirit that pervaded the dissecting-room, there might not be that strong repulsion in the thought, although every care that could be used might fall short of wholly relieving the difficulty.

If the dissecting-room be necessary, it should be ever as solemn and impressive as the most careful thoughtfulness could render it. No trifling levity, no mere indifference even, should be ever allowed in transactions so serious, and having so serious a bearing upon both the moral and secular interests of mankind. It is not, however, of the medical student alone, but of the community at large, that we would speak. It is the general demoralizing effect at which we have hinted, that should make legislators pause before they give facilities to practices which may involve such momentous consequences. We hesitate not to say, that all religion, all morality, all those better feelings of the soul in which religion and morality both have their seat, will receive a grievous wound, if the time should come, when, through the demands of a mere inquisitive science, or the still more odious exactions of the grave-disturbing Mammon of covetousness, there should be diffused among us a wide-spread and growing feeling of indifference in regard to the disposition of the human remains. We can not afford to lose any of the moral power which comes from the reverent thought of the other state of being and all connected with it. An age characterized by indifference to the sepulchre and its hallowed associations, we may well expect to be one of extreme *worldliness*, in all the worst senses of that most significant term. It will be an age of selfishness, sensuality, and crime.

But why such apprehensions, some may say; it is only the bodies of the unknown that are required—the poor, the lost, the unclaimed, the forfeited by crime. But this in fact is one of the harshest features of the measure. The poor have not only feelings like the rich, but often these are their only treasure. The poor think more of death—they have more to remind them of it—than their wealthy brethren; and this may account for the fact that these classes are ever more alarmed at the thought of sepulchral violation than those "who fare sumptuously every day." The case, too, appeals to our universal sympathies. Every truly sensitive mind must feel more pain at the thought of the poor Lazarus being dragged from his grave, than of the rich Dives being subjected to a similar treatment.

Is it the guilty, the malefactor, who is demanded? There may be all the keener anguish on the part of surviving friends. The bitter sorrow that has accompanied their ignominious descent to the grave, may, on this very account, be all the more painfully sensitive at the thought of violence to their remains. Their unquiet life of crime gives a tender and cherished interest to the conception of repose, even though it be but a conception, in which the mind finds relief from the contemplation of their past career.

We can only give the general aspects of this question. The medical profession, it is said, must have subjects. If so, let them be content with the fewest possible; let the most serious wisdom among us be exercised in providing the means with the least sacrifice of feeling, the least of moral detriment; and then let the necessary duty be ever discharged with all the devout reverence of a high and religious trust.

Of the other, or the commercial claim, we can speak with no such tolerance. The plea of medical science is entitled to some respect. A careful and reverential removal of the dead, for reasons connected with the public health, or when it is performed by the hands of friends themselves, for the purpose of obtaining a more secure and quiet resting-place, may present little or no ground for censure. But when the only plea is the enlargement of the places of trade and business; when the narrow house is to be disturbed to make room for wider thoroughfares: when the long-silent dead are to be exhumed because the auctioneer wants the place

for his hammer, or the banker for his board, there can be but one thought about it in all sound moral and religious minds. It is unfeeling, unchristian, inhuman. We can not find too bad a name for it. It is a ghoule, a vampyre—a foul sacrilege, a horrible enormity. The very thought of it shows a demoralized and rapidly demoralizing community.

But the profanity may not be all on the secular side. There is another thought, in close connection with this, and which we must not omit. If it be unchristian thus to exhume the body, it may be no less an outrage to refuse it the privilege of sepulchre. The custom of consecrating grounds for burial, had its origin in sound Christian doctrine, as well as in the purest Christian feeling. It has, moreover, when kept from superstition, a salutary and practical moral tendency. But when it is made the instrument of ecclesiastical tyranny, and the bigot's plea for excluding the stranger, or even the heretic, from his resting-place in the earth, or worse than all, when it casts him forth with ignominy, as though in avoidance of some spiritual taint, then may we say that the religious pretense becomes a greater enormity than could ever be justly charged upon the worldly Mammon.

The two general modes among mankind for disposing of the remains of the dead have been by burial and by burning. The first is peculiarly Jewish and Christian, although it existed, more or less, among all the Oriental nations; the latter is more commonly associated with the religion and customs of Occidental Heathenism. Burial was doubtless the most ancient, and, perhaps, at first the universal practice. It existed in the age of the patriarchs; it continued (with some slight exceptions in the days of the later monarchs) through the whole period of the Jewish nationality. Burning came in at a later period. It may have first arisen in war, from the necessity of some speedy and thorough mode of disposing of the slain. But it came afterward to prevail every where among the Greeks and Romans.

The Christian Church, on the other hand, has received and sanctioned the practice of burial in the earth. There have, however, been attempts to defend the Greek and Roman mode, and to recommend its adoption in modern times. Many plausible arguments are adduced in favor of it. Instead of being revolting, it is said, it is classical, pure, tender. There is a touching interest in the thought of the poor remains gathered by the hand of love from the consuming pyre, and inclosed in the portable urn which is ever to remain under the eye of nearest and dearest friends. There are sometimes also urged other reasons connected with the public health. Such a mode, however, can never be adopted while the Bible retains its power over the human soul. The burial of the dead, in distinction from burning, we have said, is peculiarly Christian. The reason suggests itself from another part of our argument. Christ was buried. It is a part of the Creed, and shall remain as long as the Church shall be in existence: "He was crucified, dead, and *buried*." *HE* was buried; even HE who was crucified. The sense and sentient life had departed; but with that sacred body there was yet connected the personality, even that Divine Personality, which reclaimed it from the grave, and bore it up to the right hand of God.

We may say, too, that the whole language of Scripture in reference to the departed has been constructed on this idea. It is embalmed in metaphors, in words of pictorial significance, in verbal associations, which we can not cast off without wounding to the quick whatever is most tender and most precious in the religious affections. And was it not designed to be so embalmed, in order to preserve that ineffable mystery of the resurrection against all the assaults of metaphysical subtlety? The author of revelation knows what is best for us, and he has therefore given us the truth in such a way that philosophy can not change or mar it, or, in the expressive words of Scripture, "spoil us" of it, if we will only be true to a higher feeling and a higher guide.

It is in the language of the Bible, too, that death is first commonly called a sleep. The allusion is sometimes found in the Greek poetry, but it could not obtain a firm hold upon the associations of thought, because it was felt to be not in harmony with the act and phenomena of dissolution in the flames. Hence, too, the very name *cemetery*. Disguised through the perversion of a Greek diphthong and a Latin consonant, we hardly recognize in it the old patristic *κοιμητήριον*, the sleeping-place of the dead.

If we would adopt the classical mode, we must change the language of services and liturgies that have become most deeply enshrined in the Christian affections. Our most scriptural, and, on this account, our most touching hymns would become obsolete. We could no longer sing or pray with the generations that are past. How changed, too, would become the appearance of our burying-grounds, and what new and anti-christian notions would they introduce! How obsolete their monumental language! How mute their warning voices! How meaningless their once significant inscriptions! How deplorable would be any change that would render unintelligible those old-fashioned sermons—that would take away their power to rebuke an infidel age, or to preach the resurrection from the dead, when perhaps all else around them might be giving way to a young philosophy or a still younger theology. How devoutly should we thank Heaven that the precious truth has been fenced around with associations so powerful, so deeply entering into the whole past life of the Church and humanity!

All nations have had a sacred reverence and care for the body. It is nature's yearning to preserve the chain that binds together our humanity—to keep the generations in mind of each other as the crowded ranks pass on in that never-ceasing march to the eternal home—that ever sundering yet never broken procession

> Part of whose hosts have crossed the flood
> And part are crossing now.

Hence the art of the embalmer, hence the funeral urn, hence the care for sepulture, hence that strong feeling against aught that would wrong these cherished memorials of our continuous existence. With these ancient and universal notions, too, there may have been connected some early and afterward obscured belief in a resurrection of the body. But, however this may be, it is Christianity, as we have shown, that has imparted a peculiar power to the doctrine, and a peculiar sacredness to every thing naturally or ritually associated with it.

The subject is one of deep importance in itself, and recent movements in our city and State have added to the interest with which it must be ever invested. This is our apology to our readers for its selection, and the space we have occupied in its discussion.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ABOUT a year since as we were quietly ruminating in our Chair one morning, a swarm of friends (it is so pleasant to *lump* your friends, and not dole them off upon your fingers!) came in and said to us, encouragingly:

"Now, old Easy Chair, a chance offers for you to make money, if you will only listen to the advice of sensible men."

"That is an easy condition of money-making," answered we, already building, in imagination, one of those free-stone fronted mansions in which it appears, that American men of letters reside. "What is the operation?"

There is nothing like being technical, with busy men. That word "operation" was hypocritical in our mouth. It did not come out naturally. But we could not resist the little inducement to show our little knowledge—vanity fattens upon such sorry diet! For a musing, chatty, recluse old Easy Chair, to talk with a Wall Street air about "operations," was as if Wall Street should use a Persian word in conversing with a scholar. The chances indeed are, that it might impose upon the scholar, for scholars are a proverbially credulous class, and he would go about, the gentle purblind, and say it was astonishing what scholarly cultivation there was in Wall Street, and how that much abused quarter held stock in Persian poetry (which you, with your ready wit—as Thackeray would put it—would instantly call "a *fancy* stock.")

But Wall Street could not impose upon the world. The dry old world knows very well the limits of Wall Street knowledge. It ends considerably this side of Persia. And yet, notwithstanding our accurate perception of this fact, we could not refrain from throwing that dust about "operation" in the eyes of the same Wall Street. For vanity does the most absurd things that are done upon the planet.

"The *operation*," said old Tubbs, who made himself spokesman of the party, and emphasized the word in a peculiarly pointed manner, "is Crystal Palace stock!"

"Well," said we, "what are we to do?"

"Buy the stock, you slow old coach," said young Sly, of the prosperous firm of Dry, Sly and Lye, who, as the gifted reader well knows, do an enormous business in New York, and have extensive agencies and correspondences all over this, and other great and glorious countries.

"But my dear Sly," said we, "how should a fogy old Easy Chair buy stock? How must we begin."

The dear Sly laughed benignly.

"My venerable and paralytic Easy Chair," said he, "we, Dry, Sly and Lye, will purchase innumerable shares for you, wait until they rise a little; sell out; deduct a gentle commission, and send you a check for the balance."

"Certainly," said the friends in chorus.

"Certainly," answered we with great ardor.

"Good-morning," said they all.

"Good-morning," replied we, rather loftily, already possessed of our fortune, as we thought, and busy with a thousand plans of luxurious expenditure.

"Not forgetting charitable institutions," interpolated conscience, dexterously.

"Ten thousand a year," continued we sternly to ourselves, as if the interruption were entirely unnecessary and premature, "to the Society for promoting the freer use of wooden legs by horses. Then, let us see, shall we build at Newport or on the summit of Mount Washington. Oh! dear!" we sighed, "great is the embarrassment of riches!"

We were just sitting down to have a chat with you, when a note was brought in.

"*Dear E. C.—We have bought at* 160. *Shall we sell at* 70 *or* 75? *Yours,*

B. Sly, for D. S. and L."

We replied immediately:

"*Dear Sir.* 75 *of course.*

Your obliged

Easy Chair."

The next day, it seems, it went gallantly up to 165. The next it reached 169. We began to peruse stock reports—to have a desire of seeing the evening paper. We even fancied an incipient rotundity in the stomach, as becomes a capitalist, and wore our thumbs in our waistcoat. It went straight to 170.

"To-morrow night the sun sets upon our fortune," said we sententiously, patting many beggar boys upon the head as we went home, and dropping a shilling in the forlorn woman's hand who asked for a penny. The next day affairs were as they were. The next week a slight retrograde movement. The next month a wild and confused decline. At the end of many weeks came another letter from our banking friends.

"*Dear Easy Chair.—We have this day sold out at* 112½. *Our Mr. Lye will call to arrange about the balance.*

Respectfully,

Dry, Sly, and Lye."

The boot, as the vulgar say, was on the other leg. It was our bull that had gored the ox. In fact the balance was on the wrong side. But the generosity of our merchants is proverbial. Wherever floats the American flag, there the probity, the lofty principle, &c. &c. &c. Therefore it was to be expected that we should not be held for the whole deficit. Mr. Lye let us off for 75 per cent, and the next day Mr. Dry requested the honor of our company at dinner. Meanwhile the use of equine wooden legs is limited; and when, the other day, we read the report of the Committee of Directors, we were very sorry and very glad. Sorry for them, for they have done all that could be asked of them; they were not responsible for the wild fancy speculations of Wall Street. And we are glad that they only have lost who could afford to lose. It was eminently a gaming matter. It was so understood. Gentlemen and ladies with a few spare hundreds threw them into that stock as upon a *roulette* table—*whisk, presto, change!* The hundred came out a thousand or rolled cheerfully out of sight. It was an elegant entertainment for superfluous moneys. You took your seat at the board; you adventured your odd hundreds or so; you drew the winnings gently in; or—you smiled to see them go. Nobody was harmed. Nobody had a loaf less at dinner, nor a smaller lump of sugar to his tea. It was a summer delusion, an airy mistake. The Committee could not control it; for it was purely fancy. That was the beauty of it, as Lye, the junior partner, said. Crystal Palace stock was, in truth, the fanciest stock ever offered to a sagacious Wall Street. That amiable street chose to get exhilarated and to toss it up as merrily as the Liverpool merchants their snow-balls, last December. Presently it thawed, so to say; that fairy frost-work of fancy melted, and like all melting

matter, ran down. It was a very Harold Skimpole of a stock.

"Really," it seemed to say, "I don't understand this thing. I am honestly very ignorant of my own value. You say I am worth, at least, two hundred per cent. I am very glad to hear it. You say I must be sold at that rate. Certainly. You understand the whole matter. Two hundred and ten, did you say? As you please; I am quite at your pleasure."

And so, in the most graceful and airy manner possible, the glittering stock bounded into the highest prices. And the charm of the whole is the undoubted fact, that nobody is to blame. If there were any guilt in the matter, we should not so lightly speak of it; but it is only a more public illustration of what is commonly supposed to be constantly going on in Wall Street, in certain stocks—an "operation" sometimes termed *stock gambling*. When the South Sea bubble exploded, the actual misery produced was statistical. When the United States Bank failed, there was very wide-spread misfortune. But when, in our youth—a smooth and buoyant Easy Chair—we went abroad to sow our wild oats, and to see life, and came to the German Baths, Ems, Baden-Baden, and the others, why, we tossed down our shining guineas and *Louis-d'ors* with the rest; and if we went home with lighter or heavier purses, it did not affect our sleep, and we did not hesitate to try the same fortune at Milan and the Florence Casino.

Far be it from a moral old Easy Chair to justify gambling. We are not saying that it was commendable to try "the Fancies"—only that we are glad nobody seriously suffered. If there were hosts of ruined widows, and orphans made destitute, by this singular and illusive speculation, of which the Directors' report was like the moral at the end of a pretty fable, we should never see the Crystal Palace again, but as the glittering mausoleum of happy hopes and betrayed confidences. But it is by no means so. Let us jingle what remains, and smile gayly at the losses, and look sharper next time. Let Mr. Lye pleasantly arrange for the balance, and do you have the pleasure of taking wine with Mr. Dry next day. Then, if you choose to regret that you bought the stock—blame yourself, you know. It shortens discussion, and abates rage marvelously. If you think fit to vow a great vow never to gamble in stocks again, why, you have a perfect right to do so: and if Dry, Sly, and Lye clear a cool hundred thousand by their operations in the Grand Elephant Trunk Line, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have not run the risk of losing that amount. Is it Emerson, by-the-by, who says that "hell itself is not without its extreme satisfactions?"

Two things have recalled to us this little speculation of ours last year—the Report of the Directors, and the building of the new Opera House—to which latter subject we shall devote a separate paragraph.

THE new Opera House is rapidly rising. It stands at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place. Of the condition of the stock we know nothing, not even if it is in market, nor below nor above par. Neither do we know any thing of the arrangements made for the management. When we are asked seriously, What is your opinion, Easy Chair, of the prospects of the Italian Opera in New York? we respond, as a conscientious Easy Chair always should respond, by telling our entire convictions—our doubts as well as our certainties. It may be as well to state, for the benefit of young Sly, that we hold no stock in the building, but that we are honest lovers of music, can even whistle a tune or two, and wish well in every way to every experiment undertaken for the increase and improvement of music among us.

We are at once saluted with this fact, as we begin our investigation, that the Italian Opera is every where a luxury. It is paid for by those who enjoy it, and no one reaps direct pecuniary benefit from it except a few eminent singers. Even in Italy, the *San Carlo* at Naples, *La Scala* at Milan, the *Fenice* at Venice, which are the great operas, are directly under government patronage. Whether they receive subsidies or not, they do not divide dividends to shareholders. So, in Germany, the operas at Berlin, Vienna, and Munich are *royal* theatres, under the immediate protection of the Court, as is the case in the capitals of the Duchies. In Paris they receive allowances from government. In St. Petersburg the Opera is the care of the Emperor; and in London it is supported by the Court and the aristocracy. The infatuation which plunges man into the management of theatres, also allures him to the more hopeless arena of the opera. But he can not long maintain the struggle. Where the opera is not a government affair, and the manager chances, by some fortunate conjuncture of circumstances to make money—yet no shareholder is rejoiced by his quota of the spoils—at least it is not matter of history.

The basis of the continuity of the Opera in London is precisely that of the continued manufacture of *pâté de foie gras*—it is a luxury: it is supported by fashion. A nobleman has his box at the Opera, as he has his carriage and family diamonds. It is a part of the play. It was originally an exotic taste. It was brought from the Continent by the traveled gentry, and became the fashion, as all *objets de virtu* become the fashion. The Opera House, in England, was a place in which certain select circles could meet, and enjoy an artificial excitement. The great expense limited and winnowed those circles. The opera itself was the growth of a genius and education entirely alien to the English. It is emphatically a Southern product, belonging to more passionate and emotional natures. It continues, to this day, to be illustrated, as it is created, by that Southern genius. The operas and the singers are, generally speaking, Italian. The English *people* know and care very little about the opera; and all attempts to establish an English Opera have failed.

In France, after the Revolution of 1848, the "nobility and gentry" threw up their boxes at the Italian Opera—they ceased to go; and the enterprise, despite Alboni, Persiani, Ronconi, and Lablache, failed. Now that the star of empire shines again, the Emperor has a box, at a huge rent; it is *de rigeur* for the great officers of the Court to have the same. Cruvelli sings, Eugenie smiles—*et voilà!*

What do all these things show? Certainly they do *not* show that the Italian Opera is something which the great mass of English, and even French, people desire so strongly, that a promising speculation can be based upon that desire. There always *is* an opera, to be sure, in London and Paris. But if you will look in the *Times* next day, you will see the kind of audience at the Royal Italian Opera, *Covent Garden*—for *Her Majesty's* has succumbed—and if you could look behind the scenes at the Grand Opera in Paris, you would see government funds. It is so in Berlin. The Italian Opera proper

leads a languishing, often a wholly suspended life; while the German, supported by the King, and singing translations from the Italian, does well. This ought also to be said, that if in Italy or Germany, the government support were withdrawn, and the opera suspended, the people would contrive, some how, to have an opera. And it is upon the knowledge of that very fact that government allows the supplies. The people are essentially a musical people, and therefore see with pleasure a musical institution under the patronage of the State. But if the nobility should cease to support the Italian Opera in London, the thing would be over. The English people at large would not care; and would certainly not support it. It is because they are not a musical people.

Now, it is clear, that the institution with us can have no factitious basis. If we are not musical and do not care about the opera, it certainly will not succeed because New York is a great city, and because every great city ought to have an opera. Every great city ought no more to have an opera than a St. Peter's. It is a question of taste, not of size. And it may be resumed by saying, that if we are musical, there will always be the permanent effort at an opera, supported and justified by the general taste. If we are not musical, the opera can only be supported by the class who wish to enjoy the luxury.

We roll in our Easy Chair at the very imminence of the question you are going to ask. There is no escape. It must fairly be put to us; Do you, O Easy Chair, believe that we are a musical people? Now our opinion (as every body opposed to us knows so well), "is not of the slightest consequence," but we must say, No. The American people know two tunes—*Yankee Doodle* and *Old Folks at Home*. But if any man is in doubt whether to call us a musical people, let him try when he next finds himself with a half-dozen friends, whether they can accomplish together any simple glee with tolerable decency, nay, let him ask himself whether a man who can play the piano tolerably, is not a prodigy, or regarded with a shade of contempt as a womanish man; and then remember how in the silent midnight streets of Rome or Vienna he can hardly commence an air or a chorus but some tuneful passenger will unite his voice and so, another and another joining, the melody roll increasing onward. These are the straws that show the blowing of the wind.

We are aware of the existence of Ethiopian minstrels. We have spoken of them before. But their music seems to require the piquant sauce of coarse wit and vulgar caricature to attract or to please. It hardly seems to be the genuine outburst of a musical nature, at least in Broadway. And if you trace its origin to the plantations, it does not serve effectively as an argument for *our* tunefulness. The crowds that throng to Christy's and Wood's do not prove that there is in the American people that love of music which will make the Italian Opera a permanent fact among us. How, then, will it fare as a *luxury?*

Experience helps us a little here. There have been various efforts made to found and to support the opera in New York. The story is old and stale. One thing has been demonstrated, that the secret of making money from the investment remains hidden. Probably Madame Thillon, at Niblo's, did well. But it was a temporary affair and could not have lasted long. Occasional weeks, during all the seasons, have been successful. But such facts prove little to the point, except that they are exceptions. Whether in the old Park, at the Bowery, in Chambers Street, at Niblo's, and in Astor Place, the opera speculation has been unsuccessful. It may justly be urged that the great performers have not appeared, that the size of the houses did not enable the managers to offer such sums as would tempt the best talent to brave the sea. That is true. But how have the best who came succeeded? Alboni failed at Niblo's, and Sontag succeeded at Niblo's by reason of private and social sympathy, more than by public support, and a second season at Castle Garden was neither very brilliant nor profitable. It would have been foolish for Jenny Lind to go upon the stage here; and if a famous singer finds that the public are determined to idolize her, she will—for even *Prime Donne* love dollars—if she is sensible, desert the stage for the concert-room. That is more congenial to our tastes and habits. The stage is not American. In the large cities there are always theatres; but they are very wretched, and the best are in the hands of foreigners. English men and women play English pieces, of which the peculiar point, being local, is usually lost to us. The lecture room and the concert are our amusements. In all our large cities there will always be a large class who will appreciate and enjoy the opera, but it is not the class that could support the institution. The weight of fashion will always be thrown for it. But fashion with us is limited and uncertain. Our musical taste seems to this Easy Chair to be much more sympathetic with the German than the Italian genius, and with the German genius the form of the opera is secondary. We mean that of those among us who sincerely love music, the majority incline rather to the German. Not that they deny the excellence of the Italian, but on the whole they find more sympathy in the other as they might in a certain school of painting as compared with another.

But, as we throw ourselves back again and consider, we can not but be grateful to those who have moved in the enterprise; who have undertaken to give the question a fair and adequate trial. As the beautiful temple of the Muses arises in the airy and spacious quarter of the city, among the dwellings of those from whom the chief worship must come, we can not but be proud that such men are, and must hope that we may be mistaken. Boston, too, and Philadelphia, we believe, are embarked in the same boat, upon the same desperate endeavor to find a swift northwest passage into the public interest and support. Whatever the issue may be, the gallant Franklins are always sweet in memory and fame. How glad we shall be at some future day, as we receive our semi-annual dividend of one hundred per cent. upon our opera-shares, to say to our grandchildren, "My dears, even your venerable grandsire once disbelieved in opera-stock!"

The winter that is passing has been sadly famous for its disasters by fire and flood, and they have all been matters of direct public interest as well as of general sympathy. This has been especially true of the great fires in the city. The burning of the Great Republic, of the City Hall, of the Metropolitan Hall, and, if we may say so, of our own establishment, have been disasters to which the public are parties. In the loss of the Great Republic, an experiment, peculiarly American, was postponed, let us hope, not indefinitely. The City Hall was a public building, an old public servant, and such never fall without regret. The Metro-

politan Hall was our only spacious room for public purposes; and, in our misfortune, the public saw for a moment paralyzed the hand that was wont to offer it so much of its native and foreign reading.

But now and here we come to drop a "melodious tear" over the beautiful Hall of Music and the Muses, around which clustered so many and such tender associations. It was on the 14th October, 1850, that Tripler Hall was opened to the public. Madame Anna Bishop was, unfortunately, the first person who sang in it. It should have been musically consecrated by Jenny Lind, whose portrait, in a large medallion fresco in the cornice, was the chief ornament of the Hall. Her series of unprecedented triumphs immediately succeeded, and in this Hall they were renewed when she returned to the city, until the last great ovation and farewell in Castle Garden. Here, too, sang Alboni and Sontag. Here Ole Bull and Paul Julien played. Here the Jullien with two *l's* led, with airy baton, his colossal and consummate orchestra. Here Everett, and Webster, and the great conventions, spoke. Its three years were crowded with interest.

Nor was it an arena unworthy these illustrious performances. It saluted the eye with an aspect of graceful space. The brilliant lights flashed along the airy gilded gallery, and upon the bright frescoes of the ceiling. It was elegant and rich in its impression. The spectator, as he entered, felt that he was part of a festival; and what a festival it was, when Jenny Lind was the hostess! At the earliest hour the great space was crowded with brilliant ranks of the best, in every kind, of the city. What a humming murmur! What rustling, glancing fans! What warm and luscious odors! What hopes, and expectations, and enthusiasms! What sneers for the doubters, and smiles for the determined, who knew that there was but one music, and that Jenny Lind was its interpreter! Then the door opened—after such long, long waiting—and silence fell upon the glittering throng, until, with a bound, and a surprised, half-troubled look, she, whom all had longed to see, and when they saw loved, stood, holding her bouquet, and glancing around that eager audience. She sang—it shall be *Deh vieni non tardar*, Mozart's music from *Le Nozze di Figaro*—and not one of that great mass of people, who has felt song touch his soul, will ever forget, in any subsequent ecstacy, the penetrating sweetness and searching splendor of that song.

It is all over. The flames have licked away with their fiery tongues the grace and the beauty of the building—they have devoured that fair fresco of Jenny Lind. But there is a grace and a beauty of memory that no flame can touch—an immortal portrait that survives.

It is sad to reflect that with us nothing is permanent, not even our buildings. If Athens and Rome, and all the famous cities of history, had been as easily consumed by fire as New York, how much of the interest of the Continent and of the world would long ago have disappeared. Of course the great paintings and statues, as well as the beautiful buildings, would have gone. Not even war and rapine have been enemies so terrible as fire. The charm of home association falls before it. Americans know not the secret influence of the voices that call along old corridors, and speak from walls pictured with ancestors. Our homes are tents of a night. Eager to build for to-morrow, we fail to build for next year. We lie down in terror, and arise with wonder. The great bell booms fire, the sleeper puts his hand to the wall, finds it is not hot, and composes himself to rest; and next morning walks down to the smouldering ruins of his warehouse. Our reason lies in our pockets, and not in our hearts. When we are convinced that it will pay better to build better, we shall have fire-proof houses, and not before. Think of what your children's children have lost in the destruction of Metropolitan Hall. A garrulous grandsire, like us, you would have celebrated the younger days (as grandsires always do); you would have almost sung the praises of the divine Jenny; she would have been a precious image to that listening youth, and they would have stood in the Hall where that wondrous voice was heard, even as they will stand, when they go upon their travels, in Schiller's chamber, and sit beneath Tasso's tree.

It would seem as if the American genius, so shrewd in making money, was equally ingenious in devising ways of spending it. The Astor Library, as we remarked last month, is a splendid monument of the homage of Trade to Letters. No man who enjoys the benefit of that library ought ever to forget that fact. But there is a similar tribute which Trade might pay to Art, that has not yet been sufficiently considered. If it were possible to procure *fac-similes* of all the great pictures in the world, how many men, no less munificent than wealthy, would instantly combine to found a Gallery of the Fine Arts, which should be as famous and splendid as any of the European. It is not, indeed, possible to do that. A fine picture refuses to be adequately copied, because its value lies generally in the color, which is a gift of nature, the seal of the artist's genius, and is not to be imitated or reproduced by the skill of another. But with sculpture the case is different. While the glory of the original conception will ever belong to the artist who determined the work, yet the work itself may be wrought without his seeing it or touching it. When Phidias has moulded the cast of Jupiter, any journeyman Greek, who has had the proper mechanical training, can put it into marble. With the sculptor, and for the purposes of art, it is a matter of proportion and form. When they are once determined, the rest is an affair of mechanism.

It follows directly from this fact, that we can have as good a gallery of sculpture in America as in Europe, if we thought fit to employ men to carve, in marble, accurate copies of the famous statues. But while that may not be undertaken, it remains, as a feasible and desirable plan, to have *casts*, equally accurate, made of those statues; for we then have that exquisiteness and majesty of form which is the splendor of sculpture, and lack only the actual complexion and quality of marble. This has been done in foreign cities with the greatest ease and success. Raphael Mengs, who was the friend of Winckelmann and Angelica Kauffman, and one of the most devoted students of Greek sculpture, obtained such a collection for the city of Dresden, where it is known as Mengs's Museum. The poor German, whom distance and poverty forbid to cross the Alps, and visit Italy and Greece, may thus see, in his own country, the works whose beauty help to make the fame of the lands he is debarred from seeing. As he turns from the glowing pages of Greek literature and history, of which his countrymen are the shrewdest commentators and critics, his eye falls upon the forms of immortal grace and freshness—the personages of the beautiful mythology which has lighted his imagination. He has brought home to him, "the beauty that was Greece, and the grand-

eur that was Rome." A thoughtful care, a wise taste, and a noble generosity, have created around him all the great products of great art that could well be detached from their surroundings. A Greek temple belongs to Greece, because it is a structure adapted to a certain climate and landscape. But a Greek statue represents an immortal thought, and is as universal as the song of Homer.

There is in this fact another reason in favor of the Gallery of Casts, which we suggest. The charm of a picture is usually color, but color is a characteristic quality of climates and atmospheres, differing in each. A picture is best understood in the place where it was painted. Venice justifies the gorgeous coloring of the Venetian painters. A sunset upon the Lagunes explains Titian. In the same way, the Oriental life, and landscape, and climate, explain Oriental architecture. Napoleon made the foolish mistake of carrying the most celebrated pictures to Paris. But what had Tintoret and Correggio to do with the yellow fog of the Seine? Italy only is the proper gallery of Italian art. We do not mean, of course, that the beautiful Italian pictures are not beautiful any where, but that they are most beautiful and most intelligible in Italy.

Now this is not essential to sculpture. The sense of form is a more universal attribute than that of color, and an art, based upon form, can therefore be as fully comprehended in one spot as another. We Yankees are sadly slow in every department of the Fine Arts. There is, and it can not be doubted, a latent skepticism in the public mind, if not contempt, in regard to such pursuits. An artist is the synonym of idler and good-for-nothing. Jonathan Senior hears with dismay that Jonathan Junior proposes to become an artist. It is a vagabond's life; it comes to no good; it is a pretty play, but not serious work; the great end of man, my son, is to sell molasses by the hogshead or to gamble in stocks. Even a distinguished divine, as we have heard, recently said, in a lecture, that the Fine Arts flourished during national decay! that the great triumphs of art have been contemporary with the decline of the states in which they flourished. And the theological *argal* was, that the Fine Arts were not to be cultivated or sought by us, for, that when they began to flourish, it would show that the nation had begun to decline! The distinguished divine forgot two things: first, that the fact is not as he stated; and secondly, that the evidence of a declining people has been always sought in *a declining art*, as his experience of travel would have shown him, had he taken the trouble to observe. What is the historic glory of Greece—what is the priceless legacy she has bequeathed to posterity? Her literature and her art; not her principles of trade nor her forms of government. But why is Roman Art so poor and second-rate? Because it flourished in the decay of the Greek, and was a poor imitation of it. Greek Art implies a simple, sweet, and sound state of national mind more than any other phenomenon of history. If decay engenders vigor, and disease health; if the frame is coolest in fever, and the head steadiest when giddy; if, when a nation has begun to reel and rot in voluptuous luxury, the forms of its thought are severely pure and beautiful—then, but only then, is the culmination of Art the period of national decline. Of all the insults which the majestic art of Greece has received from savages and spoilers, none is so sad and shameful as the assertion of the distinguished divine, that it was the growth of national death. If Pericles and the Parthenon are the phenomena of decay—and not the flower of a singular and immortal genius—they are, at least, such a disease as the pearl is to the oyster.

It is a singular wish for an Easy Chair, but we would willingly be rich, were it only to give the Astor Library a companion. Literature and Science, which are honored there, have always been the bosom companions of Art, which we do not yet honor. There may be doubts of the success of an Opera-house dependent for support upon the popular attention of every day. But a Gallery of Casts, embracing all the most famous statues of all times and countries, founded and endowed by some millionaire, might not be crowded by daily visitors, but it would at once and forever secure a circle, perpetually enlarging, of those who recognize and honor in Art the creative genius which is the most precious human gift. Through them, in a thousand ways, an ennobling and humane influence would affect the national manners and character. We should see, grouped in immortal youth, the triumphs of elder and extinct ages, and allow that there were other men besides ourselves. It would chasten our vanity to perceive how much others have done, that we can not do. We should all be glad to declare that there were brave men before Agamemnon; and although we could not say that they died unhonored, for their works praise them forever, we should willingly acknowledge that they were worthy the love of Agamemnon.

By the first of April we ought to think of summer. Yet, if we did, we should go far toward proving ourselves April fools. Even May, which is the peculiar darling of English poets, is a doubtful beauty, capricious and cold, leading her lovers into miry lanes and meadows, and sending them home with wet feet and colds in their heads. As for us, we have no spring. Our climate shares the restless impatience of our temperament, and leaps from the zero mark straight up to boiling. When one unquestionably warm day burns us a little, every body feels that summer has arrived. Then what a bursting out of roses, and lilies, and peonies, and azalias! And what a pulling forth of muslin, duck, and drilling! Our Easy Chair absolutely tottered with the energy of the frenzy, the other morning, when, before March had fairly gone under, there came a touch of June.

"My dear! my dear!" said *a* wife—mind! we do not say *whose* wife—"we must really begin to think where we are going. It's getting to be insufferably hot! Here, Abimelech, Ebenezer, Jeroboam, run up and pull out the last year's breeches! Spry, now! Let's see what's to be done. Jemima! run round and tell Miss Darnum that I shall want her to come to-morrow and fix up the boys' things! Hurry! hurry! summer's coming!" exclaimed the dear old lady (mind! we didn't say *whose* wife!) as if the summer were a visitor just coming up-stairs.

Jemima fled, and the boys ran shouting away. Boys, did we say? All but one. One lingered, the youthful Jeroboam, and seemed in no degree to partake the eager curiosity of his brethren. Ah! the youngest hopes of large families of boys understand very well what this row at the approach of summer means. It's very well for you, Master Abimelech, and for you, Master Ebenezer, for you shall have a new jacket and new trowsers, but the mournful Jeroboam knows with fatal certainty that your last year's wardrobe will be razeed for him. Those odious pea-green breeches that he used to

revile, upon your legs, are now to be abbreviated for his own—dwarfed for his wearing; not new any more, but with all the rust of last summer's wear upon them! With new buttons and a brilliant waistcoat, you, O Abimelech, will strike terror and admiration to the hearts of all tender girls, but the unhappy Jeroboam will slip along side-streets in your cast off splendors, and read with agony in the face of every girl who regards him, the conviction that she has seen that identical spot upon the yellow drillings before this summer!

We knew one young Jeroboam in our youth who was not to be circumvented and deprived of his rightful new clothes, by any such narrow family economies. When the fatal day and Miss Darnum had arrived to razee the breeches and the coats, the young Jeroboam earnestly protested. He claimed the equal right of all brothers to coats, breeches, and boots. But the protest was vain, and the maternal powers laughed the boy to scorn. The deed was done, and he was endowed with the abbreviated breeches.

"How many pairs?" inquired he, cheerfully.

"Three! my dear," replied mamma, "and I am very glad to see that you have conquered that sulkiness. Go, my dear, and put on the salmon-colored trowsers."

"Yes, ma'am," responded Jeroboam, with unabated cheerfulness.

It was at ten o'clock in the morning that he received the detested garments, and he retired to his room. Having there clothed himself in one of them, he laid the other two pairs upon his arm, and ascended to the attic, to which he had previously and surreptitiously conveyed some sand and gravel. Turning a barrel upside down, he spread a layer of the gravel upon the bottom of the barrel and then sat down upon it—razeed breeches and all. When he was fairly seated, the heroic Jeroboam began to turn violently in his seat, grinding those new garments, in fact, against the gravel, until he had rendered the process of seating them at once essential and hopeless. Then gravely dismounting he pulled them off and drawing on another pair, resumed his seat. The results were the same. The third pair suffered in the same manner, and by noon the devoted youth descended the stairs with the three pairs of razeed trowsers *hors de combat*. So brilliant a stroke of policy was effectual. The mamma, indignant and delighted, ordered new trowsers in which the young Jeroboam did great execution among the hearts of the girls at dancing-school. It does not become an Easy Chair to spread seditious views in families, or this plan might be suggested to all the persecuted and indignant Jeroboams.

But when the boys and girls are arranged for the summer, the graver question arises;—where the summer is to be passed? Fashion allows but little choice. Niagara, Newport, and Saratoga, with a run to the White Mountains and a dash at Lake George, are all it permits. But we hear, this year, of a new chance, or rather an old one revived. It seems that Boston has resolved not to sit alone and ingloriously any longer upon the rock in Massachusetts Bay, called Nahant; but is taking measures to have a hotel erected which shall attract travelers from the Mississippi and the prospective States (equal to seventeen of the extent of the Bay State) that are to spring out of Nebraska. A friend tells us that there is no reason why Nahant should not be as popular a resort as Newport, and as he spoke, indulged in glowing reminiscences of its youth and pristine splendors. Whatever we may think—and we would not, for a summer's lodging, betray our own partialities—we must at least rejoice that the casual visitor to Nahant, who strays thither on a burning August day, is now to find a pleasant rest instead of a huge stone grog-shop, which the tavern has recently been. The summer inhabitants of the rock seemed to such a visitor doubly happy. Their cool, graceful cottages contrasted well with the ugly, noisy resort of Sunday revelers, to which Fate had consigned him. He watched the groups in gardens and along the shore; he sat upon the balcony overlooking the sea, and saw the mild Nahantese picking mushrooms upon the cliff. "This," he cried, with rapture, "this is Arcadian. Here have I found the Damons and Phillisses of whom poetry is enamored. In this favorable air I, too, could be a poet, and tunefully celebrate mush and baked beans. Why was not I born a Bostonian with Nahant for my summer solace—" and so he continued until a gust from that balmy sea brought the tears into his eyes, and a drunken burst from the revelers below scattered the affrighted shades of nymphs and swains.

We entreat all mammas to remember Nahant when they are preparing at the breakfast table to go into Committee of the Whole upon the prospects of the Union as bearing upon summer recreation. You are familiar with Newport; you go to Niagara with a slight unwillingness; Saratoga is a little stale. Dearest madam, consider your constitution, and remember Nahant!

The diplomatic service of the new administration has attracted a great deal of attention, and has given occasion to constant gossip around our Chair. The prominent questions of court costume and dueling remind us of centuries gone by, and are a new interest in American diplomacy. It is by no means fully determined by public opinion whether Mr. Sandford, the *Chargé* at Paris *ad interim*, did wisely or too well in appearing in his plain black suit. The sterner Republicans scent royalty in gold lace and treachery in knee-breeches. It is contended on one hand that as Mr. Marcy left the decision to the discretion of the representative, the representative ought not to be censured for exercising that discretion, especially when the result was in harmony with the implied intention of the circular. On the other hand it is claimed that the Secretary should not have issued so undetermined a paper—which was neither order nor instruction, but simply exhortation; that if it was purely an overture to Buncombe, it ought not to have been sent abroad; and that, in the best light, it was an unnecessary and impolitic measure.

While the battle of opinion raged, Mr. Sandford, before the eyes of Europe and the whole diplomatic universe, proceeded to the Tuileries in a black coat. The funds were not depressed, so far as we learn, but fun rose. The facetious Turkish embassador, who, in wearing the Fez cap, was doing precisely what Mr. Sandford did in wearing a black coat, said to him, "You look like a crow." The imperfect and somewhat ancient joke may be pardoned to an imperfect conception of humor and of foreign languages. We did not hear that the Emperor treated Mr. Sandford with less respect. But if, as is said, he was subjected to all kinds of petty social annoyances, then he paid too dear for the whistle. It is sufficiently easy for Buncombe editors to declare that kings are popinjays, and to insist that it is no loss to an embassador to be omitted at state dinners and court balls. When they can magnify

mole-hills into such prodigious Alps, it shows that the country is flat. If it is foolish for a Court to require a certain dress and etiquette, it is certainly more foolish to lose the advantages of foreign social intercourse for no more serious reason than the color of a cravat. Black is no more symbolical of America than yellow; and if Queen Victoria, in asking a gentleman to her house, says to him that she prefers to have him appear in white kid, rather than white cotton, gloves, it seems to be tolerably clear that the gentleman is not wise if he declares for the white cotton gloves or no society. The embassador of the King of the Cannibal Islands wears a dish-clout around his loins, or something less, when he is presented to his august master. But Louis Napoleon certainly has the right of demanding that when the embassador is presented at the Tuileries, and to the Empress Eugenie, he shall be more amply clothed than with a fig-leaf. It is nothing to the purpose that we may go to the White House in black coats. We may also go with dirty hands and soiled linen. But every gentleman, not residing *pro tempore* in the White House, will decline to receive at his table guests who do not value the conventions of society enough to wash their faces before coming. In precisely the same way, a Queen or a King, who is the head of a Court, to which apparent splendor and glitter are perfectly proper—for they are founded in the instinct of honoring authority and power by shows of magnificence—may decently require that all who come within the precincts of that Court shall conform to certain regulations.

As for the diplomatic *duty*, that is another thing. The American Minister may, if he chooses, transact his business with foreign governments in a bear-skin, if he finds that his democratic sentiments demand it. The question of diplomatic *costume* is a matter of courtesy, and conformity, and propriety. There is nothing *essential* in it; and to insist that America is not properly represented by a man who wears yellow trowsers, but *is* so by a gentleman in a black coat, is, to use a homely expression which an Addisonian Easy Chair hopes may never be quoted against it, cutting it rather too fat.

We are not afraid of going to the other extreme. If you say that it is only the beginning, and that we might as well support the theory of the American Ministers rivaling the foreign embassadors in luxury, we have only to reply that common sense and decent discretion are supposed in all American representatives: (confessing, in the same breath, that experience proves such a supposition to be entirely wrong!) If the United States send a mercantile agent, a political broker, to manage their affairs with foreign states—that is one thing, and a very poor and foolish thing. In that case, he must do absolutely what he is ordered to do. It is the dilemma of the false doctrine of instruction exposed by Edmund Burke in his famous Bristol speech. Such an agent would be sure to embroil the countries at the very most delicate moment, and that is the precise time when an embassador who has cultivated friendly relations with the ministers of the country with which he is treating is most necessary, and most available, for by the personal good-feeling promoted by intimate social intercourse, he succeeds in saving to his country the expenses of a war which would cost ten thousand times as much as the country would ever pay for diplomatic services. If an embassador is appointed, then there is implied an able man, with discretionary powers—precisely as when a representative is sent to Congress. The minister is to do the best, under the circumstances, as he perceives them to be: and adequate national representation, whether at home or abroad, is impossible without such conditions. That our embassadors can not enjoy this social intercourse, because they can not speak languages, and are destitute of the general necessary information, is nobody's fault but ours. If the American government chooses to send a man to represent us at Timbuctoo, merely because he carried Buncombville for the administration by an immense majority—said majority having been purchased at four quarts of oysters apiece—it is not the fault of aristocracies and mouldy monarchies if the minister to Timbuctoo can not speak any language known in Africa, and addresses the populace of that capital from a balcony, standing in his shirt, after a drunken debauch. It is a small matter whether our minister's cravat be black or scarlet—whether his trowsers have a strip of gold lace upon them or not; but it is a serious consideration that the interests of America in Central Africa, or elsewhere, should be confided to a man who can not say, "how are you?" in the language of the country.

We should not be the losers if we employed a little of our superfluous democratic enthusiasm in regulating the decencies of life at home, before we undertake to identify republicanism and mild tailoring abroad. A reasonable Easy Chair, like ourselves, is perfectly willing to grant that simplicity becomes a Republic, and nobody respects more than we old Benjamin Franklin going to court in knee-breeches. But if Poor Richard, being the American representative, had been socially tabooed by reason of wearing knee-breeches, then we think he would have been a foolish fellow not to change the color and cut of his clothes. The American revolution was not a tailoring transaction; and if you insist that any distinctive garment is undemocratic, and have pleasure in calling it a livery, why we have only to remind you that our military and naval officers are liveried, and justly so, as servants of the country, and, if military officers, why not civil?

The essence of republicanism is common sense.

As for the other diplomatic gossip of duelling, that is interesting, too, in another way. The French gentleman who represents the United States in Spain, entertains the French views upon the mysterious subject of honor; views which are harmonious also with the general sentiment of that part of America in which he resides. But, without discussing the abstract question here, we could wish that a more summary method, and one more characteristically American, had been employed by the French gentleman whose prowess—hereditary in his son, as it appears—has enlivened the rather dull winter at Madrid.

To have your mother or wife likened to that debauched woman who is the heroine of Alexandre Dumas's *Tour de Nesle*—a woman historically infamous—naturally stirs indignation. But a man who would say such a thing of an innocent and amiable woman is a meaner scoundrel than a pick-pocket, and to treat him as a gentleman, whose conduct glaringly attests that he is utterly destitute of the feeling of a gentleman, is pushing the requirements of "honor" a little too far. If a man, whether king, duke, or embassador, is caught abstracting your watch from your pocket, we do not believe that you would do any thing else than either to take personal satisfaction upon the spot, or to turn him over to the police. Why a man who, in the most snivelling manner, does a more contemptible thing, should be allowed to have a chance of shooting you

as well as picking your pocket, or insulting your most generous feelings, does not appear. For suppose you fight, and you, not he, falls. Then by the decision of the arbitration to which you have appealed, you are the poltroon, &c., and the opponent did right in saying and doing as he did.

If Mr. Soulé had quietly asked the defamer of his wife to withdraw from the house with him, upon the instant, and had, then and there, given him the thrashing which his impertinence merited, while yet smarting with the sting of the insult, there would have been something natural, and, if not Christian, yet human and intelligible, in the proceeding. It would, moreover, have proved to all foreign swells that in insulting an American they were not to have the chance of supporting their insult by injury, in the use of weapons with which bullies take good care to make themselves familiar, but that their positive personal prowess would be instantly tried.

To say that the small and weak man would stand no chance, is to beg the question. "Twice is he armed, who has his quarrel just." The fierce onslaught of an outraged husband, though he be a little man, would, by its unwonted physical fervor and moral support, go far to demolish a bully; and, although the husband should be worsted, the world and thoughtful men would understand his position; while, if he fought a duel, the chance is greater that he would be injured, if not destroyed, and he would have allowed his antagonist an advantage which he ought not to allow, more than a criminal ought to be allowed the chance of hanging the sheriff, instead of being hung.

When a man has received a mortal affront—when an assault, for instance, is made upon a sister or a daughter, of which the law takes no cognizance—and the offended father or brother feels that death should be the penalty, let him—if he foregoes the Christian exhortation, and holds himself ready to answer for it to God and men—let him deal the blow. But, in that direful case, he must deal it as to a criminal. To allow that the offender is a gentleman—that he is entitled to have a chance of escaping the penalty, by adding to his original crime, murder—is to talk dull nonsense. And whenever an offense does not merit such grave and tremendous treatment, fire-arms had better be let alone. A person empties a glass of wine into your face. The fact proves that he is either drunk, and therefore not responsible, or that he is no gentleman. Now, as he has demonstrated the latter fact beyond all question, how is it that you talk about the satisfaction common among gentlemen? He is beyond that pale. If you fight with him, in the received manner, you grant that he is a gentleman. Suppose you kill him—is he less a gentleman? Suppose he kills you—are you less a poltroon? You say that the action certifies to all the world that you are determined to protect your honor—that if you did not do it every man would feel at liberty to throw wine in your face. There is your great mistake. If you fight to show your courage, and consider that necessary, why, then, instantly chastise the offender, and it will do just as much good, so far as your reputation for courage is concerned, as if you shot him.

Mr. Soulé acted like a valorous Frenchman, and we surely can not reproach him that he did not do as a genuine, self-respecting American would have done. Duelling is a mouldy tradition nowadays, condemned by the law of common sense and honor, and only commended by certain absurd echoes of an exploded chivalry. We can not but think it a great misfortune that the Madrid difficulties have occurred. But it is very clear that the embassadorial honor could have escaped unstained and unscathed in another way.

It appears that our Spanish Embassador is a little unsound upon the clothes question. He wears a frogged velvet coat, cut in a mysterious manner—probably in the latest Buncombe fashion. We hope that no Marquis will find it to resemble the garment of any bad personage in history, or there must be more horrid din of arms. Meanwhile we learn that the offending Turgot goes about his business with a ball in his leg, to remind him that Madame Soulé does not resemble *Marguerite de Bourgogne. Bon!*

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AGAIN we bring our foreign files under the range of our cosmoramic glasses. We are not yet so old that spectacles be-need us; on the contrary, we read fine print, by the light of a solitary candle, as clearly as forty years ago. The only glasses we use are picturesque glasses, by aid of which the frowning pile of journals at our elbow, in French, in Italian, in German, and in English, is made to glow with bright colors, and to reveal the little chance side-bits of gossip, or of romance, which utterly escape our political rifler, who has already rummaged the pile from top to bottom for his Foreign Record.

We fancy we have a knack, moreover, of assembling the odd colors of foreign journalism together, in such way as to make a pleasant picture of the thought and of the talk of the other-side nations; in such sort as to make our readers believe that we are there, looking on, and not here, looking across; and so make those trustful ones, who love to follow our easy pen-strokes, seem always to see the things they do not. And if it should happen that they, bethumbing from week to week the every-day journals, should fall upon old facts, newly lighted under our glasses, let them remember courteously the weeks of labor—from men and engines—which must supervene between the last touches of our pen, and the issue of one hundred and thirty thousand such clean-pressed pages as these!

Let our eyes fall first on England:

All the leaders in all the journals smoke of war. Even the leviathan *Times* has given over its cynical sneers at Turkey, and its contempt of those who express fears, and indulges itself in enumeration of comparative forces, and in bitter abuse of those Bourbon journals of France which seek to throw ignominy upon the French and English alliance. The *Daily News*, with a half-republican smack in its tone, pours out long columns of hastily prepared thunder upon a government which shows little ardor in defending a weak sister power, and so little zeal in hating the tyrant of the Russias. The *Chronicle*, taking middle ground, is nearer, after all, to the sense of the great body of the English nation—by which we mean only that part of the nation which reads newspapers, and which has an interest in stocks or in cottons to be damaged by general war. The *Globe* and *Standard* vent their evening vituperations with more of bitterness, and less of force, than either; and the *Spectator* and *Examiner* sum up the week; the first with grave expressions of fear, and the other with eloquent appeals to humanity.

Meantime, the hammers are going day and night, in all the arsenals of England; and in the dearth just now of commanding minds in the British army

or navy, the loss is felt widely of that stern soldier, the Iron Duke, who has passed out of their reach. Country people, in the far away towns, would have felt a confidence in his presence just now at the Horse Guards, which they have not either in Prince Albert or in the nominal commander. And the jealous mention of the Prince's strong German attachments, has stirred up an ill-blood through the country, which it is hard to quiet again. The English, with all their practical shrewdness, are prone to admit prejudices, and to cherish them, which would seem unreasonable and absurd to half-civilized Americans. The idea of a Popish Plot would even now win its way to the belief of thousands of English country squires; and the same stupid country gentlemen are good subjects for those hints of the London journals, which represent Prince Albert as betraying his country and his wife into the hands of Nicholas or of Austria.

If we ever indulged in retort upon those who have, with very large justice, laughed at our American worship of Jenny Lind or Kossuth, and our quick-following American indifference, we might safely spend a paragraph upon that intense English admiration of Prince Albert, which only a little time ago proposed to symbolize itself by a bronze statue in Hyde Park; and which now has yielded to a doubt as to whether or not the same man be a traitor or an honest man! It is indeed not a little extraordinary to read the virulent paragraphs with which the poor man has been latterly attacked in the provincial papers; and it is hard to reconcile the bitterness of language with which he has been assaulted, with even legal loyalty to the reigning family. It is unquestionable, however, that the English people have great liberty of speech allowed them; and that they use it with the avidity which characterizes those who have small liberty to use.

The truth is, the Prince is a happy-tempered fellow, of cosmopolitan habit, who likes his German friends as well as his English friends, and receives them with the same cordiality. Unfortunately, he happens to be entertaining such visitors at a time when bitter British prejudice is disposed to reckon even German speech as a token of disloyalty.

The specially sour faces in the coffee-rooms of London, are just now those of merchants whose trade lies up the Baltic and in the ports of Cronstadt and Archangel; their warehouses are just now over-full, and their ships very idle; nor is the southern commerce active enough to call for the empty vessels. But there are woefully sour faces in England, which do not belong to the coffee-houses of London, and which would gladden into bright and sunshiny smiles, if they could only look on the remnants of London tables, and call them their own. Not a provincial journal has come to our hand since the opening of the year, which has not shown columns of details about the miserable life, and poverty and discomfort which, in this season of dear bread, have come near to the country hearths of England. No wonder it is that those grow riotous, who, living on mud floors, and with a miserable pittance of two dollars a week, find bread doubling in cost, and their children crying loudly for more than can be bought. All this, too, happening on the outskirts of great park-inclosures, where the deer, shortened of their feed from the lawn covered with snow, are baited on pease and lentils!

Beautiful as that system may be which keeps up those magnificent patrimonial estates, is there not a quick and a pleading misery growing out of it, that tugs harder at the heart-strings of humanity than all the arguments of Æstheticism in an opposite direction? And can the crowds of "Uncle Tom" sympathizers, who are so loud-voiced in their contemptuous pity to us ward, match us, in all our South, or in all our North, such grievous cries for *bread* as now break forth from the far off country places of England? Want of liberty may be a bad want, to be sure: but want of bread is oftentimes worse.

Then, to add to this trial of British poor folk, the island has been buried in snow; and philanthropists, who looked not so far any time before, now find that the mud floors and the loose walls of the English farm laborers, are poor protectives of either health or comfort; and disease has cramped the vitals of hundreds of the poor creatures, who have picked up a scanty subsistence from the fens of Lincoln and Suffolk.

It is worth noting, too, in this connection, how different a thing is snow where it comes as a stranger, and snow where it comes as a guest. There, over seas, dreaded, filling up their ways, covering their turnip crops, driving their sheep and cattle from all pasturage, delaying all mails, shoveled away by inches, leaking into pools, full of croup and coughings, dreadful in the eyes of old ladies and railway companies—terrible to poor men all, and its disappearance prayed for. Here, on the other hand, like an old-time guest, it is met with greeting; frolic and bells give it welcome; the fields fatten under its warm cloak; the railway engines fling it off easily in feathery jets; small cottages grow warmer with its burden; and never a man or boy whose face does not glow with the air that comes healthy through its fleeces, and mantles girls' cheeks with vermilion.

It is an odd thing enough, that the old nations of Europe, long as they have been working toward a complete civilization, do not catch hold of a vast many common-sense hints and practices, which seem to come over the American mind by intuition. Thus, the English have not yet devised a way by which a man in a broken railway carriage can communicate with the engineer, and stop the train; we do it by a string: they, if such accident occurs, suffer the wreck to dangle on, until the crash or the jerks arrest the speed. If snow falls, we place a scraper upon the engine, and after two or three heavy thrusts the obstruction is thrown off; they turn out a thousand or so of laborers, who perform the same office in ten fold the time and at fifty fold the cost. Our readers will hardly believe, what we find in a continental journal, that the Northern Railway of France expended the last winter, for the single object of removing snow from its track, no less than $60,000!

But the snow, and the thought of it, have long since gone: and when this page will be under our reader's eye, the fields of Devon and Derbyshire will be green again, with a verdure known nowhere else, save in Ireland: and the thought of the people will be turned then as intently upon the news of war, perhaps—as it is now upon the fear of it.

Not since the days when Nelson traversed the Mediterranean, has England shown such eagerness to catch the first breath of foreign news as now: and every man of intelligence feels that in Nicholas England has a fearful foe, not alone from his known sagacity, but from the strange, religious frenzy which seems to have lighted up his courage with an old crusade ardor, and made him willing to stake every thing upon the issue he has raised.

New singers at the Opera, or new speakers in the

House, or a new book from Thackeray, are matters unheard of in the prevailing war, which is toned by the rumors of battle. Even the mention of a new and leviathan steamer for the over-land route, is made the basis of war speculations; and her measurements are estimated by the capacity she will offer for the transport of troops. Our steamer-builders must be on the *qui vive*, for the Himalaya is a vessel that surpasses, by some fifty feet in length, the famous Great Britain; and she has made some fifteen knots over a head sea already. It is mortifying, too, to reflect that the month which saw the start of this leviathan steamship, gave report to England of the utter wreck of the San Francisco, and of such scantiness of our naval means, that the Secretary of the Navy was compelled to dispatch a merchant vessel to her relief. We must press forward those seven frigates in haste, if we would have even respectable representation of our flag upon the water; and, if we might suggest the matter to Mr. Dobbin, why not bring into the world again the famous and useless Pennsylvania—put a screw in her stern, take the warp out of her timbers—dismantle the ball-room of Point Comfort, and match the Duke of Wellington with a ship of as heavy metal and more beautiful lines?

Indeed, the habit of the English press nowadays makes our finger-tips glow with a musket-itch; and we daresay our hap-hazard gossip will be all very war-colored.

The poor Queen, they say, is very sad in the view of the dark visions which just now crowd the eye and the fancy; she dreads, as a worthy woman should, to discolor her reign with so much of subject blood, as now seems likely to flow. Nor is the honor to be reaped from it all so great, even at the best, as that which followed upon the Palace, and the gathering of the world's industry.

The Directors at Sydenham, moreover, are growing fearful lest their new Crystal Palace shall not insure immediate returns. Travelers and voyagers will certainly fall off, with the first burst of battle between the East and West; and the wonders which Owen Jones and the rest are building up in the fairy land at Sydenham will have far fewer lookers on than the first palace of Hyde Park.

Skipping over the Channel, which is now narrower than ever, with its telegraph cables and the blended sympathies of the two countries, we find Louis Napoleon, wearing the reputation of a sage and prudent monarch;—never once flinching from his first determination and action in the Oriental broil; and by his quiet resolve and straight-forward procedures, shaming utterly the dilly-dallying, the doubting, the compromising, the shifting, and the hesitancy of his commercial and selfish neighbor—England. The world has not failed to remark, in the comparative actions of these two nations, a chivalrous sense of honor with France, and a coy measuring of interest with England. We are not insensible to the greatness of Britain, and the nobility which characterizes individual actions of benevolence upon her shores; but we should be sorry to rest so nurse-strung by her dicta, and so bullied by her vaunting journalism, as not to see that commercial gain is nearer to her national heart than any high demands which humanity might impose, or a chivalrous sense of honor adorn. Her soul is in ships and factories; and not with brow-beaten and trampled Moslems. Selfish fear is the spring to her defense of the Bosporus; and to stave it off successfully, she would do equal homage to the Crescent or the Cross! The Emperor Napoleon is calm; and so is his capital. Ships are arming; recruits are gathering; the Louvre is pressing forward to completion; the Boulevards are gay; the Tuileries' balls are spirited; the theatres are full; the Palace of Industry is lifting its great hulk from among the trees, and all shows life and earnestness, and seems to show—a quiet conscience.

Here and there, in outside provinces, little jets of insurrection or of rebellion are snuffed out, by the cocked hats of the every-where present Gendarmerie; and the police and military courts of the metropolis still show (as they always will show in mercurial France) their fiery episodes of plotting republicans, or socialists, who fling their doctrines in the very teeth of the judges, and go to prison with a *vivat* on their tongues.

Literary things, which had begun to take a spring under the imperial auspices, are again in abeyance; and the great composers are waiting for the war fever to go by, before they bring upon the stage their new triumphs. The print-shops are full of pictures of the Turkish captains—of the Bay of Constantinople—of the assembled vessels—of Sinope—of Sebastopol: even the phototypists have found their way there, and are sending westward charming Talbottypes of the various scenes, colored only by the soft and ruddy light of Byzantium.

Geographies of the war-country are on every stall; people are tracing every mouth of the Danube, and are pursuing investigations (on paper) among the forests and the mountains of the Caucasus. Old gone-by books of travel in those regions are caught up with excess of eagerness, and are bethumbed every where, and by all the world. We can not imagine, indeed, a book which would just now better suit the eye of the market, than "Four Months in the Caucasus." We commend the title to those who are ambitious of sales.

To return to the Paris stalls: Thiers has given notice of his intention to complete the History of the Empire and Consulate, the present year; and there are sage whispers, hardly yet having taken form, that he is soon to form a *liaison* with the new government. This, however, we venture to doubt. Napoleon wants no ministerial *master;* and Thiers, with his whims and fancies, is not *plastic.* Guizot, in quiet and with dignity, is, they say, preparing for himself some literary memorial; which, we can not doubt, if it receive the full impress of his judgment, and all the weight of his learning, will be a right worthy one.

The indefatigable Dumas, never having done with his "Twenty Years After," and stories thereto attaching, is out again in a long programme of what bears the shape of a newspaper, with the ominous name of *Mousquetaire.* When will the strange man have done? Yet the people read him with the old *goût;* and the sale of his name to a newspaper publisher is its fortune. We would suggest (reverently) an epitaph for him, when the series is finally ended: to wit—a tombstone, with three Mousquetaires in rapid and short conversation; beneath the name, thus:

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS
La suite à demain."

A demain would have a meaning on the most of tombs; but on that of Dumas, it would have a whimsical propriety.

Poor Jules Janin, has, they say, slipped off the coil of writers now since his great patron Bertin (of the *Débats*) has gone to his grave: they were sworn friends, and (what is rare in England or America) literary friends. The absurd jealousies

which in England, and still more in America, divide literary men into coteries, who take infinite pleasure in abusing each other, is a thing unknown in France. And we could not adduce a better, or a more fitting proof of this, than the pageant which only a little time ago followed Armand Bertin to his tomb. It was not a showy pageant; there was no glitter, and no unnecessary parade: a plain hearse bore his body; a few black plumes waved over it; a few candles, in priestly hands, burned here and there in the procession; but the wonder and the glory of the retinue, were the great men in plain dresses, who had been court ministers and embassadors, and governed France, who followed the body out to the cemetery.

Guizot, with his calm, expansive brow, and his penetrating look, was among the mourners; the little, rolling figure of Thiers, with the gray eye sobered under his spectacles, followed the dead body; the be-wigged, yet clear-headed Dupin, was another, and not the least known among the attendants; Wolowski, and Villemain, and Berger were among the rest who walked after, and who joined on that cold morning of the fourteenth of January in doing merited honor to a man of letters, and nobility of character—albeit the proprietor and manager of a political newspaper.

Which one of our daily newspaper editors will so guard his invective with dignity, and so justify his opinions by moderation, and so honor his life by liberality, that the best men of every party—most of all his associates in literary labor—will follow him to his grave, and drop tears there that will be true tears? Will it be Mr. —— or Mr. —— or— But we are forgetting ourselves, and France besides.

Every visitor of Paris (and in this day, who is not such), will remember the quaint old tower of the Boucheries St. Jacques, which stands, or till lately has stood, among filthy houses, and amidst narrow streets, where the stranger has dodged about for a good look at the odd, dragon-decked architecture of a very old time. Well, Louis Napoleon, in making room for the new markets, has pulled down scores of the crumbling houses which stood thereabout, and has ordered a pretty terrace to be laid out around the tower, and the lost statues broken in 1792, to be replaced, and the monsters in stone that leaned from the top, to be set up again, so that our next year's idler thereabout, will have the sight of as rich a bit of medieval crust-work, as the barbarians of revolutionary times have spared to us.

But market-building, tower-restoring, ship-equipping, and the burying of dead editors, are not all that fill up the bustling, perplexed life of Paris. The side episodes of suicides, and the romantic touches of life, start out here and there from the current journalism, with all the brilliancy and vivacity which the French paragraphist knows so well how to use; and they adorn us a pot of charcoal in a chamber of a garret, and a ragged woman with Napoleons sewed in her petticoat, or a pretty body dragged from the Seine, with such limber strokes of their deft quills, that we are startled into the listening of a romance.

Thus, on a certain day not long ago, in a metropolitan church, a certain marquis, married a certain countess—pretty enough, the last, and young, both of them. While this ceremony was going on at one altar, a humble couple were plighting faith at another; the bride pretty here also, and called Adèle; the groom young too, and happy, as all grooms should be.

There is, to be sure nothing odd in this; and as would seem, not the smallest hinge for a story, or romance of any sort. Yet see what these French *feuilletonists* make of it:

Adèle was a shop girl; one of three or four who busied their fingers and tongues and eyes before a front window, in the shop of a certain modiste in the Rue Dauphine. A pleasant luxury it is for such gay-spirited ones in the gay capital, to discuss freely and fearlessly all the passers by; and, if so be Madame the modiste is turned another way, to throw provoking glances at the chance young gentlemen who stop for a peep through the laces, into the group beyond. Every customer is legitimate subject of their fun, or their sympathy; they berate the fussy old dowagers, who insist upon seeing every thing in the shop, and applaud the pleasant-faced ladies who are easy in their choice, and prodigal of their money. Therefore it happened that all the company of girls felt kindly toward a pretty lady in black, who one day drove to the shop-door, and with a manner the most gracious in the world, ran her eye over the display upon the shelves of the modiste, insisted that no trouble should be taken on her account, and ended with a brilliant purchase, and a generous neglect of the centimes.

Adèle and the rest were full of their praises; never was seen such a bewitching figure, or such an *amiable* countenance; she must be a duchess at the least; and so she was named; and thenceforward she bore the name among the admiring shop-girls of the Duchess *Noire*. Nor did she soon pass out of their remembrance, for it was observed by this quick-eyed conclave, that the duchess after making her purchase, tinkled the bell of the opposite house, and slipped through the porte-cochère, which was almost always closed.

To tell truth, it had become to them a mysterious house; on one side the door-way was a quiet wood-merchant, on the other a trade-shop of earthen wares; both unpretending; both distinct and having no connection with the solemn looking porte-cochère, always gloomily closed.

A week after the day of the purchase, the Black Duchess appeared again; her phaeton drove to the opposite side, and again slipped through the heavy doors. In short her visits proved regular; and always her lithe figure and the mystery that belonged to her, called for the admiring exclamations of the quick-tongued bevy of our modiste's girls.

A new tune came to the play; the scene the same; the phaeton of the duchess had made its usual visit and drove away; the duchess had not re-appeared. A strange coupé drove to the door. A middle-aged, fierce-looking man dismounted; he observed attentively the numbers of the wood-shop, then of the windows where the crockery was displayed.

Adèle and her companions were not inattentive, French girls' wits are active; it must be the husband; she is lost; the poor duchess; and so young!

A council was held at the moment. It might be possible to save the charming duchess, if indeed, as they suspected, she was the victim of a husband's jealousy. A line, a hint, might put her on her guard. Adèle was a good penwoman; she wrote—"Madame, an enemy is near you; conceal yourself, or retire by some less public way; a strange man is on the watch."

Adèle slipped across, and conveyed the note to the concierge, with pressing request that it be placed in the hands of the lady in black.

The doors remained unclosed; the stranger wait-

ed long; entered; returned with an air of glee; and drove away. The Black Duchess appeared no more.

The girls of the modiste, with French discretion had divined rightly. The duchess, was the victimized wife of a man she had never loved. A marriage of *convenance* had cut her off from the one toward whom her affections had taken an early range. She had not forborne to meet this one by stealth. The suspicions of the husband were kindled by a prying friend. He doubted, and denied; but the accounts were too fully detailed, and too clearly made out, to warrant a neglect. He traced up the information; appeared at the alleged hour, in the alleged place. He found no wife—no proof. He returned relieved, and making full confession to the woman he believed he had wronged, avowed himself the victim of a conspiracy.

The wife melted by his honest trust; abjured her faultlessness; became to him the wife that he trusted in; and by the narrowness of her escape, was won to penitence.

The story is not yet told. A strong, first affection, surviving all interplots, is necessary to the French drama. The old husband, respected now, but never loved, died. The marquis, ever cherished in the heart of the Black Duchess, renewed openly the addresses which he had paid clandestinely. The duchess, mourning so much as the world demanded and her respect prayed for, received with renewed affection the first lover, and plighted her hand.

One day, a servant in jaunty livery, appeared in the shop of the modiste, and asked if there was a Mademoiselle Adèle to be found there.

"It is I," said Adèle. And the servant gave her a note, which they all read, and it ran thus: "Mademoiselle—You did me once a great service; you saved for my poor husband his peace of mind; you gave me occasion to atone as much as I could for the errors of the past; accept the money I send you, as a token of my gratitude."

The note was from the Black Duchess, and contained bills for 10,000 francs.

The weddings we spoke of in the beginning, were those of the Black Duchess, and of the pretty girl Adèle; and the story of them, is we dare say, as true, as most French stories.

Thus much for France.

Over the mountain borders, we find the President of the Swiss confederation, comparing his States with those of the American Union, and boasting deservedly that the cantons, for their size and populousness, have made their yearly accounts as round, and as well topped with a surplussage, as our own. And it is farther to be noted, that the prosperous north cantons of Basle and Zurich, carry more than half the burden of Swiss labor; and with their strong arms, and ready heads drag the miserable, begging, cheating Vallais, and a good part of Vaud, after them. The old Ticino difficulty still drags; and an odd blockade of the mountain passes, cuts off much of the usual winter crossing to the south. The pretty Princess of Bavaria is getting ready for her marriage to the Emperor of Austria; and all good Austrian soldiers, who want favor or furloughs, buy the portraits of the Princess, and hang them by their camp mirrors.

Rumor says that the happy imperial pair after the "joyful event" are to take a trip to the Emperor's city of Venice, where he is to occupy the palace of the governor and receive the homage of the old Field-marshal Radetzky, and (wilder rumor says) receive the blessing hands of Pope Pius. Before that time, however, the war blaze may well alter the aspects of things European, and keep the young, but active and ambitious Emperor in his palace of Vienna.

All Lombard Italy still shows a dearth of travel, which has set in a flood to the south and middle of the Peninsula. Naples and Rome are full to overflowing. At the last named place, the journals tell us, it has been almost impossible to find rooms; and among the notable ones who have staid some weeks of winter out within the shadow of the Pincian hill, are Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Dickens, and the Duke of Northumberland—the three classed together by the Italian paragraphists.

Of Spain, what shall be said—now that the unfortunate gossip, about an unfortunate occurrence, has nearly died away? Certainly we will not spare a frown, from any motives of delicacy, upon actions which in private men are blamable enough; and which in those, who represent (or should represent) the quiet dignity, and the urbanity of a nation, is—infinitely worse.

Once more, in that old Castilian capital, we ask your eye (wet, it may well be) to that young Queen-mother, lying ill in her palace, with sounds all shut out—listening with a mother's ear for a little voice she hears not—fearing, in her grief, to ask how it is;—calling for her child, when the fever is on her brain; and recovering strength to learn, that her child is dead! and to be cast again into the fierce broil of Spanish politics.

Crowns are, after all, not the easiest things to wear. And the griefs that sting all human hearts, often stab deeper than elsewhere, under royal garments. God comfort the poor little Queen of Spain!

Editor's Drawer.

WELL—April has come again; and Nature is proceeding to dress up her fair scenes for the gay season, and greet the leaves and flowers, as they come laughing to their places. "I watched the arrivals," says an enthusiastic lover of Nature, speaking of the spring-visitors, "by every soft south wind. I thought I recognized many a constant pair of old birds, who had been to me like fellow-lodgers the previous summer; and I detected the loud, gay, carousal-song of many a riotous new-comer. These were stirring times in the woods. The robin was already hard at work on his mud foundations, while many of his neighbors were yet looking about, and bothering their heads among the inconvenient forks or 'crotches.'

"The sagacious old woodpecker was going around, visiting the hollow trees, peeping into the knot-holes; dropping in to inspect the accommodations, and then putting his head out to consider the prospect; and all the while, perhaps, not a word was said to a modest little blue-bird that stood by, and had been expecting to take the premises.

"I observed, too, a pair of sweet little yellow-birds, that appeared like a young-married couple, just setting up house-keeping. They fixed upon a bough near me, and I soon became interested in their little plans, and indeed felt quite melancholy when I beheld the troubles they encountered occasionally, when for whole days they seemed to be at a stand-still. At last, when their little honey-moon cottage was fairly finished, and softly lined, they both got into it, by way of trial; and when I saw their little heads and bright eyes just rising over the

top, I could not help thinking that they really had little hearts of flesh, that were absolutely beating in their downy bosoms."

An anecdote is told of a gentleman who greatly disliked the custom of giving fees to servants at hotels, he provided himself with a lot of pennies; and on leaving the house, he presented one to the waiter, as he stood bowing at the door:

"I beg your pardon, sir," said John; "but you have made a mistake."

"Oh, no," said the gentleman, "not at all. I *never give less!*"

It is somewhat difficult to conceive how he *could*.

Many travelers, who are not lacking in liberality either, have a great aversion to feeing hotel-servants. "Let the landlord pay his servants," they argue, "and put the addition into our bill, instead of letting loose upon us a score of importunate flunkeys, to whom you know not how much to give, and who, give them what you will, are in nine cases out of ten dissatisfied, and sometimes openly express their disappointment at your want of liberality."

They have a very singular custom, at a certain season of the year, among the Spanish Catholics on the island of Cuba. A gentleman writing from Havana thus describes it:

"At the great cathedral were drawn up an escort of troops. Soon comes forth a full-sized wax figure of the Saviour, with open wounds, standing upon a platform or pedestal, highly decorated, and borne upon the heads of men who are shielded from the public gaze by a deep curtain, reaching nearly to the ground. With music playing, the procession, with priests, crosses, candles, &c., moved slowly along the street.

"Soon appeared, coming in an opposite direction, a full-sized figure of Mary Magdalene, borne on the shoulders of four priests. It approaches the image of the Saviour, until a seeming recognition takes place, when it turns suddenly round, and by the peculiar running motion of the priests, the image appears to run very hard up the street, with her long curls shaking in wild confusion. She meets the image of the Virgin Mary, and tells her of the resurrection, when they both return down the street, the Virgin Mary being in advance.

"When the Virgin Mary arrives near the Saviour, by the sudden motion of the forward bearers each figure is made to bow to the other several times, and they all proceed onward to the church from which the two Marys were taken. Both images of the Marys are dressed very gaudily. The dress of the Virgin Mary was of yellow satin, trimmed with gold, and she had a crown upon her head. Mary Magdalene was dressed in blue.

"After entering the church, the troops fired a *feu-de-joie*, and slowly the crowd of wondering spectators dispersed."

The following poem reaches us from a female correspondent in Germantown, Pennsylvania. It possesses more than common merit, and is well worthy of enduring record in the "Drawer:

DEATH.

"What is Death?" I asked of an infant child—
It covered its innocent face, and smiled;
While I mused on the answer the child had given,
Behold the King's messenger came from Heaven,
And he said to the babe in its innocency,
"Sweet one, the angels are calling for thee;"
And e'en as it slumbered he hushed its breath,
While I started, and whispered "Can this be Death?"

No answer came, and I asked a boy,
Whose blue eyes danced with excess of joy,
"Tell me," I cried, "who *is* this Death,
That twines round each brow an icy wreath?"
And the boy replied, with a merry gaze,
"He's a giant king of ancient days;
His step is feeble, his visage old;
I fear not his touch"—yet his form grew cold,
And his young limbs stiffened beneath the blow
Which soon laid his joyous spirit low;
And Death smiled grimly as upward he bore
That merry laugher, whose joy was o'er.

"Death! what a strange, unmeaning thing,"
Said a joyous maiden one morn in spring;
An orange wreath circled her youthful brow,
And her fair face flushed with Love's tell-tale glow;
Yet e'en at the altar Death stooped to kiss
Her beautiful cheek, and proclaimed her his;
And the wail of sorrow was mournfully strong,
As it took the place of the bridal song;
And the faultless buds of her morning wreath
Were twined on her brow by the finger of Death.

Death! "'Tis a dark and dismal word,
That ne'er in our joyous home was heard:"
Thus spake a mother, her young heart's pride,
Her first-born, slept sweetly at her side;
And Death laughed at the beautiful guileless pair,
Saying, "One soul shall be wanting there
Before the rise of to-morrow's sun"—
I looked, and Death's mighty work was done!

"Death," said a widow, in accents wild,
"He has snatched from my bosom both partner and child;
I know him—his visage is grim and old,
And no mortal awakes from his kiss so cold;
Yet he takes not one who would gladly go,
Now no treasure is left to cheer below."
Death paused, and something of pity he knew,
As forth for the lone one a wreath he drew;
No wail of sorrow awoke the morn,
When Death passed out, and her soul was gone.

"Death! I am weary of waiting for thee,"
Cried an aged man impatiently;
"I have borne the sorrows of men for years,
And my cheeks are furrowed with many tears.
Long have I listened at dead of night
For thy footsteps to bear me to realms of light.
Come, twine thy flowerets around my brow,
And release my soul from its bondage of woe!"
Death came, and the spirit was upward borne
On the rosy wings of the blushing morn. H. L. C.

A Western rail-road conductor tells the following capital hit, of which *The Times* of Cincinnati "makes a note:"

"One day last week," said he, "there came on board of the cars, from one of the up-country stations, a very pretty, genteel young lady, on her way to this city. She was alone; so I waited upon her to a good seat, and made her as comfortable as possible. It was a few minutes before the starting hour, and she was so agreeable and so talkative, that I lingered, and we had a pleasant chat.

"Afterward, when collecting the tickets, she detained me again an instant, and gave me some fine peaches, which she said came from her friend's orchard in the country; and really, I began to think that I had not had so charming a passenger for many a day.

"Well, we arrived at the dépôt; and then I attended her to the carriage, handed her up her carpet-bag: and after all what do you think she said?"

Now we thought, of course, that the young lady would say very politely, "Thank you, sir"—smile like a gleam of sunshine—the carriage roll off—and our friend John Van Dusen, the gentlemanly con-

ductor, would bow an adieu, and with a sigh turn away, and forget the matter; and we stated that as our natural supposition.

"No," said the conductor, "she did no such thing; but, just as her foot was on the step, she turned, and with a sort of look I can't describe, observed:

"'You must consider this, sir, merely a car acquaintance. You must not expect to be recognized if we meet any where else!'

John drew a long breath.

"What did *you* say?" we asked.

"Why, I thought this rather uncivil, to say the least; so I replied very quickly:

"'Certainly not, Madam. I was just going to remark that you must not feel slighted if unnoticed by me any where, except on the cars; for really, we conductors have to be careful about our acquaintance!'

"And the lady?" said we.

"She looked quite silly, as she drove off," replied John.

A keener response to an example of female "*snobism*" could not have been made, nor better deserved.

SEVERAL years ago, in this city, a singular medicine was extensively advertised, and also widely in the country newspapers. It was called *An Infallible Cure for Intemperance;* and even cases of permanent cure were continually reported. It turned out, however, on examination, to be nothing but a concealed emetic, or other nauseous drug, to be inserted clandestinely into the favorite drink of the inebriate, by the friends of the unhappy victim. The establishment of this fact threw the medicine into disuse; as it put the drunkard upon his guard, and moreover was not in all cases considered either humane or proper by his friends.

The following plan, however, recently recorded in an English journal, seems less open to objection. It is simply giving to the wretched inebriate a *Surfeit of Intoxication:*

"There is a curious remedy in use in Swedish hospitals, for that form of madness which exhibits itself in the uncontrollable appetite for alcoholic stimulants. The process may be easily described.

"We will suppose that the liquor which the patient is addicted to drinking is the commonest in the country—say gin. When he enters the hospital for treatment, he is supplied with his favorite drink, and with no other; if any thing else is given to him, or any other food, it is flavored with gin. He is in heaven—the very atmosphere is redolent of his favorite perfume! His room is scented with gin; his bed, his clothes, every thing around him; every mouthful he eats or drinks, every thing he touches, every zephyr that steals into his room, brings to him still gin. He begins to grow tired of it—begins rather to wish for something else—begins to find the oppression intolerable—hates it—can not bear the sight or scent of it—longs for emancipation, and is at last emancipated: he issues into the fresh air a cured man; dreading nothing so much as a return of that loathed persecutor which would not leave him an hour's rest in his confinement.

"This remedy," says our contemporary, "appears to have been thoroughly effectual—so effectual, that persons who deplored their uncontrollable propensity have petitioned for admission to the hospital in order to be cured; and they *have* been cured."

A "Down-East" Debating Society have been discussing the following questions:

I. "Where does a fire go to when it goes out?"

II. "When a house is on fire, does it burn *up*, or does it burn *down?*"

"Speaking of *fire*," that was an odd account, given by a Western paper, of the criminal scuttling of a boat. Some miscreant had bored two or three auger holes in the side of a vessel, and sunk her at the wharf where she was lying; and the villain who "did the deed" was denounced as a "scoundrelly incendiary!"

A DROLL wag of a fellow, who had a wooden leg, being in company with a man who was somewhat credulous, the latter said:

"How came you to have a wooden leg?"

"Why," answered the other, "my father had one, and so had my grandfather before him. *It runs in the family.*"

This is not unlike the question asked by an eminent American author of a brother-editor, who had declined to come under a tree during a storm of thunder and lightning, because his father had once been struck with lightning while standing under a tree:

"Oh, ho!—it 'runs in the *family*,' does it? That alters the case!"

IN the ensuing passage from a clergyman's diary, there will be found a very beautiful and touching picture, and a forcible illustration of that "*compensation*," which would seem to place happiness within the reach of all, independent of the gifts of circumstances:

"This morning, as I was passing through the hall, I noticed a couple entering, whose singular appearance arrested my attention. They were a man and woman of the same height, but both much under-sized. Their dress was tidy, but quaint in the extreme; and in their persons there was such an entire absence of grace and beauty, that one would suppose that such awkward-looking bodies must really feel uncomfortable.

"I was now beginning to regard them as a very grotesque pair; but my mirth was checked at observing that the woman was entirely sightless.

"Alas! thought I, how unequally the gifts of God are distributed! Here is deformity, poverty, and blindness! What accumulated misfortunes!

"My meditation of condolence was interrupted by an awkward bow from the man to myself, at the same time that he asked me, in a brief way:

"'Would you like to look at some first-rate shoes?'

"He here produced some shoes as extraordinary-looking as the vendors themselves. I could scarcely repress a smile at his evident pride in the articles; but he went on to say:

"'They will outwear four pair of shoemakers' shoes. These, you see, are made by my wife Molly. She's blind, you see, but she cuts these out, and sews them all herself—every stitch.'

"The woman stood by with that calm, resigned expression, peculiar to the blind. I said to her:

"'My friend, is it possible you are able to make these without your eye-sight? How long ago did you lose it?'

"'I lost both of my eyes,' said she, 'before I was two years old.'

"I turned to her husband in surprise, and asked:

"'Did you marry her blind? Were you not afraid to undertake the care of her?'

"'The care of Molly!' said the man, with a merry laugh, 'why, she has made my fortune! I never had any thing I could call my own till I married her, and now we live snug enough.'

"Then he went on to expatiate upon his treasure, Molly:

"'Why, you see how tidy she keeps me. She cuts, and makes, and mends all my clothes. I don't find any shoes to fit my feet but Molly's. Then if she wants to go any where, she's only to take hold of my arm, and I lead her. I am a sexton, and when there are no funerals, I like to bring her down town, and we sell a few shoes, just to amuse us, and keep us along. It makes me able to get all the little notions she wants.'

"This man, whom I had approached as a disconsolate beggar, was speaking with animation, and a countenance radiant with satisfaction; and the object beside him I thought so forlorn, her sightless face glowed with the 'sweet sunshine of affection's gentle light.'

"Here was most poetically illustrated the foundation sentiment of human happiness—reciprocation and interchange of happiness. Molly found her happiness in clothing her husband, and adding to his means by making shoes. Homely as is the guise of this faithful pair, there is more of romance in their history and intercourse than in connections where gifted youth and beauty are bartered for gold and position.

"'But,' said I to Molly, 'do you never grieve in being deprived of your sight?'

"'Oh, no—I never grieve about that, since I came to feel that it is all right. I can always busy myself about something. Now, too, we are on the down-hill of life. My husband, I am sure, is a good man—I seek to be a good woman. After he has laid a few more in the grave, *we* shall follow; *and in my long home, I shall see!*'"

THE veteran "*Punch*" announces that one of the "*Training Schools for Nurses*" is ready to receive probationers. Testimonials are to be sent in, and the candidates are to attend on an appointed day to undergo an examination.

Punch greatly approves of the institution; and in order to further its objects, prints a copy of the examination-paper which is to be furnished to applicants. He recommends it not only to the attention of those who may become probationers, but to all who may be intrusted with the guardianship of the rising generation.

"1. State your acquaintance with 'BOGY!' and your opinion as to the desirability of referring to him in case of fractiousness.

"2. In the case of a child pertinaciously refusing to go to sleep, give the examiner your idea of the proper treatment, and whether an imitation 'Goblin!' or Godfrey's Cordial is, in your judgment, the preferable soporific.

"3. At what period of a difference between yourself and your charge, do you introduce the name of '*The Horrid Black Man in the Cellar?*'

"4. In the event of a youthful party making inquiries after its papa or mamma, do you apprise it that the parent in question is gone to 'Bobberty-shooty to shave the Monkeys,' or what other information do you supply?

"5. What amount of gold hobby-horses, diamond shoes, and bran-silver-new-nothings-to-put-round-its-neck, do you promise a child 'when your ship comes home,' and what date do you assign to that feat in navigation?

"6. Supposing there is reasonable ground for thinking that an infant cries because a pin is running into it, do you adopt the prevalent belief that the speediest relief is caused by a good slap upon the affected region?

"7. Is it your opinion that any promise which will take a child quietly out of the room, or to bed, may conscientiously be made, and that the only promise which should be faithfully redeemed is one of castigation?

"8. Do you recommend bribe or threat as the best means of preventing a child from telling its mamma that your beau-'cousin' came to tea, and stopped to supper?"

These are pregnant questions, and worthy the attention of *parents*, as well as nurses, "here and elsewhere."

IT is a marked circumstance, according to a recent traveler, writing from Paris, that even at this distant time, the tomb of Napoleon at the "Invalides" is a constant object of attraction to many, no doubt strangers, who visit it rather as an object of curiosity than of what the French themselves would call "devotion."

But interesting as was the removal of the cold ashes of Napoleon from the island of Saint Helena to the gay capital of France, we can not help thinking that he had a sublimer tomb in his rocky island prison. When the French Chamber of Deputies were discussing the propriety of removing the Great Captain's remains to France, the following beautiful passage appeared in an article in a London publication. We agree with its reasoning. Meet it was, that even in death he should be "himself *alone*;" who, when he fell conquered at last, fell suddenly, without bending till he broke—as a tower falls, smitten by sudden lightning:

"If the true sublime were consulted, Napoleon would be allowed to remain in St. Helena. He has it all to himself. He is the sole man buried in the Atlantic who has a distinct burial place in the bosom of the ocean. In Pagan mythology Sicily was not more decidedly the burial place of Enceladus, than St. Helena is that of the giant disturber of our own generation. There he lies alone—quite alone—a mark for all who sail along the watery ways. The islands and the coasts of the tropics have given their last homes to millions of men, since death began in the world, and no doubt the bones of many a gallant and worthy fellow are there deposited; but of them who takes thought? Those who traverse the highway from Europe to India, from the continent he had all but won to the empire which was for ever the dazzling object of his ambition—all who

> ——'on the trading flood
> Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
> Ply stemming nightly to the Pole;'

all whose thoughts turn to the shores of America or Africa; all who go down to the sea in ships, or think of wandering over the face of the deep; to them is the tomb of Bonaparte vividly present. No one passes St. Helena without visiting the willows waving over him. Men going on bold enterprise, or sent to govern provinces equal to kingdoms, or returning from splendid rule or brilliant conquest; the soldier in quest of fame, the sailor of adventure, the merchant of wealth, or each bound homeward laden with what he sought; the star-calculating astronomer, the pondering antiquary, the learned philologist, the zealous missionary; these are no idle visitants; and by them is the grave of Bonaparte duly hallowed. . . . . There he lies in his ocean resting-place, as well-known to 'all that handle the oar, the mariners, and all the pilots of the sea,' as was in the days of Arabian Romance the

brazen warrior, standing in solitude upon the wave-washed mountain of adamant, awaiting the coming of Prince Ajib. So should the earthly warrior abide amid *his* wave-washed precipices, awaiting the more dread summons, the last trumpet-call, which will order 'the sea to give up its dead.' Sorry, indeed, is the taste, which would remove him from this sublime dwelling, to make him an additional attraction among the tinsel mummeries of Paris; to confound him with the melodramatic sorrows, the tawdry *immortelles*, the musty wreaths of Père la Chaise; to take him from a place where his remains will command the respect of MEN—and no common men now pass his tomb—to put him where he will be only a mark for the peering and the jabbering of *monkeys;* to degrade him from being the *genius loci* of one of the great landmarks of the world; to become an additional raree-show to gratify a cockney curiosity, and share the glories of an opera-dancer, a patriotic spouter in the Chamber of Deputies, or any other buffoon of the minute, consigned with theatrical honors to the grave."

"THE story in your December Number," writes a New Hampshire correspondent, "of the wonderful parrot, reminds me of a *true* story, which, if you think proper, I wish you would give your readers. I had it from the gentleman himself, who is a man of truth and veracity; and wonderful as it may seem, I have not the least doubt of its truth in every particular.

"A gentleman's house in this village was overrun with rats. Traps and cats were of no use whatever. After a time he succeeded in catching a fine large old fellow in a box-trap, and having provided himself beforehand with a bell, he succeeded in fastening it with a wire securely around the rat's neck, and then gave him his liberty.

"The rat scampered away, and during the night was heard rattling his bell, and pursuing his former companions from one part of the house to another. The next day, as the gentleman was in his yard, he heard the tinkling of the bell, and looking up, saw the rat walking deliberately up toward him, and when within about one foot of him, seated himself upon his hind legs, and looked up in his face, asking him, as plainly as a rat could, to take off the bell!

"The gentleman reached down, took up the rat in his hands, untwisted the wire, placed him on the ground, and Mr. Rat scampered away, without even stopping to say 'good-by.'"

Our correspondent has forgotten to mention whether the house was thereafter infested with his species. The presumption is, that they have learned to "get out of the way when the bell rings."

A PASSAGE in the "Newcomes" describing a "fashionable preacher," has its counterpart in the annexed sketch of a "*Fascinating Clergyman*," from that excellent work, "The Bride Elect:"

"There is danger in the eloquent and zealous curate, with his hundred pounds a year, and no house! For we can not separate the minister and his ministry. We attribute to him something of the holy comfort and sublime inspiration of the beautiful language of Scripture. He speaks 'as one having authority.' He blames, and she blushes; he condemns, and she trembles; he mourns, and she weeps. Of how many maiden hearts is our eloquent preacher—young, middle-aged, or even old—the unconscious idol! Some women, too—and those not merely girls, but women of all ages—think that although it may be weak or foolish to love any other man, yet to love the clergyman is a sort of virtue; that they are serving GOD by adoring his minister, and securing their entrance into heaven by their devotion to him on earth.

"That this is all wrong, there can be no kind of doubt. To worship the priest of the altar is as blamable as to make any other idol. But that it is most true and universal is undeniable. What impassioned anonymous effusions, what countless tributes of all kinds, and what crowded, excited congregations of the lady-race reward, or rather distress, any eloquent or earnest preacher!—and if young, handsome—alas, alas! more to be dreaded than the exclusive guardsman is then the handsome, eloquent young curate, with a hundred pounds a year, and no house!"

"WHERE is your house!" asked a traveler in the depths of one of the "old solemn wildernesses" of the Great West:

"*House?*—I ain't *got* no house."

"Well, where do you *live?*"

"I live in the woods—sleep on the Great Government Purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi!"

And he added:

"It is getting too *thick* with folks about here. You're the second man I have seen within the last month; and I hear there's a whole *family* come in about fifty miles down the river. I'm going to put out into 'the woods' again!"

A MISSIONARY among a tribe of Northern Indians was wont to set some simple refreshment, fruit and cider, before his converts when they came from a distance to see him. An old man who had no pretensions to being a Christian, desired much to be admitted to the refreshments, and proposed to some of his converted friends to accompany them on their next visit to the missionary. They told him he must be a Christian first:

"Christian?" said he; "what is that?" They told him he "must know all about the Bible."

When the time came, he declared himself prepared, and took the journey with them. When he had arrived, he seated himself opposite the missionary, wrapped in his blanket, and looked exceedingly serious. In answer to an inquiry from the missionary, he rolled up his eyes, and solemnly uttered the following words, with a pause between each:

"Adam—Eve—Cain—Noah—Jeremiah—Beelzebub—Solomon!"

"What do you mean?" asked the missionary.

"Solomon—Beelzebub—Noah—"

"Stop, stop! What do *you mean?*"

"I mean—*cider!*"

THE ensuing beautiful lines are by ELIZABETH LLOYD, a Quakeress, of Philadelphia. They breathe the very essence of resignation and immortal hope:

"I am old and blind!
Men point to me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind,—
Yet I am not cast down.

"I am weak, yet strong,—
I murmur not that I no longer see,—
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee!

"O merciful One!
When men are farthest then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by—my weakness shun—
Thy chariot I hear.

"Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me,—and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

"On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown—
My vision Thou hast dimmed that thou may'st see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

"I have naught to fear!
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

"Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

"Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng—
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

"It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow
The earth in darkness lies.

"In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

"Give me now my lyre;
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine."

THE following soliloquy of a tall specimen of "*liquefied* humanity," promenading a slippery street of a dark night, when the corporation assumed a "presumptive moonshine," is "hard to beat." It is by the late lamented NEAL:

"I've not the slightest doubt that this is as beautiful a night as ever was, only it's so dark you can't see the pattern of it. One night is pretty much like another night, in the dark; but it is a great advantage to a good-looking evening, if the lamps are lit, so you can twig the stars and the moonshine. The fact is, that in this 'ere city we do grow the blackest moons and the hardest moons to find, I ever *did* see. Lamps is lamps and moons is moons, in a business point of view, but practically they ain't much, if the wicks ain't afire. When the luminaries are, as I may say, 'in the raw,' it's bad for me. I can't see the ground as perfectly as little fellers, and every dark night I'm sure to get a *hyst*—either a for'ard hyst, or a back'ard hyst, or some other sort of a hyst—but more back'ards than for-'ards, 'specially in winter.

"One of the most onfeelin' tricks I know of, is the way some folks have got of laughing out, 'Yaw! haw!' when they see a gentleman kitching a regular hyst—a long gentleman, for instance, with his legs in the air, and his noddle splat down on the cold bricks. A hyst itself is bad enough, without being sniggered at; first your sconce gets a crack; then you see all sorts of stars, and have free admission to the fire-works; then you scramble up, feeling as if you had no head on your shoulders, and as if it wasn't you, but some confounded disagreeable fellow in your clothes; yet the jockanapes all grin, as if the misfortunes of human nature was only a puppet-show. I wouldn't mind it, if you could get up and look as if you didn't care. But a man can't rise, after a royal hyst, and not let on that he feels flat. In such cases, however, sympathy is all gammon; and as for sensibility, of a winter's day, people keep it all for their own noses, and can't be coaxed to retail it by the small!"

"Spring-time of the year has come," and our readers in the country, and elsewhere too, will thank us for preserving, at this season, in the "Drawer," the following admirable letter from the late lamented statesman, DANIEL WEBSTER. It was addressed to the manager of his farm in New Hampshire:

"WASHINGTON, *March 13th*, 1822.

"JOHN TAYLOR:

"I am glad to hear from you again, and to learn that you are all well, and that your teams and tools are ready for spring's work, whenever the weather will allow you to begin. I sometimes read books on farming; and I remember that a very sensible old author advises farmers 'to plow naked and to sow naked.' By this he means that there is no use in beginning spring's work till the weather is warm, that a farmer may throw aside his winter clothes and roll up his sleeves. Yet he says we ought to begin as early in the year as possible. He wrote some very pretty verses on this subject, which, as far as I remember, run thus:

"'While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
The frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run—
E'en in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plow, and yoke the sturdy steer;
And goad him till he smoke beneath his toil,
And the bright share is buried in the soil.'

"John Taylor, when you read these lines, do you not see the snow melting, and the little streams beginning to run down the southern slopes of your Punch-brook pasture, and the new grass starting and growing in the trickling water, all green, bright and beautiful? and do you not see your Durham oxen smoking from heat and perspiration as they draw along your great breaking-up plow, cutting and turning over the tough sward in your meadow in the great field? The name of this sensible author is Virgil; and he gives farmers much other advice, some of which you have been following all this winter without even knowing that he had given it.

"'But when cold weather, heavy snows and rain,
The laboring farmer in his house restrain,
Let him forecast his work, with timely care,
Which else is huddled when the skies are fair;
Then let him mark the sheep, and whet the shining share,
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His sacks, or measure his increasing store:
Or sharpen stakes, and mend each rake and fork,
So to be ready, in good time, to work—
Visit his crowded barns at early morn,
Look to his granary, and shell his corn;
Give a good breakfast to his numerous kine,
His shivering poultry and his fattening swine.'

"And Mr. Virgil says some other things, which you understand up at Franklin as well as ever he did:

"'In chilling winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for more;
The farmer to full feasts invites his friends,
And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends,
Draws chairs around the fire, and tells once more,
Stories which often have been told before;
Spreads a clean table, with things good to eat,
And adds some moistening to his fruit and meat;
They praise his hospitality, and feel
They shall sleep better after such a meal.'

"John Taylor, by the time you have got through this you will have read enough. The sum of all is, be ready for your spring's work as soon as the

weather becomes warm enough, and then put your hand to the plow, and look not back.

"DANIEL WEBSTER."

WE have somewhere seen it stated that early green pease in the London market are sometimes quite monopolized by the most successful of the "eminent" beggars of that mighty metropolis. And it is not every one who can command such a fortune as a beggar's daughter, if we may judge from the following, taken from a recent Irish work:

"Good-morning to ye, Mrs. Fogarty" (reaches a snuff-box to offer a pinch).

"Thin good-morrow kindly, Judy; I hope I see you well this mornin'."

"So, Mrs. Fogarty, you married your daughter?"

"I did—praise be to goodness!"

"Did she get a good match?"

"Faix thin, 'tis herself that did. She got Blind Darby Driscol, on the Dyke, that makes more money than any 'o them beggars in Cork."

"I'm delighted to hear it, Mrs. Fogarty, I assure ye. That the world may wonder at the luck they'll have! Did you give her any fortune, Mrs. Fogarty?"

"Any fortune, is it! Ah, thin now, Judy, is it insultin' me you'd be? Sure, you know in your heart that a child of mine was never married widout it. Didn't I give her the best side of Patterick Street, which, if *well begged*, is worth seven and sixpence sterling a week?"

THE celebrated Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, recently deceased, once visited a patient whose house stood by a church-yard. After giving his prescriptions, he turned, and, looking out of the window at a jail which happened to be situated on the other side of the last abode of mortality, remarked:

"Well, well, sir—on my word, you have a pleasant *prospect beyond the grave!*"

THE following, which is sent us from "Old Virginia, to fill a nook in the Drawer," is described by "a constant reader" as having "at least the merit of *being true:*"

"A native of the Emerald Isle, having emigrated at an early age, found his way finally to the 'Ancient Dominion,' where he settled, and growing up to 'man's estate,' took unto himself a 'better half.'

"Turning his attention, for the first time to the mysteries of horticulture, he among other edible vegetables had some *beans* planted by a female servant.

"On going into the garden a few days after, he found them sprouting up, but to his astonishment and dismay, saw the beans sticking to the leaves of the sprouts an inch or more above ground. Reflecting for some moments on this singular phenomenon, he came to the satisfactory conclusion, that it was attributable altogether to the fault of the servant, and calling her to him discharged upon her a volley of Irish invectives for having *planted the beans upside down!* It was in vain she assured him that the appearance of the beans in the situation described was by no means an uncommon occurrence. Paddy 'could not be humbugged' in that way; so he had all the beans drawn from the ground and the same end replanted upon correct and scientific principles. His most intimate friends, however, have never been able to extract from him the actual yield of the crop during that season. Paddy is among the adopted citizens of the old commonwealth."

A SUBSCRIBER in the interior of this State, sends us the following for "embodiment in the Drawer." It possesses a good deal of childish simplicity and odd reasoning:

"Three little black-eyed urchins, two brothers and a sister, children of a friend of ours in the West, a clergyman of the old orthodox school, were speculating in their way one Sunday evening upon some momentous truths they had been taught in their Bible-lesson during the day. The subject was the fall of Adam and its effects upon the race of man.

"One of them more wise in his own estimation than the rest, or less daunted by the responsibility of the undertaking, was giving a brief history, in his own graphic style, of the happy pair in the Garden of Eden. 'God told them,' said he, 'that they might eat of all the fruits in the garden but one that stood just in the middle, and they mustn't eat of that for it would *kill them.* But as Eve was goin' along one day she thought the apples on that tree looked so nice she would try one, any how. So she tasted it, and thought it was *so* nice Adam must have some too. So she *cut* off a right nice piece and gave it to Adam. So they both ate the forbidden fruit, and that made us all sinners.'

"'But suppose,' interrupted one of the listeners, 'suppose Adam hadn't taken it from her, then would we all have been sinners?'

"'Why *no!*' exclaims the lecturer; '*Of course* not. None of us, but the *women!*'"

AMONG the earlier poems of that rare and pleasant genius, WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, was one quaintly entitled "*Quince,*" from which the following admirable verses are taken. They illustrate the bad points of the old gentleman's character as being entirely swallowed up, after all, in his better ones:

"Welcome was he in hut and hall,
To maids and matrons; peers and peasants;
He won the sympathy of all,
By making puns and making presents;
Though all the parish was at strife,
He kept his counsel and his carriage,
And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
And shrank from Chancery suits, and marriage.

"Sound was his claret and his head—
Warm was his double ale and feelings;
His partners at the whist club said
That he was faultless in his dealings;
He went to church but once a week—
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him
An upright man, who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him.

"Asylums, hospitals, and schools,
He used to swear were made to cozen;
All who subscribed to them were fools—
And he subscribed to half a dozen;
It was his doctrine that the poor
Were always able, never willing;
And so the beggar at the door
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

"Some public principles he had,
But was no flatterer, nor fretter,
He rapped his box when things were bad,
And said, 'I can not make them better!'
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
And much he scorned the placeman's snuffle,
And cut the fiercest quarrels short
With—'Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle!'

"For full ten years his pointer, Speed,
Had crouched beneath his master's table;
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fattened in his master's stable—
Old Quince averred, upon his troth,
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon,

And none knew why he fed them both,
With his own hands, six days in seven.

"Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought, the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs. Glasse, and patterns:
Adine was studying baker's bills,
Louisa looked the queen of knitters,
Jane happened to be hemming frills,
And Bell, by chance, was making fritters.

"But all was vain—and while decay
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him;
And found him gouty still, and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him,
His rugged smile and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

* * * * * * *

"I found him at threescore and ten,
A single man, but bent quite double;
Sickness was coming on him then,
To take him from a world of trouble;
He prosed of sliding down the hill—
Discovered he grew older daily;
One frosty day he made his will—
The next he sent for Dr. Bailey!"

THE following admirable story of a boasting old fellow, named "Major Lucky," is told by the Honorable Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky. The scene is said to have taken place between the Major and a Colonel Peters, of Illinois:

"Major, I understand from General Coombs that shortly after the revolution you visited England. How did you like the jaunt?"

"Capital! I had not been in London five hours before Rex sent for me to come and play whist with him, and a first-rate good time we had, I tell you."

"Rex?—*what* Rex?"

"Why, Rex, the King—George the Third. The game came off at Windsor Castle—Rex and I playing against Billy Pitt and Ed. Burke; and it resulted rather comically."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, as we were playing the last game, Rex said to me, in his familiar manner:

"'Major, I suppose you know Charles Washington, don't you?'

"'No, sir,' said I, 'I don't; but I'll tell you who I *do* know: I know *George* Washington, the Father of his country.'

"'O pshaw!' said Rex, '*I* know him too: he was an infernal rebel, and if I had served him right he'd a-been hung long ago!'

"This riled me, and I just draw'd back and give him a blow right between the eyes, and he dropped like a bullock. The next minute Billy Pitt and Ed. Burke mounted me, and in less than ten minutes my shirt and breeches were so torn and tattered, that I looked like Lazarus.

"This gave me rather a distaste for English society, so the next morning I set sail for America. Six weeks afterward I landed at Washington. The first man I met, after landing in Washington, was Q."

"Q?—*what* Q?"

"Why, old Quincey Adams—that blasted old federalist—Adams. He wanted me to play ninepins with him, and I did. I won two hundred dollars of him at two shillings a game, and then there was a row."

"A row about what?"

"Why, he wanted to pay me off in Continental money, worth about a shilling a peck. I got mad at that, and knocked him into a spittoon. While I had him down, Jim came in, and dragged me off to the White House."

"Jim?—*what* Jim?"

"Why, Jim Madison. I went and played euchre with him for two hours, when Tom came in, and nothing to do but I must go home with *him*."

"What Tom do you mean?"

"Why, Tom Jefferson—who do you *s'pose* I meant? But Jim wouldn't listen to it, and the consequence was, they got into a regular fight. In the midst of it, they fell over the banisters and dropped about fifty feet; and when I left, they were pounding each other in the coal cellar.

"How it terminated I never could learn, as just then Martha run in, and said I must go down to Mount Vernon with her to see 'George.'"

"What 'Martha' are you speaking of, Major?—not to interrupt you."

"Why, Martha Washington, the wife of the old boy that gave 'Jesse' to the Hessians."

"About here," said Mr. Coombs, "the stranger began to have a faint suspicion that he was 'swallowing things;' and in the next stage-coach that came along he took passage for an adjacent town."

"The Major" is said to be still living, and believes to this day that the walloping he gave "Rex" is the very best thing of its kind on record.

We somewhat question whether this character is at all over-drawn. We know of a man in this good city of Gotham, who never told a lie in the world that would do the slightest injury to any human being; who is a warm-hearted, generous, temperate man; a kind husband, a good father, and an excellent neighbor; but who has the bump—if there *be* such a probulgence—of *White-Lie-ism* to a degree seldom met with. His fibs fall to the ground of themselves, for the simple reason that he can not talk five minutes without making the first lie neutralize the next, and so on, *ad infinitum*. This is a curious world that we live in, and human heads and "kinks" are various.

A GOOD story is told in an eastern paper of the treatment of a drunken husband by his amiable spouse. After trying various experiments to cure his drunkenness, she at last bethought herself of another plan of making a "reformed drunkard" of her husband.

She engaged a watchman, for a stipulated reward, to carry "Philander" to the watch-house, while yet in a state of insensibility, and to "*frighten him a little*" when he recovered.

In consequence of this arrangement, he was waked up about eleven o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a strange and dim apartment. Raising himself up on his elbow, he looked around, until his eye rested on a man sitting by a stove, and smoking a cigar.

"Where *am* I?" asked Philander.

"In a medical college!" said the cigar-smoker.

"What a *doing* then!"

"Going to be *cut up!*"

"*Cut up!*—how comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we have brought your body here to make a 'natomy!"

"It's a lie!—I *ain't* dead!"

"No matter; we bought your carcase, *any* how, from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make out of you. If you're *not* dead, it's no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up, dead or *alive!*"

"You will *do* it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"To be sure we will—*now—immediately*," was the resolute answer.

"Wall, look o' here, can't you *let us have something to drink before you begin?*"

This last speech satisfied the watchman that the man was a hopeless case; and as his reward was contingent upon his successful treatment of the patient, he was not a little chagrined at the result; so with no gentle handling, he tumbled the irreformable inebriate out of the watch-house.

VERY touching, very beautiful, are these lines, which almost seem to drop tears as one reads them:

"I came, but they had passed away,
The fair in form, the pure in mind;
And, like a stricken deer, I stray,
Where all are strange, and none are kind;
Kind to a worn and wearied soul,
That pants, that struggles for repose:
Oh! that my steps had reached the goal
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close!

"Years have passed o'er me like a dream,
That leaves no trace on memory's page,
I look around me, and I seem
Some relic of a former age;
Alone, and in a stranger clime,
Where stranger voices mock mine ear,
In all the lagging course of Time,
Without a wish—a hope—or fear!

"Yet I *had* hopes—but they have fled,
And fears—and they were all too true;
And wishes too—but they are dead,
And what have *I* with life to do?
'Tis but to bear a weary load
I may not, *dare* not, cast away,
To sigh for one small, still abode,
Where *I* may sleep as sweet as they!

"As they, the loveliest of their race,
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep,
Whose worth my soul delights to trace,
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep:
To weep, forgotten and unknown,
With none to smile, to hear, to see—
Earth can bestow no dearer boon
On one whom Death disdains to free!

"I leave a world that knows me not,
To hold communion with the dead,
And Fancy consecrates the spot,
Where Fancy's earliest dreams were shed.
I see each shade, all silvery white,
I hear each spirit's melting sigh;
I turn to clasp those forms of light,
And the pale Morning chills mine eye!

"But soon the last dim morn shall rise—
My lamp of life burns feebly now;
Where stranger hands shall close mine eyes,
And smooth my cold and dewy brow:
Unknown I lived—so let me die;
No stone, nor monumental cross,
Tell where his mouldering ashes lie,
Who sought for gold, and found it dross!"

THERE is trenchant irony, and irony well deserved, in the following passage from "Sam Slick," the *nom-de-plume* of Judge Haliburton, which has been lying *perdu* in the bottom of our Drawer for many a long day. It sets forth, with wonderful force, the indifference of the English government to the merits of one of her greatest poets during his life-time—the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Hohenlinden," and that sublimest of Christian poems, "The Last Man," in perusing which, the most indifferent reader can not choose but feel that his immortality is reassured to him:

"I guess when Campbell writ 'The Mariners of England,' that will live till the British sailors get whipped by us so they will be ashamed to sing it, he thought himself great shakes; heavens and airth! he warn't half so big as Tom Thumb; he was jist nothin'. But let some foreign hussey, whose skin ain't clear, and whose character ain't clear, and who ain't nothin' clear about her but her voice, let her come and sing that splendid song that puts more ginger into sailors than grog or prize-money, or any thin', and Lord! all the old admirals, and flag-officers and yacht-men and others that do onderstand, and all the lords, and ladies, and princes, that don't onderstand where the springs are in that song that touch the chords of the heart, all on 'em will come and worship a'most; and some young duke or another will fancy he is a young Jupiter, and come down in a shower of gold a'most for her, while the poet has 'The Pleasures of Hope,' to feed on. Oh! I envy him, glorious man, I envy him his great reward; it was worth seventy years of 'hope,' that funeral. . . . Ah! poor Campbell! he was a poet, a beautiful poet! He know'd about the world of imagination, and the realms of fancy; but he didn't know nothin' at all about this world of our'n, or of the realm of England, or he never would have talked about the 'Pleasures of Hope,' for an author. Lord bless you! let a dancin' gal come to the opera, jump six foot high, 'light on one toe, hold up the other so high you can see her stays a'most, and then spin round like a daddy-long-legs that's got one foot caught in a taller candle, and go spinnin' round arter that fashion for ten minits, it will touch Peel's heart in a giffy. Let some old general or admiral do something or another that only requires the courage of a bull, and no sense, and they give him a pension, and right off the reel make him a peer. Let some old field-officer's wife go follerin' the army away back in Indgy further than is safe or right for a woman to go, git taken pris'ner, give a horrid sight of trouble to the army to git her back; and for this great service to the nation she gits a pension of five hundred pounds a year. But let some misfortunate devil of an author do—what only one man in a century can, to save his soul alive, write a book that will live—a thing that does show the perfection of human kind, and what do they do here? Let his body live on the 'Pleasures of Hope,' all the days of his life, and his name live afterward on a cold white marble in Westminster Abbey. They be hanged—the whole bilin' of 'em—them and their trumpery procession too, and their paltry patronage of standing by a grave, and saying 'Poor CAMPBELL!' Who the devil cares for a monument, that actilly deserves one? He has built one that will live when that are old abbey crumbles down, and when them that thought they was honorin' him are dead and forgotten; his monument was built by his own brains and his own hands, and the inscription ain't writ in Latin nor Greek, nor any other dead language, nother, but in a livin' language; and one too that will never die out now, seein' our great nation uses it; and here it is:

'THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.'"

That such a man as Campbell should have been suffered to live in poverty and fade away like a shadow, and only crowned at last with an unsubstantial abbey show-funeral, is a reflection upon the English government which it will take many years to obliterate. In fact, it never *can* be obliterated while his sublime national lyrics, on sea and on shore, shall stir the heart of the nation as with the "clear silver tone of a trumpet-call to action."

Literary Notices.

The new publications which we have received for announcement during the past month are not of great importance, and are confined principally to reprints of English editions. Among these the most noteworthy is the much-talked-of *Theological Essays* by the Rev. Frederick D. Maurice, the publication of which led to the expulsion of the author from a College connected with the Church of England. Mr. Maurice maintains that a theology which does not correspond to the deepest thoughts and feelings of human beings can not be a true theology. The essays were originally prepared in pursuance of this idea, and in obedience to a request in the will of a female member of the Society of Friends, that he would produce a work especially adapted to the benefit of Unitarians. They discuss several of the most interesting topics now at issue between the prominent religious tendencies of the day, although not in a controversial manner. In the present edition several alterations have been introduced, obscure passages are more fully explained, some which have caused unnecessary offense are erased, and the essay on Eternal Life and Eternal Death has been rewritten and greatly enlarged. Mr. Maurice appears, for the most part, to adhere to the accredited standards of the orthodox faith. He disclaims, in the most emphatic manner, all sympathy with those whose zeal for progress leads them to preach that the Bible is a collection of obsolete Hebrew stories, and who contend that the facts and principles of the Bible should not be expressed in popular creeds. In regard to the atonement, he believes that the sacrifice of Christ was a real sacrifice made by the Son, of his whole spirit, soul, and body to the Father, as a satisfaction and oblation for the sins of the whole world. His views in regard to the sense of the word *eternal*, though not in accordance with the prevailing theories on the subject, will be examined with interest, as the results of earnest and faithful inquiry. (Published by Redfield.)

The Working Man's Way in the World (published by Redfield), purports to be the autobiography of a journeyman printer, describing, with a good deal of force and liveliness, a variety of incidents in the rambling life of the author, and throwing considerable light on the condition of the laboring classes in England. The narrative is full of odd adventures, and forms a volume no less agreeable than instructive.

The Third Part of Lardner's *Hand-Book of Natural Philosophy*, containing a course of Meteorology and Astronomy, is issued by Blanchard and Lea. In this edition, numerous errors that had escaped the attention of the author have been corrected, and a good deal of original matter introduced, to bring the subject down to the present state of science. The merits of Dr. Lardner as a popular expounder of scientific facts and principles, are too well known to require our testimony to his clearness of statement, copiousness of illustration, and general accuracy of detail.

Christmas Holidays at Chestnut Hill, by Cousin Mary, is the title of a little volume of original juvenile stories, distinguished for their simplicity and sweetness of style, and their elevated moral tone. It is one of those productions whose value does not pass away with the occasion that called them forth, and may be confidently recommended to parents as a contribution to the juvenile library of permanent interest and utility. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.)

Redfield has issued a neat edition of Simms's *Poetical Works*, in two duodecimo volumes, with a well-engraved portrait of the author. The high reputation of Mr. Simms as a graphic and effective writer, must give these volumes a place in every collection of American literature.

The Homœopathic Practice of Medicine, by Dr. Freligh, is a new professional manual, published by Lamport, Blakeman, and Law. It condenses the leading principles of Hahnemann's system into a small compass, and forms a convenient volume for practical reference.

The Lamplighter (published by Jewett and Co.), is an original story of considerable vigor and interest. It is devoted to the delineation of scenes in lowly life, without aiming at melodramatic effect by high-colored pictures of depravity and crime. Although its claims as a literary production are not of the highest order, the easy flow of its narrative, its frequent touches of pathos, and its skillful character-drawing are sufficient to make it a favorite with a large class of readers.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have issued a novel entitled *The Barclays of Boston*, by Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, which can not fail to attract the attention of persons familiar with the metropolitan city of New England. The characters of the story, which are chiefly taken from the common walks of mercantile society, have an air of real life about them, which may enable the curious searcher into family affairs to identify the originals. The plot is inartificial and uneffective, nor is its meagreness redeemed by any extraordinary power or brilliancy of style, which often degenerates into inelegant and commonplace colloquialisms. The authoress will probably add little to the renown of an honored Massachusetts name by her adventurous descent into the literary arena.

Classic and Historic Portraits, by James Bruce, is a reprint of a rambling, gossiping, quasi-historical work, which may afford amusement in a desultory hour. It is loosely put together, superficial in the extreme, but is not without a certain charm for readers who love to turn over the pages of a book with their eyes half-shut.

Mitchell's series of *Dissected Maps* are admirably adapted to familiarize children and youth with the outlines and relative positions of the different States and Territories of our country. The series consists of a general map of the United States, and separate maps of each of the four principal divisions. (Merriam, Moore, and Co., Troy.)

Among the new works which we see announced as in course of preparation, is a new *Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton*, by Sir David Brewster, from the family papers of the Earl of Portsmouth. This is not to be a new edition of his former biography, but a new memoir, founded on new materials. Sir David says, in his prospectus: "This work will be essentially different from the author's former 'Life of Sir Isaac Newton,' in every thing that regards his biography or personal history. The account of his discoveries will be more full and accurate, and the part of the work relative to his chemical, alchemical, and theological pursuits will be altogether new. With the assistance of the late lamented Mr. H. A. W. Fellows, the eldest son of the present Earl of Portsmouth, the author examined and made extracts from

all the papers at Hurstbourne Park; but what was most important, they discovered copious materials which Mr. Conduit had collected for a Life of Newton, which had never been supposed to exist. It had been believed that the statement of facts (published in Turnor's 'History of the Soke of Grantham') which Conduit sent to Fontenelle to enable him to write an Eloge of Newton, contained the leading facts of Newton's life; whereas it was a mere notice written before Conduit had made any inquiries of the college and school companions of Newton. After trying in vain to induce several of Newton's friends to write his life, Conduit resolved to undertake it himself, and made large MS. collections, to which the author of the present work has had access, and which contain the most complete account of Newton's early and college life." These materials promise well; and there are many readers who will look with more than common interest for the result of Sir David Brewster's labors.

Another announcement of interest is the forthcoming publication of CALVIN's unpublished *Letters*. A few days before his death, in one of their latest conferences, Calvin, when showing to Theodore Beza the most highly valued of his possessions—the manuscripts in his library and the documents included in his extensive correspondence with the most illustrious persons of his time—requested that they should be carefully collected after his death; and that a selection from his own letters, made by his friends, should be presented to the Reformed Churches, as a crowning testimony of the anxious interest and affection of their founder. This request was never wholly carried into effect, and a large proportion of Calvin's correspondence has not been given to the world. Dr. JULES BONNET has devoted five years to the collection of the papers now announced as in preparation for the press.

In a late number of a Glasgow periodical, we have seen a statement, which has been copied since in various quarters, to the effect that GEORGE GILFILLAN is devoting himself too much to periodical writing, and is neglecting those larger schemes of literary work which he is understood to have had in contemplation. It is stated, however, by his friends that this is not the case; but that he is employed, at intervals, on a large and elaborate treatise of serious import, on *Christianity and our Era*, which is intended as a tract for the times, and may be the work of one or two years.

Mr. Murray announces a new series of reprints, to be called the *British Classics*. In the same publisher's general list of forthcoming books we notice Dr. WAAGEN's *Treasures of Art in Great Britain;* Dr. HOOKER's *Himalayan Journals;* and Sir R. MURCHISON's *Siluria*.——Messrs. Longman have in their press, Mr. ERSKINE's *History of India under the House of Timur*.——Mr. Bentley announces as in the press: GUIZOT's *History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth;* Colonel MARKHAM's *Shooting Scenes in the Himalayas, Chinese Tartary, &c.;* and Mr. WALDO EMERSON's *English Notes*.

The second and third volumes of the new edition of the *Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn* extend from the year 1665 to 1699. It is certainly one of the most curious works in our language, second only in interest to the celebrated Diary of Pepys.

Mrs. NEWTON CROSSLAND has contributed to juvenile literature a delightful little volume, entitled *Memorable Women: the Story of their Lives:* comprising Lady Rachel Russell, Mrs. Thrale, Fanny Burney, Mary L. Ware, Mrs. Hutchinson, Lady Fanshawe, Margaret Fuller, and Lady Sale. Her design is not to give a memoir of each; but to take the most remarkable event in their several careers—the incident that has stamped the character and colored the destiny of the heroine—and narrate it fully and pictorially, bringing the scene vividly before the imagination of the reader. It is a right wholesome book, as well as one of the most absorbing interest, and we recommend it to the regard of all papas and mammas. It should have a place in every school library.

A conference has been held in London, at the residence of the Chevalier Bunsen, on the subject of a universal alphabet. Among those present were Sir John Herschel, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Professor Owen, Dr. Max Müller, Dr. Pertz of Berlin, and other distinguished men of science and literature, with the Revs. Henry Venn, Trestrail, and other representatives of missionary societies. The Chevalier Bunsen stated the object of the Conference, which was to consult as to the practicability of adopting a uniform system of expressing foreign alphabets by Roman characters. The advantages of such a system, both scientific and practical, were urged, the former in connection with the study of ethnology and philology, and the latter chiefly in connection with the great Protestant missionary enterprises of the present time. Professor Lepsius and Dr. Max Muller have devoted much time to the subject, founding their phonology on the physiological principles, ably expounded by Dr. Johannes Müller.

Literature has still its calamities, more wretched perhaps than those of any other calling, because falling on a class of persons more acutely susceptible. The newspapers have lately contained the following paragraph:—"Anna Maria Jones, authoress of 'The Gipsy' and other popular novels of the day, died on Tuesday (the 24th Jan.), at 17 Salisbury Place, Bermondsey, in the most abject poverty. Her remains await in all probability a pauper's funeral. Another case, no less melancholy, has occurred in another quarter of the town,—near Dorset Square. Dr. Robert Howard, a medical practitioner, who has published various works on the supposed deleterious influence of salt on the human frame, has been living there apparently in expectation that his books would ultimately bring him patients. By the practice of a pinching economy, he appears to have made respectable private resources support him for many years. But he had staked his all on the success of his books. The good sense of the public detected the latent insanity from which they proceeded, and kept aloof from the author. When the last sovereign was in his purse, and his attenuated frame had been brought to death's door by penurious living and agony of spirit, the overwrought mind gave way, and taking advantage of the means which his profession placed at his command, Dr. Howard hurried himself out of the world. His bare and melancholy dwelling gives testimony to the utter misery which had there been hidden from the world.

Of *Balder*, a new poem by the author who writes under the name of SYDNEY YENDYS, an acute Lon-

don critic pronounces the following scathing judgment: "Tried by any test known to us, *Balder* is an immense mistake. It is very dull; one reads it with severe labor. It is very obscure in passages. As far as we can understand its drift, the philosophy of it is simply foolish. The fault there may lie in us; but we have cracked hard nuts in our time, and if we fail to understand the poet's meaning, it is not immodest in us to suppose that a vast majority of readers will be in somewhat the same condition. Be the story charged with what meanings it may, the poet has told his story so badly as to be both unintelligible and uninteresting."

The slight misunderstanding between Miss Bremer and Mrs. Howitt, relative to a recent translation, is at an end. The former lady now writes: "May she be my friend and translator still for works possibly to come! Circumstances so unfavorable as those under which both myself and Mrs. Howitt have worked in this last work will hardly ever return, and nothing then will be in the way of our perfect harmony. If I again shall seek a translator in England, I can certainly seek and wish for no other, no better, than Mary Howitt."

Mr. Alexander Smith, the author of *The Life-Drama*, has been elected Secretary of the University of Edinburgh. Mr. Smith has been called "the Glasgow poet," but it is not so. He may be claimed as another Ayrshire bard—born among those scenes which the greatest Ayrshire bard has made classic ground. He is a veritable son of "auld Kilmarnock," from the local press of which Burns's works first appeared. He was born in Douglas-street there, on the last day of the year 1829—a pleasant Hogmanay gift, truly. For two or three years after his birth his parents resided in Kilmarnock, and they then went to Paisley, returning to Kilmarnock in 1837. They shortly afterward removed, and finally to Glasgow, where Alexander Smith was located until recently, when fame was literally "thrust upon him," and he was drawn into other places and to higher circles. By profession our young poet, like his father, is a pattern drawer for muslin work—a species of work which had its origin in the county, and is every where associated with the name of Ayrshire.

"In reviewing Lord John Russell's 'Memoirs of Moore,'" says the *Literary Gazette*, "we have said so much about the worse than careless way in which he has performed his editorial duties, that we feel little inclination to take special notice of the miserable squabble into which he has got into with Mr. Wilson Croker. Old political grudges, as well as personal dislikes, are at the bottom of the affair. Lord John Russell's assertion that Croker's attack on Moore, after his death, was the mere gratification of 'a safe malignity,' has brought upon him a severe castigation from the veteran reviewer of the 'Quarterly,' and neither Moore nor his noble friend appear well in the whole transaction. Every thing that comes out with regard to Moore's life and history, displays more painfully the contrast between the brilliancy of his genius and the meanness of his personal character."

M. Leverrier, who made himself famous in connection with the discovery of the planet Neptune, has been appointed Director of the Observatory of Paris—a place held by M. Arago for many years. The scientific eminence of M. Leverrier no doubt entitles him to such an honorable position; but the general opinion in Paris is, that as he receives 1200*l.* a year from the public treasury as a Senator, he might have left the directorship, with its modest salary and residence rent-free, to some *savant* less favored by fortune. His installation at the Observatory has caused some changes in its *personnel*—among them, a gentleman who has been connected with the establishment for eight-and-forty years, and whose name is widely known and highly esteemed in scientific circles, has been removed from his situation.

At Edinburgh has lately died Mrs. Candlish, formerly Miss Jean Smith, the last of the six "belles of Mauchline," to whom the verses of Burns have given celebrity.

> "Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
> Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw,
> There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
> But Armour 's the jewel for me o' them a'."

Miss Miller became the wife of the poet's friend, Dr. Mackenzie, Miss Markland was married to a Mr. Finlay, an excise officer at Greenock, Miss Betty Miller became a Mrs. Templeton, and Miss Morton a Mrs. Paterson. The husband of Jean Smith was Mr. Candlish, a medical man; and her son is the Rev. Dr. Candlish of Edinburgh, whose eloquence and ability confirm the shrewd discrimination of the poet.

We regret to have to announce the death of M. Blanqui, one of the most distinguished of the French economists, author of a very excellent *History of Political Economy*, and of various other works on that science. He was a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of Paris. He took great interest in the Grand Exhibition of London, and wrote a series of very excellent papers on it. He was also a member of the Commission of the French Exhibition, which is to take place in 1855.

Austrian newspapers announce the death of Maximilian Korn, the most distinguished tragedian Austria ever possessed.

The death of the celebrated Silvio Pellico took place at Turin recently. This eminent writer was born at Saluce, in Piedmont, in 1789. His "Francesca da Rimini," and his "Prisons," have made his poetical and literary genius, and his sufferings known to every country of Europe—few modern authors, indeed, have been more translated or more admired. At one time he was on friendly terms with Byron, and he greatly pleased the noble poet by an excellent translation of his "Manfred." Byron is stated to have returned the compliment, by translating Pellico's "Francesca" into English, but it was never published. He was in his sixty-fifth year, and it is only wonderful that he lived so long, suffering as he did from the pulmonary disease brought on by the hardships of ten years' imprisonment. It was in 1820 that Pellico was arrested as one of the Carbonari. For ten years he remained in Spielberg—a prison he and Andryane have made a familiar horror. The amnesty of 1830 released him; since that period he has been Librarian to the Marchesa Barolo. In Italy of late years he forfeited the sympathy which his sufferings had excited, by renouncing his old opinions and siding with the "powers that be."



THE MUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

FREDERICK.—Do you think Mustaches becoming?
EMILY.—Why, yes, I think they become some people.
FREDERICK.—Well, that settles the question.—I shall let mine grow.



THE YOUNG COUPLE.

FRANK.—Now remember, Georgiana, you must be very discreet at the Party to-night.
GEORGIANA.—Why Frank, what can you mean?
FRANK.—You know we are engaged, and you mustn't dance or flirt with the Fellows any more.



AN ACCOMMODATING ORGAN.

SERVANT.—Misses wants to know if you can't play something lively, so they can dance.
ORGANIST.—Mine's a Serious Organ, and don't play any thing but Psalm tunes.—Wouldn't Old Hundred do?



THE TABLES ALL WRONG.

MARY.—Do you think the Tables can tell how old a person is, and such things?
ARABELLA.—No indeed! Would you believe it? They actually made me out Forty Years old—when I am but Twenty-three, as any body can see.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XLVIII.—MAY, 1854.—Vol. VIII.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

DRESDEN AND LEIPSIC.

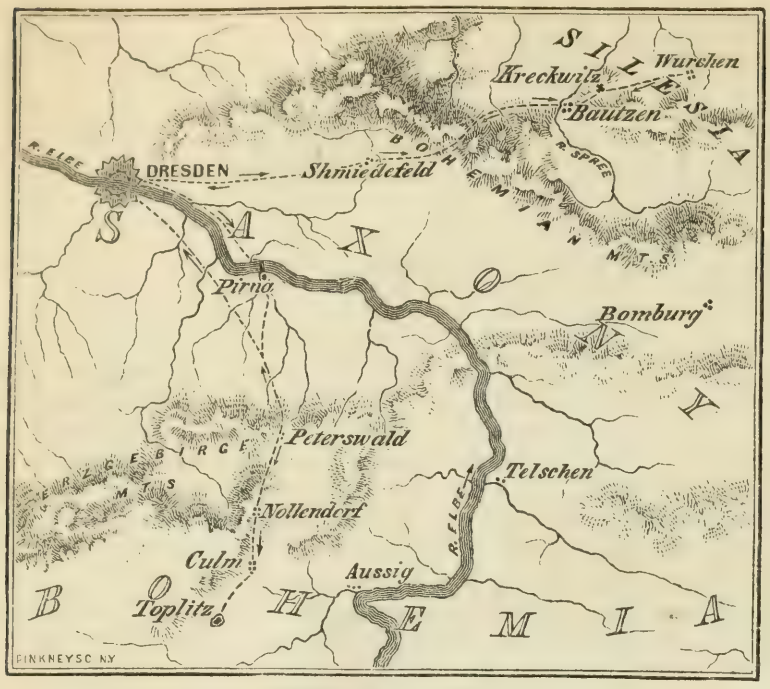
ON the 12th of August, 1813, Austria again joined the great coalition of the sovereigns of Europe, to crush Napoleon, and, with him, to crush all hopes of popular liberty on the Continent. The anticipated tidings of this abandonment of Napoleon by Francis, and of the march of two hundred thousand Austrians to swell the ranks of the Allies, was received in the hostile camp with unbounded exultation. The intelligence spread from corps to corps of their armies, awakening shouts of joy. Brilliant rockets pierced the skies, and bonfires blazed along the summits of the Bohemian Mountains. The Allies had now augmented their forces to five hundred thousand men. Napoleon could oppose to this immense array but two hundred and sixty thousand soldiers. General Jomini, the Benedict Arnold of France, having deserted and passed over to the enemy, communicated to the Allies all his knowledge of the position of the French army, and of the orders of the Emperor. Moreau and Bernadotte, caressed by the haughty monarchs of the coalition, planned the campaign.*

This important matter had been confided to them, as best understanding the tactics of that noble foe, before whose renown the Allies still trembled. The orders which these generals issued showed how little reliance they ventured to place in the vast numerical superiority of the Allies. No general was to allow himself to be drawn into a battle. Each one was to do every thing in his power to bewilder the French by false demonstrations. Should any manœuvre succeed in thus withdrawing the Emperor from his central position, other troops were to advance and attack his Marshals, while the dreaded Emperor was absent. They hoped thus to baffle and elude him, till his resources should be exhausted, and his army wasted away. They could then, with the countless thousands of troops at the disposal of these allied monarchies, either destroy him or make him a prisoner.

It was a wise plan, which Napoleon at once divined. Instead, therefore, of waiting to be attacked, as had been his original plan, he took with him the divisions of Ney and Macdonald, and rushed upon "the debauched old dragoon," Blucher, who, with eighty thousand Russians and Prussians, was posted in advance of Breslau. Blucher, faithful to his instructions, fled. A column of twenty-five thousand Prussians was, however, overtaken and routed. Immediately the grand army of the Allies, two hundred thousand strong, broke up its encampment among the Bohemian Mountains, and the innumerable host poured down, through all the defiles of the Erzgebirge, to attack Dresden. The Saxon capital was defended by St. Cyr alone, with but thirty thousand men. It was of the utmost importance to Napoleon to retain possession of this city, since it was the pivot of his operations, and the key to his line of communications with Paris. Leaving Macdonald, therefore, to hold Blucher in check, Napoleon, with the Imperial Guard and the troops of Ney, returned rapidly to the Elbe. The march of Napoleon on this occasion was conducted with such celerity, as to amaze even those who were accustomed to his almost supernatural energy.

On the evening of the 25th, the heights which surrounded Dresden were glittering with the arms of the allied host. Dreadful was the consternation in the city. This beautiful capital of Saxony, contained about sixty thousand inhabitants, dwelling peacefully in their homes. An army of two hundred thousand men was all the night planting its batteries, to rain down upon the devoted city a horrible tempest of destruction. The troops of St. Cyr were insufficient to man the

* "Moreau, ever since his trial and condemnation by the First Consul, in 1804, had lived in retirement in America, beholding the contest, which still raged in Europe, as the shipwrecked mariner does the waves of the ocean from which he has just escaped. Moreau's arrival on the shores of the Baltic, was felt, as Marshal Eessen, the Swedish commander, expressed it, as a re-enforcement of a hundred thousand men. He was received at Stralsund, with the highest military honors, by Bernadotte, who, amid the thunders of artillery and the cheers of an immense concourse of spectators, conducted him to his head-quarters. But though the meeting between the hero of Hohenlinden, and the old republican of the Sambre and the Meuse, was extremely cordial, yet they experienced considerable embarrassment when they came to consult on the ulterior measures to be pursued in France, in the event of Napoleon being dethroned. Moreau, whose republican ideas had undergone no change by his residence in America, was clear for reverting to the Constitution of 1792, and perhaps indulged the secret hope that, in such an event, he might be called to an elevated place in its councils. Bernadotte, whose democratic principles had been singularly modified, by the experience he had had of the sweets of royalty, inclined to a monarchical constitution, and nursed the expectation that the choice of the French people, as well as of the allied sovereigns, might fall upon himself. But though the seeds of future, and most serious discord, might thus be perceived germinating in the very outset of their deliberations, yet a common hatred of Napoleon kept them united in all objects of present policy."—Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. iv. p. 126.



DRESDEN AND VICINITY.

walls and defenses of the city. He, however, resolved to be true to his trust, and to defend his post to the last possible moment. The inhabitants, fathers, mothers, and children, trembling in view of the impending horrors, were anxious to capitulate. St. Cyr could not listen to such a word. Such are the stern necessities of demoniacal war.

At midnight he dispatched the following urgent message to Napoleon: "An immense army, composed of Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, is at this moment all around Dresden, with a prodigious train of artillery. From the vast amount of force which he has collected, it would appear that the enemy is determined to hazard an immediate attack, knowing that your Majesty is not far off, though perhaps not suspecting that you are so near as you actually are. We are determined to do all in our power, though I can answer for nothing more, with such young soldiers."

The next morning the assault commenced. In six immense columns, each headed by fifty pieces of artillery, the foe advanced against the walls. The batteries opened their fires. The storm of war concentrated all its fury upon those thronged dwellings. The balls and shells fell thickly in the crowded streets. The pavements were red with blood. Gory bodies were strewed over the shattered parlors of refinement and luxury. There was no place of safety for mother, or infant, or maiden. Two regiments of Westphalian hussars, deeming Napoleon's fate now sealed, abandoned their posts in the garrison, and went over to the Allies. The terrified inhabitants were clamoring for a surrender. In the mean time Napoleon pressed forward with the utmost earnestness. Courier after courier met him, in breathless haste, announcing that the feeble garrison could hold out but a short time longer. Napoleon, in advance of the main body of his troops, soon arrived upon a height, which gave him a view of the distant city. With his glass he saw the French desperately fighting in the redoubts, and behind the works; while the beleaguering hosts, in interminable lines, seemed to threaten their immediate and entire destruction. His horses were spurred onward at their utmost speed. The Allies swept the road over which Napoleon was to pass with grape-shot and shells. So violent was the fire of bullets from the Russian batteries on the one side, and of bombs from the redoubt Marcellini on the other, that the Emperor was compelled to leave his carriage, and traverse the exposed portions on foot. While the air was filled with the missiles of death, and the ground was plowed into furrows at his feet, he passed along unharmed.

It was now nearly mid-day. Suddenly loud acclamations, and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were heard in the direction of the river, and Napoleon appeared, accompanied by universal and most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. He immediately rode to the palace of the aged king, and cheered the royal family by the assurance that his Guard, and a division of sixty thousand troops, would soon be in the city. Caulaincourt, who accompanied the Emperor at this time, says:

"It would be impossible to describe the demonstrations of joy evinced by the troops when they beheld the Emperor at the further end of the bridge. Both the Young and Old Guard marched forward to meet him. The joyous enthusiasm of the troops was raised to the highest possible degree. 'There he is! there he is! that is he!' they exclaimed, and shouts resounded along the whole banks of the river. The authority of the officers was insufficient to restrain the troops.

"'Let them alone! let them alone!' said the Emperor. 'They will presently make room for me to lead them on to face the enemy.'

"These words were repeated from mouth to mouth, and in a few moments the troops were almost stifling each other in their efforts to make room for us. Napoleon's entry into Dresden was truly triumphal; and it will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. As we approached the city nothing was heard but clapping of hands, and cries of enthusiasm. Men, women, and children mingled with the troops, and escorted us to the palace. The consternation and alarm which had hitherto prevailed, were now succeeded by boundless joy and confidence."*

The Emperor rode out of the city to examine the exterior works. He was accompanied but by a single page, that he might avoid attracting observation. The youth was struck down at his

* Caulaincourt. Souvenirs, vol. i. p. 212.



THE RECONNOISSANCE.

side by a musket ball. With his accustomed promptness, Napoleon formed his plan to repel his assailants. Soon the Guard and the Cuirassiers came pouring, like a torrent, over the bridge into the city. Almost perishing with thirst, and fainting beneath the rays of a blazing sun, these devoted men, fully aware of the dreadful emergence, refused to lose a moment, even to receive the refreshments which the inhabitants gratefully offered them. Without the slightest confusion, cavalry, infantry, and artillery took their appointed positions in the various suburbs, and the conflict raged with redoubled horror. The batteries of the Allies, numbering six or seven hundred guns, were formed in a semicircle, and the balls and shells, falling without intermission, in the thronged streets of Dresden, produced awful devastation.

The incessant roar of more than a thousand pieces of artillery, the rattling of the musketry, the shouts of three hundred thousand combatants, the frequent explosion of ammunition wagons, the bursting of shells, the heavy rolling of gun-carriages, and of all the ponderous enginery of war, over the pavements, the flames, which were bursting out in all parts of the city, the suffocating clouds of smoke, which darkened the sun, and produced almost midnight gloom, the shrieks of the wounded women and children, who were every moment mangled by the bullets, balls, and shells which, like hail-stones, were falling upon the dwellings and in the streets, presented a scene of crime, of horror, and of woe, which neither pen nor pencil can delineate, and which no imagination can conceive. It was a woe which continued long, long after the dreadful storm of war had passed away. Thousands were reduced from competence to beggary; thousands, mangled and deformed, passed the remainder of their wretched lives objects of pity and repulsion. Parents were rendered childless. Children were made orphans; and once happy mothers, plunged suddenly into the desolations of poverty and widowhood, lingered through the remainder of their three score years and ten, in the endurance of woes which death alone could terminate. By such measures of carnage and of misery, the despots of Europe finally succeeded in crushing those principles of popular liberty, which threatened to overturn their thrones.

At length, Napoleon, whom the Allies did not as yet suspect of being in the city, seizing the proper moment, directed Murat to make a sortie on the right, Mortier on the left, and Ney to pierce the centre of the allied army. With their accustomed impetuosity, these troops rushed from the city, and fell upon the foe with such desperation of valor, that the assailing columns of the

combined army broke and fled in all directions. The cavalry of the Guard immediately swept the plain, and cut down all who attempted resistance. Prince Schwartzenberg stood by the side of Alexander and Frederic William, upon an eminence which commanded the field of battle. When he saw this discomfiture, so sudden, so unexpected, he said to his royal companions:

"The Emperor must certainly be in Dresden. The favorable moment for carrying the city has been lost. The utmost we can now hope is to rally."

In the midst of this dreadful fight, two of the French redoubts were taken by an overwhelming force of the enemy. Napoleon, perceiving the disaster, which threatened serious consequences, immediately placed himself at the head of a body of troops, and galloped forward, through a storm of bullets, for their recapture. Nearly all of his aids were struck down at his side by the shot of the enemy. But he recovered the redoubts, and received no wound.

"It was curious," says Caulaincourt, "to observe the attachment, confidence, and familiarity which existed between the humblest of the soldiers, and the most absolute sovereign that ever existed. There was not one of Napoleon's intimate friends who would have ventured to indulge in that sort of companionship which was kept up between the Emperor and his old *Mustaches*. And these same men would not have ventured to speak to one of their lieutenants in the familiar tone in which they addressed the redoubted chief of the army. They regarded Napoleon as a being different from all others, and combining within himself the attributes of sovereign, country, and family. He inspired them with a language which they addressed only to him, and words which they uttered only in his presence. Nothing used to amuse Napoleon so much as this familiarity of the soldiery, and he always replied to them with truly paternal kindness."

As the day advanced the violence of the storm increased, and the rain fell in floods. Still the dreadful battle raged. One incessant roar of destruction swept the field, mingling with the dismal wailings of the storm. Napoleon had been on horseback since the break of day, and was soaked to the skin. The sleeplessness and incredible toil of many days and nights, had so exhausted his physical energies that an appearance of extreme lassitude was observable in all his movements.

A battalion of the grenadiers of his old Guard had, for many hours, repulsed repeated and terrific attacks from the powerful cavalry of the enemy. The conservation of that battery was of immense importance. At one moment, the en-



THE BATTERY

emy's firing appeared to relax, and Napoleon observing the circumstance, put spurs to his horse, and galloped between the guns of the battery and the enemy's cavalry, to speak a word of encouragement to his soldiers. Piles of the dying and of the dead encumbered the ground.

"This position costs us dear," said he, sadly. Then, turning to its brave defenders, he added, with a look of satisfaction, "I knew that my Guard would not surrender it to the Russians."

"Let them come back again at their peril," exclaimed an old artilleryman, who had received a frightful sabre gash upon his head, which was bandaged with a handkerchief, saturated with blood. Then turning to the Emperor, he said, "But this is not a fit place for you. You are more ill than any of us. Go and take some rest."

"I will, my friend," said the Emperor, "when we have won the battle."

"My comrade is right," rejoined a veteran grenadier. "Your Majesty is wet to the skin. Pray go and get your clothes changed." He uttered these words in tones of tenderness and supplication, as a child would address to a beloved father.

"I will rest," Napoleon replied, "when you can all rest, my lads, that is to say, when the battle is ended."

"I know that your Majesty has that battery at heart," continued the grenadier, "but we will take care that the Russians do not get it; will we not, comrades?" He was answered by a shout of acquiescence from all around the guns. "Now, Sire!" he added, "since we answer for the safety of the battery, surely you may go and take a little rest."

"Very well, my good friends, very well," said Napoleon, regarding these devoted men with a grateful smile; "I trust to you." Then, plunging his spurs into his horse, he again disappeared in the smoke and the confusion of the battle. He rode through storms of grape shot, and animated his soldiers by presenting himself at every point where danger was most imminent.

"Only those," says Caulaincourt, "who knew Napoleon in the intercourse of private life, can render justice to his character. For my part, I know him, as it were, by heart; and in proportion as time separates us, he appears to me like a beautiful dream. And would you believe that in my recollections of Napoleon, that which seems to me to approach most nearly to ideal excellence, is not the hero, filling the world with his gigantic fame, but the man, viewed in the relations of private life. This is a contrast which often affords me a theme for curious and interesting reflections."

Night came with clouds and darkness, and floods of rain. With pitiless violence the torrents fell, all the night long, drenching the exhausted troops. In the darkness the defeated Allies rallied upon the heights, from whence they had descended, with so much confidence in the morning. Napoleon, allowing himself no rest, was hour after hour employed dictating dis-



VISIT TO THE OUTPOSTS.

patches. An immense weight of anxiety, however, evidently oppressed his mind. He saw clearly the almost insuperable difficulties of his position.

At midnight he for some moments, with hurried steps and in perfect silence, paced up and down his chamber. Then suddenly stopping short and turning to Caulaincourt he said, without introducing the subject with any preliminary remark,

"Murat has arrived."

Then he again resumed his walk apparently absorbed in deep thought. After a short silence he again stopped, and fixing his eye upon Caulaincourt continued,

"I have given him the command of my Guard."

The Duke of Vicenza, remembering Murat's unworthy conduct at the close of the retreat from Moscow, could not repress a gesture of astonishment.

"Ah! indeed," Napoleon quickly added, "I thought that you would be surprised. At first I gave him a bad reception, but finally I yielded to his importunities. He, at least, will not betray me. Caulaincourt, there are certain forebodings which it is our duty to endeavor to overcome. As long as I am fortunate, Murat will continue to follow my fortune. But the cares of the present are sufficient to occupy me. I will not anticipate the future."

It was now an hour after midnight. The cold storm swept furiously through the streets, and drenched the poor soldiers, shivering in their bivouacs, upon the dark and flooded plains. Napoleon, aware of the fearful issues which the morning would introduce, regardless of the tempest, passed from the gates of the city on foot to visit the outposts of his army. He traversed the bivouacs of his soldiers, and addressed to them words of sympathy and encouragement. He seemed to court the hardships to which they were exposed, and loved to have them know that his head was not reposing upon a pillow of down, while they were stretched upon the storm-drenched sod. After carefully reconnoitering the lines of the enemy, as revealed by their camp fires, he formed his plan for the attack in the morning, and returned to his head-quarters in the city.

He immediately issued minute directions to all his marshals and generals, and dispatched couriers to hasten the march to Dresden of such bodies of French soldiers as were near the city. To this order there was such a prompt response that, before the night had passed away, Napoleon had at his command a hundred and thirty thousand men. The Allies also had received re-enforcements, and with more than two hundred thousand soldiers were prepared to renew the attack.

A gloomy morning of wind and rain dawned upon the hostile armies. With the first ray of light the battle commenced. It raged with ceaseless fury until three o'clock in the afternoon. Napoleon was then at every point a victor. The Allies were precipitately retreating along the flooded roads, toward the mountains of Bohemia. Alexander and Frederic William again saw their armies defeated, and were again obliged to flee before the genius of Napoleon. The Emperor received as the trophies of this great victory, between twenty and thirty thousand prisoners, forty standards, and sixty pieces of cannon. The Allies in killed and wounded lost also more than ten thousand men.

In the midst of this conflict, Napoleon observed that one of the batteries of his guard slackened its fire. On inquiring the reason, he was informed that the guns were placed too low, and that the balls did not reach the enemy.

"No matter," said he, "fire on; it is necessary to occupy the attention of the enemy at that point." They immediately renewed their discharges. At that moment a group of horsemen appeared on the brow of an eminence, at the distance of two thousand yards, to reconnoitre Napoleon's position, and to detect the manœuvres which the French troops, concealed by the mist, were executing. Napoleon resolved to disperse them, and sent an order to the captain of the battery,

"*Jettez une douzaine de bullets à la fois, dans ce groupe là; peut-être il y a quelques petits generaux.*" (Throw a dozen bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.)

It so happened that Moreau was there, with the Emperor Alexander, pointing the batteries of combined despotisms against his own countrymen. One of the shot struck General Moreau, and passing through his horse, shockingly lacerated both his legs. By the great disorder into which the group was thrown, it was perceived that some person of distinction had fallen. An immediate amputation was necessary. Moreau, with his mangled limbs hanging by the skin, was borne on a litter, made of Cossack's pikes, to a cottage at some distance from the field. The wounded man during this melancholy route was drenched with the rain which fell in torents. A few blankets alone protected him from the inclemency of the weather. He was placed upon a table, and the knife of the surgeon speedily did its work, in cutting off one of the limbs. He endured the operation with extraordinary fortitude, smoking a cigar and not uttering a groan, while the knife was severing the quivering nerves. The surgeon, having amputated one limb, examined the other, and said, sorrowfully,

"It can not be saved."

"Had I been informed of that before," said Moreau, "I should rather have died. However, cut it off," and he resumed his cigar.

Toward evening the cottage became so much exposed to the fire of the victorious French, that, hastily another litter was constructed, and he was conveyed in excruciating pain several miles further from the field of conflict. The next morning it became necessary again to remove him, notwithstanding the anguish of his inflamed and throbbing wounds. He was placed in a baker's house, in a little village on the frontiers of Bohe-



THE FALL OF MOREAU.

mia. He there wrote the following characteristic letter to his wife:

"My dearest—At the battle of Dresden, three days ago, I had both of my legs carried off by a cannon ball. That rascal Bonaparte is always fortunate. They have performed the amputation as well as possible. Though the army has made a retrograde movement, it is by no means a reverse, but of design, to draw nearer to General Blucher. Excuse my scrawl. I love and embrace you with my whole heart."

In two days from this time he expired. He manifested to the last the same stoic insensibility which had characterized his life. He died without giving the slightest indication of any regard for God, or of any interest in the awful reality of eternity. Such a death is not heroic; it is brutal. His embalmed body was conveyed to St. Petersburg, and buried in a Russian cemetery with the highest funeral honors. Alexander immediately wrote a touching letter to his wife, making her a present of one hundred thousand dollars. He also settled upon her a pension for life of seven thousand five hundred dollars. Moreau now sleeps in the midst of the enemies of his native land. France, without a dissenting voice, demanded from St. Helena the ashes of Napoleon, that they might repose in the midst of the people he loved so well. The remains of Moreau will probably never be disturbed.

During the action, the Emperor found himself commanding in person a terrific cannonade against the Austrian troops. His feelings seemed painfully agitated in thus contending against the soldiers of his father-in-law. He turned to Caulaincourt, and said,

"The wicked advisers of the Emperor Francis deserve to be hanged. This is an iniquitous, impious war. How will it all end?"

In the evening of this bloody day Napoleon, drenched with rain and utterly exhausted, returned to Dresden. The inhabitants and the royal family received him with raptures. Napoleon expressed the deepest regret that the capital of his faithful ally had been subjected to the horrors of a bombardment, and that France was remotely the cause. All the generous impulses of his generous nature were moved. He immediately distributed

large sums of money to all whose property had been injured, spoke in tones of subdued and peculiar kindness to those who approached him, caused the utmost attention to be paid to the wounded, not only of his own troops, but also of the allied army, and relieved, with almost parental care, the wants of his prisoners. With generosity unparalleled, he included in this provision even those prisoners who were deserters from the contingent corps in his pay. The sympathies of this great man were with the people, even when in their ignorance they were betrayed to fight against him.

The Emperor did not return to the palace until after midnight. He had indulged in no rest for thirty-six hours. During much of this time he had been soaked with rain, while the blasts of the cold storm swept over him. Still he sat up the whole night dictating orders. Caulaincourt was so exhausted, that he had frequently fallen asleep while sitting upon his horse, although the roar of artillery was thundering in his ears, and the air was filled with the shrill whistle of bullets and of balls. "It required a constitution of iron," says Caulaincourt, "to bear up under the fatigue to which we had been exposed for the last five months. Bu how could we think of ourselves when we saw the Emperor exposing his life and health to continual danger!"

At four o'clock in the morning Napoleon threw himself upon a camp-bed, and was instantly asleep. After resting but twenty minutes he suddenly awoke and sprung from his bed, exclaiming,

"Caulaincourt, are you there? Proceed to the camp and take with you the plan which I have drawn up. The corps of Victor and Marmont have arrived to-night. Examine the amount of their forces, and see if they are strong enough to maintain the positions which I have assigned to them. This is essential, Caulaincourt. See with your own eyes, and trust only to your own observation."

Napoleon went to a window and looked out anxiously at the state of the weather. The rain beat violently against the panes. Fierce gusts of wind swept by. The streets were flooded, and the lamps flickered and burned dimly in the stormy air. The camp presented an indescribable image of desolation and misery. The fires were all extinguished by the ceaseless torrents. The soldiers exhausted by forced marches, were vainly seeking repose on the muddy ground. The Emperor went down into the court-yard of the palace. The squadron on duty, consisting of the grenadiers of the Old Guard, who, on the preceding day had served as the escort of the Emperor, and soaked through with rain, had returned with him to Dresden. In their intense desire to gratify their beloved Emperor, fatigued as they were, they had passed many hours in removing the mud from their garments, and in preparing themselves to present a soldierly appearance in the morning. And now, in the earliest dawn they were in martial array, presenting arms and looking as trim as if they had been on parade at the Tuileries. Napoleon was surprised. It seemed like the work of magic.

"Why, my lads," said he, in those tones of kindness which ever touched the hearts of his soldiers, "you have had no rest. You must have spent the whole night in equipping yourselves."

"No matter for that," one of the men replied; "we have had as much rest as your Majesty has had."

"I am accustomed to go without rest," Napoleon replied. Then casting a glance along the line, his eye rested upon a soldier whom he seemed to recognize, and he addressed him, saying, "You served in Egypt, I think?"

"I am proud to say that I did," the soldier replied. "I was at the battle of Aboukir, and the work was hot enough there."

"You have no decoration, I perceive," Napoleon rejoined.

"It will come some time or other," the soldier replied.

"It has come," said the Emperor. "I now give you the cross."

"The poor fellow," says Caulaincourt, who narrates this scene, "was entirely overcome with joy and gratitude. He fixed upon the Emperor a look which it is impossible to describe, and the tears filled his eyes. 'I shall lay down my life for your Majesty, to-day, that is certain,' said he. In his transport he seized the skirt of the Emperor's famous gray great-coat, and, putting it into his mouth, bit off a fragment which he placed in his button-hole. 'This will do till I get the red ribbon,' said he, 'please your Majesty.'"

The whole escort, rejoicing in the honor conferred upon their deserving comrade, simultaneously raised a shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* Napoleon deeply touched by these proofs of devotion and love, spurred his horse and galloped from the court-yard. The King of Saxony who witnessed this scene, sent the same evening twenty gold Napoleons to the soldier, with a message informing him the money was to purchase a red-ribbon.

According to his usual custom, Napoleon rode immediately to visit the field of battle. It was indeed a ghastly spectacle which there met the eye. Upon a space of ground, but a few leagues in extent, three hundred thousand men, with a thousand pieces of artillery, and with the most destructive weapons of infantry and of cavalry, for two days, had contended with the utmost desperation of valor. The ground was covered with the gory bodies of the dead, in every conceivable form of mutilation. Dismembered limbs and headless trunks, and shapeless masses of flesh of men and horses presented an aspect, as far as the eye could extend, inconceivably revolting. Those fiends in human form, both male and female, who ever in vast numbers follow in the track of armies, for the sake of plunder, had stripped the bodies of the dead. In parts of the field, where the action had been unusually severe, these unclothed and blood-stained corpses were piled together in vast masses. Though thousands of the wounded had been removed, multi-



SOLDIER REWARDED.

tudes still remained, filling the air with dying moans, through which, occasionally pierced the sharp shriek of unutterable agony. The Allies had marshaled their hosts not only from nearly all the nations of Europe, but even from the savage tribes of Asia. The wolfish Cossacks and the polished noble, met hand to hand in the deadly combat, and mingled their blood, and bit the dust together. "The blue eyed Goth," says Alison, "lay beneath the swarthy Italian; the long haired Russian was still locked, in his death struggle, with the undaunted Frank; the fiery Hun lay athwart the stout Norman; the lightsome Cossack and roving Tartar, repose far from the banks of the Don or the steppes of Samarcand."

By such enormous slaughter the Allies accomplished their purposes. They have postponed, for perhaps half a century the regeneration of Europe. And now, in all probability, these awful battles are to be fought over again. But where are we to look for a Napoleon, who will confer upon the people equal rights, while he sustains sacred law, and rescues Europe from the horrors of blind and maddened revolution. The future of Europe we contemplate in despair.

Having for some time silently and sadly contemplated this awful spectacle, the Emperor urged onward his horse, and proceeded to ascertain the positions of the retreating foe, and to direct the vigorous pursuit. Utterly worn down as he was by exposure, sleeplessness, and exhaustion, he had not advanced far in the chill and driving storm, before he was seized with severe colic pains, accompanied with burning fever and violent vomitings. He was compelled to take a carriage and return to Dresden. While thus suddenly thrown upon a bed of helplessness and anguish, the pursuit was necessarily intrusted to his generals.

But for this sudden indisposition, it is by no means improbable that the foe, bewildered and

overwhelmed, would have been compelled again to sue for peace. Now, however, disaster after disaster rapidly fell upon the French arms. Russia, Prussia, and Austria, were raising vast re-enforcements. Notwithstanding the losses of the Allies, each day their numbers were increasing. But France was exhausted. Though Napoleon was in the midst of victories, his army was continually diminishing, and it was almost impossible for him to replenish his wasted battalions. The popular governments friendly to France, surrounded by triumphant foes, were disheartened. The old royalist's party in those states and kingdoms were animated to more vigorous opposition.

General Vandamme, a French officer of remarkably fiery temperament, was stationed in the mountains of Bohemia. Napoleon once said of him,

"Were that general lost, I know not what I should refuse to have him restored. But if I had two such, I should be compelled to make one shoot the other.

While Murat, Marmont and St. Cyr were pursuing the enemy, Napoleon expected from Vandamme, in his peculiar position, almost the total overthrow of the routed host. But by the unforeseen casualties of war, this stern soldier became surrounded by overwhelming numbers. After a bloody conflict, in which many were slain, some twenty thousand of his troops, under General Corbineau, succeeded in cutting a passage through the Allies. General Vandamme, however, and seven thousand men, remained prisoners of war.

General Oudinot had been ordered to give battle to Bernadotte. Suddenly he found himself assailed by a combined force of eighty thousand soldiers. He was defeated with the loss of fifteen hundred men and eight guns. General Gerard sallied from Magdeburg, with six thousand troops, to aid General Oudinot. He was immediately assailed, by resistless forces, and put to flight with the loss of fifteen hundred prisoners, and nearly all his baggage.

General Macdonald was marching against Blucher. He became entangled in a narrow defile, flooded with rains, and sustained a defeat. General Lauriston, who commanded Macdonald's right wing, being surrounded by the Allies, was compelled to surrender, with a garrison of a thousand men.

Such were the disastrous tidings, which were brought to Napoleon, while he was prostrate on his sick bed at Dresden. By these calamitous events he had lost more than thirty thousand soldiers.

"This," said he to Murat, "is the fate of war; exalted in the morning, low enough before night. There is but one step between triumph and ruin."

A map of Germany was lying upon the table by his bed-side. He took it up, and seemed to be carefully studying it, as, in low tones, he repeated to himself the words of the poet Corneille:

"J'ai servi, commandé, vaincu quarante années
Du monde, entre mes mains j'ai vu les destinées;
Et j'ai toujours connu qu'en chaque événement,
Les destin des états dependait d'un moment."*

* I have served, commanded, conquered for fourteen years
Of the world, in my hands, I have seen the destinies;
And I have always known, that in each event,
The destiny of states depended upon a moment.

But disasters still continued to accumulate. Ney, near the walls of Wittemberg, was assailed by an overwhelming force of the Allies. A corps of the Saxon army, disheartened by the desperate odds against which Napoleon was now contending, in the midst of the engagement abandoned their post and fled, in all probability by previous agreement. Into the gap thus produced, the cavalry of the Allies plunged, cutting Ney's division in two, and taking ten thousand men and forty pieces of artillery. The separated bodies were compelled to retire in different directions.*

Though Napoleon's serious sickness continued, he could no longer endure the torture of such calamitous tidings. He rose from his sick bed, and, in pain and exhaustion, again placed himself at the head of his troops. And now ensued, by the confession of both friend and foe, the most extraordinary display of genius, of heroism, and of fortitude the world has ever witnessed. Through a series of almost uninterrupted victories, Napoleon was conducted to ruin. Overwhelmed by numbers, surrounding him and assailing him at all points, victories were to him of no avail. The enemy vanquished to-day, presented themselves in redoubled numbers on the morrow.

It was on the 4th of September that Napoleon joined the corps of Macdonald, near Bautzen. The Allies, under Blucher, occupied a strong position on some neighboring heights. Within an hour of Napoleon's arrival in the camp the corps of Macdonald was in motion. The Allies were attacked, driven from their position, and were pursued furiously all the next day. In the midst of the pursuit a courier arrived, in breathless haste, and informed Napoleon that a portion of the allied army, in immense force, was pouring down from the mountains of Bohemia, and threatening Dresden. Napoleon immediately turned upon his track, and hastened to the Elbe. At seven o'clock in the evening of the next day, he came in sight of the advanced guards of the Allies, at Pirna, about fifteen miles from Dresden. The Allies, not willing to hazard a battle, immediately retreated to the fastnesses of the mountains, "Afraid," says Sir Walter Scott, "of one of those sudden strokes of inspiration under which their opponent seemed almost to dictate terms to Fate."

The Emperor pursued them some twenty miles, through wild ravines, to Peterswald. Blucher was now marching from another direction, with

* St. Cyr, who was present when Napoleon received the intelligence of this disaster, says, "The Emperor interrogated the officer minutely, and entered with the most imperturbable composure, into the movements of the different corps; after which he explained, in a manner equally lucid and satisfactory, the causes of the reverse, but without the slightest expression of ill-humor, or any manifestation of displeasure at Ney or any of the generals engaged. That conversation was brought on by the recital of one of the greatest disasters of the campaign—a disaster attended with terrible effects to the interests of many, and of none so much as himself. He spoke of it, nevertheless, as calmly as he would have done of the affairs of China, or of Europe in the preceding century." —*Histoire Militaire*, vol. iv. p. 149, 150.

a powerful army, upon Dresden. Napoleon turned upon him. Upon the Emperor's approach, Blucher immediately wheeled about, and fled. Napoleon, however, encountered the Austrians under Schwartzenburg near Töplitz, attacked them, routed them entirely, and drove them in wild confusion through the valley of Culm to Nollensdorf.

A terrific storm, rendering the roads impassable, arrested his farther pursuit. The discomfited Austrians, better acquainted with the by-paths of the country, effected their escape. Again Napoleon returned a victor, but fruitlessly a victor, to Dresden. Here he was informed that Bernadotte, with an army far more powerful than Napoleon had at his command, had crossed the Elbe, to cut off the French communications with Paris. Napoleon impetuously advanced to attack him. Bernadotte, afraid to await the indignant blows of his old companion in arms, precipitately retreated toward Dresden. Thus the Allies, incessantly for a month, renewed their attempts to seize Dresden; and thus Napoleon incessantly baffled their endeavors, without being able to draw them into any decisive action.

But every day the army of Napoleon was growing weaker, while the Allies, notwithstanding their defeats, were constantly growing stronger. Napoleon had in his ranks many men belonging to the contingent troops, furnished by the princes of the Rhenish Confederation. These men, frequently mere mercenary soldiers, were ready to fight for any cause which would pay the best. Foreseeing, in these hours of disaster, the inevitable downfall of Napoleon, as all the monarchies of Europe were arrayed against him, they began to desert in great numbers. The gold of England was distributed with a lavish hand, to all who would join in this, now prosperous, crusade against England's dreaded foe. Lord Cathcart, Sir Robert Wilson, and other English commissioners were in the camp of the Allies, to make bargains with all who, individually or in bodies, would unite with the enormous coalition. Pamphlets and proclamations were scattered like autumn leaves, defaming the character of Napoleon in every way, audaciously accusing him of being the author of these sanguinary wars, and calling upon the people of France and of Europe to crush the tyrant, and thus to restore peace and liberty to the world. Many of the fickle and uninformed populace believed these slanders. They were not acquainted with the intrigues of diplomacy. They knew that for many weary years Napoleon had been struggling against all Europe, and they began to think that, after all, it was possible that the overthrow of Napoleon might bring that peace for which France and Germany ardently longed.

Before the end of September, Napoleon received a sorrowful letter from Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria, whose daughter Eugene had married, informing him that it would be impossible for Bavaria to maintain its alliance with France more than six weeks longer. The Allies, in overwhelming numbers, had overrun nearly all of Germany. They would allow of no neutrality. Bavaria must either join the Allies against France, or come under that iron rule which is the fate of a conquered kingdom. The defection of Bavaria would sever at a blow, from the French alliance, a kingdom containing between three and four million of inhabitants. The Allies offered the king, in case he would abandon France and join the coalition against Napoleon, his full sovereignty, and the integrity of his dominions. The king had to choose between this and inevitable and total ruin.

Jerome was King of Westphalia. This kingdom contained about two million of inhabitants. The Westphalians, terrified in view of their danger, and anxious to make the best terms possible with the enormous armies swarming through Germany, revolted, and Jerome was compelled to abandon the capital, and retire to the Rhine.

About four million of inhabitants were embraced in the kingdom of Saxony. The king, Frederic Augustus, has immortalized his name by the fidelity with which he adhered to his noble friend and ally. But the Saxon people, fickle like all uninformed multitudes, were anxious to abandon a sinking cause, and attach themselves to one so manifestly destined to be triumphant.

Frederic I. of Wurtemberg, had one million three hundred thousand subjects under his sway. The Allies threatened to desolate his kingdom with the whirlwind of war. His terrified subjects were clamorous for peace. Napoleon could no longer protect them. But peace with the Allies could only be obtained by turning their arms against their benefactor. The Allies would allow no neutrality. Such were the difficulties with which the Emperor was now surrounded. Yet he manifested no agitation, yielded to no outbursts of passion, in view of the treachery which was securing his ruin. But with serenity, dignity, and fearlessness, which has won the admiration of his bitterest foes, he struggled till hope expired.

"He had conceived," says Colonel Napier, "a project so vast, so original, so hardy, so far above the imagination of his contemporary generals, that even Wellington's sagacity failed to pierce it, and he censured the Emperor's long stay on the Elbe, as an obstinacy unwarranted by the rules of art. But Napoleon had more profoundly judged his own situation." *

The extraordinary plan which Napoleon had adopted was this. The Allies had already crossed the Elbe; had established themselves in great force on the left bank, and were threatening speedily to close on his rear, and to cut off all possibility of retreat. Napoleon, under these circumstances, resolved, instead of retreating to the Rhine, to cut through the allied army before him, and march boldly to the north, some two hundred miles from the banks of the Elbe, toward the banks of the Oder, and thus to carry the war into the territory of his enemies. Napoleon could now muster but one hundred thousand men. The

* Nothing can show more conclusively than this, the folly of literary gentlemen, by their peaceful firesides, criticising the strategy of Napoleon.

Allies had five hundred thousand. By this extraordinary movement, he would compel the Allies hastily to retrace their steps, to prevent the capture of their own cities.

"Under these circumstances, Napoleon would have been finally successful," says Colonel Napier, "but for the continuation of a treachery, which seemed at the time to be considered a virtue, by sovereigns who were unceasingly accusing their more noble adversary of the baseness they were practicing so unblushingly."*

This plan was in process of successful execution, and different corps of the French army were advancing upon Berlin, when Napoleon received the appalling intelligence that the King of Bavaria, instead of waiting the promised six weeks, had gone over with his whole force to the Allies; that the King of Wurtemberg, yielding to the same tremendous pressure of circumstances, had followed his example; that thus his friends, converted into foes, were combined in his rear to cut off his supplies; that the Russians had just received a re-enforcement of eighty thousand men; that an army of a hundred thousand were marching upon Mayence, to carry the war into France; and that the Allies, with half a million of troops, were converging upon Dresden.

One would suppose that such tidings would have crushed any spirit. Napoleon received them, however, with his accustomed equanimity. He immediately appealed to France, for an extraordinary levy of men, to preserve the Empire from invasion. Maria Louisa proceeded in person to the Legislative Chambers, and pronounced a discourse which Napoleon had prepared for her. The Senate promptly and unanimously voted a supply of one hundred and eighty thousand conscripts. This force was raised with alacrity, and sent forward to aid their countrymen, struggling against overwhelming numbers, upon the frontiers of France. Such was one of those acts of *conscription*, for resorting to which, the Allies have had the audacity to abuse Napoleon. Indignant justice will reverse their verdict. These terrible disasters, however, disheartened the French generals, and they recoiled from the apparently desperate enterprise which the Emperor had projected.

Napoleon's plan of thus boldly marching upon Berlin, is now universally considered as one of the grandest of the combinations of his genius. He had carefully contemplated it in every possible point of view. His officers, however, were exhausted by toil, and disheartened by the defection of their friends, and by the overwhelming forces in the midst of whom they were struggling. When the plan was communicated to them, there was a general expression of dissatisfaction. They were not prepared for so perilous an enterprise. They complained loudly, and clamored to be led back to the Rhine. These remonstrances, now heard for the first time, wounded the Emperor deeply. The hour of adversity was darkening around him, and his long-tried friends began to fail in their fidelity.

* Napier's Peninsular War, vol. iv. p. 326.

"There was something," says Caulaincourt, "very odious in insurrection thus excited by unmerited misfortune. I was in the Emperor's saloon when the officer's of his staff came to implore him to abandon his design on Berlin, and march back to Leipsic. It was an exceedingly distressing scene. None but those who knew the Emperor as I knew him, can form any idea of what he suffered. The subject was opened by a Marshal of France. I will not name him. His existence has since been poisoned by cruel regret. After he had spoken, several others delivered their opinions."

The Emperor listened in silence to their remonstrances. The flush of his cheek and the fire of his eye alone betrayed the intensity of his emotions. He had sufficient control over himself to refrain from any expression of resentment. When they had concluded, he replied, with calmness and dignity, though an unusual tremor was observable in his voice:

"I have maturely reflected on my plans, and have weighed the defection of Bavaria, in the balance of circumstances, adverse to our interests. I am convinced of the advantage of marching on Berlin. A retrograde movement, in the circumstances in which we are placed, will be attended by disastrous consequences. Those who oppose my plan, are taking upon themselves a fearful responsibility. I will consider what you have said, gentlemen."

He then retired into his cabinet alone. Hour passed after hour, and yet he did not make his appearance, and no one was admitted to his solitude. Caulaincourt at last became anxious, and walked up and down the saloon adjoining the cabinet, hesitating what to do. It was a cold, dark, and stormy night. The wind shricked around the towers and howled through the corridors of the gloomy castle of Duben, rattling the windows in their antique leaden frames. It was a melancholy hour, and sadness oppressed all hearts. Night advanced, and still the Emperor remained in the solitude of his cabinet, and the uproar of the elements alone disturbed the silence of the scene. Caulaincourt at last tore a leaf from his memorandum book, and wrote with a pencil, "I am here; will your Majesty be pleased to see me?" Summoning an usher he directed him to enter the Emperor's apartment, and give him the slip of paper. Caulaincourt approached the door as the usher entered. As the Emperor read the paper, a faint smile passed over his dejected countenance, and he said aloud, "Come in Caulaincourt."

The Emperor was lying upon a sofa. A little table stood by his side covered with maps. His eyes were dim and vacant, and an expression of profound melancholy was spread over his features. In a state of nervous agitation he unconsciously took up and threw down the objects which were near him.

Caulaincourt approached him, and said imploringly "Sire! this state of mind will kill you."

Napoleon made no reply, but by a gesture seemed to say, "It matters not."



DRESDEN AND LEIPSIC.

Caulaincourt, trying to frame an apology, for the remonstrances of the generals, said "Sire! the representations which have been made to you are submitted for your Majesty's consideration."

Napoleon fixed his languid eyes upon Caulaincourt and said, "You are not under the delusion Caulaincourt; no! it can not be! You must be aware of the fatal result of this spirit of insubordination. It must be followed by fearful and incalculable consequences. When bayonets deliberate, power escapes from the sceptre of the sovereign. I see growing up around me a spirit of inertness more dangerous than positive revolt. A hundred generals in open insurrection could not embarrass me. My troops would put down the fiercest rebellion. They do not argue—they obey; and are willing to follow me to the farthest extremity of the earth. But in the critical circumstances in which we are at present placed, it is a matter of life or death to the country, that a good understanding should exist between the leaders of the army and myself. Distrust and hesitation will bring about our destruction more speedily than the swords of the Allies."

The Emperor rose from the sofa, walked two or three times up and down the floor, slowly and thoughtfully, and then continued, as if speaking to himself, "All is lost! I am vainly contending against fate. The French know not how to bear reverses." He then threw himself again upon the sofa and was absorbed in reverie.

The morning dawned, and another day of painful suspense lingered away. The embarrassment of the Emperor was distressing in the extreme. He could not execute his bold march upon Berlin without the most energetic and cordial co-operation of his generals. A retreat toward the Rhine would, in his judgment, almost certainly secure the ruin of the army and of France. At length he came to a decision. The agitation of his mind was now over. He was calm, firm, determined, as he made up his mind to return to Leipsic, and struggle heroically till the last.

With prophetic solemnity he said to Caulaincourt. "Fate marks the fall of nations."

"But, Sire!" said Caulaincourt, "the will of a people may counterbalance the decree of Fate."

"Yes!" Napoleon replied; "but that will has not been shown. Bear this in mind, Caulaincourt! Let not the French invoke maledictions on my memory. May they who have urged this movement, not have reason to repent it."*

Orders were immediately given for the retreat of the army. On the evening of the 15th of October, he had assembled his small, but valiant band around the walls of Leipsic. On the same evening the Allies, pouring in from all quarters, had encircled the city with their enormous host, of three hundred and fifty thousand men. During the night, the sentinels of the hostile armies were posted within musket shot of each other. With such a vast superiority of numbers, the Allies were confident of success. The French troops, however, though outnumbered three to one, and though they had but six hundred pieces of artillery to repel the assault of a thousand, still, accustomed to victory whenever Napoleon was present, yielded to no despondency. The Emperor passed the night in surveying the ground where the Allies were ranged, in issuing orders to his marshals and generals, in visiting all the posts of his army in person, and in distributing eagles to such regiments as had not yet received them. The soldiers were roused to enthusiasm by his presence and his words of encouragement.

"Yonder lies the enemy," said Napoleon, "swear that you would die rather than see France dishonored."

* Souvenirs de Caulaincourt.

"We swear it," the soldiers responded, and cries of *Vive l'Empercur!* resounded through the camp, and fell, in prolonged echoes, upon the ears of the astonished foe.

Napoleon was fully conscious of the fearful odds against which he was to contend. The hurried manner in which he issued his commands, alone indicated the disturbed state of his mind.

"While pointing out to me," says Caulaincourt, "the plan which he had traced, the Emperor said, 'There are no scientific combinations which can compensate, on this point, for the thinness of our squares. We shall be overpowered by mere numbers. One hundred and twenty-five thousand men, against three hundred and fifty thousand, and this in a pitched battle! Well! they would have it thus!' This phrase, which he repeated for the second time, in a tone of despair, rang in my ears, like a sentence of death."

At nine o'clock, in the morning of the 16th of October, the terrible battle of Leipsic commenced. The awful slaughter raged with unabated fury, hour after hour, through the morning and through the afternoon, till the lurid sun went down, veiled in the clouds of war. Struggling against such odds, a decisive victory was impossible. "It required thunderbolts," said Napoleon, "to enable us to conquer such masses."

The Allies during the day lost twenty-thousand men. The loss of the French, protected by their redoubts, was much less. Among the prisoners taken by the French, was Count Merfield, who in former years, had been sent to Napoleon's head-quarters at Leoben to implore, in behalf of Austria, the cessation of hostilities. Napoleon had, on that occasion, treated Francis with extraordinary magnanimity. He now caused Merfield to be brought to his tent, liberated him on his parole, and made him bearer of a message to the Allies soliciting an armistice.

Napoleon conversed, with the utmost frankness, with the Austrian general, and expressed how deeply he was disappointed and wounded, that his father-in-law should take up arms against him.

"Our political alliance," said he, "is broken up, but between your master and me there is another bond which is indissoluble. That it is, which I invoke; for I shall always place confidence in the regard of my father-in-law. I shall never cease to appeal to him, from all that passes here. You see how they attack me, and how I defend myself."

In reference to the peril with which Europe was threatened by the despotic power of Russia, Napoleon said, "For Austria to gain at the expense of France is to lose. Reflect on it, General, it is neither Austria, nor Prussia, nor France singly that will be able to arrest, on the Vistula, the inundation of a people half nomade, essentially conquering, and whose dominions extend from this to China."

In conclusion he said, "Depart on your honorable mission of peace-maker. Should your efforts be crowned with success, you will secure the affection and gratitude of a great nation. The French people, as well as myself earnestly wish for peace. I am willing to make great sacrifices for this end. If it be refused, we will defend the inviolability of our territory to the last drop of our blood. The French have already shown, that they know how to defend their country, against foreign invaders. Adieu, General! When on my entreaty, you mention the word armistice to the two Emperors, I doubt not that the voice that strikes their ears, will waken the most impressive recollections." *

Francis, Alexander, and Frederic William, had all been in the power of Napoleon. He had treated them, especially the two former, with a generosity which had excited the surprise of all Europe. But now that disasters were thickening around their magnanimous foe, they would not treat *him* with ordinary courtesy. They did not condescend even to return an answer to the application for an armistice.

"The Allied sovereigns," says Alison, "were too well aware of the advantages of their situation, either to fall into the snare which Napoleon had laid for them, by sending back Merfield with proposals for an armistice, or to throw them away, by precipitating the attack before their whole force had come up. Under pretense therefore, of referring the proposals to the Emperor of Austria, Schwartzenberg eluded them altogether, and no answer was returned to them till after the French had recrossed the Rhine."

During the 17th the battle was not renewed. The Allies, though outnumbering the French, three to one, rendered cautious by the heroic resistance which Napoleon had presented, were waiting for Bernadotte, who, with a powerful re-enforcement of sixty thousand troops, was hurrying to lend his aid, in the slaughter of his countrymen. Napoleon did not renew the conflict, as he hoped the Allies were deliberating upon the proposal for a cessation of hostilities. He, however, devoted the whole day in preparing for the worst. He seemed incapable of fatigue, as, regardless of food and sleep, he directed every movement in person.

At night he returned to his tent, in a painful state of agitation, anxiously looking for the return of General Merfield. The unspeakable magnitude of the interests at stake, overwhelmed the soul of the Emperor. There rose before him the vision of another day of merciless slaughter, the possible annihilation of his army by resistless numbers, the overthrow of the independence of France, and of all the free governments of Europe, and his own personal ruin. He was also worn down with sleeplessness and exhaustion, and was sick and in pain. He could not conceal his anxiety which increased every moment. His features were contracted and his countenance lividly pale. He threw himself into an easy chair, which stood at the farther end of the tent, and placing his hand upon his stomach, where the fatal disease was probably commencing its ravages, said languidly,

* Fain, vol. ii. p. 412. Caulaincourt, vol. i. p. 242.

"I feel very ill. My mind bears up, but my body fails."

Caulaincourt was alarmed, and exclaimed, hurrying toward the door, "I will send for your physician, Ivan."

"No! no!" the Emperor replied, "I desire that you do not. The tent of a sovereign is as transparent as glass. I must be up, to see that every one is at his post."

"Sire," said Caulaincourt, taking the burning hands of the Emperor in his own, "I implore you to lie down and take some rest. Lie down, I entreat you."

"I can not," said the Emperor, "A sick soldier would receive a hospital order; but I—I can not share the indulgence which would be granted to the poor soldier."

"As he uttered these words," says Caulaincourt, "he heaved a deep sigh, and his head sank languidly on his bosom. This scene will never be effaced from my memory. The recollection of it inspired me with courage in those subsequent hours, when all was irreparably lost. During those terrible scenes, when my energy was nearly exhausted, when my resolution was on the point of yielding in the struggle with despondency, I thought of Napoleon on the night of the 17th of October. How trivial my own sufferings appeared, in comparison with those of the noble victim."

The Emperor took the hand of his faithful and sympathizing friend, and pressing it feebly said, "It is nothing, I shall soon be better. Take care that no one enters."

"I was in an agony of alarm," says Caulaincourt, "at seeing the Emperor in this sad condition. The enemy was pressing on all sides. The fate of thousands, who were on the field of battle, hung on the fate of Napoleon. I offered up to Heaven one of those tacit prayers, to which no language can give adequate expression. After a little interval the Emperor, though still breathing with difficulty said, I feel somewhat better, my dear Caulaincourt. He took my arm, and walked two or three times slowly up and down the tent. His countenance gradually resumed its wonted animation. Half an hour after this serious fit of sickness, the Emperor was surrounded by his staff, and was giving orders, and dispatching messages to the different commanders of corps. Day was beginning to dawn, and the carnage was about to recommence."

As Napoleon mounted his horse he said to his escort, "This day will resolve a great question. The destiny of France is about to be decided on the field of Leipsic. Should we be victorious all our misfortunes may yet be repaired. Should we be conquered, it is impossible to foresee what may be the consequences of our defeat."

As the sun rose in the cloudless sky the whole allied army was put in motion. The spectacle now presented from the steeples of Leipsic, was awful in its sublimity. As far as the eye could extend in every direction, the dense columns of the Allies, in multitudes which seemed innumerable, were advancing upon the city. The clangor of martial bands, the neighing of horses, the gleam of polished armor in the bright rays of the morning sun, and the confused murmur of the interminable host, presented a spectacle of the pageantry of war which has never been surpassed. A mass of nearly five hundred thousand men, armed with the most terrible instruments of destruction which human ingenuity can create, were concentrating in a circle but a few leagues in extent.

Soon, louder than ten thousand thunders, the appalling roar of the battle commenced. A day of tumult, blood, and woe ensued. The French could oppose to their foes but about one hundred thousand men The Allies, three hundred and fifty thousand strong, were rushing upon them.*

Napoleon, reckless of danger, was moving through clouds of smoke and over heaps of the slain, from place to place, with such rapidity that it was extremely difficult for his escort to follow him. He seemed to bear a charmed life; for while others were continually falling at his side, he escaped unharmed "During the whole of this eventful day," says Sir Walter Scott, "in which he might be said to fight less for victory than for safety, this wonderful man continued calm, decided, collected, and supported his diminished and broken squadrons in their valiant defense, with a presence of mind and courage as determined as he had so often exhibited in directing the tide of onward victory. Perhaps his military talents were more to be admired, when thus contending at once against fortune and the superiority of numbers, than in the most distinguished of his victories when the fickle goddess fought on his side."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, in the very hottest of the battle, Bernadotte was advancing with a combined corps of Swedes, Russians, and Prussians, against his old companion in arms, Marshal Ney, who was defending an important post with some French and Saxon troops, and the cavalry of Wurtemburg. It will be remembered that, at the battle of Wagram, Bernadotte had command of the Saxon contingent force, and that Napoleon reproved him for commending them at the expense of the rest of the army. Suddenly the whole Saxon corps, together with the cavalry of Wurtemburg, twelve thousand men, taking with them forty guns and all their ammunition and equipments, abandoned their post and passed over to the lines of Bernadotte. As they retired they turned the muzzles of their guns against the French lines, and poured into the bosoms of their former comrades a point blank discharge. "The allied troops," says Alison, "excited to the greatest degree by these *favorable circumstances*, now pressed forward at all points to encircle the enemy."

While these infamous deserters were received by the Allies with shouts of exultation, Ney, left defenseless, was compelled to retreat. An aid-de-camp was dispatched to Napoleon with the intelligence of this disastrous event. The Emperor reined in his horse, and for a moment sat

* Caulaincourt.



THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

motionless as a statue, stunned by the blow. Then raising his eyes to Heaven, he exclaimed, as if appealing to God for justice, "*Infamous!*" But not another word was wasted. Not another moment was lost in useless repinings. He promptly placed himself at the head of a corps of his guard, and hastened to the menaced point. The French soldiers were so indignant at this unheard of perfidy, that they fell with such vehemence upon the corps of Bernadotte with their traitorous allies, as to force them into a tumultuous retreat. Shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" "Death to the Saxons!" they plunged, with resistless fury, into the enemy's ranks. Thus all the day the conflict raged. The French, with almost superhuman exertions and courage, every where beat back their assailants.*

Night at last came, and threw its silence and its gloom over the scene of blood and misery. Both armies were utterly exhausted by this long and dreadful struggle. With an unyielding spirit Napoleon resolved to renew the battle on the following day. He issued the necessary orders, and retired to his tent to arrange his plan of action. But at seven o'clock he received the appalling tidings that there was not sufficient ammunition left to sustain the action for two hours. During the battles of the 16th and the 18th, upward of two hundred and twenty thousand charges had been expended. Retreat was now inevitable; a retreat of one hundred thousand men destitute of ammunition, in the presence of three hundred and fifty thousand men flushed with success.

A council of war was immediately convened. Imagination can not paint a more melancholy scene. The awful uproar of battle had ceased, and nothing disturbed the silence of the night, but the wail of anguish which ascended from the wounded and the dying, over the extended field. The whole circumference of the horizon, blazing with the bivouac fires of the enemy, indicated the apparent hopelessness of the condition of the French. They had no reserves to bring into action, no re-enforcements to expect, and their grand park of ammunition was at Torgau, fifty miles distant. The marshals and generals of Napoleon, in silence and dejection, gathered around him. There was little to be said, as no one, in this dreadful emergency, ventured to give any decisive counsel. In the midst of the conference, Napoleon, utterly overcome by fatigue, fell asleep in his chair. His arms were negligently folded, and his head fell upon his breast, as, in the oblivion of slumber, his spirit found a momentary respite from care

* "The situation of the King of Saxony was a very painful one, inasmuch as he was exposed to the resentment of other sovereigns who had pursued a line of conduct less honorable than his. The Saxon army deserted from our ranks, and entered those of our enemy; that was without his order or participation. His name, however, was made use of to seduce the troops. They were told that the king had joined the alliance against France, and that the French were carrying him off. Russia neglected no paltry artifice of this kind to destroy the influence of France over the armies of the German princes. But of all the members of the coalition, he who resorted to the most unworthy means was Bernadotte. He had commanded the Saxons when he was one of our generals, and he availed himself of the advantages which this circumstance afforded, to deceive them. Correspondence, proclamations, were actively employed, and no kind of seduction was spared."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iii. p. 123.

and anguish. His officers, commiserating his woes, gazed sadly on him in profound silence. At the end of fifteen minutes he awoke, and casting a look of astonishment on the circle around him, exclaimed, "Am I awake, or is it a dream?"

Napoleon uttered not a word of reproach to add to the anguish of those, who, by refusing to march upon Berlin, had brought upon the army this awful disaster. All his tireless energies were aroused anew to extricate his troops with the same alacrity, as if his own counsels had prevailed. On what page has history recorded an act of higher magnanimity? In one hour the exhausted soldiers, hungry and bleeding, were on the march, urging the desperate retreat.

Leipsic, containing about forty thousand inhabitants, was situated in a large and fertile plain. There was but one bridge across the river Elster, by which the French could retire. At this point there was witnessed a scene of awful confusion, as, in the darkness of the night, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with all the ponderous and lumbering machinery of war, crowded and choked the narrow passage. Napoleon passed most of the night in superintending in person the perilous retreat. The camp fires were replenished, and kept blazing to deceive the foe. Marmont and Ney were charged to protect the flanks of the retiring columns. To Macdonald was assigned the arduous command of the rear guard.

During the carnage of the preceding day Napoleon, on the field of battle, had rewarded the heroism of Poniatowski with a marshal's baton. He now called the noble Pole before him, and said,

"Prince! to you I assign the defense of the southern faubourg."

"Sire!" answered the marshal, "I fear that I have too few soldiers left."

"Well," replied the Emperor, sadly yet firmly, "but you will defend it with those you have."

"Doubt it not," rejoined the heroic Prince; "we are all ready to die for your Majesty."

During the whole night the French army was rapidly defiling along the narrow bridge. All the streets of the city leading to that passage were crowded with a prodigious throng of men, horses, and wagons. In the first gray of the morning the Allies detected the retreat of the French. The peal of bugles and the thunder of artillery instantly roused the whole hostile army. They sprung to arms, and rushed, with shouts of exultation, upon their comparatively defenseless foe. But the wise precautions which Napoleon had adopted still held them at bay.

Napoleon was anxious to save the unhappy city of Leipsic from the horror of a battle in its streets, between the rear guard of the French and the advance guard of the Allies. Such a conflict would necessarily be attended with every conceivable brutality, with the conflagration of dwellings, and with the carnage of peaceful inhabitants. He resolved to appeal in their behalf to the mercy of the Allies, and sent a flag of truce with proposals to spare the town. "But when," says Sir Walter Scott, "were victorious generals prevented from prosecuting military advantages by the mere considerations of humanity? Napoleon, on his side, was urged to set fire to the suburbs to check the progress of the Allies on his rear guard. As this, however, must have occasioned a most extensive scene of misery, Bonaparte generously refused to give such a dreadful order."*

"The Emperor," says Norvin, "wished to save the unhappy city from the horrors with which it was menaced. By his orders a deputation was sent to intercede for Leipsic. These demands of humanity were haughtily rejected by the Allies. '*Let Leipsic perish;*' such was the response of the combined sovereigns. Napoleon, as generous in adversity as in prosperity, was more humane toward a German city than were those who called themselves the *saviours of Germany.*" And this is the man whom the Allies have stigmatized as a *blood-thirsty monster.* He ordered the city to be protected, though by so doing he vastly increased the peril with which he was already overwhelmed. And he did this, notwithstanding the Saxon army had abandoned him, and the royalists were already firing from the windows upon his retreating troops.

While the balls and shells of the Allies were thickly falling in the streets of Leipsic in the gloom of the morning, Napoleon entered the city and held his final interview with the King of Saxony, who had accompanied him from Dresden. It was a melancholy and a sublime parting of two friends endeared to each other by the noblest traits of character. The aged king having heard of the infamous conduct of his army, was overwhelmed with anguish. Napoleon forgetting his own woes, endeavored to assuage the grief of his faithful ally. Napoleon was sad, yet calm. He expressed sincere regret that he was thus com-

* Sir Walter Scott, with disingenuousness which we regret to record, adds, "which besides could not have been executed without compromising the safety of a great part of his own rear, to whom the task of destruction must have been committed, and who, doubtless, would have immediately engaged in an extensive scene of plunder."

It is painful to witness the earnestness with which Sir Walter Scott endeavors to ascribe every noble deed of Napoleon to some unworthy motive. There are, indeed, two Napoleon Bonapartes; the one the true Napoleon, as he exists in his own words and his actions; the other, the false Napoleon, as he is portrayed in the hostile criticisms of his foes. We would not speak disrespectfully of Sir Walter Scott. The world owes him a debt of gratitude. He was a high-minded and an honorable man, and merits commiseration rather than censure. Bowed down with adversity and overwhelmed with debt, to extricate himself he performed the herculean task of writing the life of Napoleon in one year. He had no time for investigation. Writing with the utmost rapidity, he could only record, in those glowing words which his genius ever dictated, the current rumors respecting Napoleon which were at his hand in the English journals. The success of his enterprise depended upon his writing a book adapted to the prejudices of the higher classes of English society. And he doubtless thought that the views cherished by the English aristocracy were correct. Himself a high Tory in political principles, and breathing the very atmosphere of hostility to all democratic tendencies, it would be demanding too much of frail human nature to expect, from his pen, an impartial delineation of the career of the great foe of aristocratic privilege.

pelled to leave the king in the midst of his triumphant enemies. In the utterance of these sentiments of affection and sympathy he prolonged the conversation, till a brisk cannonade before the very gates of the city proved the imminent danger that his retreat would be cut off. The king, alarmed for the safety of his guest, urged the Emperor, without delay, to mount his horse and depart.

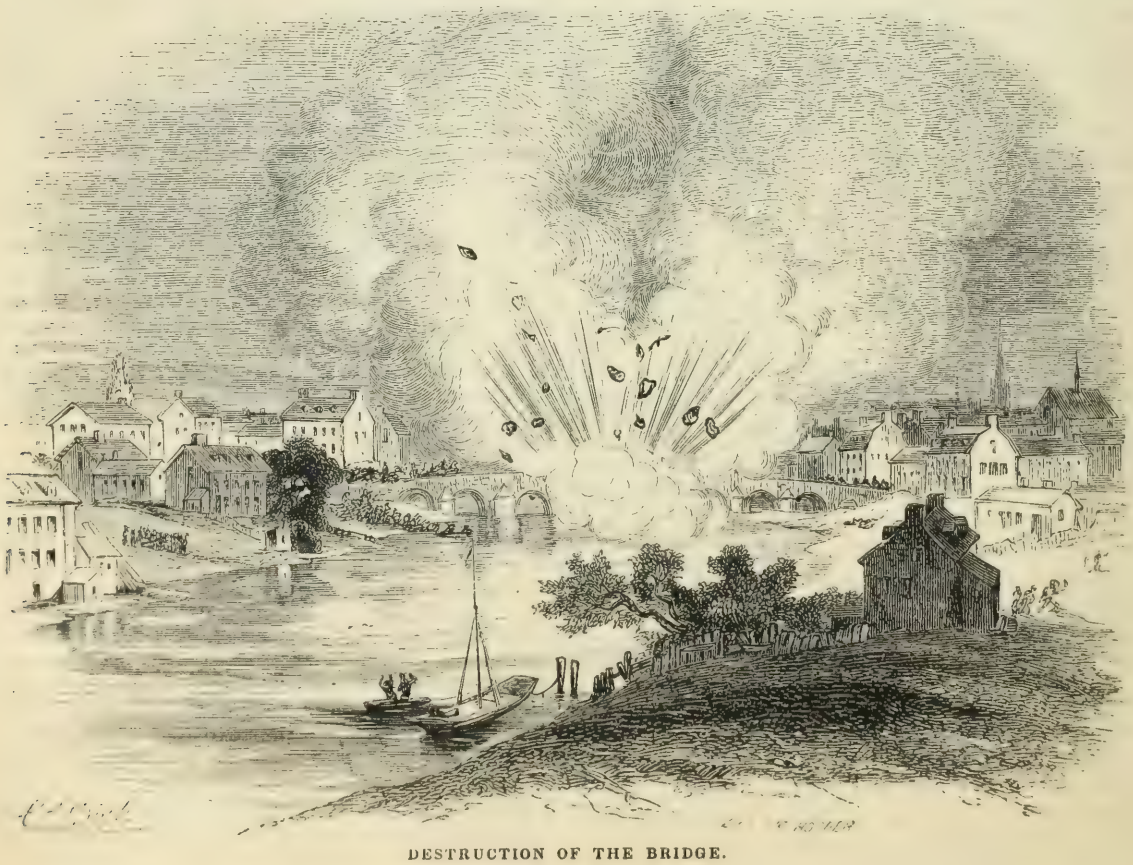
"You have done all that could be done," he said, "and it is carrying your generosity too far to risk your personal safety in order to afford us a few additional moments of consolation."

Napoleon was deeply affected. He had been betrayed by so many, that his heart clung to those friends who remained faithful. He still lingered, reluctant to depart. At last the rattle of musketry drawing nearer and nearer, showed the rapid approach of the Allies. The Queen and the Princess Augusta now united with tears in imploring the Emperor to consult his own safety. Reluctantly Napoleon yielded.

"I would not yet leave you," said he, "but that I perceive that my presence increases your alarms. I will insist no longer. Receive my adieus. When her power shall return, France will repay you the debt of gratitude which I have contracted."

The Emperor then descended to the gates of the palace, accompanied by Frederic Augustus. The two monarchs there, in a final embrace, took leave of each other, never to meet again. Napoleon mounted his horse, and addressing a few noble words to the king's body guard, who had been in his service, discharged them from all future obligations to him, and exhorted them to watch over the safety of their own sovereign and his family. He then directed his course to the nearest gate which led to the bridge. But the streets were so encumbered with a prodigious crowd of horsemen, carriages, and foot soldiers, that the Emperor could not force his passage through them. He was compelled to retrace his steps, and passing through the centre of the city, issued by a gate on the opposite side, while the bullets of the enemy were falling thickly around him. Riding along the boulevards, he made the entire circuit of the city till he arrived at the suburbs near the head of the bridge. Here he again encountered such an accumulation of baggage-wagons, artillery-wagons, and the tumultuous host of the retreating army, that further advance was impossible. In this emergence a friendly citizen conducted him into a garden, through a narrow lane, and led him by a circuitous route to the head of the bridge. Thus narrowly he effected his escape.

The great stone bridge of the Elster, across which the disordered mass of the French army were crowding, had been mined. Many barrels of gunpowder were placed beneath its arches. Colonel Montfort had orders to apply the torch, the moment the last of the French troops had passed, in order to arrest the pursuit of the enemy. Montfort instead of attending to this most important duty himself, intrusted the charge to a corporal and four miners. Napoleon had hardly crossed the bridge ere the allied troops in locust legions were pouring into Leipsic, rending the heavens with their exultant shouts, and driving all opposition before them. The rear guard sullenly retired, bravely disputing every inch of



DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE.



DEATH OF PONIATOWSKI.

ground against overwhelming numbers. An enormous mass of soldiers, and wagons of every description were now crowding the bridge in awful confusion. The bullets and cannon balls of the Allies fell like hail stones into their ranks.

The corporal losing his presence of mind, in this scene of tumult and carnage, applied the fatal torch. With a frightful explosion the bridge was thrown into the air. Twenty-five thousand of the French army, with two hundred pieces of cannon and several hundred baggage-wagons, were thus cut off from the main body without any possibility either of defense or retreat. A cry of horror burst from those who were near the chasm opened before them. The moving masses behind could not at once be stopped, and thousands of men and horses with cannon and wagons were crowded into the deep stream, presenting a scene of horror and destruction, which the passage of Beresina hardly paralleled.

The French troops thus cut off in despair broke and fled in all directions. Macdonald spurred his horse into the river, and saved himself by swimming. Poniatowski, farther in the rear, and almost surrounded by the enemy, when he heard the fearful explosion, drew his sword, and exclaimed to the officers around him,

"Gentlemen, it now becomes us to die with honor."

With his little band he dashed into the midst of the enemy's troops, and cut a passage through. Faint and bleeding, with one arm shattered by a bullet, he reached the river Plaisse, a small stream, which it was necessary to cross before he reached the Elster. He plunged into the water, while his pursuers were close after him. His exhausted horse sank beneath his weight, and was swept down the stream. The heroic marshal, however, attained the opposite shore, and there, fainting through fatigue and loss of blood, with the bullets of his pursuers whistling around him, he with difficulty mounted another charger, which he found upon the bank, whose rider had fallen Spurring rapidly across a narrow space of ground, swept by a storm of shot, he plunged boldly into the Elster. The steed bore him safely across; but, in endeavoring to struggle up the precipitous bank, he fell back upon his wounded, bleeding, exhausted rider, and Poniatowski sank to rise no more. Thus died this noble Pole. His body was

found floating upon the stream a few days after his death, and was buried by his enemies with all the accompaniments of martial pomp. An unassuming monument now marks the spot where he perished. Napoleon, at St. Helena, pronounced his brief but well-merited eulogy:

"Poniatowski was a noble character, full of honor and bravery. It was my intention to have made him King of Poland, had I succeeded in Russia."

All nations revere the memory of this illustrious man. Even his enemies respect him, for his virtuous and lofty character. In Napoleon he found a congenial spirit, and he loved the Emperor with the deepest devotion. He fought by Napoleon's side, with a fidelity which never wavered, because he knew that Napoleon was struggling in the holy cause of popular rights. It was this conviction which enabled the Emperor to gather around him, and to bind to him, in indissoluble ties, many of the noblest spirits of Europe. If Napoleon is to be consigned to the grave of infamy, he must be accompanied there by a vast retinue of the most illustrious men earth has known. The verdict which condemns Napoleon, must also condemn Poniatowski, Bessieres, Duroc, Desaix, Eugene, Macdonald, Caulaincourt, Ney, Lannes, and a host of others, who, with deathless affection, espoused the cause he advocated. This is making infamy reputable.

The victorious Allies now assembled, with shouts of exultation, in the great square of Leipsic. No pen can describe the horrible scene which the interior of the city presented. The streets were filled with heaps of the dying and of the dead—not merely of combatants, but of peaceful citizens, aged men, women, and children. The houses were shattered, and blown into fragments, by the terrific cannonade. Many parts of the city presented but piles of smouldering ruins. Broken caissons, baggage-wagons, guns, and all the enginery of war, were strewed in ruin around. Mangled horses, dismembered limbs, and pools of blood, polluted the pavements.

The Emperors of Russia and Austria, with the King of Prussia, accompanied by a magnificent suite, and deafening the city with clarion tones of triumph, entered by the southern barrier. At the same moment Bernadotte, also surrounded by war's most exultant pageant, entered by the eastern gates. The royalist party in Leipsic, who would regain opulence and power by the overthrow of the popular party, received the Allies with every demonstration of joy.

The friends of reform retired, in silence and anguish, to their dwellings, or abandoned their homes and accompanied the retreating army, to escape persecution, imprisonment, and death. In the explosions of artillery, and the chimes ringing from the steeples, and the peals of martial music, they heard the knell of German liberty. Their great friend, who, with heroism unexampled, had so long held at bay all the despots of Europe, was at last struck down. Germany was again delivered over, bound hand and foot, to Russian and Prussian and Austrian absolutism. Beneath that impenetrable gloom those nations still lie enthralled. Why God should thus, for a time, have permitted despotism to triumph, is one of those mysteries which is reserved for the revelations of a future day.*

The allied kings, who rested their claims to the throne on the doctrine of divine right, condescended to forget the plebeian origin of Bernadotte, since they stood in need of those services which he was both able and willing to render them. But Bernadotte himself admits that he felt that he was in an uncomfortable position, and he no longer wished to participate in the slaughter of his countrymen. He was therefore soon removed from the camp of the Allies, and was intrusted with an important distant command.

In the mean time Napoleon, with his shattered army, continued his retreat rapidly toward Erfurth, which was about a hundred miles from Leipsic. The Allies, to throw reproach upon his honorable name, shamefully circulated through Europe the charge that Napoleon, immediately upon crossing the bridge, had ordered it to be blown up, willing to secure his own escape at the expense of the lives of his friends. A story so confidently asserted was generally believed, and Napoleon was represented as a monster of meanness and selfishness: and it was thought that some magical arts must have been practiced upon the French soldiers, to induce them to love, as they manifestly did love, one thus deserving only detestation. The accusation was subsequently proved to be false. It has now, with a thousand similar charges, passed into oblivion. The effect, however, of these calumnies still remains upon many minds.

On the day following the retreat, the French army, dejected, but still firm and determined, passed over the plains of Lutzen, where, but a few months before, they had obtained so decisive a victory. The Allies had now crossed the river, and were vigorously pressing the pursuit. In five days Napoleon reached Erfurth. Here Murat, seeing clearly that the cause of the Emperor was declining, and that, in the overthrow of the French empire, the crown of Naples would also be wrested from his brow, entered into secret negotiations with the Allies, engaging, if they would support him on his throne, that he would abandon Napoleon, and attach himself to their cause. He deemed Napoleon utterly ruined, and, from the wreck of the fortunes of his master, with an igno-

* "Two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon," says Alison, "nine hundred chariots and ammunition wagons, an incalculable quantity of baggage, the king of Saxony, two generals of corps, seven generals of division, twelve of brigade, and thirty thousand other prisoners, constituted the trophies during the three days of a battle, in which the loss of the French was upward of sixty thousand men. The loss of the Allies was also immense; it amounted to nearly eighteen hundred officers, and forty-one thousand private soldiers, killed and wounded in the three days' combat. A prodigious sacrifice, but which, great as it is, humanity has no cause to regret, for it delivered Europe from French bondage, and the world from revolutionary aggression." In such phrase do the Allies record the triumph of their cause. Russian and Austrian bondage they call *liberty*, and republican equality is stigmatized as *revolutionary aggression.*

ble spirit, he wished to secure what he could for himself. Under pretense, therefore, of going to his own dominions, to obtain re-enforcements, he abandoned the E nperor, and departed for Naples.

Murat, though a fearless swordsman, and a man capable of sudden and heroic impulses, was not a man of lofty spirit. Napoleon fully appreciated his excellencies and his defects. He had not forgotten Murat's base abandonment of his post on the Vistula. He fully understood the object of the king of Naples in his present movement. But the characteristic pride of the Emperor would not permit him, in the hour of approaching ruin, to solicit others to share his fall. When Murat called to take leave, Napoleon received him kindly. He uttered not a word of reproach, stifled his wounded feelings, and sadly, yet affectionately, embraced his brother-in-law, with the full assurance that they would never meet again. It proved to be their last interview. Murat went over to the Allies, and thus prevented Eugene from marching from Italy to assist Napoleon. Murat is not, perhaps, severely to be blamed. He was an impulsive man, of shallow intellect and of diluted heart, and, by nature, incapacitated for any noble deed of self-sacrifice.

We do but give utterance to the general admission even of Napoleon's enemies, when we say that the magnanimity which he manifested, during the whole of this dreadful crisis, was such as has never been surpassed.

Napoleon had with him but eighty thousand men. Six hundred thousand were crowding fiercely in pursuit of him, to rush, like an inundating wave, into France. He could no longer afford his friends any protection. Their attempt to protect him would only result in their utter ruin. He called before him the troops of the various German contingents who still remained faithful, released them from all further obligations to him, and, supplying them with money and provisions, permitted them to retire to their homes, where he knew that they would immediately be compelled to turn their arms against him.

The King of Bavaria, as we have before mentioned, had abandoned his alliance with Napoleon, joined the coalition, and declared war against France. Though he did this under compulsion, still, by passing over to the enemy several weeks sooner than Napoleon had expected, he plunged the Emperor into extreme embarrassment. The Bavarian army was now marching, under the guidance of the Allies, to cut off the retreat of the French. There was, however, a corps of Bavarian troops still with Napoleon. They had remained faithful to him notwithstanding the defection of their sovereign. Napoleon assembled these soldiers, who were bound to obey their lawful government, addressed them in terms of gratitude for their fidelity, and dismissed them, to return to their king, who would immediately be compelled to direct their arms against the enfeebled bands of the French. He addressed a letter to his former ally, Maximilian, in which he wrote:

"Bavaria, having disloyally, and without notice, declared hostilities against France, I might, with justice, have detained these troops as prisoners of war. But such a step would destroy the confidence which I wish the troops in my service to repose in me. I have therefore abstained from any act of retaliation." These soldiers were strongly attached to Napoleon. But, yielding to cruel necessity, they sorrowfully retired from the French ranks.

Napoleon then assembled the Polish troops, and gave them their option either to make peace with the allied sovereigns, upon the best terms in their power, or to adhere to his broken fortunes.

These gallant soldiers, with entire unanimity, declared that they would share the fate of the only monarch who, since the destruction of their country, had uttered a word of sympathy in their behalf.

Most generously, at St. Helena, Napoleon apologized for the defection of his allies. "To the honor of human nature," he said, "and even to the honor of kings, I must once more declare, that never was more virtue manifested than amidst the baseness which marked this period. I never for a moment had cause to complain, individually, of the princes, our allies. The good King of Saxony continued faithful to the last. The King of Bavaria loyally avowed to me that he was no longer his own master. The generosity of the King of Wurtemberg was particularly remarkable. The Prince of Baden yielded only to force, and at the very last extremity. All, I must render them this justice, gave me due notice of the storm that was gathering, in order that I might adopt the necessary precautions. But, on the other hand, how odious was the conduct of subaltern agents! Can military parade obliterate the infamy of the Saxons, who returned to our ranks for the purpose of destroying us? Their treachery became proverbial among the troops, who still use the word *Saxonner*, to designate a soldier who assassinates another. To crown all, it was a Frenchman, a man for whom French blood purchased a crown, a nursling of France, who gave the finishing stroke to our disasters."*

Napoleon remained at Erfurth two days, reorganizing his army, and then resumed his line of march. Swarms of Cossacks, savage in garb and in character, hung upon his rear, not daring to venture on any formidable attack, yet harassing the army by incessant annoyances. Blucher, with a powerful force of Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, followed close behind, ready to avail himself of any opportunity to crush the retiring foe. Napoleon pressed resolutely on for five days, and, after safely traversing some two hundred miles, arrived, on the 30th of October, at Haynau.

Here the Bavarian government, active in its new alliance, and animated by those, now in power, who were hostile to France, had assembled an army of sixty thousand Austrians and Bavarians, strong in artillery and in cavalry, and had planted these forces in a formidable position, to cut off entirely the retreat of Napoleon. But

* Las Cases, vol. iii. p. 19.

the French soldiers, indignant and desperate, rushed recklessly upon their batteries, and, after a long and sanguinary battle, routed them entirely. During this conflict, in which thirty thousand men, goaded by indignation and despair, charged the intrenchments where sixty thousand were posted, Napoleon was anxiously walking backward and forward on the highway, conversing with Caulaincourt. A bomb-shell fell, and buried itself in the soft earth, close by their side. Caulaincourt immediately placed himself before the Emperor, to shield him, with his own body, from the effects of the explosion. The Emperor, paying no regard to the shell, continued his conversation. Fortunately the bomb sank so deep in the moist ditch, that it did not burst.

The Allies lost in this battle ten thousand men in killed and wounded. The French troops then pressed rapidly forward, and in two days arrived at Frankfort. At five o'clock the next morning, the 2d of November, the army arrived at Mayence. Napoleon remained there three days, reorganizing his troops, and making arrangements for defending the passage of the Rhine from the advancing legions of the Allies. At eight o'clock at night, on the 4th of November, he departed for Paris ; and at five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day he arrived at St. Cloud.

It is said that Maria Louisa was in a state of dreadful embarrassment. She almost dreaded to see Napoleon. Her father had treacherously turned against her husband, and he was now marching, with hostile armies, to invade France. As the Emperor entered her apartment, she threw herself into his arms, hung her head upon his shoulder, and, bursting into a flood of tears, was unable to articulate a syllable. Napoleon pressed her tenderly to his bosom, soothed her with words of affection, and anxiously inquired for their idolized boy. The beautiful child was brought in, and a touching scene of domestic affection and grief ensued. Napoleon alone was calm. He still clung to hope, and endeavored to alleviate the anguish of his wife by the anticipation of brighter days.

The victorious Allies, in the mean time, overran all Germany. All the states of the Confederation of the Rhine were now arranged under their standards.

"The lesser princes," says Sir Walter Scott, "had no alternative but to declare, as fast as they could, their adherence to the same cause. Their ministers thronged to the head-quarters of the allied sovereigns, where they were admitted to peace and fraternity on the same terms, namely, that each state should contribute, within a certain period, *a year's income of their territories and a contingent of soldiers double in numbers* to that formerly exacted by Bonaparte, *for sustaining the good cause of the Alliance*."

St. Cyr, with thirty thousand men, was shut up in Dresden. He was soon compelled, through famine, to capitulate. It was solemnly stipulated that he and his troops should be permitted to return to France, upon condition of not serving against the Allies, till regularly exchanged. After St. Cyr, with his emaciate and tottering troops, had marched out of the city and the Allies had taken possession, he was informed by the allied sovereigns that they were dissatisfied with the convention which their general had concluded, and could admit of no terms but such as provided



THE BOMB-SHELL.



INTERVIEW WITH MARIA LOUISA.

for conducting the garrison *as prisoners of war into the Austrian states.* They also, having now had Dresden in their possession seven days, having ascertained all its weak points, and knowing that there was not food there to subsist its garrison for a single day, mocked St. Cyr by saying that, if he were dissatisfied with these terms, he might return again to Dresden.* By such an act of perfidy, were thirty thousand men carried off into the prisons of Austria. This fact may to some seem incredible. But it is admitted, in all its bald baseness, even by those historians who most earnestly plead the cause of the Allies. Sir Archibald Alison, though ad ling to the remark several ungenerous qualifications, says, "In violating this convention, the allied sovereigns did not imitate the honorable fidelity with which Napoleon observed the conditions of the capitulation of Mantua, granted to Wurmser in 1796."

On the 29th of November, General Rapp, who was in Dantzic, with fifteen thousand men, one half of whom were French and the rest Germans, was also compelled by famine to surrender. "As in the case of Dresden," says Sir Walter Scott, "the sovereigns refused to ratify the stipulations, which provided for the return of the garrison to France, but made the commandant, Rapp, the same proposal which had been made to the Marshal St. Cyr, which Rapp, in like manner, declined. The detention of this garrison must also be recorded against the Allies, as a breach of faith, which the temptation of diminishing the enemy's forces can not justify."

In reference to this capitulation, General Rapp himself says: "General Houdelet and Colonel Richemont went to the enemy's camp and concluded a capitulation, in which the *power of returning to France was particularly guaranteed to us.* A part of the articles had been already executed; the Russian prisoners had been sent back, the forts had been given up, when I learned that the Emperor Alexander refused his ratification. The Duke of Wurtemberg offered me to put things in their former condition. This was a mockery; but what could we do? We had no more provisions. It was necessary to be resigned. He managed things as he wished, and we took the road to Russia." With such perfidy was Napoleon ever assailed. How noble and magnani-

* "For how was it possible for the French commandant to be in the same situation as before the capitulation, when the enemy had become completely acquainted with his means of defense and resources."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

mous does his character appear, when contrasted with that of the Allies.

Rapidly one after another of the garrisons which Napoleon had left behind, numbering in all some eighty thousand men, fell into the hands of the coalesced powers, and feudal despotism again became dominant over all the broad plains of Germany. The three great despotisms of Christendom, in alliance with the Tory government of England, had quenched the flames of republican liberty in blood. Nothing now remained but to march with a million of bayonets into France, to overthrow the popular government there, to force the Bourbons upon a people who had rejected them, to rivet upon ignorant and superstitious Spain the chains of the most intolerable civil and religious despotism, and then Europe would once again repose in the quietude of the dark ages.

In speaking of this memorable campaign, Napoleon said at St. Helena, "How was I perplexed, when conversing on this subject, to find myself the only one to judge of the extent of our danger, and to adopt means to avert it. I was harassed on the one hand by the coalesced powers, who threatened our very existence, and on the other by the spirit of my own subjects, who, in their blindness, seemed to make common cause with them; by our enemies, who were laboring for my destruction, and by the importunities of my people, and even my ministers, who urged me to throw myself on the mercy of foreigners. And I was obliged to maintain a good appearance in this embarrassing situation; to reply haughtily to some, and sharply to rebuff others, who created difficulties in my rear, encouraged the mistaken course of public opinion, instead of seeking to give it a proper direction, and suffered me to be tormented by demands for peace, when they ought to have proved that the only means of obtaining it was to urge me ostensibly to war. However, my determination was fixed. I awaited the result of events, firmly resolved to enter into no concessions or treaties, which could present only a temporary reparation, and would inevitably have been attended by fatal consequences. Any middle course must have been dangerous; there was no safety except in victory, which would have preserved my power, or in some catastrophe, which would have brought back my allies. In what a situation was I placed. I saw that France, her destinies, her principles, depended on me alone."

"Sire!" said Las Cases, "this was the opinion generally entertained. And yet some parties reproached you for it, exclaiming with bitterness, 'Why would he connect every thing with himself personally?'"

"That was a vulgar accusation," the Emperor replied. "My situation was not one of my own choosing, nor did it arise out of any fault of mine. It was produced entirely by the force and nature of circumstances—by the conflict of two opposite orders of things. Would the individuals who held this language, if indeed they were sincere, have preferred to go back to the period preceding Brumaire, when our internal dissolution was complete, foreign invasion certain, and the destruction of France inevitable? From the moment when we decided on the concentration of power, which could alone save us, when we determined on the unity of doctrines and resources, which rendered us a mighty nation, the destinies of France depended solely on the character, the measures, and the principles of him who had been invested with this accidental dictatorship. From that moment the public interest, *the State was myself.* These words, which I addressed to men who were capable of understanding them, were strongly censured by the narrow-minded and ill-disposed; but the enemy felt the full force of them, and therefore his first object was to effect my overthrow. The same outcry was raised against other words which I uttered in the sincerity of my heart. When I said that *France stood more in need of me than I stood in need of her*, this solid truth was declared to be mere excess of vanity. But, my dear Las Cases, you now see that I can relinquish every thing; and as to what I endure here, my sufferings can not be long. My life is limited; but the existence of France—!" Here the Emperor paused for a moment in silence, and then continued—"The circumstances in which we were placed were extraordinary and unprecedented; it would be vain to seek for any parallel to them. I was myself the key-stone of an edifice totally new and raised on a slight foundation. Its stability depended on each of my battles. Had I been conquered at Marengo, France would have encountered all the disasters of 1814 and 1815, without those prodigies of glory which succeeded, and which will be immortal. It was the same at Austerlitz and Jena; and again at Eylau and elsewhere. The vulgar failed not to blame my ambition as the cause of all these wars. But they were not of my choosing; they were produced by the nature and force of events. They arose out of that conflict between the past and the future, that constant and permanent coalition of our enemies, which obliged us to subdue under pain of being subdued."

SIGHTS AND PRINCIPLES ABROAD.

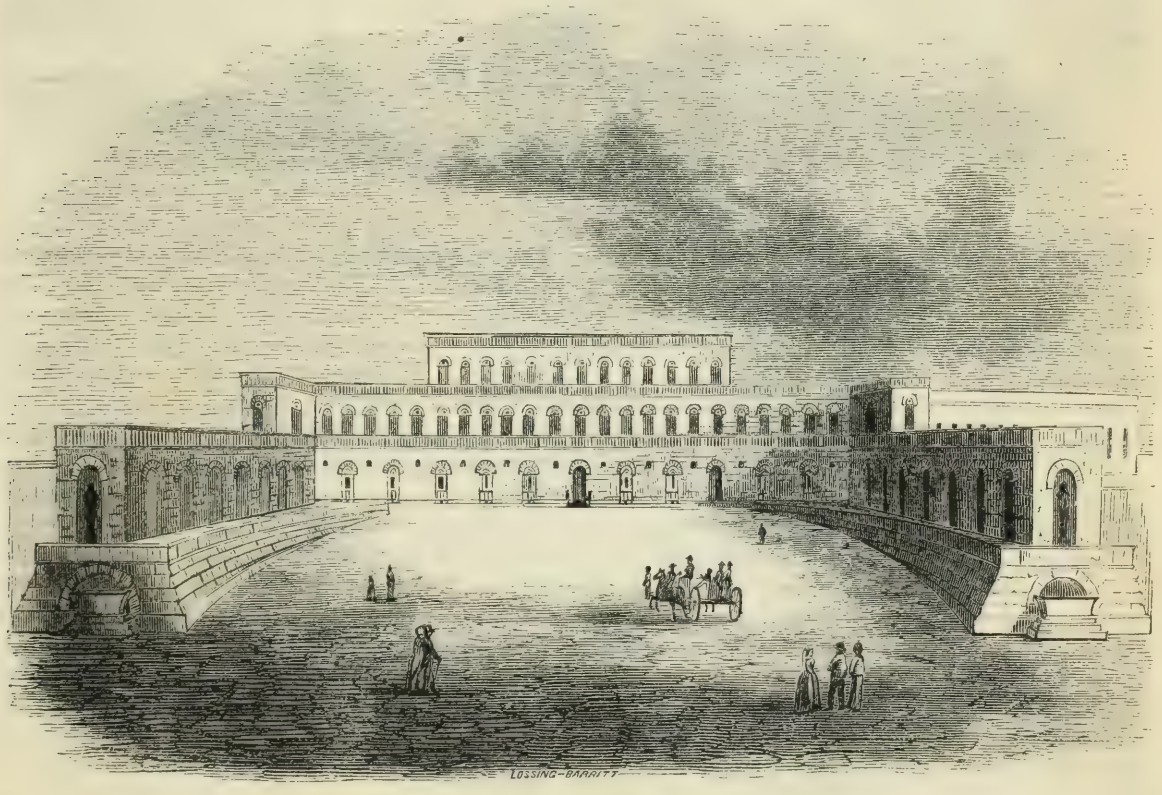
FLORENCE ARCHITECTURALLY AND HISTORICALLY; WITH GLIMPSES AT ITS DEAD LIONS.

FLORENCE possesses enough beautiful architecture to make the reputation of a dozen American towns. This is to be expected of a city where Giotto, Arnolfo, Brunellesco, Michael Angelo, and Raphael were the architects, and labored on both public and private edifices. But, for all this, Florence viewed internally has, for a European capital, a somewhat mean aspect. It is too condensed. With few exceptions, its numerous palaces and churches are hidden in obscure streets, with seeming indifference to external effect, notwithstanding their architectural merit and delicate ornature. It is difficult for the eye to measure their beautiful proportions or to appreciate their labored elegance, because it has not space in which to grasp their harmonious unity.

The taste for narrow, dark streets, with eaves so projecting as greatly to interfere with the free passage of light, has not even yet been wholly superseded by the modern love for more wholesome and cheerful neighborhoods. The old lords were satisfied to find a foundation sufficiently firm and ample for their massive habitations. The present nobles live where their fathers did, or, if they build, are much inclined to imitate them. Thus the villas Demidoff and Borghese, both modern, occupy situations which no one of America's "upper ten thousand" could stomach for a day. Then, too, a goodly portion of the palaces in general is devoted to the baser uses of trade. Even the oldest names do not hesitate to retail wine from their cellars through a little iron trap-door to any one who knocks thereon. This is, however, a time-honored patrician practice, and sanctioned by classical usage, for the old Roman lords did the same.

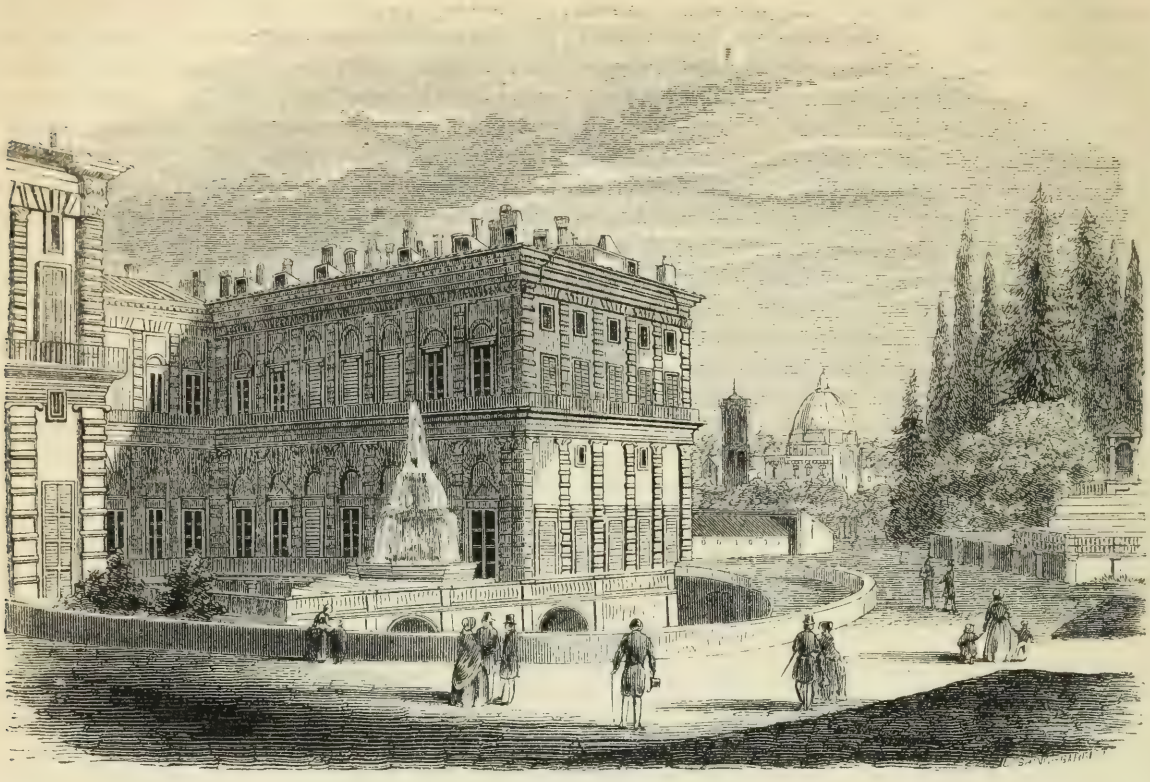
The general dispersion of the mansions of the nobility throughout the town, is not without beneficial results. It prevents the isolation of the rich and poor into distinct quarters, and makes them better acquainted. If the grand effect of palaces is somewhat diminished by indiscriminate herding with meaner edifices, the general appearance of the place is improved. Hence, although we may find many incongruous spectacles in the neighborhood, and sometimes about even aristocratic mansions, such as stables and mechanics' shops beneath, vegetable and meat stalls against their walls, and more filthy sights and smells at their base, or awkward festoons of family linen suspended from chamber windows to dry, yet there is a very welcome absence of those squalid abodes of filth and poverty which distinguish certain quarters of more democratic cities.

The most characteristic specimen of that species of architecture which gives to Florence so



PITTI PALACE—FRONT VIEW.

anomalous an aspect, is the Pitti Palace. The front is usually regarded as the back, and at first glance, from the immense size of the rough-hewn stones, its apparent simplicity, and vast extent, it upsets all one's previous conceptions of a regal residence. But further and closer inspection convinces one of its architectural superiority over most of the lighter and more fanciful palaces we find elsewhere. It has about it the imposing aspect and strength of an aristocratic residence; yet it would equally befit the governmental wants of a republic. Solid and graceful, in its harmonious combination of strength and beauty, it is not excelled, in these respects, by any other royal residence in Europe. It was commenced in 1440, by Brunellesco, for Luca Pitti, an enemy of the Medici, desirous of eclipsing their wealth and power by giving an imposing token of his own. He wished also to build a palace on so capacious a scale that the court-yard alone should be able to contain the entire palace of his rival Strozzi. He finished by ruining himself, and his palace passed into the possession of his enemies. By them it was completed as we find it, though the family were nearly two centuries about the work. The side toward the garden is a very striking contrast to the other; possessing the same elements of solidity, but so arranged and decorated as to be in unison with the smiling vista of flowers, groves, fountains, and statues beyond. A stranger, seeing one side only of this building, would go away with as obstinate and false an idea of its *tout ensemble* as did the knights of the ancient legend who looked only on the silver or gold sur-



PITTI PALACE—REAR VIEW.

face of the shield toward them, and be as fully inclined to battle to the death for his but half-formed opinion.

The peculiar situation of Florence, in the hollow of many hills, with its bisecting river running seaward through a rich plain, hemmed in by picturesque ranges of the Apennines, and studded as thickly with white villas as are the heavens of a clear night with stars, makes its first view, from whichsoever side it is approached, novel and charming. Come upon it how and where we may, whether from the distant mountain, the overhanging hill, or the verdant plain, the impression of its beauty is equally vivid. It has as many aspects as a kaleidoscope, and it would be a nice point to settle upon the best. If there be any fault to be found with the general landscape about Florence, it would be that it is overcharged with art. Nature appears only under cultivation. The geology of the soil is seen chiefly in the structures that man has reared. The very surface-rock is exhausted or covered with vineyards, while the agriculturist's hand leaves no spot of ground untouched. The forest trees have a garden-look. The roads are narrow, tortuous, and confined by high stone walls. Industry stops only before the sterile or precipitous mountain summits, which make either horizon of the valley. In short, the suburbs are like the expanded blossom, while the city resembles the shrunken seed-pod.

It is no easy matter for Florence to stretch herself out to modern notions of comfort. Her efforts at widening her streets remind one of the yawns of a dozing giant. Houses which are as solid as the quarry itself are not to be trimmed or moved off like the frail structures of America. They were built to last not years but centuries, and they are fully determined on completing their destiny. Still something has been done, and modern Florentines begin to have a faint idea that there exists sunlight somewhere in the region above them. Within a few years the principal business street of the city, leading from the Cathedral Square to the Place of the Grand Duke, has been remodeled into a fine wide avenue, which would do credit to Paris. Formerly it was so narrow that carriages could not pass each other. Yet a modern English author laments the change, while so many churches remain unfinished, as if the completion of a façade was to human beings a consideration of more importance than a supply of the pure air of heaven. Of late we have had an abundant crop of those amateurs of good old times, who would fain persuade the people that when they herded as swine, fought their lord's quarrels, and begged at convent gates, they were better off than with the comforts of the nineteenth century about them. They may be willing to replace the cottage by the hovel, the model lodging-house by the damp and unwholesome habitations of the middle ages, that the cathedral and palace may be rebuilt to gratify their architectural taste; but we doubt if one of them would consent to reduce his own household standard to the level of the Elizabethan age, exchanging his champagne for coarse beer, and his Brussels carpets for dirty rushes, however much he may prate about the petrifying influence of modern sensuality, as shown in the luxury of boudoirs and pride of reception-rooms.

The oldest monument of Florence is the Baptistery of St. John, the primitive church of the city, dating its consecration to Christ from the

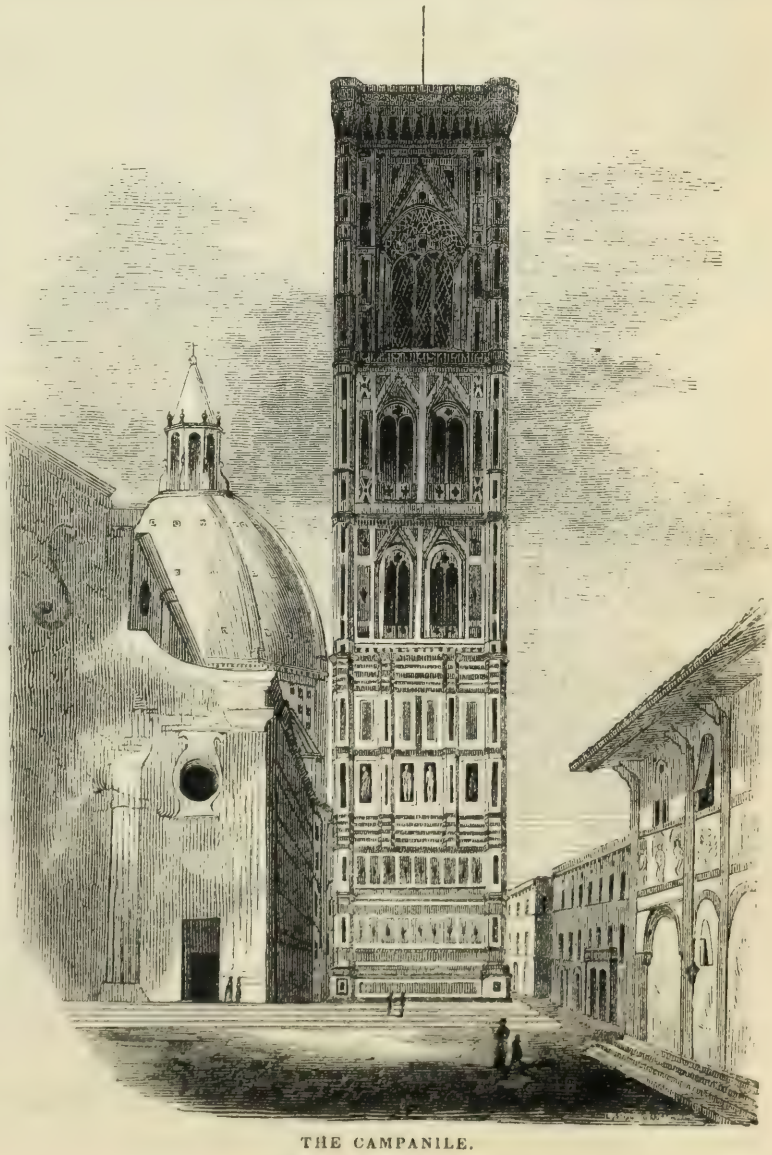
sixth century, but having at least in part a prior origin as a heathen temple. This we should consider a very respectable antiquity were Rome not so near. Ancient art and architects worked slowly, so it was not until six centuries later that it was completed as we now find it. The Greek artists of the ninth century, dispersed from Constantinople, left traces of their tastes for mosaics every where. It is to them that the Baptistery is indebted for its long and meagre figures of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints in a sea of gold. But to me its most interesting feature is that it perpetuates the memory of a generosity worthy of a Christian monument like this. While it exists it will rebuke the spirit of unworthy jealousy among artists, and long after its destruction the memory of the disinterestedness it consecrated will, it is to be hoped, continue to find an abiding place in the hearts of men.

In 1330, Andrew of Pisa was charged with the execution of the southern gate of bronze. He completed his labor in 1339. It produced so great a sensation from its beauty, that the government of Florence with the foreign embassadors went in solemn state to visit it, at the same time conferring upon Andrew the honors of citizenship.

There were two more gates required to complete the edifice. It was resolved to offer them to the competition of artists of all nations, in the hope that something might be realized which should correspond with the beauty of the work of the first. Each artist who received the commission was to receive also from the republic a sum sufficient for his subsistence for a year, at the expiration of which time, he was to present his design. Among the artists that offered themselves were Donatello, Lorenzo de Bartoluccio, Simon de Bolle, Brunellesco, and other celebrated names of that era. These were all admitted to the contest without objection. There came also a young man named Lorenzo Ghiberti, an itinerant goldsmith and carver, who had been encouraged to present himself by the Lord of Rimini. The judges asked him what he had done. This was a difficult question for him to answer, for as yet he had modeled only pretty playthings in wax and clay for the children of his patron. Ghiberti, discouraged by the severity of the judges, was upon the point of abandoning his project and returning to Rimini, to work upon the frescoes ordered of him by Malatesta, its tyrant, as it was the fashion then to call the petty lords, when one of his competitors, interested by his youth and energy, interceded for him. He was received, more to encourage his ambition than in the belief of his becoming a rival. This was, however, all he desired. The money was handed him for his year's expenses, and he devoted himself to the task.

At the expiration of the year, the thirty-four judges, all first-rate artists, assembled to decide upon the designs of the claimants.

Donatello, Lorenzo de Bartoluccio, and Brunellesco equally divided their suffrages. On which of the three the work should have been bestowed, would perhaps have proved to the judges as difficult of solution as to unravel the Gordian knot, and perhaps they would have been obliged to decide the question on the same principle of division, had not these three artists solved the problem for them. The sketch of Ghiberti lay there beside their own. It had been pronounced very beautiful, but not worthy of competition with theirs. Retiring into a corner, the three conversed earnestly together for a few minutes. Their course was soon taken. Coming forward, they respectfully represented to the judges that, in justice to art, they could not receive the prize while a design like that of Ghiberti's was before them.



THE CAMPANILE.

Upon their honor and conscience his was the superior, and to him rightly belonged the award. The judges, already favorably impressed, were readily persuaded by such disinterested testimony, and to Lorenzo Ghiberti, owing to the unparalleled generosity of his rivals, was decreed the execution of the gates. Art could not fail to prosper, when genius was guided solely by justice.

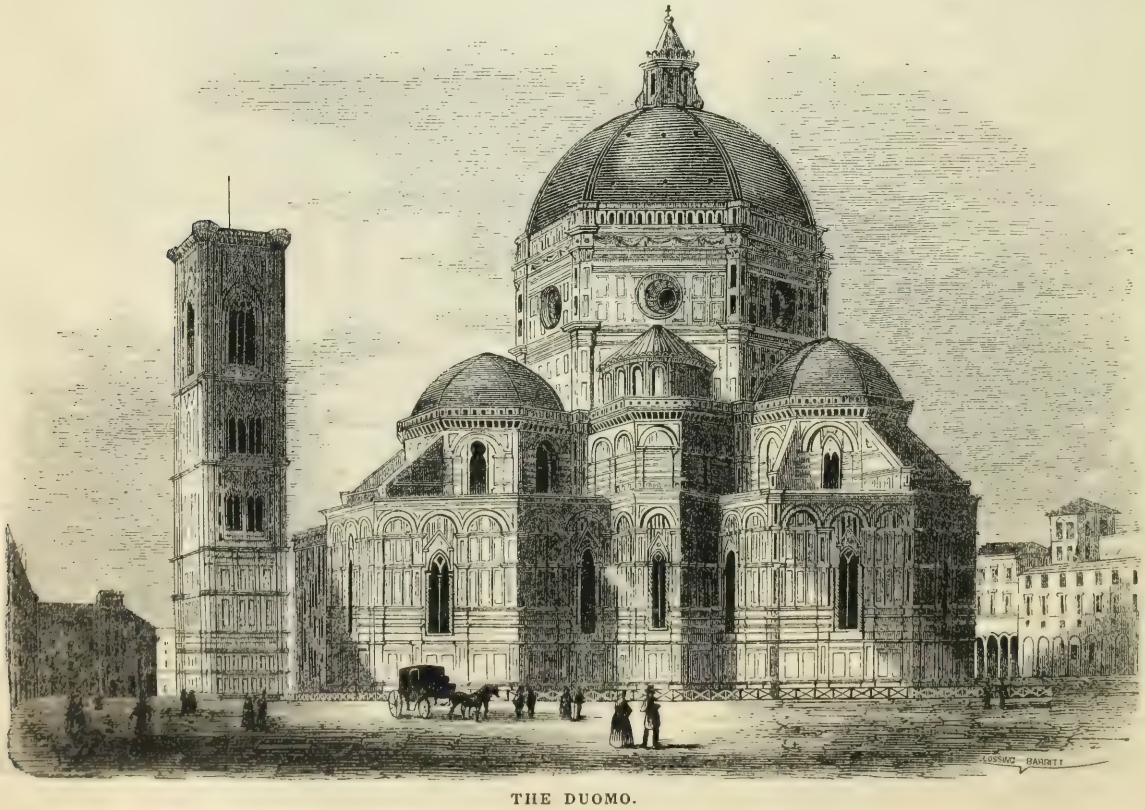
Ghiberti worked forty years on his task, commencing it in his youth, and finishing it when he was old and bent. His own portrait, as he completed his work, was incorporated by him in an ornament in the middle. It cost him a life-time, but it rewarded him with a fame more durable even than his own doors of bronze, which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

Opposite these gates we find a monument of a grace so remarkable that even in Florence its comeliness has passed into a proverb. "Beautiful as the Campanile," is the term employed when all other comparisons of splendor fail to a Florentine. It unites all the delicacy of finish of the richest lace-work with the solidity of stone. Time has mellowed the original brightness of its varied marbles into a pale gold tint, leaving, however, perfectly distinguishable its checkered mosaics, which rival in delicacy the finest work of Hindostan. The Emperor Charles V. best described its marvelous beauty, when he declared that it should be put under glass, and shown only on holidays. It is seemingly too fair and delicate to withstand any climate, however delicious, yet centuries as they roll by thus far have served but to deepen its beauties, without detracting from its perfect lightness and freshness of design.

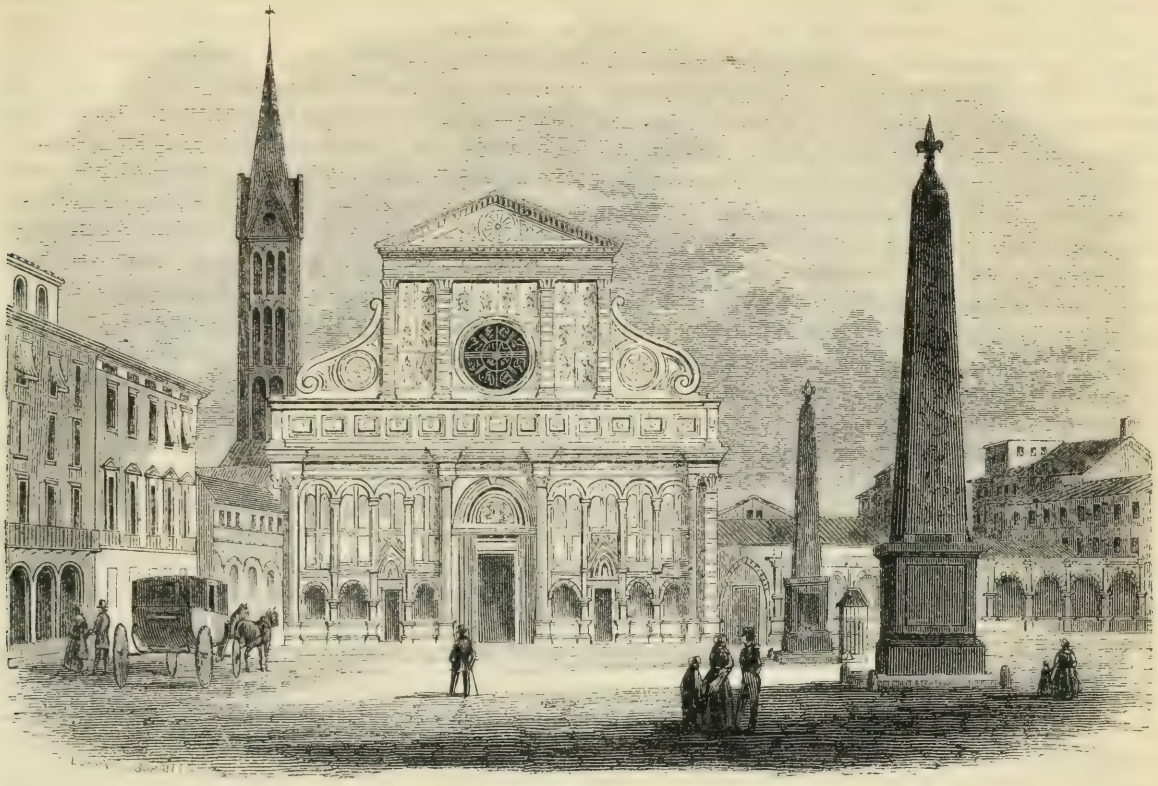
The Campanile is the Bell-tower of the Duomo, which it adjoins. The same style of decoration has been employed in the exterior of this immense building, which, like a lion couchant, lies spread out on the Piazza to which it gives a name. The dome—finished by Brunellesco in 1436—is the largest in the world. It served as the model for that of St. Peter's to Michael Angelo, who, despairing of excelling, hoped only to rival it, and desired that his tomb should be so placed that he might continue to gaze upon it even in death. "Farewell," he exclaimed, when called to Rome by Julius II., to complete St. Peter's; "I go to try to make thy sister, but I can not hope to make thy equal."

When the Florentine Republic, in 1298, designed the execution of this magnificent work, they decreed as follows: "Whereas, the chief aim of a people of great origin being to act in a way that, from its outward works, every one should recognize both its wise and magnanimous manner of proceeding, we order Arnolfo, chief architect of our city, to make a model or design for the complete rebuilding of St. Reparata, with the greatest possible magnificence that the human mind is capable of conceiving, since it has been decreed in council, both public and private, by the most able men of this city, that nothing should be undertaken for the community which did not correspond entirely to the ideas of its most enlightened citizens, united together to decide on such subjects, and moved by one and the same mind, the grandeur and glory of the country." This formula is worthy of being transplanted to Transatlantic shores, as a legacy to the sovereign people of the New World, from the shades of the departed republicans of the old.

The Duomo, or Cathedral, also called "Holy Mary of the Flowers," fully corresponds to the spirit of the document, with the exception, that



THE DUOMO.



CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA.

six centuries have not sufficed to furnish it with a façade, or complete some of the minor portions of the dome and the exterior gallery. It is, however, a truly magnificent monument of the taste and piety of the citizens of the old republic, whether we take in at one glance its colossal dimensions, doubled in size under the magic effect of moonlight, with its vast dome rising between us and the heavens, like a newly-created satellite for the earth, or, by the strong light of day, bewilder the eye in the vain effort to comprise into one look its interminable and delicate tracery. The exterior is as highly finished as the Campanile, and quite as worthy of a glass-case. The interior is an anomaly among Roman Catholic churches of Italy for its severe and grand simplicity. It pleases me the more that I find it a church, and not a museum. It is the noblest specimen extant of the Tuscan Gothic; perhaps a little too cold, but great and consistent throughout in its proportions and decorations.

Singularly enough, the Duomo contains the monument of a notorious heretic and mercenary soldier, who owed his employment and honors from the Florentine Republic to his success in fighting against it. This was John Hawkwood, an Englishman, the general of the celebrated Black Bands that, in the fourteenth century, sold their swords to the highest bidders. John Hawkwood passed from the service of the Holy Father at Rome, the vicegerent of the Prince of Peace, into that of the Florentines, whom he served for twenty years. So stoutly did he battle for them, that the Church admitted him to honors next to saintship—but not for his piety, for he was a sad reprobate and brutal soldier, with but a faint respect for the ministers of religion.

At the sack of Faenza, which he abandoned to his troops, he found two of his bravest officers fighting for the possession of a poor nun, clinging, in her terror, to the crucifix of the high altar of the convent. Hawkwood promptly restored discipline, by stabbing to the heart the guiltless cause of the affray.

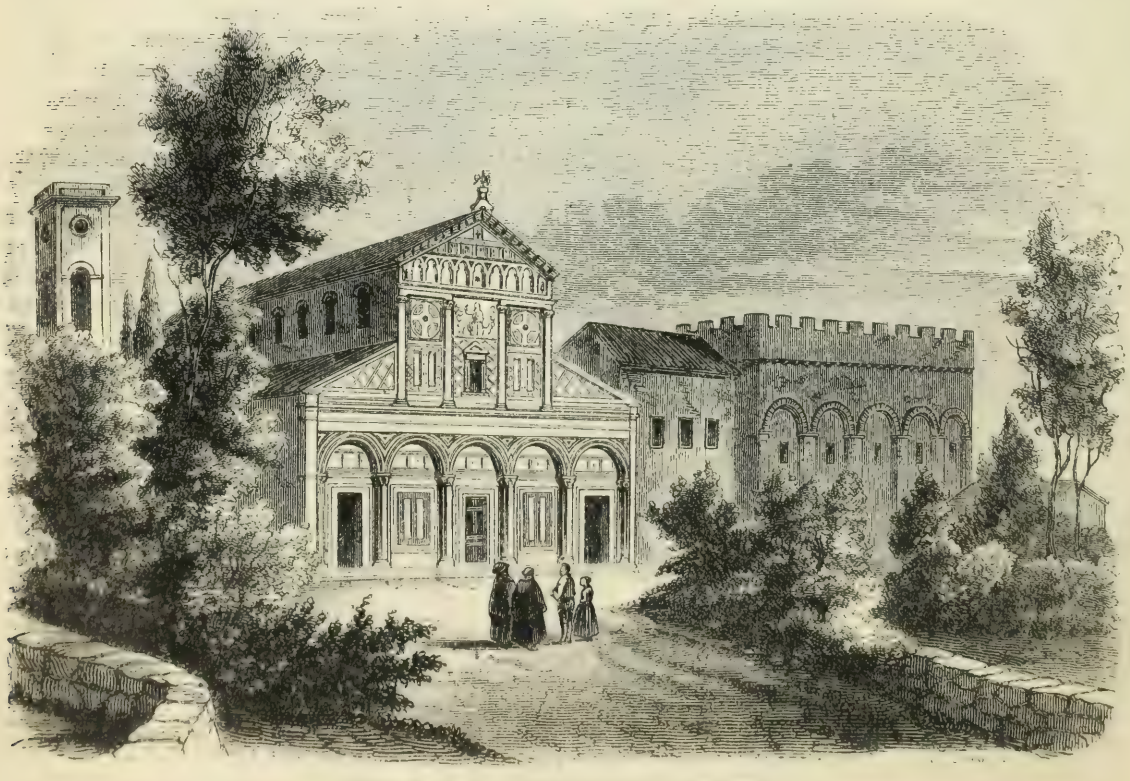
One day two monks paid him a visit at his chateau of Montecchio. "The peace of God rest upon you," said one of them to him. "The devil take you, with your gift," bluntly replied Hawkwood. "Why do you give us so rude a reception?" meekly asked the poor brother. "Eh!" he rejoined, with the usual profane exclamation of the English race, "do you not know that I live by war, and that the peace that you wish me would make me starve." It is easy to conceive that it must have been by other acts than these that he won the favor of the church.

At the rear of the high altar we find the last work on which Michael Angelo labored. It represents Joseph of Arimathea taking the body of Christ from the cross; and was destined by the sculptor for his own tomb. Death did not give him time to finish it, and the unscrupulous chanonines of the cathedral, in their pious zeal for the adornment of their church, so it is said, seized the unfinished block of marble for their high altar, and thus robbed the great artist of what would have been his most appropriate monument.

The power of genius to make every thing it touches its own, was never more fully exemplified than by the effect of Michael Angelo's name upon this city. Florence seems to belong to him, and not he to Florence. There is a touching familiarity, too, in the associations that speak of the heart, as if Florence loved as well as honored its great master. And yet there was in him more of the prophet Moses than the apostle John.

Buildings, which in themselves have a just claim to fame, are wider known from his opinions than from their own merits; and travelers visit their shrines, not to criticise them, but to admire what Michael Angelo praised. He was wont to call the stately church of Santa Maria Novella—beautiful without, and full of good things within—his wife; and that of San Miniato upon the Hill, as charming and picturesque a little chapel, both in situation and decoration, as can be found any where, his rustic sweetheart. The first—like a good honest mother of a family—still retains those qualities that made her dear to his soul; while the rural San Miniato, lovely as ever in its position, has faded like a superannuated belle, and is now visited only from the reputation of those charms that once won the love of the stern and captious architect. It is deserted even by the clergy. A peasant woman retains the key of the inclosure, and the stone mistress of Michael Angelo is now exhibited by an old crone, but too content to receive the smallest gratuity.

The imagination has almost as much to do with the reputation of Michael Angelo as with his works, in giving both that character of sublimity and grandiose effect which was evidently his aim, and for which he frequently sacrificed the nicer details of truth. In statuary, he seems to me to strive after some unattainable end, as if his conceptions overpowered his means of execution. We detect at once the force and depth of his imagination. The spiritual truths he would convey start out from the very stone, with all the energy of form and character with which they sprang into life from his teeming brain. This is particularly true of his unfinished works, which furnish the hint, and leave to the beholder's mind to complete the idea, with a perfection of moral and artistic attributes that the chisel would vainly strive to express. It is thus that Michael Angelo, by creating the motive, incites to thought. By his wonderful grasp of genius, coupled with an intensity of imagination seldom equaled, creating, as it were at will, ideas too vast and comprehensive to find a birth-place in any minds whose fires were not lighted direct from heaven, but which, when flung, as it were, into existence by the hot haste of an energy too impatient to polish them into the perfection of material shape and beauty, startle and amaze by their deep truth, he triumphs over the ordinary understandings of men. But when he condescends to work at details, we find he approaches the more common standard of art. The best Grecian sculptors excelled him in anatomical truth. He is inferior even to the Apollo and Venus, which with connoisseurs rank as antiques of the second class. The perfect symmetry and delicate finish of our own Powers are equally remote from his chisel. He exaggerated the merely physical, until, as in his Moses, it reached the unnatural, and even impossible. The Prophet of the Jews, in his hands, it is true, attained a terrific grandeur; but in divesting him of the natural features of man, he did not exalt him to a god. It is the head of a ferocious satyr, horns and all; and not that of an inspired legislator. No such countenance as his could have looked upon the Almighty and lived. The sculptors of antiquity never conceived a type of evil more repulsive. An image of brutal appetites, furious passions, and colossal dimensions, with the vulgar expression of majesty that springs from the merely physically great and pre-eminently bad, he has indeed created; but the lawgiver of the chosen tribes—he who conversed face to face with God, as with a friend, until his features shone



CHURCH OF SAN MINIATO UPON THE HILL.

with the glory of heaven—no Christian mind can recognize in the Moses of Michael Angelo.

In the muscular developments of his women he partakes of the coarse taste of Rubens, as may be seen in his bronzes in the Louvre and statues in the Chapel of the Medici. We look in vain for the softness and harmony of outline most attractive in the daughters of Eve. His women are fit only to mate with Titans. The anatomy of his men is equally overdone; but the marble, nevertheless, is so inspired with the lofty conceptions of its sculptor, that the first sensation of physical coarseness is quickly forgotten, in admiration of the power of his creative mind. In no example of chiseling sentiment from stone has he been more successful than in his Bacchus, in the Uffizii. He has labored painfully, but successfully, in polishing his marble to the smoothness of the natural skin, overcoming, as if by a strong effort, his predilection for the colossal, to produce to the world a statue whose lightness of limbs, and life-like size and attitude, shall remain through all time a convincing proof of his ability to cope, in their own range of art, with the master sculptors of Greece. But the wondrous skill of this statue lies not so much in the drunken lassitude of its limbs, swelled with the inebriating juice just drained from the bowl, as in the perfect expression of joyous intoxication which gleam upon features verging toward sottish drunkenness. Intellectual beauty and physical grace have not wholly departed. Enough remains to show the perfection of the sober man, while the senses, just sinking in the cup, are struggling in their last gasp, but so faintly that they make no noise, for they feel themselves to be hopelessly gone. Rare statue this—a Father Matthew in marble! for I know not any living apostle of temperance who discourses more eloquently, or argues more logically, than this silent stone. Every spectator must feel that drunkenness is disgusting and brutal even in its most poetical aspect.

The admirers of Michael Angelo, in their enthusiasm for his genius, have long claimed for him the habit of working straightforward from the block—smiting the stone, as it were, into shape, under the impulse of the idea graven on his mind. In some instances he may have attempted this, which would account for so many crude works from his chisel. Lately, however, accident has brought to light many curious studies of statues and models in wax which belonged to Michael Angelo, and prove that even his genius was subjected to the universal law of laborious detail, where the end sought was perfection.

His last will was characteristic of the man; a model of brevity, but a bone of contention among his heirs, if they were at all inclined to be avaricious. "*Lascio l'anima a Dio, e la mia roba ai più prossimi parenti.*" "I leave my soul to God, and my property to my nearest relations." His descendants—one of whom is a painter, and professor in the Florentine Academy—still occupy the Buonarotti mansion, where they preserve, with religious veneration, many relics of their distinguished ancestor.

There is a monument in Florence—a simple slab of marble, reposing under the shadow of its magnificent Cathedral—which interests me far more than its mighty dome or other *chefs-d'œuvre* of its material art. It recalls something more than the memory of those that will to themselves glory by earthly fanes, limiting their grasp to this sphere, which, if it be the foundation, is equally the grave of their triumphs; for it links itself with the the mind of him who, though born of earth, measured heaven and hell in his philosophic glance; the poet, patriot, and theologian, whose genius has spread itself wherever human language is heard, and there is soul to feel or thought to comprehend; building himself a memorial in the grand temple of universal humanity, which will claim him for its apostle and prophet through all ages. This monument, so simple in itself, so grand in its associations, is the stone on which Dante was accustomed to sit, during warm summer evenings, to catch the cooling breeze.

The historical souvenirs of Florence cluster thickest about the Piazza del Gran Duca. From whichsoever point the city is viewed at a distance, there are two objects, rising far above all others, that form its most characteristic and conspicuous landmarks. These are, the dome of the Cathedral, profoundly grand, like the faith that gave it existence, and the stern, lofty tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, lifted toward the skies like the defying arm of a giant. To view the last in its most commanding aspect, we should enter the square by the street leading to the Post-office, and directly fronting the old palace. Then this huge but harmonious mass of stonework, so firmly rooted to the soil, and mounting so high toward heaven, with its emblazoned arms of the deceased republic, and its giant statues, fit guardians of its gloomy portal, calls up vividly from out the past the turbulent, but great and free associations of democratic Florence; its endless animosities of Guelph and Ghibelline; its haughty aristocracy, and fierce population; the incorporated crafts and mercenary soldiery; its spasmodic changes from the rule of the people to the tyranny of princes, until the old square is alive again with the clang of mailed men, the rivalries of artists, intrigues of politicians, and the shouts of its mercurial population.

In 1298, scarcely sixteen years after the Florentines had won for themselves a constitution, they decided to build a City Hall, to accommodate their magistrates, and also to support a belfry which should be conspicuous throughout the surrounding country, and give the signal for the rallying of its democracy. Arnolfo di Sapo was ordered to build the palace, but forbidden to place a single stone of its foundation upon the earth that had sustained any portion of the house of Farinata di Uberti, which the people, in their hatred of all that bore the name of Ghibelline, had razed to the very dust. The architect, in consequence, was compelled to crowd this palace of the people into an irregular, though vast pile, leaving the place accursed by them to be forever trodden under their feet, in token of their vengeance.



FLORENCE, FROM SAN MINIATO.

During the republic, this palace lodged the chief magistrate, or Gonfalonier, with his eight priors, or assistants, two of whom had charge of each of the four quarters of the town. Their duties lasted two months, during which time they were compelled to devote themselves wholly to the service of the republic, not being allowed to leave the palace, and receiving the moderate salary of less than one dollar and a half per day. Although at the head of the republic, they were its prisoners, or at best apprenticed servants, and not allowed any portion of the liberty of which they were the chosen guardians, until their terms of office had expired. They ate in common, each being provided with two domestics, and having at their orders a secretary, likewise confined, to record their deliberations. If some such rule were adopted at Washington, we should have less "Buncombe," and more business, among our legislators. Notwithstanding the parsimony of the Florentine commonwealth toward its officers, it won for itself the surname of the Magnificent, from its great deeds in art and war.

The principal hall of the palace was made to accommodate at their ease, when they met to discuss national affairs, not less than one thousand citizens. It was constructed with such rapidity that Savonarola was accustomed to say that angels worked as masons. The republic enjoyed its stronghold but for a brief period; for thirty years later it became the residence of its tyrants.

The name of Savonarola recalls one of the strangest and most tragic events history has preserved. Savonarola was born in 1452. From infancy he manifested an austere disposition, with an ardent desire to connect himself with the church. A vision, as later with Loyola, decided his career. He was then twenty-two years of age, and one night, having dreamed that a shower of ice had fallen upon his naked body, he suddenly awoke and resolved to dedicate himself to the service of God, who had in this manner signified the extinction in his heart of the warm passions of youth. The next morning, without informing his friends or even his parents, he fled from his native place to Bologna, where he took the white habit of St. Dominic. He remained here for some time, but his talents and devotion made so slight an impression upon the monks, that when the war broke out between Venice and Ferrara, they drove him with a number of others from the convent, as being so many useless mouths. Savonarola came to Florence, where he found an opportunity to preach during Lent at the Church of San Lorenzo. His eloquence, if he then possessed any, made so little impression that he began himself to doubt of the legitimacy of his call for a divine mission. He then retired into a convent in Lombardy, where he applied himself to the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, until he was recalled to Florence by Lorenzo de Medicis.

The time which he had passed in retirement had been so well spent in study that the true depth and power of his genius speedily began to manifest themselves. His dryness of manner and rigidity of gesture had disappeared. The first essays of his eloquence were so enthusiastically received, that the belief that he was chosen of God as his mouthpiece to his people again moved within him. The times were ripe for a prophet. At the head of the church was a pope, the parent of so many children, that he was nicknamed the father of his people. Religion had become a cloak for all manner of debauchery,

while Italy was rent in pieces by the violence of its factions. Then Savonarola, as if foreseeing the reformer of Germany who was soon to arise, boldly asserted that the Holy Catholic Church was about to be cleansed from its pollutions; that Italy would be beaten with rods, and that these events would be accomplished previous to his death, which would take place before the termination of the century. It was then 1490. The boldness of these predictions, the apparent proximity of their fulfillment, joined to the imposing oratory of the preacher, struck awe into the hearts of his audience. Luther fulfilled his first prophecy—the Medici and Borgias the second; as for the third, we shall see in what manner it was accomplished.

Savonarola continued to preach and prophesy with such effect, that no church in Florence, not even the Duomo, which of itself could contain the population of a city, was sufficiently capacious to hold his audience. He was compelled to divide them, as has done an equally eloquent clergyman of Rome of our day, the Father Ventura, into classes according to their sex or age, devoting separate days to men and to women and even to children. So rapidly did his reputation for sanctity augment, that he could not pass to and from his convent to the church without a guard to clear a passage through the dense masses of people that struggled to kiss his robe and receive his blessing.

This devotion dispelled any doubts which might have still haunted him of his being the chosen oracle of the Almighty. Henceforth all timidity and hesitation were banished, and he assumed the inflexible tone of severity and denunciation which, in being consistent with his supposed mission, was also most natural to his character. No rank intimidated or ecclesiastical authority awed him. He was the direct messenger from God, and therefore bound to speak the words of sober truth with equal freedom to man, prince or pope. Had his mind been tempered with the sound reason that guided the German reformers, the energy and courage that was common to both, would have made of him a Calvin for Italy. But his ardent temperament, characteristic of his race and the mainspring of his influence over a nation more prone to feel than to reason, urged him on from one step to another until in his enthusiasm he believed himself superior to the laws of nature and accountable only to Him whose agent he assumed to be. His pride, however, was based upon the unyielding strength of moral right, and his energies directed solely toward the reformation and freedom of his countrymen.

In 1490 he was nominated Prior of the Convent of Saint Mark. It had been the custom with his predecessors on the occasion of their elevation to this dignity, to present their homage to Lorenzo de Medicis, as the supreme chief of the commonwealth, and to beseech him to grant to their order his powerful protection. Savonarola was too zealous a republican to recognize an authority which he considered as usurped, because not founded upon the suffrages of the people. He refused to go. His friends with politic zeal sought to persuade him. Even the haughty Medician prince employed artifice and courtesy to induce him to take a step which, if omitted, he felt would wound both his pride and popularity. Savonarola gave one answer to all: "He was Prior of God and not of Lorenzo. He had therefore nothing more to expect from him than had the meanest citizen."

Until this opposition, Lorenzo had ruled supreme in Florence since the conspiracy of the Pazzi. He could neither overcome nor forgive the obstinacy of Savonarola. The poor monk had become as powerful as the sovereign prince. He sought to interrupt his sermons by a threat conveyed through five of the principal citizens. The rejoinder was a discourse more violent than any of its predecessors, at the conclusion of which he announced to the people the death of Lorenzo as nigh at hand.

The austerity of Savonarola was not confined to his political and religious principles. Equally republican in his manners, he applied the stirring notes of his eloquence and the force of his example to awaken the people from the excessive luxury and sensual pleasures into which the licentiousness and extravagance of the Medici had plunged them. Florence had become another Capua. Its new princes in establishing their power had corrupted its citizens. Gold and amusements had been lavished upon them, until the Spartan spirit had been extinguished, and the erotic morals and depraved taste of degenerate Athens awakened instead. Savonarola laid the axe with bold strokes to the evil tree of knowledge. Its root was to be drawn out into full daylight and consumed in the flames. He chose the season of Lent to commence his crusade against the debasing superfluities of social life. Never was his eloquence more effective. Florence brought out its stores of licentious literature, its obscene paintings and disgraceful statues, its laces, jewels, velvets and golden habits, the treasures of its pride and sensuality, and heaped them together in the public squares. Even Fra Bartolomeo contributed the instruments of his art, which until then he had employed in pandering to the vicious caprices of his countrymen, threw them upon the pile, and vowed before God henceforth to apply his genius solely to his service. How faithfully he kept his oath, the chaste and spiritual productions of his pencil, now alone to be seen in the galleries and churches of Florence, sufficiently attest. His fame and his works were alike purified by fire. Savonarola, followed by a crowd of women and children chanting the praises of Almighty God, left the Duomo, and marched in triumph from pile to pile applying the torch to each, until nothing was left of the wealth and art there garnered for destruction but ashes, which the winds soon scattered to the four quarters of heaven. Daily these sacrifices of vanity and lust were renewed until luxury trembled for her existence; but, like all unnatural and violent excitements, the enthusi-

asm soon passed away without other permanent impression than as a memorial of the extraordinary ability of the monk in causing the public mind to vibrate for a while in unison with his own.

Eighteen months after the prediction of Savonarola, Lorenzo the Magnificent found himself on his death-bed. This was the 9th of April, 1492. Then the prince recalled to mind the Prior of Saint Mark, who had so boldly defied his power and so truly foretold his end. From him only would he receive absolution. The monk this time obeyed his summons, but not more promptly than he would have hastened to the bed-side of the humblest sinner of Florence that solicited extreme unction from his hands. The dying Lorenzo disburdened his conscience by a long catalogue of deeds, known and unknown, for which he would have in vain sought for a warrant in the word of God. Savonarola promised him absolution upon three conditions. "Name them," demanded the prince, grasping eagerly at stipulations apparently so much lighter than he had reason to expect.

"The first," said his confessor, "is that you acknowledge a full and firm faith in your Creator."

"I do," quickly answered Lorenzo.

"The second is, that you restore, as far as possible, the property that you have wrongfully acquired."

After a momentary hesitation, Lorenzo replied, "This is right; I will do it."

"The third is, that you render back to Florence her liberty."

"As to that, never," said the dying man; "I would sooner be d——d." Lorenzo turned his back toward the monk, without uttering another word, and died a few hours after.

This event augmented if possible the prophetic reputation of Savonarola. Other causes contributed also to increase his influence. The evils which he had prophesied were in store for Italy, began now to assume so lowering an aspect as to dispel the doubts of the most incredulous. Roderick Borgia was made pope. Charles VIII. marching to the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, regarded Florence with no friendly eye. Savonarola was deputed to meet him. He approached the unscrupulous King of France, less as an embassador than as a prophet, predicting to him victory if he restored the ancient liberties of Florence, defeat and disgrace should he confirm its yoke. The descendant of Saint Louis paid slight regard to one he regarded as a fanatic intermeddling with matters of public policy. Florence was betrayed into his hands, and he did not leave it until the decree which sequestered the property of the Medici and placed their heads at a price, was annulled. The monk was again right. In less than a year Charles VIII., with sword in hand, was forced to open for himself a bloody and disgraceful road back to his own kingdom.

The fall of Peter de Medicis placed, as it were, the civil power wholly into the hands of Savonarola. He received the commission to prepare a constitution. Then it was that his democratic ideas became fully apparent. He established his new system of government upon the most liberal and popular basis that had as yet been presented to the citizens. The grand principle was that of choice by the entire people for all offices of trust or honor. The citizens elected delegates who represented their views in the general assembly, for the accommodation of which, Savonarola caused to be built the famous hall in the Palazzo Vecchio, which, as we have seen, could accommodate a thousand representatives.

Successful at home in all his measures, triumphing over the court of France, and showing himself no mean antagonist of even distant England, the fearless monk prepared to enter the lists against that colossus of evil, Alexander VI., who then disgraced the papal throne by an example of crime and debauchery which revived the recollections of the most scandalous eras of heathen Rome. The resistless tones of his eloquence reached the Vatican. The pope, unable to gainsay the charges of his accuser, thought to silence him by the usual weapons of papacy. He fulminated a bull in which he retorted upon Savonarola the charge of heresy, and forbade him to preach. Savonarola eluded the injunction by bringing forward Dominic Benvicini, a disciple, who had sufficient ability and courage to fill his pulpit and use his weapons. But the master was not of a temper to remain long silent. His reason and his cause soon divorced him from the mystic influence the Church of Rome holds over all her followers, or, more justly speaking, he found a refuge amid her subtle doctrines for his ecclesiastical rebellion. Upon the authority of the Pope Pelagius, that an unjust excommunication was without efficacy, he declared that he had no need of absolution from the interdiction of Alexander VI. Accordingly on Christmas, 1497, he reascended the pulpit, and asserted that Christ had inspired him to refuse obedience to the mandate of the pope, on account of the criminality of its author. Thenceforward he continued to preach against the successor of St. Peter, with increasing energy and license. He had now attained the height of his influence. The people no longer regarded him simply with the veneration due a prophet, but exalted him to the rank of a new Messiah, and knelt in awe as often as he passed through their midst. His mien, however, became sad and humble like that of the Man of Sorrows. Perhaps while a consciousness of his approaching fate stirred within him, he mourned more for his country than for himself.

A second and more formidable brief was forwarded from Rome. Alexander VI. threatened to confiscate the property of all Florentines within the pontifical territory, and to put the republic under interdict, and to declare her the spiritual and temporal enemy of the Holy Catholic Church, if the magistrates did not silence the contumacious monk. This threat was the more emphatic as Cæsar Borgia was in their neighborhood with a powerful military force. Accordingly they

bowed before the coming storm, and passed the order for Savonarola to suspend his sermons. He obeyed without demur, because resistance would have been to infringe the laws which he had himself prepared for the republic. In his valedictory discourse he took a feeling farewell of his beloved auditory. But Alexander VI., not content with his silence, sought to root out his influence and principles, by sending to fill his pulpit a preacher from Rome, of great reputation and devoted to his interests It was in vain, however, that he attempted to be heard. The moderation of Savonarola was not imitated by his followers. From zeal they soon passed into folly. Florence became one field of fanatical excitement. To his other high claims upon the love and devotion of the people, Savonarola now added that of a martyr for truth. Reason lost all weight in the spiritual conflict, and the supernatural began to mingle in the strife. There were tales of visions; rumors of miracles and prophesies that were fast being realized. The zeal of the votaries of Savonarola, which he was unable either to check or guide, drew him into a vortex of absurdity, which the sincerity of all parties alone saved from becoming blasphemy. They went so far as to claim for Savonarola the power to raise the dead, and offered to put him to the test on a corpse in the vaults of the cathedral.

This was not long on its way to the ears of Francis de Pouille, his reverend opponent from Rome, a man of equal determination and greater fanaticism. More than this, he was ready to die for his cause, provided that his death could insure its triumph. He answered the vague rumors of the supernatural powers of Savonarola by a formal challenge to enter jointly with him a fiery furnace, in the face of all the people, and leave to God the recognition of his elected servant by preserving him unharmed amid the flames. The Brother Francis was not deluded by an exaggerated religious faith, for he made this proposition simply to tempt Savonarola to a proof of mutual inspiration, which he well knew must end in the destruction of both. His object was to destroy an uncompromising enemy of the Church even at the cost of his own life, and thus save a multitude of souls from being led further astray on the road to eternal perdition.

Savonarola was not, however, to be duped either by his own claims to inspiration, or the artifice of his rival in so strange a proposition. He had proposed no trial himself. There was no sufficient reason why he should accept one. But when the tide of religious phrensy begins to rise no mortal can assign its limits. What the master declined to accept, the disciple eagerly rushed to seize. His old substitute in the pulpit, Brother Dominic Benvicini, confident in the direct intervention of the Almighty, on his own responsibility announced his readiness to accept the trial of fire. This devotion was not at all welcome to the Brother Francis. It was the principal whose life he balanced with his own, and not that of a second, with whom to have died would have cost him the coveted triumph of his sacrifice.

The feverish agitation of the public mind kept pace with these strange events. Florence literally went mad. The magistrates who would willingly have stopped the increasing folly, discovered that their sole resource was to guide, for it was too late to arrest the scandals. As soon as it was known that the Brother Francis refused to immolate himself with other than Savonarola, two Franciscans, Nicolas de Pilly and Andrew de Rondinelli, volunteered to take his place. The parts in this anomalous duel were now filled, and the people waited for the termination of the unholy contest in a state of excitement that would brook no disappointment. To have removed the principals from the city would have exposed it to a fearful tumult. The anxiety of the populace to behold so extraordinary and terrible a spectacle was not alone that vulgar curiosity which finds its daintiest nutriment in sights of mortal agony, but it was allied to the mysterious and the supernatural; for though there were doubtless many scoffers, there were fewer hearts that did not beat tremulously with vague hope or expectation of an exhibition of divine intervention, unknown in the history of man since the days of the prophet Daniel. The most incredulous minds could not have been indifferent to a sight which was shortly to test the exact meaning to be attached to the parable of the mustard seed. Even in our own age, we have seen those who believed in the literal power of removing mountains by faith alone. If the mountains did not cast themselves into the sea at their bidding, it was owing solely to the deadness of their faith. Here was to be an exhibition of rival faith, sincere on both sides, which was to do more than cast mountains into the sea. It was to triumph over the most destructive element known to man, and convert the flames of a furnace into garments of celestial glory.

The authorities of Florence, by undertaking to control this strange business, lent to it, though unwillingly, the august sanction of their official position. It was now under the direction of the state. Dominic Benvicini on the part of Savonarola, and Andrew Rondinelli, who to obtain the preference over his brother monk, Nicolas de Pilly, proved that he had anticipated him in his offer to represent Francis de Pouille, were the chosen champions. A committee of the citizens were elected to decide upon the day and place and make the necessary arrangements. They fixed upon the 7th of April, 1498, on a spot contiguous to the Palace of the People in what is now the square of the Grand Duke.

Although several days were yet to elapse previous to the trial, the people crowded the square in such masses that it was impossible to erect the furnace until by the aid of numerous troops a sufficient space was kept clear for the work to proceed.

The portico of the Lanzi, on the right of the Palazzo Vecchio, so famed for its graceful proportions and the ancient and modern statuary it shelters, comprising the Judith of Donatello, the

Perseus of Benevenuto, and the Rape of the Sabines by John of Bologne, all worthy of their position close by the David of Michael Angelo, was divided into two compartments for the rival clergymen and their respective partisans; for friends they could not be called who would stimulate them to such an act. In front, at the distance of a few rods, a wooden scaffold was erected of twenty-four feet in length, ten in width, and five in height. Upon this scaffold was piled dry fagots, pine knots, and other combustible materials, so arranged as to leave two separate passages or corridors, the entire length of the platform. Through these, encircled by the flames, in plain daylight, so that the spectators could see them enter at one end and walk out unscathed by the fire at the other, provided their faith made them as incombustible as asbestos, the two reverend fanatics were to pass. The preparations were all in earnest; the fires were to be as fierce as the most inflammable substances could render them; there was no opportunity to arrange a false miracle, or to spare either candidate from an equal test of the fiery ordeal.

On the day appointed, Savonarola called upon all his proselytes to assist at a solemn mass. The Franciscans, on the contrary, quietly took their places in the stall provided for them without any public ceremony, as coolly and unconcernedly as if assembling for any of the ordinary offices of their religion. The mass ended, Savonarola, instead of replacing the host in its tabernacle, kept it in his hand, and, leaving the church, advanced toward the place of trial. He was followed by all the monks of his convent, chanting hymns, and a vast crowd of citizens who favored his cause; the most ardent of whom, so confident were they of a miracle in favor of their champion, carried themselves the torches with which to fire the pile. Dominic walked with them, the most confident of all, smiling and often kissing the feet of a crucifix which he held in his hands.

There was not an eye in Florence on that day that did not seek to rest upon the scaffold. Not only the square and streets were crowded to repletion, but the balconies and roofs of houses, and even the distant platform of the Campanile, the towers of the Bargello, and the roof of the Duomo were encumbered with spectators. Well they might be, for it was a sight not likely to be seen twice on earth.

Dominic Benvicini stepped forward and announced that he was ready to enter the furnace. There was a hesitation on the part of the Franciscans. It is possible that they were appalled by the steadfast assurance of Dominic, and sought for some subterfuge to escape from the consequences of their own defiance. They charged their opponents with sorcery, and protecting themselves by charms and talismans. To disprove these accusations, Dominic allowed himself to be examined by physicians, threw off his clothes, reclad himself with those furnished by the judges, and again asked Andrew Rondinelli if he were ready. Obliged now to leave his stall, he came forward as if prepared to make the trial, when glancing at his adversary, he stopped abruptly and refused to go further. At that moment Savonarola had placed in the hands of Dominic the host. Rondinelli exclaimed that it would be a sacrilege to expose the body and blood of the Saviour to be burned. Besides, if Dominic should escape, the miracle would not be conclusive, since it was not the rebel monk, but the well-beloved Son of God that was spared by the flames. He declared, in consequence, that, unless the Dominican renounced this supernatural aid, he would renounce the proof.

Savonarola insisted upon the presence of the host. Rondinelli refused to yield his position. Both parties engaged in a warm and fruitless argument which lasted four hours. In the meanwhile the spectators, who were exposed to a burning sun, grew impatient, and loudly manifested their displeasure at the delay. They had come to see others burned, and not to be burned themselves. To put an end to the tumult and strife, Dominic Benvicini said that he would give up the host, and make the trial with a simple crucifix. No objections could be alleged to this, as the crucifix was only the image and not the real presence of the Saviour. Once again it was announced that the trial was about to commence. The people forgot their fatigue, and as loudly applauded the infatuated monks as if they had been awaiting the entrance on a stage of some favorite actors.

Every avenue of escape from the fiery proof seemed now closed to both parties. They started together, but at the same instant, as if heaven had forborne to the latest moment to see to what extent the folly of men would go, a violent storm which had been gathering unseen, burst over the city and deluged it with rain. The fire was instantly extinguished. In vain they applied fresh torches and brought fire and inflammable substances from the neighboring houses. Torrents of water continued to fall and put out the flames. There was more to fear from a deluge than a conflagration.

The spectators, who had been wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, now vented their rage at their disappointment upon the parties, accusing them both of having conjured up the storm. They, in their turn, retorted upon each other the same accusation. The multitude began to look upon them as charlatans who had played them a dirty trick. Notwithstanding the rain which continued to fall, no one would obey the order of the magistrates to retire to their homes. They continued their menacing outcries, and threatened a serious disturbance. A guard was given to the two adversaries to insure their safety to their respective convents. Savonarola escaped violence by holding aloft the holy sacrament, but Rondinelli was saluted with a shower of stones, and cries of rage and contempt. He finally reached his sanctuary half-murdered, and with his clothes torn into shreds.

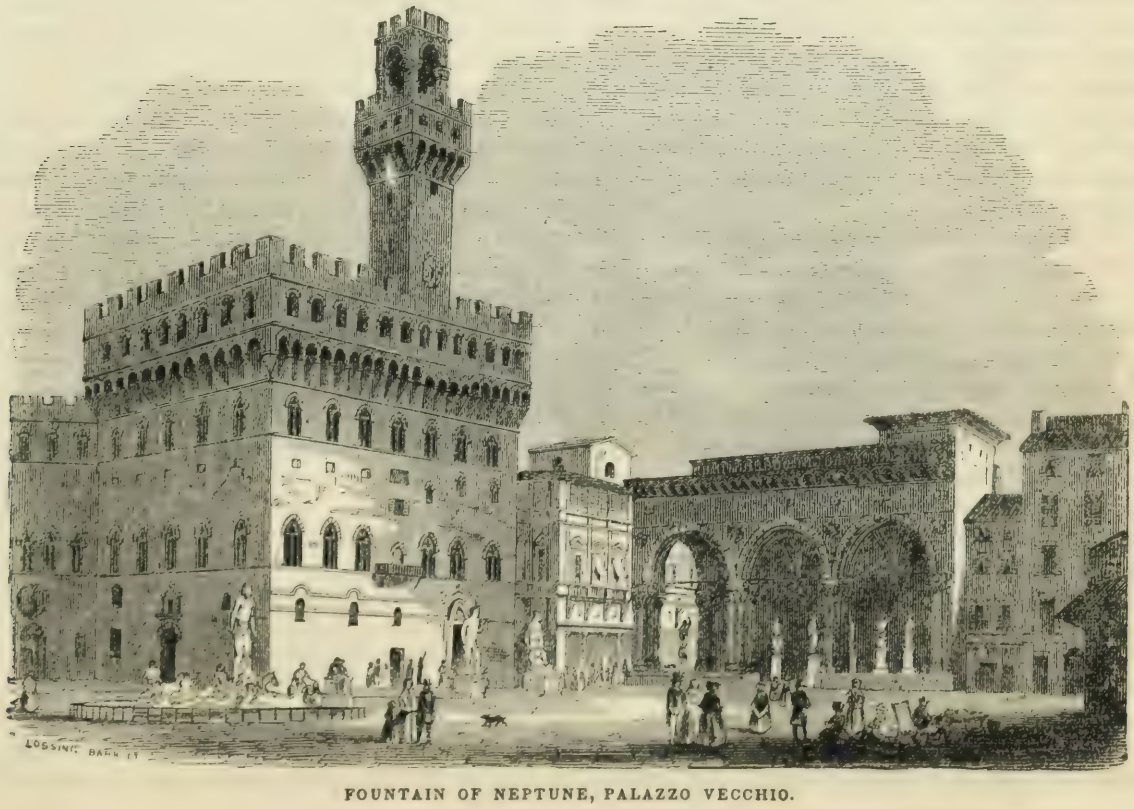
The people that had so lately exalted Savonarola to a level with Divinity, in their desire to

expiate their own weakness, now turned upon him with the usual unreasonableness of those who have more to forgive in themselves than in others. That rain-storm, in preserving the spectators from being accomplices in a blasphemous trial of the natural laws of Providence, had at the same time washed away every vestige of his former sacred prestige. With a fickleness and ingratitude that does human nature signal dishonor, they forgot his eminent services and great virtues. They forgot, too, that the defiance came not from him. They saw not in the extinguishment of the fire the disapprobation of heaven, but the magic art of a false prophet. From walking with angels they fell at once to sport with demons.

Francis de Pouille, the adroit agent of Alexander VI., profited by the reaction to arouse against Savonarola every enemy that interest or bigotry could create. The partisans of the exiled Medici hated him, because his democratic institutions prevented their return to power. Many of the clergy believed him accursed of God so long as he remained under the anathema of a pope. With them the authority of the Head of the Church was independent of all personal considerations. The Franciscans saved their own credit in the proportion that they took an active part against him. They cried 'stop thief,' lest they should themselves be considered as robbers. If he had any friends left besides the brethren of his Convent, they were to be found only among the few in Florence whose reason was neither to be duped by fanaticism nor disgraced by passion. These few were unable to protect him.

Savonarola lost no time, however, in seeking to regain his position. On the very next day he ascended the pulpit to explain his conduct, and do away the evil impression created on the preceding by an intervention of nature as unexpected by him as by the people. But they drowned his voice in ferocious shouts. On every side was heard, "Down with the excommunicated! down with the heretic! death to the false prophet!" from those who, less than twenty-four hours before, had knelt before him, too happy if they could but touch the hem of his garment. He sought refuge in his convent. The crowd followed him there, swelled at each step by new enemies. They burst open the gates demanding their victim. He opened his cell and stood before them. For an instant they wavered, for they had long been accustomed to tremble before him. A friendly voice, prompt at touching the right chord in the aroused public mind, might have saved him. But none was raised. The zealots of the Medici faction threw themselves upon him, shouting "To the stake with the heretic! let us gibbet the false prophet!" These ominous notes were repeated by a thousand voices, as they dragged their former idol to a shameful death. But his end was not yet to be. The magistracy, informed of the tumult, had assembled in haste some troops. They rescued him in part by force, but more by the assurance that justice should promptly take its course.

The fickle multitude had not long to wait their prey. In forty-two days only after the failure which had so enraged them, on the twenty-third of May, they again assembled in the same place to witness a spectacle still more terrible, for its memory would forever remind heaven and earth of their cruelty and injustice. Another scaffold had been erected. Upon it, bound to a post, were the three victims whose dying agonies were to replace the previous loss. These three were Jer-



FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE, PALAZZO VECCHIO.

ome Savonarola, Silvester Maruffi, and Dominic Benvicini, the disciple, faithful in death, as he had been through life, to his master.

This time there was no disappointment. The fire burned fiercely, and human nerves crackled and snapped in the flames. But the spirit triumphed over the flesh. Hymns of praise arose amidst the smoke, and bore toward heaven the evidence of a faith which took no heed of bodily anguish in the superior consciousness of approaching celestial joys. Savonarola, with his eyes turned toward heaven, expired without a groan.

He was no sooner dead than the populace repented them of their sacrifice. His enemies continued to blacken his fame as they had calumniated his life. But the people missed their benefactor and counselor. They could not recall their victim, but they could honor his memory. Each year, on the anniversary of his death, the place of his scaffold was found strewn with flowers by invisible hands. It was said that angels thus celebrated the fête of the martyr. This tribute continued to augment yearly, reviving the memory of the liberal principles and austere morality of Savonarola, until it led to renewed religious commotions. The supreme power had returned to the Medici. Cosmo I. was resolved to put an end to this pretext for popular demonstrations, but he dared not encounter openly the public sympathies. He employed art. Ammanato was ordered to erect a fountain on the site. It is to him that we owe the colossal statue in marble of Neptune with his pigmy steeds, which has through the succeeding centuries continued to pour its limpid stream upon the spot so indelibly stained by fire.

A strange event happened some fifteen years ago to one of the bronze figures of the size of life which adorn the edge of the basin. For two months it was missed, and not the slightest clew could be obtained to the cause of its disappearance. At last it was discovered that it had been stolen during the night by an English amateur, but the means which enabled him so adroitly to carry off without detection, from a public square, a statue weighing one ton, remained as great an enigma as ever.

Opposite the fountain is the post-office, and over the windows of delivery is an antique projecting roof or porch of wood, unsupported by columns, and which looks momentarily as if about to tumble upon the heads of the letter-seekers beneath. It would not be strange if it did, for it dates back nearly five hundred years, and was made by the compulsory labor of the enemies of Florence, whose spirits doubtless, even at this interval, would be rejoiced to grind the descendants of their conquerors into dust, in revenge for the brutality to which they were subjected. They were Pisans, to the number of two thousand, that had been taken prisoners at Gallotto, where one thousand of their fellow-citizens were left dead on the field. The two thousand prisoners were conducted to Florence in forty-two carts. At the gates they were ignominiously taxed a shilling a head, the duty levied on cattle. Afterward they were drawn in triumph, with trumpets sounding, through the city, and forced to descend in the square of the public palace and kiss the statue of Marsocco, the lion emblem of the city, as they defiled in its rear. Two of the prisoners, unable to endure the humiliation, strangled themselves with their chains. The others were required to build the shelter mentioned above, which has ever since been called the Roof of the Pisans.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN CEYLON.

A TAMED elephant, imprisoned in a menagerie, and compelled to go through his small round of tricks for the amusement of any body who will pay the required quarter of a dollar, is a stupid looking beast enough. He seems a mountain of flesh, covered with a loose and very ill-fitting skin. His great clumsy legs look like those of a gouty alderman doing penance for a course of "tea-table" orgies. He writhes his huge trunk about with an air of hopeless imbecility. All his intellectual energies seem concentrated upon the feat of conveying the apples and nuts, doled out to him by the gaping urchins around, into a shapeless chasm which is supposed to do duty for a mouth. A very different animal is that same elephant in his native haunts. There he is the keenest, wariest, and most cunning of beasts. The sharp little eye is lighted up with cunning; the ponderous ears are alive to the faintest sound; that long swaying trunk, as the organ of smell, has a subtlety and delicacy unmatched by the keenest dog that ever tracked game. He has, moreover, a courage, and, when irritated, a ferocity surpassed by no other animal, so that he needs to be a bold and wary hunter who would attack him in his native haunts. It is only since man has learned to avail himself of that wonderful powder the invention of which Milton ascribes to the rebel angels, that he has been able to cope with the elephant upon terms of superiority.

We speak particularly of the elephant of Ceylon, as distinguished from his African kindred, with whom Mr. Gordon Cumming has made us so well acquainted. We confess to having read the hunting adventures of that truculent Nimrod, with no very great admiration for either him or his achievements. His hunting was little better than butchery. Mounted upon a horse whose speed enabled him to keep out of the elephant's way, he fired volley after volley into his prey, till it sank down exhausted by sheer loss of blood. It was no easy matter to miss so huge a mark; or if a bullet did chance to miss, it was but so much powder and lead wasted, putting in no jeopardy the hunter, whose safety depended in nowise upon the steadiness of his nerves or the accuracy of his aim.

A hunter of quite a different stamp is Mr. Baker, from whose entertaining work, "The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon," we propose to extract material for an article. His pleasure in hunting arises not so much from the death of the animal, as from the skill and courage demanded on the part of the hunter. He would give the animal

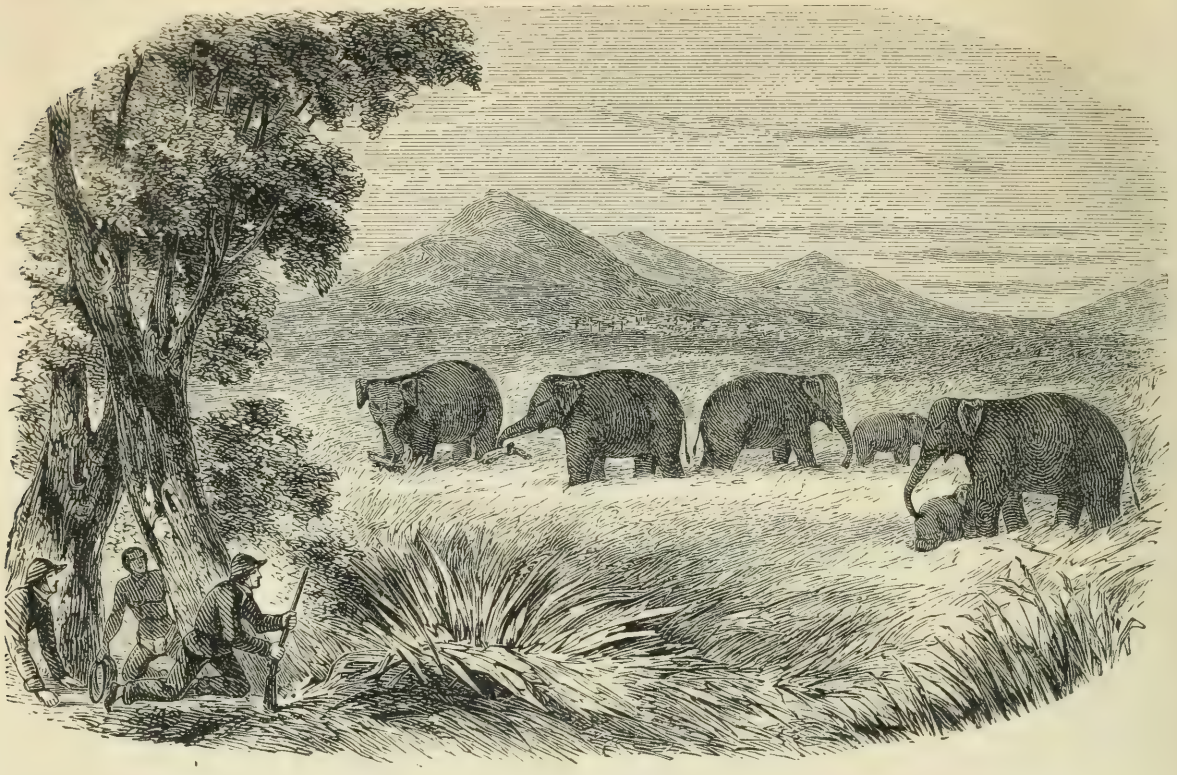
fair play. He would scorn to shoot at his legs, in the hope of breaking the bone, and thereby disabling him. His delight is to pop him off with a single bullet, at a long shot of some hundreds of yards; or to meet him face to face, and stop him in mid charge, when within a half dozen paces, by sending a four-ounce ball crashing through his brain; then, should the hunter's nerves shake, his aim fail, or his rifle miss fire, the next moment would see him trampled into a shapeless mass beneath the elephant's great feet. In such a case as this, the hunter's excitement arises so much more from the exercise of his own skill and courage than from a savage delight in the death of his victim, that, though no sportsman ourselves, and having no special admiration for sporting, we can not avoid sympathizing with the bold hunter.

The elephants of Ceylon are not as extensively engaged in the "ivory business" as those of Africa. Instead of the long tusks which ornament the latter, the former have merely "grubbers," three or four inches long, which are not considered worth the trouble of extracting. Like most wild beasts in tropical countries they avoid the sun, and feed mainly in the night, spending the hot part of the day in the impenetrable jungle. From this they emerge at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and return by seven in the morning. Their favorite food is the bamboo, lemon-grass, and sedges growing on the banks of rivers, ponds, and swamps. When these are destroyed by drought in one part of the country, they migrate to another. They are usually seen in herds of eight or ten, though they sometimes form companies much more numerous. The majority of the herd are usually females. The male is larger and more ferocious than the female. Not unfrequently an old bull is found who has made up his mind to "cut" society, and live a solitary life. Such an one is styled by the natives a "rogue," and a sad rogue and rascal he is. Deprived of the ameliorating influences of female companionship, he becomes doubly vicious. He selects some neighborhood for his special haunt, seldom straying to any great distance from it. In course of time he becomes a perfect nuisance, waylays the inhabitants, chases every body, no matter how inoffensive, and breaks into the paddy-fields of the natives, perfectly regardless of their night-fires and watches. He appears to be in a bad humor with the world generally, and with himself in particular, spending the greater part of his time, when not actually feeding, in pacing back and forth, with his tail cocked in the air, ready for a rush upon any one that approaches his haunt.

The pluck of these "rogues" is equal to their ferocity, and both are backed up by their wonderful cunning. When they travel in the day time, they always go with the wind, and such is the keenness of their faculty of smelling, that nothing can follow on their track without their knowledge. They will scent a man, in particular, at an immense distance. No matter how noiselessly the hunter may follow on his track, the tainted breeze gives the "rogue" warning of the approach of his foe. He pauses with tail erect, ears flung forward, and trunk in the air, its distended tip pointing in the direction from which the danger approaches. Every faculty is on the alert, every nerve is strained to its utmost tension; but not a movement in the thick jungle denotes his immediate presence to the hunter who is tracking him, and who strives in vain to catch a glimpse of him through the dense underbrush. Whether he be near or remote, the hunter has no means of knowing; and so he creeps nearer and nearer his ambushed foe. Suddenly a crash is heard in the thick jungle, and with a shrill trumpeting the elephant is down upon him in full charge. Woe to the hunter if his aim fail, his nerves tremble, his foot stumble, or his rifle miss fire. In a moment he is crushed out of all semblance of humanity. When the "rogue" is pursued in the open forest or on the naked plain, he usually retreats; but the chances are ten to one that he is merely enticing the hunter to follow him into some favorite haunt, among the dense jungle or the tall grass, from which he will charge at some unexpected moment.

A couple of instances, which we slightly abridge, narrated by our author, will serve to give an idea of the peculiar perils of attacking these "rogues" upon their own ground. He was once on a hunting expedition, accompanied by his brother, whom he calls B., and a number of natives to carry the guns. They came to a long, narrow pond, with a clayey margin, bordered by an impenetrable jungle. In this shallow pond they counted thirteen "rogues," all standing separate, except a couple of gigantic fellows, who appeared to be chums. The natives told them that these were a notorious couple, who had long been the terror of the country around. They were too far off to be reached by a bullet, and the hunters turned their immediate attention to the others. One of these was killed, and the others made off, all except the gigantic pair, who seemed inclined to take the matter coolly. After being fired at from a long distance for a while, they finally made their way into the jungle on the opposite side of the pond, the hunters following them along the muddy margin.

"The natives," says our hunter, "went hopping from root to root, skipping through the mud, which was more than a foot deep, their light forms hardly sinking in the tough surface. A nine-stone man certainly has an advantage over one of twelve in this ground, added to this, I was carrying the long two-ounce rifle of sixteen pounds, which, with ammunition and so forth, made up about thirteen and a half stone, in stiff deep clay. I was literally half way up the calf of my leg in mud at every step, while the light naked fellows tripped like snipe over the sodden ground. Vainly I called upon them to go easily; their excitement was at its full pitch, and they were soon out of sight, among the trees and underwood, taking all the spare guns, except the four-ounce rifle, which, weighing twenty-one pounds, effectually prevented the bearer from



STALKING A HERD.

leaving us behind. We had slipped, and plunged, and struggled along for some distance, when we were suddenly checked in our advance. We had entered a small plot of deep mud and rank grass, surrounded upon all sides by dense rattan jungle. This stuff is one woven mass of hooked thorns; long tendrils armed in the same manner, though not larger than whipcord, wind themselves round the parent canes, and form a jungle which even elephants dislike to enter.

"Half-way up to our knees in mud, we stood in this small open space of about thirty feet by twenty. Around us was an opaque screen of this impenetrable jungle; the lake lay about fifty yards upon our left, behind the thick rattan. The gun-bearers had gone ahead somewhere, and were far in advance. We were at a stand-still. Leaning upon my long rifle, I stood within four feet of the wall of the jungle which divided us from the lake. I said to B., 'The trackers are all wrong, and have gone too far. I am convinced that the elephants must have entered somewhere near this place.' Little did I think that at that very moment they were within a few feet of us. B. was standing behind me on the opposite side of the small opening, about seven yards from the jungle. I suddenly heard a deep guttural sound in the thick rattan within four feet of me; and at the same instant the whole tangled fabric bent over me, and bursting asunder showed the furious head of an elephant, with uplifted trunk in full charge upon me.

"I had barely time to cock my rifle, and the barrel almost touched him as I fired. I knew it was in vain, as his trunk was raised, so that the bullet could not touch his brain. B. fired his right-hand barrel at the same moment, without effect from the same cause. I jumped on one side, and attempted to spring through the deep mud. It was of no use; the long grass entangled my feet, and in another instant I lay sprawling in the enraged elephant's path, within a single foot of him. In that moment of suspense, I expected to hear the crack of my own bones as his massive foot would be upon me. It was but an instant. I heard the crack of B.'s last barrel, I felt a spongy weight strike my heel, and turning quickly heels-over-head, I rolled a few paces, and regained my feet. That last shot had floored him, just as he was upon me. The end of his trunk had fallen upon my heel. Still he was not dead; but he struck at me with his trunk as I passed round his head to give him a finisher with the four-ounce rifle, which I had snatched from our solitary gun-bearer.

"My back was touching the jungle from which the 'rogue' had just charged, and I was almost in the act of firing through the temple of the still struggling elephant, when I heard a tremendous crash in the jungle behind me, similar to the first, and the savage scream of an elephant. I saw the ponderous fore-leg cleave its way through the jungle directly upon me. I threw my whole weight back against the thick rattans to avoid him, and the next moment his foot was planted within an inch of mine. His lofty head was passing over me in full charge at B., who was unloaded, when, holding the four-ounce rifle perpendicularly, I fired exactly under his throat. I thought he would fall upon me and crush me, but this shot was my only chance, as B. was perfectly helpless.

"A dense cloud of smoke from the heavy charge of powder for the moment obscured every thing. I had jumped out of the way the instant after firing. The elephant did not fall; but he had

his death wound. The ball had severed his jugular, and the blood poured from the wound. He stopped; but collecting his stunned energies, he still blundered forward toward B. He, however, avoided him by running to one side, and the wounded brute staggered on through the jungle. We then loaded the guns. The first 'rogue' was now quite dead, and we followed on in pursuit of 'rogue' number two. We heard distant shots, and upon arriving at the spot we found the gun-bearers. They had heard the wounded elephant crashing through the jungle, and had given him a volley just as he was crossing the water over which the herd had previously escaped. They described him as perfectly helpless from his wound, and they imagined that he had fallen in the thick bushes on the opposite bank. We had then no means of crossing; but in a few days the elephant was found lying dead on the spot where they supposed he had crossed. Thus happily ended the destruction of this notable pair. They had proved themselves all that we had heard of them; and by their cunning dodge of hiding in the thick jungle they had nearly made sure of us. We had killed three 'rogues' that morning, and returned to our quarter well satisfied."

Our hunter, subsequently, had quite as narrow an escape near the same spot, which was a favorite haunt of the "rogues." The water of the pond had become much diminished, owing to drought, and there was left a hundred yards or more of mud along the margin. The surface was baked hard, while it remained soft below. The crust was just thick enough to bear up a man, if he advanced with great care. The elephants take great delight in stalking through this mud, and smearing it over their bodies, so as to protect themselves from the musquitoes, who are their chief torments. Attended by a couple of gun-bearers, he was one day watching this spot, when an elephant made his appearance, stalking majestically through the mud. The hunter had the wind of the beast, so that he could follow him without being scented. The tracks of the elephant were fully five feet apart, and though the mud was quite three and a half feet deep, his belly was two feet above the surface. The tracks looked like small wells, so large were his feet. The crust grew thinner and thinner toward the water, and the hunter hesitated more than once, doubtful whether or not to proceed. The animal seemed enjoying himself hugely, quite unsuspicious of danger, and making such a splashing as to drown the noise which his enemy made in advancing. Closer and closer he crept behind him, until he approached within eight paces, followed by the gun-bearers. The mud flung up by the elephant was scattered over the hunter as it fell.

"I was carrying," says he, "a light double-barreled gun, but I now reached back my hand to exchange it for my four-ounce rifle. Little did I anticipate the sudden effect produced by the additional weight of the heavy weapon. The treacherous surface suddenly gave way, and in an instant I was waist-deep in the mud. The noise that I had made in falling had at once aroused the elephant; and, true to his character of 'rogue,' he immediately advanced with a shrill trumpeting toward me. His ears were cocked, and his tail was well up; but, instead of charging, as 'rogues' generally do, with his head thrown back and held high, which renders a front shot very uncertain, he rather lowered his head, and splashed toward me through the mud, apparently despising my diminutive appearance.

"I thought it was all up with me this time. I



A CLOSE SHAVE.



ATTACKING A HERD.

was immovable in my bed of mud; and, instead of the clean brown barrel that I could usually trust to in an extremity, I raised a mass of mud to my shoulder, which encased my rifle like a flannel bag. I fully expected to miss fire; no sights were visible, and I had to guess the aim, with the advancing elephant within five yards of me. Hopelessly I pulled the slippery trigger. The rifle did not even hang fire, and the 'rogue' fell into the deep bed of mud, stone dead. If the rifle had missed fire, I must have been killed, as escape would have been impossible. It was with great difficulty that I was extricated from my muddy position by the joint exertions of myself and gun-bearers."

The great danger of attacking these cunning "rogues" arises from the impossibility of a speedy retreat upon such ground as they select. In an open wood the hunter has a fair chance of escape, should his shot fail, by dodging behind trees. But a jungle, so thick as to render it almost impossible for a man to make way through it, opposes no obstacle to the elephant; ground which is in effect smooth to the elephant's great feet, is rough and uneven to a man; the peculiar form of the animal's legs, having knees instead of hocks, gives him a great facility for making way through muddy or heavy ground. As the "rogue" has the sagacity to select for his favorite haunts just that kind of ground where he can bring all his advantages into play, the hunter who attacks him runs no inconsiderable risk, and instances are by no means rare in which the animal has killed the hunter.

Our author relates a still narrower escape that he made, which he very well denominates a "close shave." He and his brother, accompanied by native gun-bearers, had followed the tracks of a herd of elephants, until they led into a level plateau of a few acres in extent, covered with dense lemon-grass, twelve feet in height, by which the elephants were totally hidden from view. It was not long before the leaders of the animals discovered their pursuers, and with deep growls, which sounded like heavy thunder, they called the whole herd about them. Here they stood, apparently deliberating what course to take next. At length their line of action was decided upon. The whole herd, with the exception of five big fellows, set off on a retreat into the thick jungle close at hand. These five seemed to constitute the rear-guard of the herd, detailed to cover their retreat. They formed themselves into a compact line abreast of each other, and thundered right down upon the hunters. Not a shot was fired till the elephants were within ten paces. Five rifles then cracked in rapid succession, spare ones being handed to the two hunters by the gun-bearers close behind. When the smoke cleared away, the whole five lay dead in the order in which they had advanced. The hunters then followed the retreating herd, of whom they killed four more. The narrator was then slowly making his way back through the tall grass, when one of his followers shrieked out that an elephant was coming.

"I turned round in a moment," says he, "and there came the very essence and incarnation of a 'rogue' elephant in full charge. His trunk was thrown high in the air, his ears were cocked, his tail stood high above his back, as stiff as a poker, and screaming exactly like the whistle of a railway engine, he rushed upon me through the high grass with a velocity that was perfectly

wonderful. His eyes flashed as he came on; and he had singled me out as a victim. I have often been in dangerous positions, but I never felt so totally devoid of hope as I did in this instance. The tangled grass rendered retreat impossible. I had only one barrel loaded, and that was useless, as the upraised trunk protected his forehead. I felt myself doomed; the few thoughts that rush through men's minds in such hopeless positions flew through mine, and I resolved to wait for him till he was close upon me before I fired, hoping that he might lower his trunk and expose his forehead. He rushed along at the pace of a horse in full speed. In a few moments, as the grass flew to the right and left before him, he was close upon me; but still his trunk was raised, and I would not fire. One second more, and at this headlong pace he was within three feet of me. Down slashed his trunk with the rapidity of a whip-thong, and with a shrill scream of fury he was upon me.

"I fired at the instant; but in the twinkling of an eye I was flying through the air like a ball from a bat. At the moment of firing, I had jumped to the left, but he struck me in full charge upon my right thigh, and hurled me eight or ten paces from him. That very moment he stopped, and turning round, beat the grass about with his trunk, and commenced a strict search for me. I heard him advancing close to the spot where I lay as still as death, knowing that my last chance lay in concealment. I heard the grass rustling close to the spot where I lay; closer and closer he approached; and he at length beat the grass with his trunk several times exactly above me. I held my breath, momentarily expecting to feel his ponderous foot upon me. Although I had not felt the sensation of fear while I stood opposed to him, I felt as I never wish to feel again, while he was deliberately hunting me up. Fortunately I had reserved my fire until the rifle had almost touched him, and the powder and smoke had nearly blinded him, and had spoiled his acute power of scent. To my joy I heard the rustling of the grass grow fainter; again I heard it at a still greater distance; at length it was gone. At that time I thought that half my bones were broken, as I was numbed from head to foot by the force of the blow. His charge can only be compared to a blow from a railway engine going at twenty miles an hour. There could not be a better exemplification of a 'rogue' than in this case. He had concealed himself in the jungle at a short distance apart from the herd, from which position he had witnessed the destruction of his mates. He had not stirred a foot until he saw us totally unprepared, when he instantly seized the opportunity and dashed out upon me. If I had attempted to run from him I should have been killed, as he would have struck me in the back. My only chance was in the course which I pursued—to wait quietly till he was just over me, and then to jump on one side. He thus struck me on the thickest part of the thigh, instead of striking me in the stomach, which he must have done had I remained in my first position; this would have killed me on the spot."

As it was, he was pretty severely handled. His leg was bruised from ankle to hip, and swelled to the size of a man's waist. The limb was for a time perfectly numbed, feeling like a bag of sand; and it was a long time before he recovered the perfect use of it.

Upon one occasion they determined to capture an elephant alive and unharmed. The two hunt-



CAUGHT AT LAST.



AN AGREEABLE INTERVIEW.

ers set out, accompanied by gun-bearers as usual, and a train of thirty natives, each of whom bore a coil of ropes carefully twisted of raw hide. A herd of seven elephants was discovered, all of whom were feeding close together, with the exception of one who was about thirty yards from the main body. This last was selected to be caught, while the others were to be slain. After cautious stalking, the six were disposed of, and the hunters gave chase to the remaining one. The ground was peculiarly favorable to them, being a complete city of ant hills, about two feet in height, which so impeded the progress of the elephant that he could not make more than seven miles an hour, so that they easily overtook and kept up with him. The ropes were in readiness, and at length one of the natives dexterously seized an opportunity of slipping a noose over one of his hind feet, as it was lifted from the ground. Drawing the noose tight, he dropped the coil of rope, and let it trail along the ground, while the prey made way for the jungle, which lay beyond the wooded bank of a dry water-course, where he expected to be in safety. "But," says our author, "we were a little too quick for him, by taking a double turn of the rope around a tree, as he plunged down the crumbling bank. The effect of this was to bring him to a sudden stand-still, and the stretching of the elastic hide rope threw him upon his knees. He recovered himself, and made extraordinary efforts to break the rope; tightening it to its utmost length, he suddenly lifted up the tied leg, and threw his whole weight forward. Any but a hide-rope of the size, must have given way; but this stretched like a harp-string, and at every effort to break it the yielding elasticity of the hide threw him upon his head, and the sudden contraction after the fall jerked his leg back to its full length.

"After many vain but tremendous efforts to free himself, he turned his rage upon his pursuers, and charged every one right and left; but he was safely tied, and we took some little pleasure in teasing him. He had no more chance than a fly in a spider's web. As he charged in one direction, several nooses were thrown round his hind-legs; then his trunk was caught in a slip-knot, then his fore-legs, then his neck, and the ends of all these ropes being brought together and hauled tight, he was effectually hobbled."

The next thing to be done was to contrive the means of driving him to the village. His trunk was bound down to one of his fore legs, which was in turn united to a hind leg, in such a manner as to prevent him from taking a stride of more than a couple of feet; his neck was then fastened to his other fore-leg, and ropes, held by the natives, were attached to each limb. The hobbles were then removed, and the operation of driving began. The only way of getting him along was for two men to tease him in front, when he would charge after them as fast as the ropes would permit. By a constant repetition of this manœuvre, the five miles were at length overcome, and he was brought to the village. After a couple of days' starvation, and subsequent gentle treatment, he was so far tamed that on the third day the natives ventured to mount and ride him about, taking the precaution at first of tying his trunk. He was then worth fifteen pounds for the Indian market.

There is much less danger in attacking a herd of elephants together than in encountering a sin-

gle "rogue," who is up to all manner of tricks, and has moreover a fancy for turning the tables upon his enemy by assuming the character of hunter instead of hunted. His dodge of hiding in the impenetrable jungle, and darting out at an unexpected moment upon his adversary, renders him a dangerous opponent, especially as upon ground of his own choosing the advantage of speed is all on his side. The only salvation for the hunter is in shooting him down at once; for a wound which may eventually prove mortal has no effect in checking his onset. When charging down "head on" he can be killed instantly only by sending a ball through his brain; but when charging he has a way of holding his trunk up in such a manner as to protect his forehead, only lowering it when within a few paces of his enemy. The hunter must fire at the moment the trunk goes down, or he will find himself the next instant crushed to a jelly. To take a cool aim in such circumstances, a man must have perfect confidence in himself and in his rifle; if his nerves quiver or his piece hangs fire for an instant, he is lost beyond hope. But when a herd is attacked they almost always seek safety in flight; and the hunter has only to follow and pick them off at his leisure, a task not very difficult when so fair a mark is presented as is offered by their huge carcasses. Hence it not unfrequently happens that a herd of a half dozen or more are all killed in a very few minutes after the first shot is fired. So large an animal as the elephant requires, of course, a great extent of territory to afford him a supply of food, so that the actual number in any given district must be small. A few hunters as determined as our author, aided by a competent corps of trackers and gun-bearers, will in a short time render the game very scarce in the quarter where their operations are carried on. During the five years over which his hunting exploits in Ceylon extended, he must have been accessory to the destruction of some hundreds of these giants of the jungle. In the course of a single expedition undertaken by himself and a couple of brother sportsmen, which lasted but three weeks, half of which must have been spent in traveling to and from the scene of operations, they killed fifty elephants, besides other game.

Elephants are by no means the sole attraction which Ceylon holds out to the sportsman. There are deer of various species, some of which are of enormous size, affording very "pretty sport" when they turn at bay. There are wild boars, as ugly and vicious as ever huntsman chased with hound and spear. There are buffaloes, as they are there called—as desperate and plucky fellows as ever roamed the Hercynian forest. The buffalo of Ceylon is about the size of a large ox, but much stouter and more active. His skin is almost destitute of hair, and looks much like a piece of India-rubber, giving him an aspect any thing but agreeable. He has a wonderful tenacity of life; he will receive with the utmost apparent indifference an indefinite number of balls from a small gun poured into his throat and chest. The shoulder is the part to be aimed at, as he seems perfectly aware, for he has a very amiable manner of carrying his head, his horns pointing straight back, and his nose poking out on a level with his forehead, so as to guard his one vulnerable point. He is altogether an unreliable character, and will not seldom retreat with great apparent cowardice, then suddenly wheel round and assume the offensive. Should he overtake his assailant, his fury is boundless, and he gores and tramples him with the utmost delight. As a pendant to our author's elephant exploits, we will give a single instance of a narrow escape from a buffalo. He had chased the brute for some distance, until he at last took to a broad creek running up into the land. Around the head of this the hunter ran, for the purpose of taking the buffalo in front.

"I arrived," he says, "at the opposite side just as his black form reared from the deep water and gained the shallow into which I had waded knee-deep to meet him. I now experienced that pleasure as he stood sullenly eyeing me within fifteen paces. Poor stupid fellow! I would willingly, in my ignorance, have betted ten to one upon the shot, so certain was I of his death in another instant. I took a quick but steady aim at his chest, at the point of connection with the throat. The smoke passed to one side—there he stood. He had not flinched; he literally had not moved a muscle. The only change which had taken place was in his eye; this, which had hitherto been merely sullen, was now beaming with fury; but his form was as motionless as a statue. A stream of blood poured from a wound within an inch of the spot at which I had aimed. Had it not been for this fact, I should not have believed him struck.

"Annoyed by the failure of the shot, I tried him with the left-hand barrel, at the same hole. The report of the gun echoed over the lake; but there he stood as though he bore a charmed life; an increased flow of blood from the wound, and additional lustre in his eye, were the only signs of his being struck. I was now unloaded, and had not a single ball remaining. It was now his turn. I dared not turn to retreat, as I knew he would immediately charge; and we stared each other out of countenance.

"With a short grunt, he suddenly sprang forward; but, fortunately, as I did not move, he halted. He had, however, decreased his distance, and we now gazed at each other within ten paces. I began to think buffalo-shooting somewhat dangerous, and I would willingly have given something to have been a mile away, but ten times as much to have had my four-ounce rifle in my hand. Oh, how I longed for the rifle in this moment of suspense! Unloaded, without the power of defense, with the absolute certainty of a charge from an overpowering brute, my hand instinctively found the handle of my hunting-knife—a useless weapon against such a foe.

"With a stealthy step, and another short grunt, the brute again advanced a couple of paces toward me. He seemed aware of my helplessness, and he was the picture of rage and fury, pawing the

water, and stamping violently with his fore-feet. This was very pleasant! I gave myself up for lost; but, putting as fierce an expression into my features as I could possibly assume, I stared hopelessly at my maddened antagonist.

"Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind. Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder down the right-hand barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch —three shillings in sixpenny pieces, and two *anna* pieces. Quickly making them into a rouleau with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel, and they were hardly well home before the bull again sprang forward. So quick was it, that I had no time to replace the ramrod, but threw it into the water, bringing my gun on full cock at the same instant. However, he again halted, being now within seven paces from me, and we again gazed fixedly at each other, but with altered feelings on my part. I had faced him hopelessly with an empty gun for more than a quarter of an hour, which seemed a century; I now had a charge in my gun, which I knew, if reserved till he was within a foot of the muzzle, would certainly floor him; and I awaited his onset with comparative carelessness, still keeping my eyes opposed to his gaze.

"At length, with the concentrated rage of the last twenty minutes, he rushed straight at me. It was the work of an instant. The horns were lowered, their points were on either side of me, and the muzzle of my gun fairly touched his forehead, when I pulled the trigger, and three shillings' worth of small change rattled into his hard head. Down he went, and rolled over with the suddenly-checked momentum of his charge. Away I went, as fast as my heels would carry me, through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead, but only stunned. There was a large fallen tree, about half a mile off, whose whitened branches rising high above the ground, offered a tempting asylum. To this I directed my flying steps, and after a run of a hundred yards, turned and looked behind me. He had regained his feet, and was following slowly. I now experienced the difference of feeling between hunting and being hunted, and fine sport I must have afforded him."

The upshot of the adventure was that our hunter gained the tree, and, on looking behind him, saw the buffalo stretched out exhausted a couple of hundred yards behind him. He was powerless, but not dead, and he prudently resolved to leave so ugly a customer alone until he was provided with a weapon. He retreated under cover of the forest, found his horse where he had left him, and rode off to the village, intending to return next day and renew the contest. Next morning he was up by daybreak on his way to the scene of action, fully armed and equipped. To his great surprise the enemy was gone. Notwithstanding the shots he had received in his throat and chest, and the damaging effect of the charge of small coin that had been sent into his forehead, he had recovered, and made off with himself, and he never saw him again. The contest was a drawn battle after all; or, if there was any advantage, it was on the side of the quadruped, who had put the biped to flight, and remained master of the field. Our hunter consoled himself for his defeat with sundry philosophical reflections, as to the superiority of brute beasts over man, when unaided by artificial weapons of offense or defense.

There are certain annoyances attendant upon hunting in Ceylon which the sportsman must make up his mind to endure. Snakes are numerous and venomous, and they not unfrequently take a great fancy to enjoy a corner of the hunter's blanket. Then there is a delectable little insect known as the "tick," with which the grass swarms, which, with some of their kindred, are thus noticed by our author: "These little wretches, which are not larger than a grain of small gunpowder, find their way to every part of the body, and the irritation of their bite is indescribable. Scratching is only adding fuel to the fire; there is no certain preventive or relief from their attacks. The best thing that I know is cocoa-nut oil rubbed daily over the whole body; but the remedy is almost as unpleasant as the bite. Ceylon is at all times a frightful place for vermin. In the dry weather we have ticks; in the wet weather musquitoes, and what are still more disgusting, leeches, which swarm in the grass, and upon the leaves of the jungle. These creatures insinuate themselves through all the openings in a person's dress—up the trowsers, under the waistcoat, down the neck, up the wrists, and in fact every where—drawing blood with insatiable voracity, and leaving an unpleasant irritation for some days after. When the day's work is over, and the hunter, fatigued by intense heat and a hard day's toil, hopes to feel himself refreshed by a bath and a change of clothes, the incurable itching of a thousand tick-bites destroys all his pleasure; he finds himself streaming with blood from a thousand leech-bites, and for the time he feels disgusted with the country. First-rate sport," adds our Nimrod, pathetically, "alone can compensate for these annoyances."

The very success of his efforts, furthermore, entails some unpleasant consequences. We have all heard of the man who was unluckily so fortunate as to draw an elephant as a prize in a lottery; and we know the straits to which he was reduced in his unavailing efforts to get rid of his prize. Not very dissimilar is the condition of the man who has killed an elephant. "One of the most disgusting sights," says Mr. Baker, "is a dead elephant, four or five days after the fatal shot. In a tropical climate, where decomposition proceeds with such wonderful rapidity, the effect of the sun upon such a mass can be readily understood. The gas generated in the inside distends the carcass to an enormous size, until at length it bursts, and becomes in a few hours afterward one living heap of maggots." A very unpleasant neighbor, one would suppose, for any person possessing olfactory organs of average sensibility.

THE BLIND MAN'S WREATH.

"MY boy, my poor blind boy!"

This sorrowful exclamation broke from the lips of Mrs. Owen, as she lay upon the couch to which a long and wasting illness had confined her, and whence she well knew she was never more to rise.

Her son, the only child of her widowed hearth, the sole object of her cares and affections, knelt beside her, his face bowed upon her pillow, for now only, in a moment of solemn communion with his mother, had she revealed the fatal truth, and told him she must soon die! He had watched, and hoped, and trembled for many weary months, but never yet had he admitted to himself the possibility of losing her; her fading cheek and sunken eye could not reveal to him the progress of decay, and so long as the loved voice maintained its music to his ear and cheered him with promise of improvement, so long as her hand still clasped his, he had hoped she would recover.

He had been blind since he was three years old; stricken by lightning, he had totally lost his sight. A dim remembrance of his widowed mother's face, her smoothly braided hair, and flowing white dress, was one of the few recollections entwined with the period before all became dark to him.

The boy grew up, tall, slender, delicate, with dark pensive eyes which bore no trace of the calamity that had destroyed their powers of vision; grave, though not sad; dreamy, enthusiastic, and requiting his mother's care with the deepest veneration and tenderness. In the first years of his childhood, and also whenever his education did not take them to London and elsewhere, they had resided near a town on the seacoast in one of the prettiest parts of England.

Independently of the natural kindness which very rarely fails to be shown toward any person who is blind, there was that about both the widow and her son which invariably rendered them acceptable guests; for their intellectual resources, and powers of conversation, were equally diversified and uncommon. Mrs. Owen had studied much in order to teach her son, and thus, by improving her natural abilities, had become a person of no common stamp; her intellectuality, however, being always subservient to, and fitly shadowed by, the superior feminine attributes of love, gentleness, and sympathy; for Heaven help the woman in whom these gifts are not predominant over any mental endowments whatsoever!

When they walked out together his mother took his arm; he was proud of that, he liked to fancy he was some support to her, and many pitying eyes used latterly to follow the figure of the widow in the black dress she constantly wore, and the tall pale son on whom she leaned confidingly, as if striving with a sweet deception to convince him that he was indeed the staff of her declining strength. But gradually the mother's form grew bent, her step dragged wearily along, and the expression of her face indicated increasing weakness. The walks were at an end; and, before long she was too feeble to leave her bed, excepting to be carried to a summer parlor, where she lay upon a sofa beside an open window, with flowers twining around the casement, and the warm sunshine filling all things with joy, save her foreboding heart and the anxious son who incessantly hung over her. Friends often came to visit them, and turned away with a deep sadness as they noted the progress of her malady, and heard the blind man ask each time whether they did not think her better—oh surely a little better than when they had last beheld her?

Among all these, no friend was so welcome or brought such solace to the sick room as Mary Parker, a joyous girl of nineteen, one of the beauties of the county, and the admiration and delight of all who knew her. Mrs. Owen had danced Mary upon her knee, and Edward used to weave baskets and make garlands for her when he was a boy of twelve, and she, a little fairy of six years old or thereabouts, stood beside him, praising his skill, and wondering how he could manage so cleverly though blind. None of his childish companions ever led him so carefully as Mary, or seemed so much impressed with his mental superiority; she would leave those games of her playmates in which his blindness prevented him from joining, and would listen for hours to the stories with which his memory was well stored, or which his own imagination enabled him to invent.

As she grew up, there was no change in the frank and confiding nature of their intercourse. Mary still made him the recipient of her girlish secrets, and plans, and dreams, just as she had done of her little griefs and joys in childhood; asked him to quote his favorite passages of poetry, or stationed herself near him at the piano, suggesting subjects for him to play, which he extemporized at her bidding. Bright and blooming as Mary was, the life of every party, beaming with animation and enjoyment, no attention was capable of rendering her unmindful of him; and she was often known to sit out several dances in an evening to talk to dear Edward Owen, who would be sad if he thought himself neglected.

And now she daily visited the invalid: her buoyant spirits tempered by sympathy for her increasing sufferings; but still diffusing such an atmosphere of sunshine and hope around her, that gloom and despondency seemed to vanish at her presence. Edward's sightless eyes were always raised to her bright face, as if he felt the magic influence it imparted.

His mother had noted all this, with a mother's watchfulness; and, on that day, when strong in her love, she had undertaken to break to him the fact which all others shrank from communicating, she spoke likewise of Mary, and of the vague wild hope she had always cherished of one day seeing her his wife.

"No, mother, no!" exclaimed the blind man. "Dearest mother, in this you are not true to yourself! What! Would you wish to see her

in all her spring-time of youth and beauty sacrificed to such a one as I!—to see Mary, as you have described her to me, as my soul tells me she is, tied down to be the guide, and leader, and support, of one who could not make one step in her defense; whose helplessness alone in the eyes of men, would be his means of sheltering and protecting her! Would you hear her pitied,—our bright Mary pitied—as a Blind Man's Wife, mother!"

"But Edward—if she loves you, as I am sure she does—"

"Love me, mother! Yes, as angels love mortals, as a sister loves a brother, as you love me! And for this benignant love, this tender sympathy, I could kneel and kiss the ground she treads upon; but, beyond this—were you to entreat her to marry your blind and solitary son, and she in pity answered Yes—would I accept her on such terms, and rivet the chains she had consented to assume? Oh mother, mother, I have not studied you in vain, your life has been one long self sacrifice to me; its silent teaching shall bear fruit! Do not grieve so bitterly for me. God was very merciful in giving me such a mother; let us trust Him for the future!"

Ah, poor tortured heart, speaking so bravely forth, striving to cheer the mother's failing spirit, when all to him was dark, dark, dark!

She raised herself upon her pillow, and wound her weak arms about his neck, and listened to the expressions of ineffable love, and faith and consolation, which her son found strength to utter, to sustain her soul. Yea, in that hour her recompense had begun: in loneliness, in secret tears, with Christian patience and endeavor, with an exalted and faithful spirit, had she sown; and in death she reaped her high reward.

They had been silent for some minutes, and she lay back exhausted, but composed, while he sat beside her, holding her hand in his, fancying she slept, and anxiously listening to her breathing which seemed more than usually oppressed. A rustling was heard amidst the flowers at the window, and a bright young face looked in.

"Hush!" said Edward, recognizing the step, "Hush, Mary, she is asleep!"

The color and the smiles alike passed from Mary's face, when she glided into the room. "Oh, Edward, Edward, she is not asleep, she is very, very ill!"

"Mary! darling Mary!" said the dying lady, with difficulty rousing herself; "I have had such a pleasant dream; but I have slept too long. It is night. Let them bring candles. Edward, I can not see you now."

Night, and the sun so brightly shining! The shadows of the grave were stealing fast upon her.

Other steps now sounded in the room, and many faces gathered round the couch; but the blind man heard nothing—was conscious of nothing, save the painful labored respiration, the tremulous hand that fluttered in his own, the broken sentences,

"Edward, my dearest, take comfort. I have hope. God is indeed merciful."

"Oh Edward, do not grieve so sadly! It breaks my heart to see you cry. For *her* sake be calm—for my sake, too!" Mary knelt down beside him, and endeavored to soothe the voiceless anguish which it terrified her to witness.

Another interval, when no sound broke the stillness that prevailed; and again Mrs. Owen opened her eyes, and saw Mary kneeling by Edward's side. They were associated with the previous current of her thoughts, and a smile lighted up her face.

"As I wished, as I prayed, to die! My children both. Kiss me, Mary, my blessing, my consoler! Edward, nearer, nearer! Child of so many hopes and prayers—all answered now!" And with her bright vision unalloyed, her rejoicing soul took wing, and knew sorrow and tears no more.

Four months had passed since Mrs. Owen's death, and her son was still staying at Woodlands, the residence of Mary's father, Colonel Parker, at about two miles distance from Edward Owen's solitary home; hither had he been prevailed upon to remove, after the first shock of his grief had subsided.

Colonel and Mrs. Parker were kind-hearted people, and the peculiar situation of Edward Owen appealed to their best feelings, so they made no opposition to their children devoting themselves unceasingly to him, and striving by every innocent device, to render his affliction less poignant and oppressive. But kind as all the family were, still all the family were as nothing compared to Mary, who was always anxious to accompany him in his walks, seemed jealous of her privilege as his favorite reader, and claimed to be his silent watchful companion, when, too sad even to take an interest in what she read, he leaned back wearily in his chair, and felt the soothing influence of her presence. As time wore on, and some of his old pursuits resumed their attractions for him, she used to listen for hours as he played upon the piano. She would sit near him with her work, proposing subjects for his skill, as her old custom had been; or she would beg him to give her a lesson in executing a difficult passage, and rendering it with due feeling and expression. In the same way, in their readings, which gradually were carried on with more regularity and interest, she appeared to look upon herself as the person obliged, appealed to his judgment, and deferred to his opinion, without any consciousness of the fatigue she underwent, or the service she was rendering.

One day, as they were sitting in the library, after she had been for some time pursuing her self-imposed task, and Edward, fearing she would be tired, had repeatedly entreated her to desist, she answered gayly:

"Let me alone, Edward! It is so pleasant to go through a book with you; you make such nice reflections, and point out all the finest passages, and explain the difficult parts so clearly, that it does me more good than a dozen readings by myself. I shall grow quite clever now we have begun our literary studies."

"Dear Mary, say rather, ended; for you know this can not always go on so. I must return to my own house next week; I have trespassed on your father's hospitality, indulgence, and forbearance, too long."

"Leave us, Edward!" and the color deepened in her cheeks, and tears stood in her bright eyes. "Not yet!"

"Not yet? The day would still come, dearest, delay it as I might, and is it manful thus to shrink from what must and ought to be? I have to begin life in earnest, and if I falter at the onset, what will be the result? I have arranged every thing: Mr. Glen, our clergyman, has a cousin, an usher in a school, who wishes for retirement and country air. I have engaged him to live with me as companion and reader. Next week he comes; and then, Mary, farewell to Woodlands!"

"No, not farewell, for you must come here very often; and I must read to you still, and you must teach me still, and tell me in your own noble thoughts and beautiful language of better and higher things than I once used to care for. And then our walks—oh, Edward, we must continue to see the sunset from the cliffs, sometimes, together. You first taught me how beautiful it was. I told you of the tints upon the sky and upon the sea, and upon the boats with their glistening sails, and you set the view before me in all its harmony and loveliness, brought it home to my heart, and made me feel how cold and insensible I had been before."

"Ah, Mary," said Edward mournfully, "near you, I am no longer blind!"

The book she had been reading fell unheeded on the ground, she trembled, her color went and came, as she laid her hand timidly on his arm; indescribable tenderness, reverence, and compassion were busy within her soul.

"Edward, you will not change in any thing toward us; this new companion need not estrange you from your oldest and dearest friends—your mother's friends! Let me always be your pupil, your friend, your—sister!"

"Sustainer, consoler, guide! Sister above all, oh yes, my sister! Best and sweetest title—say it again, Mary, say it again!" and seizing her hand he kissed it passionately, and held it for a moment within his own. Then as suddenly relinquishing it, he continued in an altered tone, "My sister and my friend, until another comes to claim a higher privilege, and Mary shall be forever lost to me!"

She drew back, and a few inaudible words died away upon her lips; he could not see her appealing tearful eyes. Mistaking the cause of her reserve, he made a strong effort to regain composure.

"Do you remember when you were a child, Mary, how ambitiously romantic you used to be, and how you were determined to become a duchess at least?"

"And how you used to tease me, by saying you would only come to my castle disguised as a wandering minstrel, and would never sit at the board between me and the duke, Edward? Yes, I remember it all very well, foolish children that we were! But *I*, at least, know better now; I am not ambitious in that way any longer."

"In that way? In what direction then do your aspirations tend?"

"To be loved," said Mary, fervently; "to be loved, Edward, with all the trust and devotedness of which a noble nature is susceptible—to know that the heart on which I lean has no thought save for me—to be certain that, with all my faults and waywardness, I am loved for myself alone, not for—for any little charm of face which people may attribute to me."

Edward rose abruptly, and walked up and down the room, which, from his long stay in the house, had become familiar to him. "Mary," he resumed, stopping as he drew near her, "you do yourself injustice. The face you set so little store by, *must* be beautiful, as the index of your soul; I have pictured you so often to myself; I have coveted the blessing of sight, were it only for an instant, that I might gaze upon you! The dim form of my mother, as I last beheld her in my infancy, floats before me when I think of you, encircled with a halo of heavenly light which I fancy to be your attribute, and a radiance hovers round your golden tresses such as gladdens our hearts in sunshine."

"Ah, Edward, it is better you can not see me as I am. You would not love—I mean you would not think of me—so much!"

"If I could but see you for a moment as you will look at the ball to-night, I fancy I should never repine again."

"The ball to-night! I had quite forgotten it; I wish mamma would not insist upon my going. I do not care for these things any longer;—you will be left alone, Edward, and that seems so heartless and unkind!"

"Mary," said one of her sisters, opening the library door, "look at these beautiful hot-house flowers which have arrived here for us. Come, Edward, come and see them too."

They were so accustomed to treat him as one of themselves, and were so used to his aptitude in many ways, that they often did not appear to remember he was blind.

The flowers were rare and beautiful, and yet no donor's name accompanied the gift. Suddenly one of the girls cried out laughingly, "I have guessed, I have guessed. It is Edward! He has heard us talking about this ball, and must have ordered them on purpose for us. Kind, good Edward!" and they were loud in their expressions of delight; all except Mary, who kept silently aloof.

"Mary does not like her flowers?" said Edward inquiringly, turning in the direction where she stood.

"No," she replied sorrowfully, "it is the ball that I do not like, nor your thinking about decking us out for it. As if I cared to go!"

"Look at these lovely roses," said the eldest sister, as they were selecting what each should wear; "would not Mary look well with a wreath of these roses in her hair?"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Edward eagerly, "and let me weave it for her! You know, Mary, it is one of my accomplishments; you were proud of my garlands when you were a little girl. Will you trust my fingers for the task?"

"If you really wish it, if it does not seem too trifling, yes," said Mary gently, with a troubled expression upon her brow usually so serene, as she moved reluctantly away. "But it must appear such mockery to you, poor Edward!" and then, without waiting for a reply, she hurried to her room, and did not show herself again until the family assembled for dinner; while Edward, seated between the sisters who were in great delight in their anticipation of the evening's amusements, silently betook himself to his task.

Early after dinner, the large old-fashioned drawing-room at Woodlands was deserted; the momentous business of the toilet had to be gone through, and then a drive of five miles accomplished, before Mrs. Parker and her three fair daughters could find themselves at the ball. Edward was the only occupant of the room; seated at the piano, on which his fingers idly strayed, he now and then struck chords of deep melancholy, or broke into passages of plaintive sadness.

"Alone, alone! How the silence of this room strikes upon my heart—how long this evening will be, without her voice, without her footstep! And yet this is what awaits me, what is inevitably drawing near. Next week I leave the roof under which she dwells; I shall not hear her singing as she runs down stairs in the morning; I shall not have her constantly at my side, asking me, with her sweet childlike earnestness, to teach her to repeat poetry, or to give expression to her music. The welcome rustle of her dress, the melody of her laugh, will soon become rare sounds to me! Within, around, beyond, all is dark, hopeless, solitary. Life stretches itself wearily before me, blind and desolate as I am! Mother, mother, well might your sweet spirit shrink when you contemplated this for your miserable son!—How strange those last words! I thought of them to-day, while I made her wreath of roses, and when her sisters told me of the numbers who flock around her. Every flower brought its warning and its sting!"

"Edward, have I not made haste? I wished to keep you company, for a little while before we set out. You must be so sad! Your playing told me you were sad, Edward."

She was standing by him in all the pride of her youth and loveliness: her white dress falling in a cloud-like drapery around her graceful form, her sunny hair sweeping her shoulders, and the wreath surmounting a brow on which innocence and truth were impressed by Nature's hand.

The sense of her beauty, of an exquisite harmony about her, was clearly perceptible to the blind man; he reverently touched the flowing robe, and placed his hand upon the flowery wreath.

"Will you think of me, dearest, to-night? You will carry with you something to remind you of me. When you are courted, worshiped, envied, and hear on every side praises of your beauty, give a passing thought to Edward who lent his little help to its adornment."

"Edward, how can you speak so mockingly! You know that in saying this you render me most miserable."

"Miserable! With roses blooming on your brow, and hope exulting in your heart; when life smiles so brightly on you, and guardian angels seem to hover round your path!"

He spoke in a manner that was unusual to him; she leaned thoughtfully against the piano, and, as if unconscious of what she was doing, disengaged the garland from her hair.

"These poor flowers have no bloom, and this bright life of mine, as you think it, has no enjoyment when I think of you, sad, alone, unhappy, returning to your desolate home, Edward."

"Dearest," he returned inexpressibly moved, "do not grieve for me. Remember, my mother left her blessing there!"

"Was it only for you, Edward?"

There is a moment's silence; he covers his face with his hands, his lofty self-denying spirit wrestles with himself: when, gently the wreath is laid upon his knee, her arm is passed around his neck, her head with its glory of golden locks is bowed upon his breast.

"Oh Edward, take the wreath, and with it take myself if I deserve it! Tell me that you are not angry, that you do not despise me for this—I have been so unhappy, I have so long wished to speak to you—"

"Mary, Mary, forbear! You try me beyond my strength; beloved of my soul, light of my sightless eyes, dearer to me than language can express, you must not thus throw yourself away."

He would disengage the arm that is clinging to his neck, but she nestles closer still.

"Mary!" he cries wildly, "remember! Blind, blind!"

"Not blind near me; not blind for me. Here, Edward, here my resting-place is found; nothing but death shall separate me from you. I am yours, your friend, your consoler, your wife. Oh, tell me you are glad."

Glad! His previous resolutions, his determination to owe nothing to her pitying love, all faded in the unequaled happiness of that hour, nor ever returned to cloud the life which Mary's devotion rendered henceforth blessed.

This is no fiction, reader, no exaggerated picture; some, who peruse this, will testify out of the depths of their hearts how, in respect and admiration, they have watched Mary fulfilling the promise of her beautiful sympathy and love. She has never wavered in the path she chose to tread; she has never cast one lingering look at all she resigned in giving herself to him. Joyous, tender, happy, devoted, she has seemed always to regard her husband as the source of all her happiness; and, when the music of children's voices has been heard within their dwelling, not even her motherly love for those dear faces whose sparkling eyes could meet and return her gaze, has ever been known to defraud their father of a

thought, or a smile, or the lightest portion of her accustomed care.

No, dear Mary! Years have passed since she laid her wreath on his knee; the roses, so carefully preserved, have long withered; but the truth and love which accompanied the gift, are fresh and bright as then: rendering her, as her proud husband says, almost equal even while on earth, to those Angels among whom, in Heaven, he shall see her—SEE her, at last, no longer blind!

LETTERS TO SAPPHO.

"Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the muses' tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;
Each hill and dale, each deep'ning glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's towers, but spares gray Marathon."

Childe Harold.

"Athens, the eye of Greece, and mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades."

Paradise Regained.

I SEE thee, Sappho, now before me, thy face beaming with enthusiasm as I recounted the glories of Athens, an enthusiasm which I can well comprehend, for it warmed my own soul as I walked upon that immortal shore where the eye takes in the sea and the land so consecrated by heroic achievements, by the works of art, and by the productions of genius.

From the lofty Acropolis I looked forth upon Greece. The shades of evening were falling around me, as I stood among the shattered monuments of the intellectual city, and saw at my feet the marble of Phidias.

The sun was sinking in his glory, and flinging his parting smile upon scenes so lovely that he might well linger in his leave-taking. Every peak about me blazed with his lustre, and the glancing waves of the sea upon which I looked down were bright.

There stood Minerva's Temple, bathed in light, as it had glowed in days forever fled, blessing the eye of the Greek when, returning from his wanderings, he looked upon it from the far-off sea.

The day hath gone; but see in that sky yet bright with its fading glory is the Evening Star.

I stood musing upon scenes gone by.

Here is ATHENS—here, on this spot, for thirty centuries, thousands have lived, and loved, and died. Wealth, genius, power, have trod this field, and wrought their deeds here. The fame of their achievements is throughout the whole earth.

The wonderful history of the spot rose before me like a magnificent vision. Event after event passed in review. The mighty actors in the glorious past swept by me with all their deeds. The kings of Athens, her heroes, her scholars, her fleets, her armies, were in my presence.

First came Cecrops with his Egyptian colony, the robes of the king mingled with the garments of the priest. He plants the olive in honor of Minerva, and builds a temple to Jupiter. His venerable figure passed away, and, one by one, seventeen forms with kingly bearing succeeded him and disappeared. In the last I recognized Codrus, the patriot-king, who loved his country more than his life, and who sought in disguise, amidst the conflicting ranks of the Heraclidæ, that death which the oracle declared would purchase victory for the arms of his people, and which his enemies would have denied to him had they known that it was Codrus whom they struck.

The fight is over—the Athenians are conquerors, but lamentations are mingled with their rejoicings, for they mourn a victory bought at such a price. They solemnly declare that no one is worthy to succeed CODRUS, and that henceforth no one shall rule in Athens with the title of king.

Before me stood the successors of the kings; not less lofty their bearing, nor is their splendor less. The pride of ancestry, the dignity of authority sat upon their brows; and the purity of private life, the splendor of public services, the stern administration of law, made them truly illustrious. At the fireside, in the temple of justice, on the battle-field, they were alike above reproach.

Under their wise and virtuous administration their countrymen became renowned in arts and arms, and the glory of the Athenian name reached the remotest barbarians.

Polished yet vigorous, refined yet manly, cultivating the most elegant arts, outstripping the world in statuary and painting, teaching the sublimest philosophy and the sternest morality, they were free, and their great standard floated in triumph upon the sea and upon the land.

I look forth upon the broad surface of the Ægean. A glorious beauty overspreads it, and its delightful islands sleep in undisturbed peace. The heavens are mirrored in its gentle bosom, and the tiny waves scarcely break its repose.

But see, a sail flits upon its surface—and another, and yet another—transports crowded with mailed hosts sweep in view, and a strain of martial music breaks over the waters. I see the crowded ranks of the Persian. I hear his insolent shout of anticipated conquest as he draws nigh to the shores of Greece. He bears with him chains for the free. The unwarlike Naxians fly; the inhabitants of Delos are too soft for the battle. Paros—beautiful Paros—with its sparkling marble, is deserted. The clustering vines of Andros afford no shelter for its people; and the beautiful islands which so lately slept in tranquillity resound with clashing arms, and are violated with the hostile tread of the Persian invaders.

Flushed with easy victory, the myrmidons of Darius approach Athens. Upon the plains of Marathon the hosts have pitched their tents. They promise themselves conquest and plunder, and are impatient to march upon a people who, though they may be too proud to fly, are too weak to resist.

The experienced Datis, the illustrious Artaphernes, with the blood of kings in his veins, and

the banished treacherous Hippias, head the Persian ranks.

Before them Miltiades ranges his ten thousand Athenians, and plants his ten hundred Platæans.

I see the waving banners, the flashing steel, the impetuous rush of host upon host. I hear the terrible shock of battle; the Greek strikes for his country, and every blow tells; the Persian cavalry is hotly pressed—it is broken. The Persian hosts give back; onward rushes the Greek with his gleaming spear; the unbroken phalanx bears down every thing before it, and thousands of the invaders die. Rank after rank retreats; they turn; they fly; and the mighty army of Darius, lately so gorgeous and so confident, is scattered in wild flight. They rest not even in their camp, but rush precipitately to their ships.

The Senate of Athens in solemn assembly await the result of the battle. They trust in the steady valor of their countrymen, but they know the overwhelming strength of the Persian army; their country—their homes—their glory—their freedom—their all, must be lost or won by that day's fight. It is announced that a soldier, covered with dust and blood, and flying from the field of battle, approaches the city.

The senators, in their eagerness to receive his tidings, start to their feet to receive him; he rushes into the Senate Chamber—"Rejoice with the victors!" he shouts, falls, and expires.

Greece is for the time delivered.

But Xerxes determines to conquer it. He covers the sea and the land with his myrmidons. The great barriers which nature had erected against him are removed. He brings with him all his regal splendor, and surrounds himself not only with the strength but with the pomp of war. His magnificent tents, beautiful with silk and gold, overspread the land; and his vessels, gay with every adornment which Eastern magnificence could supply, float upon the neighboring sea. He ascends an eminence to survey the scene; and as he looks forth upon the sea and upon the land, and beholds the hosts armed to desolate the fair lands beneath him; his kingly heart is smote, and he weeps. But the love of conquest flames up within him. From Doris; from Thessaly; from the mountains of Pindus, Ossa, Pelion, and Olympus, messengers come to him bearing the humiliating symbols of submission.

The Thebans court the friendship of the powerful Persian. But not all the States of Greece have yielded; no—some are unsubdued; witness Thermopylæ.

The Persian army approaches Athens. But the Athenians, where are they? They have abandoned their city; the tombs of their ancestors are forsaken; their temples are deserted; their wealth, the adornments of their homes, their statues, their pictures are all left to the invader, and with their wives and their children they seek upon the sea that safety which they could not find upon their natal soil. "They were willing," in the language of an elegant historian, "to relinquish all for the sake of their country, which they knew consisted not in their houses, lands and effects, but that equal constitution of government, which they had received from their ancestors, and which it was their duty to transmit unimpaired to posterity."

Day breaks over the Bay of Salamis. The Grecian ships are drawn up in the order of battle. The spirit of Themistocles is diffused throughout the whole multitude. The sacred hymns and pæans of the Greeks salute the light, and now break forth the triumphant songs of war, and the stirring voice of the trumpet given back in still louder and longer peals from the shores of Attica, and the rocks of Salamis and Psytallea. The Persian ships bear up to the battle. Seated upon a lofty eminence, enthroned on the top of Mount Ægealos, the monarch looks out upon the fight.

"A king sate on the rocky brow,
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations; all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?"

As that setting sun sank upon the sea, he poured his splendor upon the wrecked and scattered fragments of the Persian fleets. Every hostile prow is turned from Greece; Xerxes starts in wild despair from his silver throne; he tears his splendid robes, and in deep dismay forgets all thoughts of conquest, and seeks only to plant his feet once more upon the soil of Asia.

I look upon Platæa. The sun flings his first light upon the Persian tents, and their splendor is dazzling.

A strain of martial music breaks over the field; the hour of conflict is at hand; three hundred thousand arms flash upon the plain of battle. The Persian commander mounted upon his white steed, leads his hosts in person and animates them by his voice and his deeds. But Greek valor, and Greek steel, meet the shock unbroken. Fiercely burns the rage of battle. It is evening; and Platæa is red with the blood of the Persians. Mardonius and his milk-white steed have fallen together beneath the Grecian spear. The Greek revels in Persian tents; he seizes the magnificent couches of the invader, his tables of solid gold and silver, his yellow golden goblets, his bracelets of untold value, his scimitars adorned with precious stones, and his chests heaped with treasures.

Upon the promontory of Mycale, a like scene meets my view.

The great actors in these scenes have all passed away, but their glory can not perish; along the sea, and the plains, and the mountains of Greece it still lingers like the pensive light of a summer day.

"Clime of the unforgotten brave,
Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles—
Which seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight."

Here is ATHENS. The glorious dead still crowd upon me. The venerable form of Socrates is before me. His meek face, and calm high brow present a true picture of that philosophy which recognizes man as an immortal being, and bids him look out upon Eternity. He trod these streets—he looked upon this sea—these heavens were arched above his head, and unfolded their glorious magnificence by day and by night to his contemplation.

He speaks, and I listen to his sublime speculations. The wing of his thought soars high in the heavens, and flashes in the sun as he seeks to discover and explore unknown worlds. I follow him to his prison; and I forget the world, and its hardness, and its wrongs as I listen to the sublime philosophy which he teaches. He takes the poisoned cup with no trembling hand, and puts it to his lips yet eloquent with the language of unearthly truth.

He is followed by Plato, his pupil. I recognize him by the elegance of his manner, the polish derived from extensive travel, and that face whose serene and noble expression rises at times into the majestic. The lustre of high and unearthly contemplation is upon his brow. His conversation discloses the wealth of his learning —learning acquired not alone from the lips of Socrates, whose instructions he enjoyed for eight years, but from intercourse with the great of every land. After the death of his illustrious teacher, he turned his steps from Athens and visited Megara, Thebes, and Elis. The Pythagorean philosophy draws him into Magna Grecia. Curious to observe the wonders of nature, he visits the volcanic fires of Sicily. The fame of the mathematician Theodorus invites him to Egypt, and he perfects himself in philosophy. His mind being now stored with all the learning which the world could yield him, he returns to his native city; and erecting his temple in the groves of Academus, he surrounds himself with a crowd of illustrious pupils. Unseduced by political honors, undisturbed by convulsions of the state, for forty years he devotes himself to divine philosophy; makes man—his nature and his destiny—the subject of his contemplations; and entertains his friends with discourses full of eloquence and truth.

Among the mighty dead who rise before me, Demosthenes stands forth, distinguished by the severe majesty of his countenance. Accustomed to utter his thoughts on the sea-shore, when his voice had been trained to master the roar of the waves which dashed and broke at his feet, he addresses the vast multitudes of men, and rules the still wilder surges of human passions. He pours into his countrymen the energy of his own soul, and they are swayed like reeds before the tempest. When he appeals to their love of country, and describes the invader approaching their city, the deep loud shout of popular enthusiasm is heard from their ranks—"Let us march against Philip." But alas! who can promise himself the lasting enjoyment of popular favor? Let the dying lips of the poisoned Demosthenes answer!

Glorious city; with thy wealth of fame, I must leave thee. The night dews are heavy upon me, and wanderer as I am, I may no longer converse with thy dead. I must pursue my pilgrimage.

"Farewell! a word which must be and hath been,
A sound which makes us linger, yet farewell."

Oh, Sappho, how I love thy country! Never can I forget the glorious vision which rose before me as I stood that evening in Athens, and saw all about me scenery which awakened associations so ennobling that I lost myself in them.

I explored the sea-shore, and the mountains, and traced the immortal forms yet living in marble, for many days. Of this I must yet write.

Wilt thou not, Sappho, read with interest what I write of thy country? I hope yet to revisit it, and then we will once more tread its soil together, and watch the sun decline, and the stars come forth in the heavens; while we sit by the sea and listen to voices from the Past. H.

THE GOVERNOR'S LADY.

BY G. P. R. JAMES

THERE was a young and gentle lady reading in a large old-fashioned room, well-furnished with China vases, and small pictures, and Louis Quatorze clocks, and sundry monsters in earthenware, and black wood, and ivory, from China, and Ceylon, and Japan. She was very fair to look upon, with white even teeth, and rosy lips, with a peculiar liquid translucency of eye which none but Lawrence could transfer to canvas, and he had done it in her case marvelously well. Her form was full of easy and natural grace, and it was very delicate in its symmetry; but it was not sylph-like, as poets will have their beauties; which, as sylphs are supposed to be of air, I imagine must mean thin. Her dress had something of negligence in it, and so had her hair:—mind I say negligence, not neglect. It was all easy, and the ringlets and large curls, though suffered to mingle in some confusion, were as glossy and bright as if the fingers of a dozen maids had been brushing them all day. Perhaps that little air of negligence might be altogether accidental—perhaps a little savoring of design, for she had a strong love for the picturesque, and knew that it became her. There might be the least possible touch of coquetry in it, for it can not be said that she altogether disliked admiration, though she had not that thirsty fondness for it which occasionally mars many bright perfections. Her name was Eleanor; but she called herself Ellen, and there might be a little affectation in that too.

Was she really reading? Yes: she read a line or two, now and then, and played with one dark brown curl upon her cheek, bringing gleams of gold upon it as she wound it round her delicate fingers. But she meditated between whiles, and more than once turned her eyes toward the windows, and gazed out, and sighed.

There was a world of poetry in her young heart, and that poetry had found a voice in many a little piece which had found its way, by one means or another, to the public, bringing that

applause which is most surely found when it is least sought. Hers was the poetry of feeling, however—which is almost always sure to wake an echo—and it would be written. Not that she valued it much, or cared for it when it was done, for she would often cast it from her as soon as it was upon the paper, or leave it where careless servants would sweep it away to light fires with.

And now some such imaginations were busy within her, clothing themselves in words, and, after she had read, and pondered, and gazed forth for some time, she drew the inkstand near and wrote. Let us look over her shoulder and read the words. They were these:

TO HIM.

The summer days are passing, love,
The air has lost it balm,
The lingering flowers fold up too soon
Their leaves in slumbers calm.

The autumn's yellow hand has touched
The leaves upon the tree,
And wizard evening sails too soon
Across the silent sea.

Whate'er I hear—whate'er I see,
Tells to the eye and ear
That this year's life is well-nigh spent,
That winter's death is near.

And thus my hours are fleeting love,
Ere thou return'st again;
And oft I look, and oft I sigh,
But look and sigh in vain.

Oh come before the autumn comes
Its blighting dews to shed;
Oh come before the winter pours
Its snows upon my head!

Oh come before remembrance flies
From thine inconstant breast;
Lest chill forgetfulness should freeze
The warm dove in her nest

To him! To whom? Hark! there are carriage wheels. He is near—it must be, and she knows it. The color flutters in her cheek like the shifting lights of the northern aurora Now deadly pale; now rosy as the morn. There are steps on the stairs: the door is opened, and two men in travelers' guise appear. One is young and very like her, the other a few years older. The one she kisses fondly, and calls him brother; but she is folded in the arms of the other, and clings to his breast in silence. Is that the poet's love?

It is. Is he not handsome?

Yes—it can not be denied. He is handsome, finely formed—one can not find a fault with a feature or a limb; but yet there is a certain coarseness, more in the expression than aught else. Can I call it an animal look? Not exactly: the fineness of the features forbids that. But still the sensual stamps its seal, as firmly as the intellectual or the spiritual; and though that man may be the poet's love—ay, and love the poet—he is no poet himself. There is too much clay in the image, even to represent a god. Still he is fond—very fond. See how he presses her to his heart, how he kisses those rich lips, how he gazes into her eyes, how he holds her a little from him to drink in the nectar of her looks. And he tells her she is lovelier than ever—and dearer too; and that he has come back never to part from her more, to take her with him to the fair but distant island where he now plays the ruler with deputed sway. He accounts for his long absence too by assuring her, that he could not quit the government bestowed upon him by his sovereign the moment he had received it, or he would have flown to her at once; and he appeals to her brother, if it had been possible.

Oh yes, he loves her, there is no doubt of it—as well as he can love any thing. And she will make her idol of him; and, from the garden of fancy and the treasury of imagination, she will take some flowers and brilliant gems to decorate him, and will offer him sacrifice—well for her if the sacrifice be not her whole happiness.

And what says the brother? Oh, he vouches for all his friend affirms. He is one of those soft, easy, worldly beings, who judges leniently of worldly faults, sees no great harm in a number of things that men of sterner thought or finer feeling would condemn—doubts not in the least that his sister will be quite happy with the husband that God has given her, if she will wisely shut her eyes to a few little errors, as other good wives do; and can not in the least conceive the purity of her heart or the delicacy of her character, nor that love can condemn as well as warm. Well let us leave them alone: their affairs are small concern of ours—let us leave them to be married, and sail away before them to a distant shore where that man rules as Governor a fair colony of Great Britain—ay and rules it well, admirably well; for he is not without talents; and it is a certain and sad fact that in the hard and mechanical state of society in which we live, the men who have the least delicacy of sentiment and tenderness of feelings, or who have strong powers to overrule them, are those who govern other men most safely. You would not put a wheel of pasteboard into a clock of cast iron, would you?

Well, there on that high white rock at the western end of the town stands a fine and imposing building called the Castle. The square and the round towers and the walls and battlements give it the aspect of a place of strength; and it was so once, but is so no longer. Its fortifications are not worth half an hour's siege to modern art—unavailable altogether, as the fierce and fiery passions which once raged here and still linger are impotent in the presence of new powers and combinations. But how man has improved the place for beauty if he has neglected it for defense. Those ramparts and bastions looking down on blue sea and haloed in the high air with the golden radiance of the finest of climates, are but terraced gardens where the orange and the vine, the myrtle and the pomegranate, flourish in rich luxuriance and cast perfume and beauty on the wind. Behind, there lies many a winding walk and pleasant grove as the gardens climb the mountain, and wider and wider views extend of the glittering waves, and gem-like islands, and fairy-like distant dreams of coasts and headlands.

Oh it is a very lovely spot—a spot just fit for

a young bride full of happy hopes and sweet sensations, and bright, false, foolish expectations. But that beautiful creature wandering there, is she a bride? Nay, not so. There is nothing bride-like in her look and air—nothing in the dark moody downcast eye—nothing in the pale unvarying olive of her cheek. No fluttering blush, no varying light and shade of expression, is there: none of the sunshine of the May of life: none of the changeful gleam and shadow of its April. And yet she is very young. Not twenty summers even have passed over that broad brow. But if we may trust the black eye when it is raised, and the flashes it gives forth, young as she is, there is within her bosom maturity of passion. Her hand, too, covered with jeweled rings, is now clenched tight as if grasping a hard purpose, now relaxed as if some tenderer feelings stole across her heart. And now she gazes toward the Castle—the Government house it is called—and as she sees it gleaming white between those two tall cypresses, memories flow over her soul like deep waters. That house has been the tomb of her hopes and of her happiness, and the cypress and the willow are but emblems of her fate. There she lived and reigned almost as a queen for a brief fifteen months, fondled, petted, a plaything, a spoiled child. Little did her seducer think that there were other, stronger feelings in her breast than in his own—feelings dangerous in their power. At length he bethought him that he had a promised bride in England, a bride fair, virtuous, wealthy, well allied; and he set out on pressing business, as he told his lovely toy, leaving a lawyer and a friend *to make an arrangement* with his cast-off mistress. They found that they had undertaken a terrible task; but with time and argument, and much cajolery, they succeeded to a certain degree—at least, so they thought. They bought her a small pretty cottage, a mile or two distant: they settled on her a small estate—sufficient for her small wants—and they exacted of her that she was never again to go near the Government House, nor to show any recognition of the Governor. They thought they had done magnificently, that they had given her all that she could possibly desire. But they forgot love, and hope, and happiness; and—perhaps revenge. Did she keep her promise, implied if not uttered. Why should she keep any promise? Had not all promises been broken with her? She went almost daily to wander in the gardens of the Castle, to hang round the building, to haunt like a ghost the scenes of past joy. She made no concealment of it! She went at mid-day—at morning—at evening. It is a bad thing to take away hope from any one, for it takes away fear. The servants carried the intelligence to the advocate, and he came up and found her there, and tried to argue with her, mingling reproaches with reasons, and threats with reproaches. But the sadness and the heaviness passed away in an instant: the eye flashed, the nostril expanded, the brow became dark and cloudy.

"Silence, advocate!" she cried, "you can do nothing to me that I dread. I spit upon you and your menaces. Now mark me: the threshold of that door I have never passed since I was driven forth from my house—ay mine, mine, pander! It was mine by every tie between heart and heart—by every tie that God will hold holy. I have never passed the door since that day. But if I hear one threat from you or any other, I will enter those walls—I will take possession of my home again—I will claim all that is mine; and let me see who will dare to dispossess me. Away with you, man, and do not stand gaping there. You make tigers of us, and then wonder that we rend you!"

"But Lilla—" said the advocate.

"Away!" she answered with a look of bitter contempt, "not a word more;" and leaving him she pursued her walk to the very doors of the Castle.

The poor advocate was sorely puzzled: he knew not what to do or how to act. But the next packet took a letter for him to his Excellency the Governor, which somewhat troubled the joy of his approaching nuptials. There was no resource but to prolong his wedding tour a little, and send forward his good, kind, complaisant brother-in-law and secretary to clear the ground, before he brought his bride home to his bright island.

And now the beautiful Lilla is in those gardens and groves once more; but yesterday evening as the sun was setting and when, amidst the warm light cast around, the sea looked like a sapphire set in gold, a white sail came on toward the island, and by the star-light reached the port below. And now the woman's figure flitting among the orange-trees, is seen from the windows and the good-humored easy Henry Mansell is speedily walking toward her—with a somewhat beating heart it must be confessed; for the stolidest minds have instincts.

She knew him and she liked him well; and would rather have had any one else to deal with on hard subjects. The sight of him agitated her; did not shake her resolves; but shook her frame. He had been always kind and courteous to her in other days, had treated her with decent respect, and shown her small attentions. She paused then to take breath and to consider—to arrange her plans, determine upon her conduct. She paused—but she did not avoid him.

"Lilla, Lilla!" said Henry in a tone of reproach, "I did not expect to find you here."

"Why not?" asked Lilla with a melancholy smile.

"Because you promised you would not come near the house again," he answered.

"I did not promise," she replied, "but even if I had, why should my promise be more binding than other people's?"

"Oh, but you know Lilla," he said, "young men always make all sorts of promises to ladies situated as you were, without their meaning any thing."

"Do they?" answered Lilla, with another

smile—her smiles were very terrible, "I did not know it. I wish I had known it before, Henry."

"But now listen to me, there's a dear girl," said Henry in his most coaxing manner, "you were always kind and good hearted, and I am sure you would not wish to make mischief. Now his Excellency has married my sister, you know, and—"

"His Excellency!" said Lilla, with a sneer so bitter curling her lip, that it seemed to Henry Mansell as if she had stung him. "And so, he has married your sister," she said after thinking for a moment gloomily, "poor thing! I am sorry for her."

"Why? why so?" demanded Henry somewhat alarmed.

"Because I should think she would not like a husband who makes promises which mean nothing," replied the girl, with a shrewd meaning look.

"Well, well; but this is all nonsense," answered Henry with more firmness of tone. "He is married. That is the end of it. My sister will be here in a few days. Now the question is, do you wish to make her unhappy. If you are the girl I believe you to be, you do not. Him you may be angry with, and have good cause; but you have no cause to wish my poor sister unhappy."

"I do not—I will not," she replied in a calm, quiet tone, though she had turned deadly pale while he spoke.

"I thought so," said the other in a joyful tone. "Then, dear Lilla, the only way to do will be for you to have the pretty little villa on the other side of the island, and give up this cottage to me. I can not think why those two fools placed you there."

"Because I would have none other, Mr. Mansell," she replied, and then added very slowly and deliberately, "and will have none other."

"Then you will make my sister unhappy," said Mansell bitterly.

"Why so?" she asked, "she need never know who or what I am, or what I have been. From me she shall never know. I have promised, and that promise I will keep, never to seem to recognize the villain who—who is now your sister's husband."

"Then why should you wish to stay here?" he asked, thinking the question would puzzle her; but she answered at once:

"Because I do wish to make him unhappy. Each time he sees me in his ride or walk, there will be fear in his heart and remorse in his breast. My eye will lash him, my look reproach him, though my tongue be mute and my hand still. Talk not to me of going hence, Henry Mansell. Here I am, and here I will be daily. So long as no one tries to stop me or to interfere with me, I will be silent and discreet. The moment any one does, I will speak in a voice that shall reach within the rosy curtains of your sister's wedding-chamber, and poison her repose forever. She shall then know that her husband is a perjurer and villain."

"But what will she think, if she sees you constantly flitting about here like a shadow?" asked the young man, at his wits' end.

"Think what she likes," said Lilla sternly. "See you to that. Tell any tale you like. I will not contradict it. He will help you. He is never embarrassed for a lie."

She looked at him with a magnificent air of disdain as she turned away and left him.

"She has got the advantage, and she understands it," thought Henry, gazing after her. "She will torment the poor fellow's soul out; or force him to buy her off at an enormous sacrifice."

It is a curious fact that mere worldly people can never transport themselves out of themselves: can make no allowance for—have no comprehension of passion, feeling, or even the higher ranges of intellectual consciousnesses. They are merely perceptive machines with a very limited object-glass. No thought had he of all the powerful sensations that were working in that poor girl's breast as she stood there talking with him—sensations that often nearly bore her away on the whirlwind of passion in the midst of her assumed calmness—sensations only the more intense for the compression to which the strong will subjected them. He had no thought of them, and but little consciousness of coming danger. He did indeed get a vague notion that she was very angry, and feel a little doubt, as he expressed it to himself, of what she would do next. But it was but as a naturalist observing an insect through a microscope, who feels the instrument shaken by an earthquake and yet goes on peering at his flea, with one eye.

"I'll tell him he must give her a thousand pounds and get rid of her," he thought, and walked back to the Castle.

And now, forward three days. The cannon thundered; the ship dropped her anchor; the boat manned with the lusty rowers skimmed on toward the shore. Shout and hurrah and sounding music welcomed the Governor and his fair lady, and gratulating friends and bowing dependents escorted them up to their princely residence. Oh, how cold those sounds made one poor heart in that island; but it was with the coldness of that black rock which a spark kindles into fire. But the bright and beautiful bride went on unconscious that her happiness was the misery of another. The soul of the young poet seemed lighted up by her joy; it shone upon her face; it beamed in her smile; it sparkled in her words; and every one was charmed and forgot that there was such a being as Lilla on earth. There was a fête, and rejoicings, and gay company, and visits endless to receive. All was very gay and very bright; but it was when these scenes closed and when, with the chosen of her heart, she could go forth alone to gaze upon the beauty of the sunset, and the sweet majesty of the sea, and the glory of rock and mountain, that the poet dreamed of real happiness.

At first she was contented with the terrace before the Castle, where a useless sentry at each

end seemed placed to guard the lovely prospect from the rampart for her especial use. There he and she walked the whole of their first leisure evening, seeing the sun slowly sinking down to the verge of ocean.

"Let us go, my love, into those beautiful groves behind," she said, as the last bright spot sank beneath the sea; "I love to rest a little in the purple light which lingers amidst the trees after the summer day has closed. It is to me like the memory of joy."

But he told her that in that climate the evening dews were dangerous to those not steeled against them by early habit, and he must guard his flower from all noxious things.

The next day she again proposed a walk in the groves; but he said it was sultry there in the heat; and he was busy. He would ride with her in the evening to a very lovely scene a few miles distant. She waited for the evening patiently, and through several of the warmer hours of the day her voice might be heard singing sweet songs of her own loved distant land. Many an ear that listened thought them charming and full of warm happiness, but there was one that caught the sounds, and to it they were as poison.

The evening came; the horses were brought round, and the young wife and the gay husband went forth together. Her looks were all joyful exhilaration; but as they passed out along the road skirting the groves, the servants who followed, saw his eye roam furtively, anxiously around.

By the time they returned he had recovered his self-possession, and she was radiant with the exercise and with the beauty of the ride. But as they came near the groves, a female figure of transcendent beauty and grace, richly habited, and with her black hair decked with pins and coins, suddenly crossed their path and gazed full in the lady's face. That face was bright with happiness, and there is nothing so sad as happiness to the sight of the unhappy. A look of wildness—almost of madness crossed the face of Lilla, and the poet turned suddenly toward her husband. He was as pale as death. But he said nothing; the figure disappeared, and they rode on.

"Who could that be, love," asked the lady, after a moment's troubled silence—troubled she knew not why.

"Some woman of the country," he answered carelessly; "they all deck themselves out in that fantastic fashion. Did you remark the gold coins in her hair? Ha, ha, ha! Was ever any thing so absurd?"

"I delight in costume," answered his bride, "it is the great want of England in a picturesque point of view that we have no characteristic dress. Had I been born in a country where a peculiar garb had descended to us from our ancestors, I would not abandon it for all the milliners of London or of Paris."

"You are a dear little enthusiast," answered her husband; and the first trial over, he thought he could bear the rest quietly enough.

But that figure seemed to haunt their walks and rides and drives. They seldom went out without seeing it; and the wife's curiosity became somewhat excited—it was curiosity, nothing more, though she could not but observe that whenever they saw it a shade, as it were, came upon her husband's face—a look of hesitancy—of alarm; that his manner was abstracted, strange, unnerved. She questioned one of the attendants; but he was discreet. She was a lady, he said, who lived in a small house near, and who had for years enjoyed the privilege of walking in the gardens and the groves, so that nobody ever interrupted her. She was a moody sort of person, he said; but a very good lady.

"For years!" rejoined his mistress, "she seems still quite young."

"Oh yes, from her childhood, I should have said, Madam," he replied, "she was born hard by."

And there he spoke the truth. She was born hard by; and those were the scenes of her innocent childhood and of her young affections, and of her guilty happiness as well as of her desertion, and sorrow, and despair. The chains that bind us to particular spots of earth are sometimes of gold and sometimes of iron; and on the limbs of her spirit there were both.

The man's intentions were to quiet doubt and still inquiry, for he knew her and her history quite well. He was a skillful diplomatist in his way also; but he knew not nor comprehended the heart of her to whom he spoke, and he failed of his purpose—nay, not only failed, but effected quite the reverse. His words excited interest and sympathy. Oh, what a strange thing is imagination! how it bends itself to every other faculty—for it, too, is a faculty—of the human mind—a guide, a light, a mysterious star, shining before reason, and leading us to fate!

The Governor's lady sat and meditated. The harp and the voice were silent the greater part of that day. She was thinking of the beautiful girl with the dark black eyes, and the gold-spangled hair, and the graceful form. She was thinking of the sad and moody aspect of the solitary life she seemed to lead. Why should she be so sad? Why should she be solitary? Such a face and form were sure to attract the eyes and win the society of youth. Why was she not surrounded by the crowd of gay suitors and of merry companions? Why was she so lonely and so woe-begone? She must have loved and been disappointed—perhaps deserted, too—deserted by him whom she had loved and trusted—ah, that sweet young bride little knew how far.

"I will go and see her," she thought; "I will try to console and cheer her."

Then came a train of sweet and happy thoughts, for she was one of those who would make their happiness in giving it to others; but, suddenly, as a dark cold mist will sometimes rise from the bosom of the ocean in the midst of the sunniest summer's day, a memory of her husband's look and manner, whenever the figure of Lilla had crossed them, came up before her with a painful, perplexing sensation.

She was not suspicious—oh, not in the least. She suspected nothing, even then. There was a doubt that her husband might know something to the discredit of that beautiful girl—that he might not like her—might not esteem her; but that was all.

She would try him, she thought. The subject of Lilla's appearance had never been mentioned between them but once. For some reason, unaccountable to herself, she had dropped it, and he had never approached it again. It is a dangerous thing between husband and wife to have an avoided subject. She felt a reluctance to approach it; but she sincerely pitied the poor forlorn girl, and that day, at dinner, she forced herself to speak and ask more about her. There were several servants in the room; and her husband's cheek turned for a moment fiery red and then white. "Avoid her, my love," he said at length, in a harsh, altered tone. "I do not wish you to know aught of her."

If suspicion ever entered her mind, it was then. His look, his manner was so changed; and, besides, a little deceit stood apparent. When first they had encountered her, he had merely said, in answer to her inquiry, that she was "some woman of the country," as if he knew nothing more; but now his words implied that he did know more, and much.

But woman's heart soon finds excuses for those they love. She thought that he might know things he had not liked to shock her ear by telling, or that he had learned more since he first spoke; and again she was satisfied. Neither did she at all feel inclined to rebel against his expressed wishes. She gave up all thought of going to see the object of her sympathy. He had spoken, and that was enough. But her words had alarmed the Governor. Fear is always tyrannical—prompting to tyranny, I mean; and the next day he sent a fierce and imperious message to her he had betrayed and injured, forbidding her ever to be seen in the gardens or the groves again; and telling her that the first time she was seen there it should be the last. He knew how much force vagueness adds to a threat; but still he had resolved to be as good as his word, and if she did not obey, to have her forcibly carried from the island. He would bear the infliction of her sight no longer. She was a terror to him—and who can live a life in terror?

Lilla heard the message to an end in silence—silence of countenance as well as voice. A slight shade indeed came over her face, but her broad brow did not contract; her lip quivered not; and she only answered, "Well, well. So be it."

The messenger reported her words and her demeanor. For a week she was no more seen near the castle. The Governor and his emissary thought she was tamed. He began to feel cheerful again—quite gay and happy. He had not been married three months—he had not had time to grow tired of his beautiful young bride. Nay, he loved her, as I have said, as well as he could love any thing. He was a very happy man.

Some troublesome business, however, at the end of that time called him to a distance—as far as the other end of the island. He set out early in the day, and was to return the next day before nightfall. Oh how fondly his bright lady gazed at him as he rode away upon his handsome horse followed by a glittering train. She thought of him and him alone for the next hour, and then she went forth with her maid in the groves so often mentioned. They had not gone far, when they met Lilla, but she merely bowed her head as she passed by. The lady bowed hers in return with a gentle smile, speaking the kindly feelings of her heart; and at that smile Lilla turned deadly pale. But as she went on she set her white teeth firmly together and strangled emotions that I must not pause to tell.

The day passed heavily with the Governor's Lady. Her poetry did not stand her friend. She could not write; she could not read; she could only think of her beloved husband, and long for his return. The day was very sultry, like one of those on which earthquakes happen: not a breath of air was stirring, and there was a thirsty dryness in the atmosphere which made the very flowers in the shade hang their heads. She lay languidly on the sofa, gazing from the window, turned from the sun, upon the waves lighted by his beams, and watched the light skiffs with their painted sides as they flitted about the bay, and longed for swiftness and freedom like theirs to follow on the track where the loved one had gone.

At length the sun sunk behind the hills to the west. There were still other hours of day and twilight, but the burning beams were off the groves and gardens. The sea-breeze was springing up; and the birds, silent in the intense heat of the middle day, were beginning to break out into evening song.

She fancied that she should find refreshment in a walk both for body and mind, and throwing a light vail over her head, she went out into the garden behind the house. It was a pleasant place, laid out by some man of Italian tastes in days long ago, with vases and urns and a fountain here and there, casting up clear water brought from the mountains, and there were aloes, strange harsh-looking picturesque things, and several of the aremosa and acacia tribe, and a cypress or two here and there. It was completely in shadow, but there was the bright blue sky filled with light above—like the calm heaven of hope canopying the shady world of thought.

She passed unnoticed through the stone court, as it was called, into that garden, and wandered up the first open walk, and then mounted a flight of steps leading to a higher terrace; and one or two turns she took, musing with thoughts sweeter than those of the morning. "One day has gone," she said to herself, "to-morrow he will return."

When she turned the third time there was another figure in the broad walk just circling round the fountain that rose in the midst. It was that of Lilla, dressed more plainly than usual, with a basket covered over with vine leaves in her hand.

The lady hesitated for a moment, with her

husband's words ringing in the ear of memory. But then she thought, "I must not pain her by too apparently avoiding her. I will just pass her by, saluting her as I go."

But Lilla stopped when they came near each other, and in a low sweet voice said, "Lady."

The wife bent her head, and said some gentle word in return.

"I have brought you some fruit, madam," said Lilla, uncovering the basket, "such as your garden can not afford, fine as it is. There are some fruits love the shelter of the cottage wall better than that of the castle's ramparts. These peaches for instance. It is a rare fruit in this island, but no land can show finer than these."

"They are very beautiful," replied the lady; "and I thank you much. But, indeed," she added, with a feeling she could not account for, "I must not stay with you. My husband warned me—warned me, till I was better acquainted with this country to avoid all strange acquaintances."

She would not pain her by telling her that against her especially had she been warned, and yet Lilla stood exactly in the path, and she could not easily pass her.

But the other caught the full meaning at a word, and for an instant her brow darkened and her eye flashed. Then all was calm again, and she answered sorrowfully, "Ay, the happy fly the unhappy: the sorrowful are hateful in the sight of the joyful and fortunate."

"Nay, indeed," said the wife, "such is not my nature. I saw—I thought you were unhappy, and long ago I would have come to inquire if I could have given you comfort; but—"

"But you were forbidden!" said Lilla, slowly. "Unhappy! I am unhappy, lady. I am sick with a disease that nothing can cure, and in which none will give me help."

"Indeed!" cried the lady, "that is cruel.—What is it affects you?"

"Listen," said Lilla. Some time ago, I was stung by a serpent. For a short time the effect was very strange. It seemed to raise me up to heaven with wild joy and delirious excitement. But soon, the poison had a different effect. I lost hope, happiness, was plunged into a black and gloomy melancholy, so that people have almost thought me mad. There is no telling you the dark and despairing feelings that have since taken possession of my heart. I have no trust, no expectation, no hope in any thing: a raging thirst consumes me, and I can only find peace in wandering in lone places where the shade is sombre as my thoughts."

"I am indeed very sorry for you," replied the lady. "It is a strange case. I never heard of such; I trust you will be able to find a cure in time. But indeed I must now go in."

"Because he told you," said Lilla, still standing in the way. "He fears me—perhaps he, too, thinks me mad. But indeed he is mistaken. I would do you good, not harm you; and I came into this garden to warn you against the snake that bit me—he crawls about this place—to deliver you from him. But he is not here now. You are thirsty; I see your lips are parched. Take one of these peaches."

"Nay, I am only agitated. Your words seem strange," said the lady. "I could almost fancy you are speaking allegories."

"Not so, not so," replied Lilla with a laugh. "All hard facts, believe me. But you, too, are frightened at me—you, too, believe me mad; and you will not even take a peach offered you by the poor sorrowful girl. Do you think they are poisoned? Nay, I will convince you. You take the one half—I the other. In here is a knife—a silver knife made in your own land, and given me by a false-hearted man as fair as your own husband. Yet part the peach yourself—for there is a story I have somewhere read of a Prince of the Medici who slew his brother with a knife poisoned on one side and pure on the other. Take it and give me which half you choose."

"But why should I do so when I am not thirsty?" replied the lady.

"Because I wish to be your sister," answered Lilla, "and if we part this fruit and eat it, according to the belief of my land, we shall be sisters in one sense, at least. In the misfortunes that may befall us, there will be a link of sympathy between us that will end but with the grave—not even then, perhaps."

"Well," answered the lady, "I do not mind. I have no fear. I have done naught to injure you. On the contrary, I have felt compassion and sympathy even for sorrows I did not know, and if this fruit now make it greater, so let it be."

As she spoke she divided the fruit with the knife, and proffered her one half. Lilla took it and ate, and the fair girl with whom she spoke raised the other half to her lips also. A wavering came upon Lilla's face—a look of fear—of agony—and she suddenly stretched forth her hand. But it was too late. The wife had eaten.

The gesture did not escape her eye, however—nor the look of hesitation. "What have you done?" she said, in a low solemn tone.

"We are sisters indeed!" answered Lilla, raising her hand high, with all hesitation gone. But I have done you good, not evil; I delivered you from agonies like mine. Your time would have come as surely as mine has come. Now it will never come. We are sisters indeed in death. A few months more and he would have betrayed—neglected—abandoned."

"Hush, hush!" cried the wife. "Wretched girl, you turn pale—your eyes roll—what have you done? What do I feel—I am—I am—"

"Dying!" said Lilla. "We are sisters in death, I told you. Now let him come—let him come!"

She sank slowly down while she spoke, and then murmured as she leaned her head against the pedestal of an urn, "He told me, the next time I appeared here again, should be the last. It is the last—it is the last!"

Heaven send the lady did not comprehend the whole—that she yet believed in human faith and

truth—that she had trust in love and honor to the end—that she knew not how worthlessly her love had been bestowed. Perhaps it was so; for her eyes, beautiful and full of light, a moment earlier, were growing meaningless. Her lips parted: her breath came short: she staggered forward, reached the edge of the basin in which the fountain played, and then, with a wild unnatural shriek, fell to the ground. The spray dashed upon her face, but it revived her not; the birds caroled overhead, but she heard them not. Alarmed by the shriek, the servants rushed forth, found her, and raised her head; but she felt them not. A few convulsive movements and deep-drawn sighs, and all was over.

Lilla had died sooner and more silently, and there they lay, two lovely flowers blighted by one storm.

Her husband returned the following day, and found his home desolate. Rumor said that he went nearly frantic, and well he might, for the silver knife which he himself had given revealed how his wife had perished. But he was not frantic. He was as sorry as he could be for any thing; but he was soon consoled, and lived a happy and a prosperous man.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SCHOOL OF ART.

BRITISH art either finds her peculiar nourishment in melancholy, and loves to fix her abode in desert places; or it may be her purse is but slenderly furnished, and she is forced to put up with accommodations rejected by more prosperous callings. Some of the most dismal quarters of the town are colonized by her disciples and professors. In walking through streets which may have been gay and polite when ladies' chairmen jostled each other on the pavement, and link-boys with their torches lighted the beaus over the mud; who has not remarked the artist's invasion of those regions once devoted to fashion and gayety? Centre windows of drawing-rooms are enlarged so as to reach up into bedrooms—bedrooms where Lady Betty has had her hair powdered, and where the painter's north-light now takes possession of the place which her toilet-table occupied a hundred years ago. There are degrees in decadence: after the Fashion chooses to emigrate, and retreats from Soho or Bloomsbury, let us say, to Cavendish Square, physicians come and occupy the vacant houses, which still have a respectable look, the windows being cleaned, and the knockers and plates kept bright, and the doctor's carriage rolling round the square, almost as fine as the countess's, which has whisked away her ladyship to other regions. A boarding-house mayhap succeeds the physician, who has followed after his sick folks into the new country: and then Dick Tinto comes with his dingy brass-plate, and breaks in his north window, and sets up his sitters' throne. I love his honest mustache, and jaunty velvet jacket; his queer figure, his queer vanities, and his kind heart. Why should he not suffer his ruddy ringlets to fall over his shirt-collar? Why should he deny himself his velvet? it is but a kind of fustian which costs him eighteen-pence a yard. He is naturally what he is, and breaks out into costume as spontaneously as a bird sings, or a bulb bears a tulip. And as Dick, under yonder terrific appearance of waving cloak, bristling beard, and shadowy sombrero, is a good kindly simple creature, got up at a very cheap rate, so his life is consistent with his dress; he gives his genius a darkling swagger, and a romantic envelope, which, being removed, you find, not a bravo, but a kind chirping soul; not a moody poet avoiding mankind for the better company of his own great thoughts, but a jolly little chap who has an aptitude for painting brocade-gowns, a bit of armor (with figures inside them), or trees and cattle, or gondolas and buildings, or what not; an instinct for the picturesque, which exhibits itself in his works, and outwardly on his person; beyond this, a gentle creature loving his friends, his cups, feasts, merrymakings, and all good things. The kindest folks alive I have found among those scowling whiskeradoes. They open oysters with their yataghans, toast muffins on their rapiers, and fill their Venice glasses with half-and-half. If they have money in their lean purses, be sure they have a friend to share it. What innocent gayety, what jovial suppers on threadbare cloths, and wonderful songs after; what pathos, merriment, humor does not a man enjoy who frequents their company! Mr. Clive Newcome, who has long since shaved his beard, who has become a family man, and has seen the world in a thousand different phases, avers that his life as an art-student at home and abroad, was the pleasantest part of his whole existence. It may not be more amusing in the telling than the chronicle of a feast, or the accurate report of two lovers' conversation; but the biographer, having brought his hero to this period of his life, is bound to relate it, before passing to other occurrences which are to be narrated in their turn.



* Continued from the April Number.

We may be sure the boy had many conversations with his affectionate guardian as to the profession which he should follow. As regarded mathematical and classical learning, the elder Newcome was forced to admit, that out of every hundred boys, there were fifty as clever as his own, and at least fifty more industrious; the army in time of peace, Colonel Newcome thought a bad trade for a young fellow so fond of ease and pleasure as his son: his delight in the pencil was manifest to all. Were not his school-books full of caricatures of the masters? While his tutor, Grindley, was lecturing him, did he not draw Grindley instinctively under his very nose? A painter Clive was determined to be, and nothing else; and Clive, being then some sixteen years of age, began to study the art, *en règle*, under the eminent Mr. Gandish, of Soho.

It was that well-known portrait-painter, Alfred Smee, Esq., R.A., who recommended Gandish to Colonel Newcome, one day when the two gentlemen met at dinner at Lady Ann Newcome's table. Mr. Smee happened to examine some of Clive's drawings, which the young fellow had executed for his cousins. Clive found no better amusement than in making pictures for them, and would cheerfully pass evening after evening in that diversion. He had made a thousand sketches of Ethel before a year was over; a year, every day of which seemed to increase the attractions of the fair young creature, develop her nymph-like form, and give her figure fresh graces. Also of course drew Alfred and the nursery in general, Aunt Ann and the Blenheim spaniels, and Mr. Kuhn and his ear-rings, the majestic John bringing in the coal-scuttle, and all persons or objects in that establishment with which he was familiar. "What a genius the lad has," the complimentary Mr. Smee averred; "what a force and individuality there is in all his drawings! Look at his horses! capital, by Jove, capital! and Alfred on his pony, and Miss Ethel in her Spanish hat, with her hair flowing in the wind! I must take this sketch, I positively must now, and show it to Landseer."

And the courtly artist daintily enveloped the drawing in a sheet of paper, put it away in his hat, and vowed subsequently that the great painter had been delighted with the young man's performance. Smee was not only charmed with Clive's skill as an artist, but thought his head would be an admirable one to paint. Such a rich complexion, such fine turns in his hair! such eyes! to see real blue eyes was so rare nowadays! And the Colonel too, if the Colonel would but give him a few sittings, the gray uniform of the Bengal cavalry, the silver lace, the little bit of red ribbon just to warm up the picture! it was seldom, Mr. Smee declared, that an artist could get such an opportunity for color. With our hideous vermilion uniforms there was no chance of doing any thing; Rubens himself could scarcely manage scarlet. Look at the horseman in Cuyp's famous picture at the Louvre; the red was a positive blot upon the whole picture. There was nothing like French gray and silver! All which did not prevent Mr. Smee from painting Sir Brian in a flaring deputy-lieutenant's uniform, and entreating all military men whom he met to sit to him in scarlet. Clive Newcome the Academician succeeded in painting, of course for mere friendship's sake, and because he liked the subject, though he could not refuse the check which Colonel Newcome sent him for the frame and picture; but no cajoleries could induce the old campaigner to sit to any artist save one. He said he should be ashamed to pay fifty guineas for the likeness of his homely face; he jocularly proposed to James Binnie to have his head put on the canvas, and Mr. Smee enthusiastically caught at the idea;



but honest James winked his droll eyes, saying his was a beauty that did not want any paint; and when Mr. Smee took his leave after dinner in Fitzroy Square, where this conversation was held, James Binnie hinted that the Academician was no better than an old humbug, in which surmise he was probably not altogether incorrect. Certain young men who frequented the kind Colonel's house were also somewhat of this opinion; and made endless jokes at the painter's expense.

Smee plastered his sitters with adulation as methodically as he covered his canvas. He waylaid gentlemen at dinner; he inveigled unsuspecting folks into his studio, and had their heads off their shoulders before they were aware. One day, on our way from the Temple, through Howland Street, to the Colonel's house, we beheld Major-General Sir Thomas de Boots, in full uniform, rushing from Smee's door to his brougham. The coachman was absent refreshing himself at a neighboring tap: the little street-boys cheered and hurrayed Sir Thomas, as, arrayed in gold and scarlet, he sate in his chariot. He blushed purple when he beheld us. No artist would have dared to imitate those purple tones: he was one of the numerous victims of Mr. Smee.

One day then, day to be noted with a white stone, Colonel Newcome, with his son and Mr. Smee, R.A., walked from the Colonel's house to Gandish's, which was not far removed thence; and young Clive, who was a perfect mimic, described to his friends, and illustrated, as was his wont, by diagrams, the interview which he had with that professor

"By Jove, you must see Gandish, Pa!" cries Clive: "Gandish is worth the whole world. Come and be an art-student. You'll find such jolly fellows there! Gandish calls it hart-student, and says, 'Hars est celare Hartem'—by Jove he does! He treated us to a little Latin, as he brought out a cake and a bottle of wine, you know.

"The governor was splendid, Sir. He wore gloves: you know he only puts them on on parade-days; and turned out for the occasion spick and span. He ought to be a general officer. He looks like a field-marshal—don't he? You should have seen him bowing to Mrs. Gandish and the Miss Gandishes, dressed all in their best, round the cake-tray! He takes his glass of wine, and sweeps them all round with a bow. 'I hope, young ladies,' says he, 'you don't often go to the students' room. I'm afraid the young gentlemen would leave off looking at the statues if you came in.' And so they would: for you never saw such Guys; but the dear old boy fancies every woman is a beauty.

"'Mr. Smee, you are looking at my picture of Boadishia?' says Gandish. Wouldn't he have caught it for his quantities at Gray Friars, that's all?

"'Yes—ah—yes,' says Mr. Smee, putting his hand over his eyes, and standing before it, looking steady, you know, as if he was going to see whereabouts he should *hit* Boadishia.

"'It was painted when you were a young man, four years before you were an associate, Smee. Had some success in its time, and there's good pints about that pictur,' Gandish goes on. 'But I never could get my price for it; and here it hangs in my own room. Igh art won't do in this country, Colonel—it's a melancholy fact.'

"'High art! I should think it *is* high art!' whispers old Smee; 'fourteen feet high, at least!' And then out loud he says: 'The picture has very fine points in it, Gandish, as you say. Foreshortening of that arm, capital! That red drapery carried off into the right of the picture very skillfully managed!'

"'It's not like portrait painting, Smee—Igh art,' says Gandish. 'The models of the hancient Britons in that pictur alone cost me thirty pound—when I was a struggling man, and had just married my Betsey here. You reckonise Boadishia, Colonel, with the Roman elmet, cuirass,



and javeling of the period—all studied from the hantique, Sir, the glorious hantique.'

"'All but Boadicea,' says father. 'She remains always young.' And he began to speak the lines out of Cowper, he did—waving his stick like an old trump—and famous they are," cries the lad:

"'When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods'—

"Jolly verses! Haven't I translated them into Alcaics?" says Clive, with a merry laugh, and resumes his history.

"'O I *must* have those verses in my album,' cries one of the young ladies. 'Did you compose them, Colonel Newcome?' But Gandish, you see, is never thinking about any works but his own, and goes on, 'Study of my eldest daughter, exhibited in 1816.'

"'No, pa, not '16,' cries Miss Gandish. She don't look like a chicken, I can tell you.

"'Admired,' Gandish goes on, never heeding her—'I can show you what the papers said of it at the time—Morning Chronicle and Examiner spoke most ighly of it. My son as an infant Ercules, stranglin the serpent over the piano. Fust conception of my picture of Non Hangli said Hangeli.'

"'For which I can guess who were the angels that sat,' says father. Upon my word that old governor! He is a little too strong. But Mr. Gandish listened no more to him than to Mr. Smee, and went on, buttering himself all over, as I have read the Hottentots do. 'Myself at thirty-three years of age!' says he, pointing to a portrait of a gentleman in leather breeches and mahogany boots; 'I could have been a portrait painter, Mr. Smee.'

"'Indeed it was lucky for some of us you devoted yourself to high art, Gandish,' Mr. Smee says, and sips the wine and puts it down again, making a face. It was not first-rate tipple, you see.

"'Two girls,' continues that indomitable Mr. Gandish. 'Hidea for Babes in the Wood. View of Pæstum, taken on the spot by myself, when traveling with the late lamented Earl of Kew. Beauty, Valor, Commerce, and Liberty condoling with Britannia on the death of Admiral Viscount Nelson—allegorical piece, drawn at a very early age after Trafalgar. Mr. Fuseli saw that piece, Sir, when I was a student of the Academy, and said to me, Young man, stick to the antique. There's nothing like it. Those were 'is very words. If you do me the favor to walk into the Hatrium, you'll remark my great pictures also from English istry. An English historical painter, Sir, should be employed chiefly in English istry. That's what I would have done. Why ain't there temples for us, where the people might read their history at a glance, and without knowing how to read? Why is my Alfred 'anging up in this 'all? Because there is no patronage for a man who devotes himself to Igh art. You know the anecdote, Colonel? King Alfred flying from the Danes, took refuge in a neaterd's 'ut. The rustic's wife told him to bake a cake, and the fugitive sovering set down to his ignoble task, and forgetting it in the cares of state, let the cake burn, on which the woman struck him. The moment chose is when she is lifting her 'and to deliver the blow. The king receives it with majesty mingled with meekness. In the background the door of the 'ut is open, letting in the royal officers to announce the Danes are defeated. The daylight breaks in at the aperture, signifying the dawning of 'Ope. That story, Sir, which I found in my researches in istry has since become so popular, Sir, that hundreds of artists have painted it, hundreds! I who discovered the legend, have my picture—here!'

"'Now, Colonel,' says the showman, 'let me—let me lead you through the statue gallery. Apollo, you see. The Venus Hanadyomene, the glorious Venus of the Louvre, which I saw in 1814, Colonel, in its glory—the Laocoon—my friend Gibson's Nymth, you see, is the only figure I admit among the antiques. Now up this stair to the Students' room, where I trust my young friend, Mr. Newcome, will labor assiduously. *Ars longa est*, Mr. Newcome, *Vita*—'

"I trembled," Clive said, "lest my father should introduce a certain favorite quotation, beginning '*ingenuas didicisse*'—but he refrained, and we went into the room, where a score of students were assembled, who all looked away from their drawing-boards as we entered.

"'Here will be your place, Mr. Newcome,' says the Professor, 'and here that of your young friend—what did you say was his name?' I told him, Rigby, for my dear old governor has promised to pay for J. J. too, you know. 'Mr. Chivers is the senior pupil and custos of the room in the absence of my son. Mr. Chivers, Mr. Newcome; gentlemen, Mr. Newcome, a new pupil. My son, Charles Gandish, Mr. Newcome. Assiduity, gentlemen, assiduity. *Ars longa. Vita brevis, et linea recta brevissima est.* This way, Colonel, down these steps, across the courtyard, to my own studio. There, gentlemen'—and pulling aside a curtain, Gandish says—'There!'"

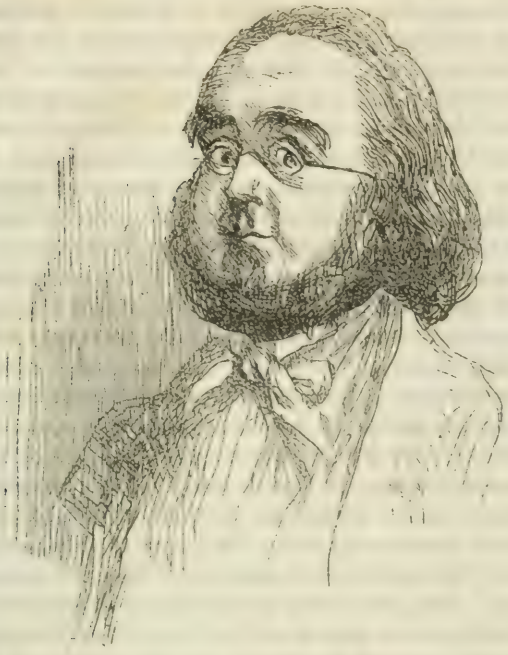
And what was the masterpiece behind it? we ask of Clive, after we have done laughing at his imitation.

"Hand round the hat, J. J.!" cries Clive. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, pay your money. Now walk in, for the performance is 'just a-going to begin.'" Nor would the rogue ever tell us what Gandish's curtained picture was.

Not a successful painter, Mr. Gandish was an excellent master, and regarding all artists save one perhaps a good critic. Clive and his friend, J. J., came soon after and commenced their studies under him. The one took his humble seat at the drawing-board, a poor mean-looking lad, with worn clothes, downcast features, and a figure almost deformed; the other adorned by good health, good looks, and the best of tailors; ushered into the studio with his father and Mr. Smee as his aides-de-camp on his entry, and previous-



ly announced there with all the eloquence of honest Gandish. "I bet he's 'ad cake and wine," says one youthful student, of an epicurean and satirical turn. "I bet he might have it every day if he liked." In fact Gandish was always handing him sweetmeats of compliments and cordials of approbation. He had coat-sleeves with silk linings—he had studs in his shirt. How different was the texture and color of that garment, to the sleeves Bob Grimes displayed when he took his coat off to put on his working-jacket! Horses used actually to come for him to Gandish's door (which was situated in a certain lofty street in Soho). The Miss G.'s would smile at him from the parlor-window as he mounted and rode splendidly off; and those opposition beauties, the Miss Levisons, daughters of the professor of dancing over the way, seldom failed to greet the young gentleman with an admiring ogle from their great black eyes. Master Clive was pronounced an "out-and-outer," a "swell and no mistake," and complimented with scarce one dissentient voice by the simple academy at Gandish's. Besides, he drew very well. There could be no doubt about that. Caricatures of the students of course were passing constantly among them, and in revenge for one which a huge red-haired Scotch student, Mr. Sandy M'Collop, had made of John James, Clive perpetrated a picture of Sandy which set the whole room in a roar; and when the Caledonian giant uttered satirical remarks against the assembled company, averring that they were a parcel of sneaks, a set of lick-spittles, and using epithets still more vulgar, Clive slipped off his fine silk-sleeved coat in an instant, invited Mr. M'Collop into the back-yard, instructed him in a science which the lad himself had acquired at Gray Friars, and administered two black eyes to Sandy, which prevented the young artist from seeing for some days after the head of the Laocoon which he was copying. The Scotchman's superior weight and age might have given the combat a different conclusion, had it endured long after Clive's brilliant opening attack with his right and left; but Professor Gandish came out of his painting-room at the sound of battle, and could scarcely credit his own eyes when he saw those of poor M'Collop so darkened. To do the Scotchman justice, he bore Clive no rancor. They became friends



there, and afterward at Rome, whither they subsequently went to pursue their studies. The fame of Mr. M'Collop as an artist has long since been established. His pictures of Lord Lovat in Prison, and Hogarth painting him, of the Blowing up of the Kirk of Field (painted for M'Collop of M'Collop), of the Torture of the Covenanters, the Murder of the Regent, the Murder of Rizzio, and other historical pieces, all of course from Scotch history, have established his reputation in South as well as in North Britain. No one would suppose from the gloomy character of his works that Sandy M'Collop is one of the most jovial souls alive. Within six months after their little difference, Clive and he were the greatest of friends, and it was by the former's suggestion that Mr. James Binnie gave Sandy his first commission, who selected the cheerful subject of the young Duke of Rothsay starving in prison.

During this period, Mr. Clive assumed the toga virilis, and beheld with inexpressible satisfaction the first growth of those mustaches which have since given him such a marked appearance. Being at Gandish's, and so near the dancing academy, what must he do but take lessons in the Terpsichorean art too?—making himself as popular with the dancing folks as with the drawing folks, and the jolly king of his company every where. He gave entertainments to his fellow-students in the Upper Chambers in Fitzroy Square, which were devoted to his use, inviting his father and Mr. Binnie to those parties now and then. And songs were sung, and pipes were smoked, and many a pleasant supper eaten. There was no stint: but no excess. No young man was ever seen to quit those apartments the worse, as it is called, for liquor. Fred Bayham's uncle the bishop, could not be more decorous than F. B. as he left the Colonel's house, for the Colonel made that one of the conditions of his son's hospitality, that nothing like intoxication should ensue from it. The good gentleman did not frequent the parties of the juniors. He saw that his presence rather silenced the young men; and left them to themselves, confiding in Clive's parole, and went away to play his honest rubber of whist at the Club. And many a time he heard the young fellow's steps tramping by his bedchamber-door, as he lay wakeful within, happy to think his son was happy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW COMPANIONS.



CLIVE used to give droll accounts of the young disciples at Gandish's, who were of various ages and conditions, and in whose company the young fellow took his place with that good temper and gayety which have seldom deserted him in life, and have put him at ease wherever his fate has led him. He is, in truth, as much at home in a fine drawing-room as in a public-house parlor; and can talk as pleasantly to the polite mistress of the mansion, as to the jolly landlady dispensing her drinks from her bar. Not one of the Gandishites but was after a while well-inclined to the young fellow; from Mr. Chivers, the senior pupil, down to the little imp Harry Hooker, who knew as much mischief at twelve years old, and could draw as cleverly as many a student of five-and-twenty; and Bob Trotter, the diminutive fag of the studio, who ran on all the young men's errands, and fetched them in apples, oranges, and walnuts. Clive opened his eyes with wonder when he first beheld these simple feasts, and the pleasure with which some of the young men partook of them. They were addicted to polonies; they did not disguise their love for Banbury cakes; they made bets in ginger-beer, and gave and took the odds in that frothing liquor. There was a young Hebrew among the pupils, upon whom his brother students used playfully to press ham sandwiches, pork sausages, and the like. This young man (who has risen to great wealth subsequently, and was bankrupt only three months since) actually bought cocoa-nuts, and sold them at a profit among the lads. His pockets were never without pencil-cases, French chalk, garnet brooches, for which he was willing to bargain. He behaved very rudely to Gandish, who seemed to be

afraid before him. It was whispered that the Professor was not altogether easy in his circumstances, and that the elder Moss had some mysterious hold over him. Honeyman and Bayham, who once came to see Clive at the studio, seemed each disturbed at beholding young Moss seated there (making a copy of the Marsyas.) "Pa knows both those gents," he informed Clive afterward, with a wicked twinkle of his Oriental eyes. "Step in, Mr. Newcome, any day you are passing down Wardour Street, and see if you don't want any thing in our way." (He pronounced the words in his own way, saying: "Step id *Bister* Doocob, ady day idto Vordor Street," &c.) This young gentleman could get tickets for almost all the theatres, which he gave or sold, and gave splendid accounts at Gandish's of the brilliant masquerades. Clive was greatly diverted at beholding Mr. Moss at one of these entertainments, dressed in a scarlet coat and top boots, and calling out, "Yoicks! Hark forward!" fitfully to another Orientalist, his younger brother, attired like a midshipman. Once Clive bought a half-dozen of theatre tickets from Mr. Moss, which he distributed to the young fellows of the studio. But, when this nice young man tried further to tempt him on the next day, "Mr. Moss," Clive said to him with much dignity, "I am very much obliged to you for your offer, but when I go to the play, I prefer paying at the doors."

Mr. Chivers used to sit in one corner of the room, occupied over a lithographic stone. He was an uncouth and peevish young man; forever finding fault with the younger pupils, whose butt he was—next in rank and age was M'Collop, before named; and these two were at first more than usually harsh and captious with Clive, whose prosperity offended them, and whose dandified manners, free-and-easy ways, and evident influence over the younger scholars, gave umbrage to these elderly apprentices. Clive at first returned Mr. Chivers war for war, controlment for controlment; but when he found Chivers was the son of a helpless widow; that he maintained her by his lithographic vignettes for the music-sellers, and by the scanty remuneration of some lessons which he gave at a school at Highgate; —when Clive saw, or fancied he saw, the lonely senior eyeing with hungry eyes, the luncheons of cheese and bread, and sweetstuff, which the young lads of the studio enjoyed, I promise you Mr. Clive's wrath against Chivers was speedily turned into compassion and kindness, and he sought, and no doubt found, means of feeding Chivers without offending his testy independence.

Nigh to Gandish's was, and perhaps is, another establishment for teaching the art of design —Barker's, which had the additional dignity of a life academy and costume; frequented by a class of students more advanced than those of Gandish's. Between these and the Barkerites there was a constant rivalry and emulation, in and out of doors. Gandish sent more pupils to the Royal Academy; Gandish had brought up three medallists; and the last R.A. student sent to Rome was a Gandishite. Barker, on the contrary, scorned and loathed Trafalgar Square, and laughed at its art. Barker exhibited in Pall Mall and Suffolk Street: he laughed at old Gandish and his pictures, made mince-meat of his "Angli and Angeli," and tore "King Alfred" and his muffins to pieces. The young men of the respective schools used to meet at Lundy's coffee-house and billiard-room, and smoke there, and do battle. Before Clive and his friend J. J. came to Gandish's, the Barkerites were having the best of that constant match, which the two academies were playing. Fred Bayham, who knew every coffee-house in town, and whose initials were scored on a thousand tavern doors, was for a while a constant visitor at Lundy's, played pool with the young men, and did not disdain to dip his beard into their porter pots, when invited to partake of their drink; treated them handsomely when he was in cash himself; and was an honorary member of Barker's academy. Nay, when the guardsman was not forthcoming, who was standing for one of Barker's heroic pictures, Bayham bared his immense arms and brawny shoulders, and stood as Prince Edward, with Philippa sucking the poisoned wound. He would take his friends up to the picture in the Exhibition, and proudly point to it. "Look at that biceps, Sir, and now look at this—that's Barker's masterpiece, Sir, and that's the muscle of F. B., Sir." In no company was F. B. greater than in the society of the artists; in whose smoky haunts and airy parlors he might often be found. It was from F. B. that Clive heard of Mr. Chivers' struggles and honest industry. A great deal of shrewd advice could F. B. give on occasion, and many a kind action and gentle office of charity was this jolly outlaw known to do and cause to be done. His advice to Clive was most edifying at this time of our young gentleman's life, and he owns that he was kept from much mischief by this queer counselor.

A few months after Clive and J. J. had entered at Gandish's, that academy began to hold its own against its rival. The silent young disciple was pronounced to be a genius. His copies were beautiful in delicacy and finish. His designs were exquisite for grace and richness of fancy. Mr. Gandish took to himself the credit for J. J.'s genius; Clive ever and fondly acknowledged the benefit he got from his friend's taste and bright enthusiasm, and sure skill. As for Clive, if he was successful in the academy he was doubly victorious out of it. His person was handsome, his courage high, his gayety and frankness delightful and winning. His money was plenty and he spent it like a young king. He could speedily beat all the club at Lundy's at billiards, and give points to the redoubted F. B. himself. He sang a famous song at their jolly supper parties: and J. J. had no greater delight than to listen to his fresh voice, and watch the young conqueror at the billiard-table, where the balls seemed to obey him.

Clive was not the most docile of Mr. Gandish's pupils. If he had not come to the studio on

horseback several of the young students averred, Gandish would not always have been praising him and quoting him as that professor certainly did. It must be confessed that the young ladies read the history of Clive's uncle in the Book of Baronets, and that Gandish junr., probably with an eye to business, made a design of a picture, in which, according to that veracious volume, one of the Newcomes was represented as going cheerfully to the stake at Smithfield, surrounded by some very ill-favored Dominicans, whose arguments did not appear to make the least impression upon the martyr of the Newcome family. Sandy M'Collop devised a counter picture, wherein the barber surgeon of King Edward the Confessor, was drawn, operating upon the beard of that monarch. To which piece of satire Clive gallantly replied by a design, representing Sawney Bean M'Collop, chief of the clan of that name, descending from his mountains into Edinburgh, and his astonishment at beholding a pair of breeches for the first time. These playful jokes passed constantly among the young men of Gandish's studio. There was no one there who was not caricatured in one way or another. He whose eyes looked not very straight was depicted with a most awful squint. The youth whom nature had endowed with somewhat lengthy nose was drawn by the caricaturists with a prodigious proboscis. Little Bobby Moss, the young Hebrew artist from Wardour Street, was delineated with three hats and an old clothes bag. Nor were poor J. J.'s round shoulders spared, until Clive indignantly remonstrated at the hideous hunchback pictures which the boys made of his friend, and vowed it was a shame to make jokes at such a deformity.

Our friend, if the truth must be told regarding him, though one of the most frank, generous, and kind-hearted persons, is of a nature somewhat haughty and imperious, and very likely the course of life which he now led and the society which he was compelled to keep, served to increase some original defects in his character, and to fortify a certain disposition to think well of himself, with which his enemies not unjustly reproach him. He has been known very pathetically to lament that he was withdrawn from school too early, where a couple of years further course of thrashings from his tyrant, Old Hodge, he avers, would have done him good. He laments that he was not sent to college, where if a young man receives no other discipline, at least he acquires that of meeting with his equals in society and of assuredly finding his betters: whereas in poor Mr. Gandish's studio of art, our young gentleman scarcely found a comrade that was not in one way or other his flatterer, his inferior, his honest or dishonest admirer. The influence of his family's rank and wealth, acted more or less on all those simple folks, who would run on his errands and vied with each other in winning the young nabob's favor. His very goodness of heart rendered him a more easy prey to their flattery, and his kind and jovial disposition led him into company from which he had been much better away. I am afraid that artful young Moss, whose parents dealt in pictures, furniture, gimcracks, and jewelry, victimized Clive sadly with rings and chains, shirt-studs and flaming shirt-pins, and such vanities, which the poor young rogue locked up in his desk generally, only venturing to wear them when he was out of his father's sight or of Mr. Binnie's, whose shrewd eyes watched him very keenly.

Mr. Clive used to leave home every day shortly after noon when he was supposed to betake himself to Gandish's studio. But was the young gentleman always at the drawing-board copying from the antique when his father supposed him to be so devotedly engaged? I fear his place was sometimes vacant. His friend J. J. worked every day and all day. Many a time the steady little student remarked his patron's absence, and no doubt gently remonstrated with him, but when Clive did come to his work he executed it with remarkable skill and rapidity; and Ridley was too fond of him to say a word at home regarding the shortcomings of the youthful scapegrace. Candid readers may sometimes have heard their friend Jones's mother lament that her darling was working too hard at college: or Harry's sisters express their anxiety lest his too rigorous attendance in chambers (after which he will persist in sitting up all night reading those dreary law books which cost such an immense sum of money) should undermine dear Henry's health; and to such acute persons a word is sufficient to indicate young Mr. Clive Newcome's proceedings. Meanwhile his father, who knew no more of the world than Harry's simple sisters or Jones's fond mother, never doubted that all Clive's doings were right, and that his boy was the best of boys.

"If that young man goes on as charmingly as he has begun," Clive's cousin, Barnes Newcome, said of his kinsman, "he will be a paragon. I saw him last night at Vauxhall in company with young Moss, whose father does bills and keeps a bric-a-brac shop in Wardour Street. Two or three other gentlemen, probably young old clothes-men, who had concluded for the day the labors of the bag, joined Mr. Newcome and his friend, and they partook of rack-punch in an arbor. He is a delightful youth, cousin Clive, and I feel sure he is about to be an honor to our family."



CHAPTER XIX.

THE COLONEL AT HOME.

Our good Colonel's house had received a coat

of paint, which, like Madame Latour's rouge in her latter days, only served to make her careworn face look more ghastly. The kitchens were gloomy. The stables were gloomy. Great black passages; cracked conservatory; dilapidated bath-room, with melancholy waters moaning and fizzing from the cistern; the great large blank stone staircase—were all so many melancholy features in the general countenance of the house; but the Colonel thought it perfectly cheerful and pleasant, and furnished it in his rough and ready way. One day a cartload of chairs; the next a wagon full of fenders, fire-irons, and glass, and crockery—a quantity of supplies, in a word, he poured into the place. There were yellow curtains in the back drawing-room, and green curtains in the front. The carpet was an immense bargain, bought dirt cheap, Sir, at a sale in Euston Square. He was against the purchase of a carpet for the stairs. What was the good of it? What did men want with stair-carpets? His own apartment contained a wonderful assortment of lumber. Shelves which he nailed himself, old Indian garments, camphor trunks. What did he want with gewgaws? any thing was good enough for an old soldier. But the spare bedroom was endowed with all sorts of splendor: a bed as big as a general's tent, a cheval glass—whereas the Colonel shaved in a little cracked mirror, which cost him no more than King Stephen's breeches—and a handsome new carpet; while the boards of the Colonel's bedchamber were as bare, as bare as old Miss Scragg's shoulders, which would be so much more comfortable were they covered up. Mr. Binnie's bedchamber was neat, snug, and appropriate. And Clive had a study and bedroom at the top of the house, which he was allowed to furnish entirely according to his own taste. How he and Ridley reveled in Wardour Street! What delightful colored prints of hunting, racing, and beautiful ladies, did they not purchase, mount with their own hands, cut out for screens, frame and glaze, and hang up on the walls. When the rooms were ready they gave a party, inviting the Colonel and Mr. Binnie by note of hand, two gentlemen from Lamb Court, Temple, Mr. Honeyman, and Fred Bayham. We must have Fred Bayham. Fred Bayham frankly asked, "Is Mr. Sherrick, with whom you have become rather intimate lately—and mind you I say nothing, but I recommend strangers in London to be cautious about their friends—is Mr. Sherrick coming to you, young 'un, because if he is, F. B. must respectfully decline!"

Mr. Sherrick was not invited, and accordingly F. B. came. But Sherrick was invited on other days, and a very queer society did our honest Colonel gather together in that queer house, so dreary, so dingy, so comfortless, so pleasant. He, who was one of the most hospitable men alive, loved to have his friends around him; and it must be confessed that the evening parties now occasionally given in Fitzroy Square were of the oddest assemblage of people. The correct East India gentlemen from Hanover Square: the artists, Clive's friends, gentlemen of all ages with all sorts of beards, in every variety of costume. Now and again a stray school-fellow from Gray Friars, who stared, as well he might, at the company in which he found himself. Sometimes a few ladies were brought to these entertainments. The immense politeness of the good host compensated some of them for the strangeness of his company. They had never seen such odd-looking hairy men as those young artists, nor such wonderful women as Colonel Newcome assembled together. He was good to all old maids and poor widows. Retired Captains with large families of daughters found in him their best friend. He sent carriages to fetch them and bring them back from the suburbs where they dwelt. Gandish, Mrs. Gandish, and the four Miss Gandishes in scarlet robes, were constant attendants at the Colonel's soirées. "I delight, Sir, in the hospitality of my distinguished military friend," Mr. Gandish would say. "The harmy has always been my passion.—I served in the Soho Volunteers three years myself, till the conclusion of the war, Sir, till the conclusion of the war."

It was a great sight to see Mr. Frederick Bayham engaged in the waltz or the quadrille with some of the elderly houris at the Colonel's parties. F. B., like a good-natured F. B. as he was, always chose the plainest women as partners, and entertained them with profound compliments and sumptuous conversation. The Colonel likewise danced quadrilles with the utmost gravity. Waltzing had been invented long since his time: but he practiced quadrilles when they first came in, about 1817, in Calcutta. To see him leading up a little old maid, and bowing to her when the dance was ended, and performing Cavalier seul with stately simplicity—was a sight indeed to remember. If Clive Newcome had not such a fine sense of humor, he would have blushed for his father's simplicity.—As it was, the elder's guileless goodness and childlike trustfulness endeared him immensely to his son. "Look at the old boy, Pendennis," he would say, "look at him leading up that old Miss Tidswell to the piano. Doesn't he do it like an old duke? I lay a wager she thinks she is going to be my mother-in-law; all the women are in love with him, young and old. 'Should he upbraid?' There she goes. 'I'll own that he'll prevail, and sing as sweetly as a nigh-tin-gale!' O, you old warbler. Look at father's old heart bobbing up and down! Wouldn't he do for Sir Roger de Coverley? How do you do, uncle Charles?—I say, M'Collop, how gets on the Duke of Whatdyecallem starving in the castle?—Gandish says it's very good."

The lad retires to a group of artists. Mr. Honeyman comes up with a faint smile playing on his features, like moonlight on the façade of Lady Whittlesea's chapel.

"These parties are the most singular I have ever seen," whispers Honeyman. "In entering one of these assemblies, one is struck with the immensity of London: and with the sense of one's own insignificance. Without, I trust, de-



parting from my clerical character, nay from my very avocation as Incumbent of a London Chapel —I have seen a good deal of the world, and here is an assemblage no doubt of most respectable persons, on scarce one of whom I ever set eyes till this evening. Where does my good brother find such characters?"

"That," says Mr. Honeyman's interlocutor, "is the celebrated, though neglected artist, Professor Gandish, whom nothing but jealousy has kept out of the Royal Academy, Surely you have heard of the great Gandish?"

"Indeed I am ashamed to confess my ignorance, but a clergyman busy with his duties, knows little, perhaps too little, of the fine arts."

"Gandish, Sir, is one of the greatest geniuses on whom our ungrateful country ever trampled; he exhibited his first celebrated picture of Alfred in the Neatherd's Hut (he says he is the first who ever touched that subject), in 180—: but Lord Nelson's death, and victory of Trafalgar, occupied the public attention at that time, and Gandish's work went unnoticed. In the year 1816, he painted his great work of Boadicea. You see her before you. That lady in yellow, with a light front and a turban. Boadicea became Mrs. Gandish in that year. So late as '27, he brought before the world his 'Non Angli sed Angeli.' Two of the angels are yonder in sea green dresses—the Misses Gandish. The youth in Berlin gloves was the little male angelus of that piece."

"How came you to know all this, you strange man?" says Mr. Honeyman.

"Simply because Gandish has told me twenty times. He tells the story to every body, every time he sees them. He told it to-day at dinner. Boadicea and the angels came afterward."

"Satire! satire! Mr. Pendennis," says the divine, holding up a reproving finger of lavender kid, "beware of a wicked wit!—But when a man has that tendency, I know how difficult it is to restrain. My dear Colonel, good evening! You have a great reception to-night. That gentleman's bass voice is very fine, Mr. Pendennis and I were admiring it. The Wolf is a song admirably adapted to show its capabilities."

Mr. Gandish's autobiography had occupied the whole time after the retirement of the ladies from Colonel Newcome's dinner-table. Mr. Hobson Newcome had been asleep during the performance; Sir Curry Baughton and one or two of the Colonel's professional and military guests, silent and puzzled. Honest Mr. Binnie, with his shrewd good-humored face, sipping his claret as usual, and delivering a sly joke now and again to the gentleman at his end of the table. Mrs. Newcome had sat by him in sulky dignity; was it that Lady Baughton's diamonds offended her?—her ladyship and her daughters being attired in great splendor for a court ball which they were to attend that evening. Was she hurt because SHE was not invited to that Royal Entertainment? As these festivities were to take place at an early hour, the ladies bidden were obliged to quit the Colonel's house before the evening party commenced, from which Lady Ann declared she was quite vexed to be obliged to run away.

Lady Ann Newcome had been as gracious on this occasion as her sister-in-law had been out of humor. Every thing pleased her in the house. She had no idea that there were such fine houses in that quarter of the town. She thought the dinner so very nice—that Mr. Binnie such a good-humored looking gentleman. That stout gentleman with his collars turned down like Lord Byron, so exceedingly clever and full of information. A celebrated artist was he? (courtly Mr. Smee had his own opinion upon that point, but did not utter it.) All those artists are so eccentric and amusing and clever. Before dinner she insisted upon seeing Clive's den with its pictures and casts and pipes. "You horrid young wicked creature, have you begun to smoke already?" she asks, as she admires his room. She admired every thing. Nothing could exceed her satisfaction.

The sisters-in-law kissed on meeting, with that cordiality so delightful to witness in sisters who dwell together in unity. It was, "My dear Maria, what an age since I have seen you." "My dear Ann, our occupations are so engrossing, our circles are so different," in a languid response from the other. "Sir Brian is not coming, I suppose?" "Now Colonel." She turns in a frisky manner toward him, and taps her fan. "Did I not tell you Sir Brian would not come?"

"He is kept at the House of Commons, my dear. Those dreadful committees. He was quite vexed at not being able to come."

"I know, I know, dear Ann, there are always excuses to gentlemen in Parliament, I have

received many such. Mr. Shaloo, and Mr. M'Sheny, the leaders of our party, often and often disappoint me. I *knew* Brian would not come. *My* husband came down from Marblehead on purpose this morning. Nothing would have induced *us* to give up our brother's party."

"I believe you. I did come down from Marblehead this morning, and I was four hours in the hay-field before I came away, and in the city till five, and I've been to look at a horse afterward at Tattersall's, and I'm as hungry as a hunter, and as tired as a hodman," says Mr. Newcome, with his hands in his pockets. "How do you do, Mr. Pendennis? Maria, you remember Mr. Pendennis—don't you?"

"Perfectly," replies the languid Maria. Mrs. Gandish, Colonel Topham, Major M'Cracken are announced, and then, in diamonds, feathers and splendor, Lady Baughton and Miss Baughton, who are going to the Queen's ball, and Sir Curry Baughton, not quite in his deputy-lieutenant's uniform as yet, looking very shy in a pair of blue trowsers, with a glittering stripe of silver down the seams. Clive looks with wonder and delight at these ravishing ladies, rustling in fresh brocades, with feathers, diamonds, and every magnificence. Aunt Ann has not her court-dress on as yet; and Aunt Maria blushes as she beholds the new comers, having thought fit to attire herself in a high dress, with a Quaker-like simplicity, and a pair of gloves more than ordinarily dingy. The pretty little foot she has, it is true, and sticks it out from habit; but what is Mrs. Newcome's foot compared with that sweet little chaussure which Miss Baughton exhibits and withdraws? The shiny white satin slipper, the pink stocking which ever and anon peeps from the rustling folds of her robe, and timidly retires into its covert—that foot, light as it is, crushes Mrs. Newcome.

No wonder she winces, and is angry; there are some mischievous persons who rather like to witness that discomfiture. All Mr. Smee's flatteries that day failed to soothe her. She was in the state in which his canvasses sometimes are, when he can not paint on them.

What happened to her alone in the drawing-room, when the ladies invited to the dinner had departed, and those convoked to the soirée began to arrive,—what happened to her or to them I do not like to think. The Gandishes arrived first. Boadicea and the angels. We judged from the fact that young Mr. Gandish came blushing into the dessert. Name after name was announced of persons of whom Mrs. Newcome knew nothing. The young and the old, the pretty and homely, they were all in their best dresses, and no doubt stared at Mrs. Newcome, so obstinately plain in her attire. When we came up-stairs from dinner, we found her seated entirely by herself, tapping her fan at the fire-place. Timid groups of persons were round about, waiting for the irruption of the gentlemen, until the pleasure should begin. Mr. Newcome, who came up-stairs yawning, was heard to say to his wife: "O dam, let's cut!" And they went down stairs, and waited until their carriage had arrived, when they quitted Fitzroy Square.

Mr. Barnes Newcome presently arrived, looking particularly smart and lively, with a large flower in his button-hole, and leaning on the arm of a friend. "How do you do, Pendennis?" he says, with a peculiarly dandified air. "Did you dine here? You look as if you dined here (and Barnes, certainly, as if he had dined elsewhere). I was only asked to the cold soirée. Who did you have for dinner? You had my mamma and the Baughtons, and my uncle and aunt, I know, for they are down below in the library, waiting for the carriage: he is asleep, and she is as sulky as a bear."

"Why did Mrs. Newcome say I should find nobody I knew up here?" asks Barnes's companion. "On the contrary, there are lots of fellows I know. There's Fred Bayham, dancing like a harlequin. There's old Gandish, who used to be my drawing-master; and my Brighton friends, your uncle and cousin, Barnes. What relations are they to me? must be some relations. Fine fellow your cousin."

"Him," growls Barnes. "Very fine boy,—not spirited at all,—not fond of flattery,—not surrounded by toadies,—not fond of drink,—delightful boy! See yonder, the young fellow is in conversation with his most intimate friend, a little crooked fellow, with long hair. Do you know who he is? he is the son of old Todmoreton's butler. Upon my life it's true."

"And suppose it is; what the deuce do I care!" cries Lord Kew, "Who can be more respectable than a butler? A man must be somebody's son. When I am a middle-aged man, I hope humbly I shall look like a butler myself. Suppose you were to put ten of Gunter's men into the House of Lords, do you mean to say that they would not look as well as any average ten peers in the house? Look at Lord Westcot; he is exactly like a butler: that's why the country has such confidence in him. I never dine with him but I fancy he ought to be at the sideboard. Here comes that insufferable little old Smee. How do you do, Mr. Smee?"

Mr. Smee smiles his sweetest smile. With his rings, diamond shirt-studs, and red velvet waistcoat, there are few more elaborate middle-aged bucks than Alfred Smee. "How do you do, my dear lord?" cries the bland one. "Who would ever have thought of seeing your lordship here?"

"Why the deuce not, Mr. Smee?" asks Lord Kew, abruptly. "Is it wrong to come here? I have been in the house only five minutes, and three people have said the same thing to me—Mrs. Newcome, who is sitting down stairs in a rage waiting for her carriage, the condescending Barnes, and yourself. Why do *you* come here, Smee? How are you, Mr. Gandish? How do the fine arts go?"

"Your lordship's kindness in asking for them will cheer them if any thing will," says Mr. Gandish. "Your noble family has always patronized them. I am proud to be reckonized by

your lordship in this house, where the distinguished father of one of my pupils entertains us this evening. A most promising young man is young Mr. Clive—talents for a hamateur really most remarkable."

"Excellent, upon my word—excellent," cries Mr. Smee. "I'm not an animal painter myself, and perhaps don't think much of that branch of the profession; but it seems to me the young fellow draws horses with the most wonderful spirit. I hope Lady Walham is very well, and that she was satisfied with her son's portrait. Stockholm, I think, your brother is appointed to? I wish I might be allowed to paint the elder as well as the younger brother, my lord."

"I am an historical painter; but whenever Lord Kew is painted I hope his lordship will think of the old servant of his lordship's family, Charles Gandish," cries the professor.

"I am like Susannah between the two Elders," says Lord Kew. "Let my innocence alone, Smee. Mr. Gandish, don't persecute my modesty with your addresses. I won't be painted. I am not a fit subject for a historical painter, Mr. Gandish."

"Halcibiades sat to Praxiteles, and Pericles to Phidjas," remarks Gandish.

"The cases are not quite similar," says Lord Kew, languidly. "You are no doubt fully equal to Praxiteles; but I don't see my resemblance to the other party. I should not look well as a hero, and Smee could not paint me handsome enough."

"I would try, my dear lord," cries Mr. Smee.

"I know you would, my dear fellow," Lord Kew answered, looking at the painter with a lazy scorn in his eyes. "Where is Colonel Newcome, Mr. Gandish?" Mr. Gandish replied that our gallant host was dancing a quadrille in the next room; and the young gentleman walked on toward that apartment to pay his respects to the giver of the evening's entertainment.

Newcome's behavior to the young peer was ceremonious, but not in the least servile. He saluted the other's superior rank, not his person, as he turned the guard out for a general officer. He never could be brought to be otherwise than cold and grave in his behavior to John James; nor was it without difficulty, when young Ridley and his son became pupils at Gandish's, he could be induced to invite the former to his parties. "An artist is any man's equal," he said. "I have no prejudice of that sort; and think that Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson were fit company for any person, of whatever rank. But a young man whose father may have had to wait behind me at dinner, should not be brought into my company." Clive compromises the dispute with a laugh. "First," says he, "I will wait till I am asked; and then I promise I will not go to dine with Lord Todmoreton."

CHAPTER XX.

CONTAINS MORE PARTICULARS OF THE COLONEL AND HIS BRETHREN.

If Clive's amusements, studies, or occupations, such as they were, filled his day pretty



completely, and caused the young gentleman's time to pass rapidly and pleasantly, his father, it must be owned, had no such resources, and the good Colonel's idleness hung heavily upon him. He submitted very kindly to this infliction, however, as he would have done to any other for Clive's sake: and though he might have wished himself back with his regiment again, and engaged in the pursuits in which his life had been spent, he chose to consider these desires as very selfish and blamable on his part, and sacrificed them resolutely for his son's welfare. The young fellow, I dare say, gave his parent no more credit for his long self-denial, than many other children award to theirs. We take such life-offerings as our due commonly. The old French satirist avers that in a love affair, there is usually one person who loves, and the other, *qui se laisse aimer;* it is only in later days, perhaps, when the treasures of love are spent, and the kind hand cold which ministered them, that we remember how tender it was; how soft to soothe; how eager to shield; how ready to support and caress. The ears may no longer hear, which would have received our words of thanks so delightedly. Let us hope those fruits of love, though tardy, are yet not all too late; and though we bring our tribute of reverence and gratitude, it may be to a gravestone, there is an acceptance even there for the stricken heart's oblation of fond remorse, contrite memories, and pious tears. I am thinking of the love of Clive Newcome's father for him (and, perhaps, young reader, that of yours and mine for ourselves); how the old man lay awake, and devised kindnesses, and gave his all for the love of his son; and the young man took, and spent, and slept, and made merry. Did we not say at our tale's commencement that all stories were old? Careless prodigals and anxious elders have been from the beginning: and so may love, and repentance, and forgiveness endure even till the end.

The stifling fogs, the slippery mud, the dun dreary November mornings, when the Regent's Park, where the Colonel took his early walk, was wrapped in yellow mist; must have been a melancholy exchange for the splendor of Eastern sunrise, and the invigorating gallop at dawn, to which, for so many years of his life, Thomas Newcome had accustomed himself. His obstinate habit of

early waking accompanied him to England, and occasioned the despair of his London domestics, who, if master wasn't so awful early, would have found no fault with him, for a gentleman as gives less trouble to his servants; as scarcely ever rings the bell for his self; as will brush his own clothes; as will even boil his own shaving water in the little hetna which he keeps up in his dressing-room; as pays so regular, and never looks twice at the accounts; such a man deserved to be loved by his household, and I dare say comparisons were made between him and his son, who do ring the bells, and scold if his boots ain't nice, and horder about like a young lord. But Clive, though imperious, was very liberal and good-humored, and not the worse served because he insisted upon exerting his youthful authority. As for friend Binnie, he had a hundred pursuits of his own, which made his time pass very comfortably. He had all the Lectures at the British Institution; he had the Geographical Society, the Asiatic Society, and the Political Economy Club; and though he talked year after year of going to visit his relations in Scotland, the months and seasons passed away, and his feet still beat the London pavement.

In spite of the cold reception his brothers gave him, duty was duty, and Colonel Newcome still proposed, or hoped to be well with the female members of the Newcome family; and having, as we have said, plenty of time on his hands; and living at no very great distance from either of his brothers' town houses; when their wives were in London, the elder Newcome was for paying them pretty constant visits. But after the good gentleman had called twice or thrice upon his sister-in-law in Bryanstone Square; bringing, as was his wont, a present for this little niece, or a book for that: Mrs. Newcome, with her usual virtue, gave him to understand that the occupation of an English matron, who, besides her multifarious family duties, had her own intellectual culture to mind, would not allow her to pass the mornings in idle gossips: and of course took great credit to herself for having so rebuked him. "I am not above instruction of *any* age," says she, thanking heaven (or complimenting it, rather, for having created a being so virtuous and humble-minded). "When Professor Schroff comes, I sit with my children, and take lessons in German—and I say my verbs with Maria and Tommy in the same class!" Yes, with courtesies and fine speeches she actually bowed her brother out of doors; and the honest gentleman meekly left her, though with bewilderment as he thought of the different hospitality to which he had been accustomed in the East, where no friend's house was ever closed to him, where no neighbor was so busy but he had time to make Thomas Newcome welcome.

When Hobson Newcome's boys came home for the holidays, their kind uncle was for treating them to the sights of the town, but here virtue again interposed, and laid its interdict upon pleasure. "Thank you, very much, my dear Colonel," says Virtue, "there never was surely such a kind, affectionate, unselfish creature, as you are, and so indulgent for children, but my boys and yours are brought up on a *very different* plan. Excuse me for saying that I do not think it is advisable that they should even see too much of each other. Clive's company is not good for them."

"Great heavens, Maria!" cries the Colonel, starting up, "do you mean that my boy's society is not good enough for any boy alive?"

Maria turned very red: she had said not more than she meant, but more than she meant to say. "My dear Colonel, how hot we are! how angry you Indian gentlemen become with us poor women! Your boy is much older than mine. He lives with artists, with all sorts of eccentric people. Our children are bred on *quite a different plan.* Hobson will succeed his father in the bank, and dear Samuel, I trust, will go into the church. I told you, before, the views I had regarding the boys: but it was most kind of you to think of them—most generous and kind."

"That nabob of ours is a queer fish," Hobson Newcome remarked to his nephew Barnes. "He is as proud as Lucifer; he is always taking huff about one thing or the other. He went off in a fume the other night because your aunt objected to his taking the boys to the play. She don't like their going to the play. My mother didn't either. Your aunt is a woman who is uncommon wide-awake I can tell you."

"I always knew, Sir, that my aunt was perfectly aware of the time of the day," says Barnes with a bow.

"And then the Colonel flies out about his boy, and says that my wife insulted him! I used to like that boy. Before his father came he was a good lad enough—a jolly brave little fellow."

"I confess I did not know Mr. Clive at that interesting period of his existence," remarks Barnes.

"But since he has taken this mad-cap freak of turning painter," the uncle continues, "there is no understanding the chap. Did you ever see such a set of fellows as the Colonel had got together at his party the other night? Dirty chaps in velvet coats and beards? They looked like a set of mountebanks. And this young Clive is going to turn painter!"

"Very advantageous thing for the family. He'll do our pictures for nothing. I always said he was a darling boy," simpered Barnes.

"Darling jackass!" growled out the senior. "Confound it, why doesn't my brother set him up in some respectable business? I ain't proud. I have not married an earl's daughter. No offense to you, Barnes."

"Not at all, Sir. I can't help it if my grandfather is a gentleman," says Barnes, with a fascinating smile.

The uncle laughs. "I mean I don't care what a fellow is if he is a good fellow. But a painter! hang it—a painter's no trade at all—I don't fancy seeing one of our family sticking up pictures for sale. I don't like it, Barnes."

"Hush! here comes his distinguished friend, Mr. Pendennis," whispers Barnes; and the

uncle growling out, "Damn all literary fellows —all artists—the whole lot of them!" turns away. Barnes waves three languid fingers of recognition towards Pendennis: and when the uncle and nephew have moved out of the club newspaper room, little Tom Eaves comes up and tells the present reporter every word of their conversation.

Very soon Mrs. Newcome announced that their Indian brother found the society of Bryanstone Square very little to his taste, as indeed how should he? being a man of a good harmless disposition certainly, but of small intellectual culture. It could not be helped. She had done *her* utmost to make him welcome, and grieved that their pursuits were not more congenial. She heard that he was much more intimate in Park Lane. Possibly the superior rank of Lady Ann's family might present charms to Colonel Newcome, who fell asleep at her assemblies. His boy, she was afraid, was leading the most *irregular life*. He was growing a pair of mustaches, and going about with all sorts of wild associates. She found no fault, who was she, to find fault with any one? But she had been compelled to hint that her children must not be too intimate with him. And so, between one brother who meant no unkindness, and another who was all affection and good-will, this undoubting woman created difference, distrust, dislike, which might one day possibly lead to open rupture. The wicked are wicked no doubt, and they go astray and they fall, and they come by their deserts: but who can tell the mischief which the very virtuous do?

To her sister-in-law, Lady Ann, the Colonel's society was more welcome. The affectionate gentleman never tired of doing kindnesses to his brother's many children, and as Mr. Clive's pursuits now separated him a good deal from his father, the Colonel, not perhaps without a sigh that fate should so separate him from the society which he loved best in the world, consoled himself as best he might with his nephews and nieces, especially with Ethel, for whom his *belle passion* conceived at first sight never diminished. If uncle Newcome had a hundred children, Ethel said, who was rather jealous of disposition, he would spoil them all. He found a fine occupation in breaking a pretty little horse for her, of which he made her a present, and there was no horse in the Park that was so handsome, and surely no girl who looked more beautiful, than Ethel Newcome with her broad hat and red ribbon, with her thick black locks waving round her bright face, galloping along the ride on Bhurtpore. Occasionally Clive was at their riding parties, when the Colonel would fall back and fondly survey the young people cantering side by side over the grass: but by a tacit convention it was arranged that the cousins should be but seldom together; the Colonel might be his niece's companion and no one could receive him with a more joyous welcome, but when Mr. Clive made his appearance with his father at the Park Lane door, a certain *gêne* was visible in Miss Ethel, who would never mount except with Colonel Newcome's assistance, and who, especially after Mr. Clive's famous mustaches made their appearance, rallied him, and remonstrated with him regarding those ornaments, and treated him with much distance and dignity. She asked him if he was going into the army? she could not understand how any but military men could wear mustaches; and then she looked fondly and archly at her uncle, and said she liked none that were not gray.

Clive set her down as a very haughty, spoiled, aristocratic young creature. If he had been in love with her, no doubt he would have sacrificed even those beloved new-born whiskers for the charmer. Had he not already bought on credit the necessary implements in a fine dressing-case, from young Moss? But he was not in love with her; otherwise he would have found a thousand opportunities of riding with her, walking with her, meeting her, in spite of all prohibitions tacit or expressed, all governesses, guardians, mamma's punctilios, and kind hints from friends. For a while, Mr. Clive thought himself in love with his cousin; than whom no more beautiful young girl could be seen in any park, ball, or drawing-room; and he drew a hundred pictures of her, and discoursed about her beauties to J. J., who fell in love with her on hearsay. But at this time, Mademoiselle Saltarelli was dancing at Drury Lane Theatre, and it certainly may be said that Clive's first love was bestowed upon that beauty: whose picture of course he drew in most of her favorite characters; and for whom his passion lasted until the end of the season, when her night was announced, tickets to be had at the theatre, or of Mademoiselle Saltarelli, Buckingham Street, Strand. Then it was that with a throbbing heart and a five pound note, to engage places for the houri's benefit, Clive beheld Madame Rogomme, Mademoiselle Saltarelli's mother, who entertained him in the French language in a dark parlor smelling of onions. And oh! issuing from the adjoining dining-room—(where was a dingy vision of a feast and pewter pots upon a darkling table-cloth) could that lean, scraggy, old, beetle-browed, yellow face, who cried "Où est tu donc, mama?" with such a shrill nasal voice—could that elderly vixen be that blooming and divine Saltarelli? Clive drew her picture as she was, and a likeness of Madame Rogomme, her mamma; a Mosaic youth, profusely jeweled, and scented at once with tobacco and Eau de Cologne, occupied Clive's stall on Mademoiselle Saltarelli's night. It was young Mr. Moss, of Gandish's, to whom Newcome ceded his place, and who laughed (as he always did at Clive's jokes) when the latter told the story of his interview with the dancer. "Paid five pound to see that woman. I could have took you behind the scenes (or beide the seeds, Mr. Moss said) and showed her to you for dothing." Did he take Clive behind the scenes? Over this part of the young gentleman's life, without implying the least harm to him—for have not others been behind the scenes; and



can there be any more dreary object than those whitened and raddled old women who shudder at the slips? Over this stage of Clive Newcome's life we may surely drop the curtain.

It is pleasanter to contemplate that kind old face of Clive's father, that sweet young blushing lady by his side, as the two ride homeward at sunset. The grooms behind in quiet conversation about horses, as men never tire of talking about horses. Ethel wants to know about battles; about lovers' lamps, which she has read of in Lallah Rookh. "Have you ever seen them, uncle, floating down the Ganges of a night?" About Indian widows. "Did you actually see one burning, and hear her scream as you rode up?" She wonders whether he will tell her any thing about Clive's mother: how she must have loved Uncle Newcome! Ethel can't bear, somehow, to think that her name was Mrs. Casey,—perhaps he was very fond of her; though he scarcely ever mentions her name. She was nothing like that good old funny Miss Honeyman at Brighton. Who could the person be?—a person that her uncle knew ever so long ago—a French lady, whom her uncle says Ethel often resembles? That is why he speaks French so well. He can recite whole pages out of Racine Perhaps it was the French lady who taught him. And he was not very happy at the Hermitage (though grandpapa was a very kind good man), and he upset papa in a little carriage, and was wild, and got into disgrace, and was sent to India? He could not have been very bad, Ethel thinks, looking at him with her honest eyes. Last week he went to the Drawing-room, and papa presented him. His uniform of gray and silver was quite old, yet he looked much grander than Sir Brian in his new deputy-lieutenant's dress. Next year, when I am presented, you must come too, Sir, says Ethel. I insist upon it, you must come too!

"I will order a new uniform, Ethel," says her uncle.

The girl laughs. "When little Egbert took hold of your sword, uncle, and asked you how many people you had killed, do you know I had the same question in my mind; and I thought when you went to the Drawing-room, perhaps the King will knight him. But instead he knighted mamma's apothecary, Sir Danby Jilks: that horrid little man, and I won't have you knighted any more."

"I hope Egbert won't ask Sir Danby Jilks how many people HE has killed," says the Colonel, laughing; but thinking the joke too severe upon Sir Danby and the profession, he forthwith apologizes by narrating many anecdotes he knows to the credit of surgeons. How, when the fever broke out on board the ship going to India, their surgeon devoted himself to the safety of the crew, and died himself, leaving directions for the treatment of the patients when he was gone. What heroism the doctors showed during the cholera in India; and what courage he had seen some of them exhibit in action: attending the wounded men under the hottest fire, and exposing themselves as readily as the bravest troops. Ethel declares that her uncle always will talk of other people's courage, and never say a word about his own; and the only reason, she says, which made me like that odious Sir Thomas de Boots, who laughs so, and looks so red, and pays such horrid compliments to all ladies, was, that he praised you, uncle, at Newcome, last year, when Barnes and he came to us at Christmas. Why did you not come? Mamma and I went to see your old nurse; and we found her such a nice old lady. So the pair talk kindly on, riding homeward through the pleasant summer twilight. Mamma had gone out to dinner; and there were cards for three parties afterward. "O how I wish it was next year," says Miss Ethel.

Many a splendid assembly, and many a brilliant next year, will the ardent and hopeful young creature enjoy; but in the midst of her splendor and triumphs, buzzing flatterers, conquered rivals, prostrate admirers, no doubt she will think sometimes of that quiet season before the world began for her, and that dear old friend, on whose arm she leaned while she was yet a young girl.

The Colonel comes to Park Street early in the forenoon, when the mistress of the house, surrounded by her little ones, is administering dinner to them. He behaves with splendid courtesy to Miss Quigley, the governess, and makes a point of taking wine with her, and of making a most profound bow during that ceremony. Miss Quigley can not help thinking Colonel Newcome's bow very fine. She has an idea that his late Majesty must have bowed in that way: she flutteringly imparts this opinion to Lady Ann's maid; who tells her mistress, who tells Miss Ethel, who watches the Colonel the next time he takes wine with Miss Quigley, and they laugh, and then Ethel tells him; so that the gentleman and the governess have to blush ever after when they drink wine together. When she is walking with her little charges in the Park, or in that before-mentioned paradise nigh to Apsley House, faint signals of welcome appear on her wan cheeks. She knows the dear Colonel among a thousand horsemen. If Ethel makes for her uncle purses, guard-chains, anti-macassars, and



the like beautiful and useful articles, I believe it is in reality Miss Quigley who does four-fifths of the work—as she sits alone in the school-room, high, high up in that lone house, when the little ones are long since asleep, before her dismal little tea-tray, and her little desk, containing her mother's letters and her mementos of home.

There are, of course, numberless fine parties in Park Lane, where the Colonel knows he would be very welcome. But if there be grand assemblies, he does not care to come. "I like to go to the club best," he says to Lady Ann. "We talk there as you do here about persons, and about Jack marrying, and Tom dying, and so forth. But we have known Jack and Tom all our lives, and so are interested in talking about them. Just as you are in speaking of your own friends and habitual society. They are people whose names I have sometimes read in the newspaper, but whom I never thought of meeting until I came to your house. What has an old fellow like me to say to your young dandies or old dowagers?"

"Mamma is very odd and sometimes very captious, my dear Colonel," said Lady Ann, with a blush—"she suffers so frightfully from tic, that we are all bound to pardon her."

Truth to tell, old Lady Kew had been particularly rude to Colonel Newcome and Clive. Ethel's birth-day befell in the Spring, on which occasion she was wont to have a juvenile assembly, chiefly of girls of her own age and condition; who came, accompanied by a few governesses, and they played and sang their little duetts and chorusses together, and enjoyed a gentle refection of sponge cakes, jellies, tea, and the like. The Colonel, who was invited to this little party, sent a fine present to his favorite Ethel; and Clive and his friend J. J. made a funny series of drawings, representing the life of a young lady as they imagined it—and drawing her progress from her cradle upward, now engaged with her doll, then with her dancing-master; now marching in her back-board, now crying over her German lessons: and dressed for her first ball finally, and bestowing her hand upon a dandy, of preternatural ugliness, who was kneeling at her feet as the happy man. This picture was the delight of the laughing happy girls; except, perhaps, the little cousins from Bryanstone Square, who were invited to Ethel's party, but were so overpowered by the prodigious new dresses in which their mamma had attired them, that they could admire nothing but their rustling pink frocks, their enormous sashes, their lovely new silk stockings.

Lady Kew coming to London attended on the party: and presented her grand-daughter with a sixpenny pin-cushion. The Colonel had sent Ethel a beautiful little gold watch and chain. Her aunt had complimented her with that refreshing work, "Alison's History of Europe," richly bound. Lady Kew's pin-cushion made rather a poor figure among the gifts, whence probably arose her ladyship's ill-humor.

Ethel's grandmother became exceedingly testy, when the Colonel arriving, Ethel ran up to him and thanked him for the beautiful watch, in return for which she gave him a kiss; which I dare say, amply repaid Colonel Newcome: and shortly after him Mr. Clive arrived, looking uncommonly handsome, with that smart little beard and mustache with which nature had recently gifted him. As he entered, all the girls who had been admiring his pictures, began to clap their hands. Mr. Clive Newcome blushed, and looked none the worse for that indication of modesty.

Lady Kew had met Colonel Newcome a half-dozen times at her daughter's house: but on this occasion she had quite forgotten him, for when the Colonel made her a bow, her ladyship regarded him steadily, and beckoning her daughter to her, asked who the gentleman was who had just kissed Ethel? Trembling as she always did before her mother, Lady Ann explained. Lady Kew said "O!" and left Colonel Newcome blushing and rather *embarrassé de sa personne* before her.

With the clapping of hands that greeted Clive's arrival, the Countess was by no means more good-humored. Not aware of her wrath, the young fellow, who had also previously been presented to her, came forward presently to make her his compliments. "Pray who are you?" she said, looking at him very earnestly in the face. He told her his name.

"H'm," said Lady Kew, "I have heard of you, and I have heard very little good of you."

"Will your Ladyship please to give me your informant?" cried out Colonel Newcome.

Barnes Newcome, who had condescended to attend his sister's little fête, and had been languidly watching the frolics of the young people, looked very much alarmed.

THE TURK AT HOME.

THE Turk, as he is presented to the popular mind, is a gentleman with a ferocious beard; wearing a curved sword; having more wives than he can count; smoking all day long; and disdaining the convenience of a chair. Blue Beard is supposed to have been a Turk; and, in fact, all the horrible monsters of our children's story-books are represented to be Turks. To call a man "a pretty Turk" in England, is not to pay him a compliment. Even in Turkey no man likes to be called a Turk; he is an Ottoman; a Turk in his eyes is a barbarian.

The Turk or Ottoman of the present day, is a being who differs very widely from the savage gentleman of popular fiction. He is brought up to respect the laws as he respects his religion, and to consider them a part of it; he usually confines himself to one wife; and, when he returns home in an angry mood, he does not tie his lady up in a sack and throw her into the Bosphorus. He is not often in the habit of stabbing people in the dark; he is not always hard-hearted and cruel; he can be honest in his dealings, and is far from being outrageously impure in his morals—that is, in the morals which are held up to him as proper. The law protects his wife against cruelty or neglect; and his chance of rising in the world depends very much upon his own exertions. He is not elbowed off the public scene by hereditary legislators; he may be born of a slave mother, and yet live to be the great chamberlain of the palace. Every office is open, in Turkey, to every man.

Montesquieu's description of Turkey and its inhabitants is no longer applicable. When he wrote, it was true that property was not respected; that civil law was not known; that slavery had degraded the people; and polygamy had destroyed the purity of social life. But things have changed within the last fifty years, under the rule of the present Sultan and his predecessor. The Koran has been interpreted anew, to serve the great cause of human advancement. Its direction to believers to bring light even from China, has been used to sanctify the introduction of the arts of Western Europe; and, to make the introduction of modern military science popular, Mohammedans were reminded that the arms even of the enemy might be used to crush him. Provinces that were ravaged by incessant civil wars; that were by turns a prey to the rapacity of the predominant pacha within, or to the lust and brutality of armed bandits from without, have been brought within the influence of Constantinople. Officials, who exacted presents and sold justice, have been subjected to the utmost rigor of the law. The slave-market has been suppressed, and slaves have been surrounded with the protecting spirit of the government, so that, at the present moment, no master may ill-use them. A new and merciful code of laws has been drawn up, and commerce has been re-arranged on the French model. Thus it will be seen that the Turk (for we must still call him so) born in the present time, does not enter upon a scene quite so barbarous as that upon which his grandfather played a part. No mountain of light may be descried about him, but we may see a glimmer of promise.

The care with which the Osmanlis have always kept their wives and daughters apart, still prevails in Constantinople. To ask a Turkish gentleman after his wife or his daughter, is to give him mortal offense. If he alludes to them he calls them "the home," or "the house." He will tell you that the house is well. Also when, he announces to his friends the birth of a daughter, he says, "a veiled one," or "a stranger has been given to me." He is taught by the Koran to honor his wife, and to believe that she will be, equally with himself, a participator in Heavenly felicity. This teaching effectually displaces the

vulgar error that declares the Mohammedans to believe women have no souls. Polygamy is allowed to this day in Turkey, but it is so surrounded with social and religious difficulties that it is rarely practiced. The Koran allows a Mussulman to marry four legitimate wives, but tells him expressly that it is meritorious to marry only one. In Constantinople the ulemas, the great bodies of government officials, the naval and military officers, the tradesmen and the workmen, have generally only one wife. In the provinces one wife is even more universally the rule. And now, all the great officers of state make a merit of wedding one wife only, to show a good example to their countrymen. Nor is the wife a slave entirely. In her own apartments she is supreme mistress. She may receive her female friends, and her male relations; she may go out in the day-time (veiled and attended); and her husband consults her on all his affairs. She is not the painted doll we have read of. She is thoroughly domestic, and is effectually protected by the state from cruel treatment. The Mussulman is bound by law to maintain her according to his rank; if he fail in this she may claim a divorce When he marries her he gives a present to her relatives, instead of expecting a dower, as with us. She has the care of his household, and if he be poor, she employs her leisure in spinning. She has the exclusive right, by law, to bring up her children—the girls until they are married, the boys until they enter one of the public schools. If the Ottomans have one tender chord in their breasts, it is that which is always awakened within them at the sound of the maternal name. Women may even perform the functions of the Imam, recite prayers, and under extraordinary circumstances they may be invested with political powers. Yet, undoubtedly, the Turkish woman is not yet free. The law allows her to see her distant relatives only once in each year, if her husband objects to more frequent visiting; her near relatives are also subject to legal interference.

The Ottoman at home, therefore, is not a Bluebeard—his wife is not a slave. Yet in his house he has slaves, whom he buys as sheep are bought. These slaves are said to be well used, and can, with reasonable exertion earn their liberty. Thus the son of a slave mother is incontestably free. In fact these slaves represent very closely the condition of the Russian serf, but appear to be better treated. In Turkey a master is compelled by law to feed and clothe his slaves; he may not ill-treat them; he can not prevent or force their marriages. They are simply servants without wages, and are in most cases personally and of choice attached to their masters; yet the condition of the female slaves is barbarous enough, and very shocking to any civilized man who may have had an opportunity of watching their condition, and the terrible traffic of which they are the object. Then, the son of a slave, being free, has an equal chance in the world with the boy of the most favored parentage; for in Turkey there is no aristocracy.

The story runs that one day the Khalif Omer having received some fine linen from Yemen, distributed it among the Mussulmans. Every man had an equal piece, Omer reserving no more for himself than he had given to the rest. Arrayed in the garment his share had been made into, he entered a pulpit and exhorted the Mussulmans to wage war with the infidels. But a man present rose, and interrupting the Khalif said, "We will not obey you."

"Why not?" Omer asked.

"Because you have distinguished yourself from us all by a particular partiality."

"In what way?" said the Khalif.

"Listen. When you pretended to divide the linen equally you deceived us, for our pieces do not suffice to make a garment like yours. You are a man of great height, and have retained enough to clothe yourself from head to foot."

Omer, turning to his son, said, "Abd-Allah, answer this man."

Whereupon Abd-Allah rose and explained, "When the prince of believers, Omer, wished to make a garment of his portion of linen, he found it insufficient. I found my portion too much; so I gave him my surplus."

"Very good," the questioner then answered; "in that case we will obey you."

This spirit predominates to this hour. All men are equal, by birth, in Turkey; and if a man becomes a minister for foreign affairs, be sure that he has good right to the post. Only the sovereign's position is hereditary, and only the royal family bears a recognized family name, and traces exactly its descent. Thus we find such designations as "Ibrahim the son of the slipper-maker," common throughout the country. The only recognized rank is that of the government officials, who, as in Russia, have all a military grade. The rest of the nation is divided into two distinct classes:—employers and artisans. The artisans are banded as in other continental states, into distinct corporations or Esnafs, and are governed by an inspector or Kiaya. These bodies are very numerous, and include corporations of bonnet-makers, pipe-tube manufacturers, water-carriers, boatmen, and others; the corporation of boatmen being one of the largest. These men are the cabmen of Constantinople, and ply upon the waters of the Bosporus, in their little varnished kaïks. They are nearly all bekiars, or bachelor adventurers, who leave their homes on the borders of Asia, for two or three years, to earn enough money at Constantinople to return in comfort to their distant villages. Their object being to economize as far as possible, they generally club together in bands of five or six, to hire one large room (which they get for about twenty piastres, equal to eighty cents, per month) and therein each member has his carpet and his bed-clothes. They also give a sum about equal to the rent, to some old man, who is charged with the arrangement of the room, and with the preparation of the boatmen's supper. This old man is well cared for by his employers, and is their umpire in disputes. Thus these prudent

fellows gather their modest harvest quickly, and return to their homes, unless in the mean time, by the exhibition of some rare talent, they have been made capitan-pacha.

The capitalists and land-owners are reputed to be a grave, dignified, intensely prejudiced class of men. They preside over their farms or business; take great care of their homes; extend to their neighbors a bountiful hospitality; pray; give away abundantly in charity; educate their children; and, with the well-loved tchibouk or pipe, enjoy the *kef*, that irresistible, idle dreaminess, which the Ottoman loves to nurse, sitting cross-legged upon his splendid carpet. He sees the progress going forward in his country with the look of a hopeless man. He says, "When the medicinal properties of the plants revealed themselves to Hokman, not one of them said to him, 'I can restore life to a corpse.' Sultan Abdul-Medjid is another Hokman, but the empire is a corpse. All true Mussulmans are under ground." If he be a rich man, he will order his relatives to convey his body to the great cemetery of Scutari in Asia, that the infidels may not disturb his bones when they shall have taken possession of Stamboul. He represents a large class of men in the Turkish empire. These men look upon all the reforms which have been going on during the last fifty years as so many hopeless attempts to restore animation to a dead body. They are the Turkish Tories, longing for the good old times when the pachas were unquestioned tyrants; when the slave-market was brisk in the open squares of Constantinople; and when the Koran was interpreted in defense of oppression and of wrong. They are, in short, the faint type of the Turk vulgarly known throughout Europe. They are represented as exhibiting those virtues which characterize the Arab;—hospitality, religious zeal, and a scrupulously moral life; but they are known to be crafty, and, when roused, cruel. They are declared fatalists, and any Turk will see his property fall from him without a murmur. The doctrine of predestination has fastened itself upon his soul; he expresses it in many common proverbs: "The blood destined to be shed can not be retained in the artery;" "When Destiny arrives the eye of Wisdom becomes blind;" "When the darts of divine will have been sped from the bow of Destiny, they can not be warded off by the shield of Precaution." These are among the old Turk's popular proverbs; and, although the enlightened Ottomans of the present day have ceased to preach the errors of fatalism, the belief in it continues to operate throughout the dominions of the Sultan, and to paralyze the national energies. But while this fatalism retards the progress of the Ottomans, it imparts a singular dignity to them. The old-fashioned Mussulman is never astonished, never delighted, never stricken down with grief. If his house is consumed by fire, he says calmly, "It was written." When he is upon his death-bed, he quietly performs his ablutions, repeats his *namar:* trusting to his prophet and his God, he directs that his head shall be turned toward Mecca, and expires.

There are, however, other Ottomans who vehemently espouse the reforms of the Sultan, and wish to place the Turkish empire in its proper relation with the civilized states of Europe. The difficulties they encounter from the bigotry of the old school may be aptly illustrated by reference to the difficulty of introducing vaccination into the country. For a long time the Mussulmans piously suffered the ravages of the small-pox, and devoutly believed that the remedy sought to be introduced by the progressive party was opposed to the Koran. At length Ahmed Fethi Pacha luckily discovered that, in the time of the prophet, a certain town being smitten with the plague, Mohammed absolutely introduced a precaution: he ordered that no person should enter within the walls, nor pass out from within them. This order being recalled to the minds of the people, they allowed the establishment of quarantine laws, and the introduction of vaccination. Yet, through difficulties of this kind, the more enlightened men of Turkey have fought from a state of absolute barbarism to one of comparative civilization. Thirty years ago there were relentless confiscations, tyrannical imprisonments, arbitrary judgments, an organized system of general robbery, corruption in every department of the administration, and irresponsible pachas quietly pillaging at their own private will. Against all this disorder and wrong Turkish reformers have struggled manfully; and if at the present moment, the Ottoman empire presents a spectacle of comparative barbarism in close contrast to advanced civilization, the advance it has made during the last thirty years from anarchy to some kind of order and law, may tempt us to hope that the "infidels" who have led the Mussulmans even thus far, may yet let in more daylight upon them. The Sultan's people venerate the law when it is made. This is part of their religion, and every individual not only strives to obey it, but also watches his neighbor. Thus, strange as it may appear, smuggling is a crime unknown in Turkey.

The Constitution of the Turkish empire is contained in two vast folio volumes, and is known as the Multèqua. It was written originally in the Arab language by the learned Cheikh Ibrahim Halèbi, who died at Constantinople in 1549. This work included all the Mohammedan laws from the time of the prophet. It treats of religious worship, of morals, and of civil and political rights. It is written simply, so that the laws do not admit of twenty discordant interpretations. It has been translated into the Turkish language, and in 1824 was remodeled by order of the Porte. The Multèqua is divided into eight distinct codes. These are the religious code, the political code, the military code, the civil code, the code of civil and criminal process, the penal code, the commercial code, and the code which regulates hunting and shooting.

The religious code prescribes the exact prayers and observances for believers in the prophet, and describes the moral conduct of Ottoman subjects, regulating their charity, their dress, their diet,

and their games. Thus every Mohammedan is forbidden to eat the flesh of the pig, of any animal that has not been killed, of the ass or mule, or of any amphibious creature. Tobacco, opium, and coffee are allowed; although some rigid Mohammedans class these luxuries with wine, and call them the four columns which support the tent of the voluptuary.

The civil code regulates the treatment of slaves, the claims between husband and wife, and the succession to property. Slaves are daily decreasing in number throughout Turkey. War no longer furnishes a supply, and open slave-traffic is, as already stated, prohibited throughout the Ottoman empire. The reformed Multèqua allows the slave to be a witness in a law court, and gives him equal rights before the law with his master. He often rises to an eminent position in the state, and is not a creature to be universally shunned.

A Turkish subject can not, by will, give more than one-third of his property to any person not related to him. The rest belongs by right to his nearest relatives. If he leave two or three relations of equal consanguinity with him, his property is divided among them; the male relatives taking always double the portions assigned to the females. The Multèqua is very strict in enforcing the inviolability of a believer's house; which is nowhere else so strictly his castle. No domiciliary visit can be effected in Constantinople under any circumstances without a written order from the grand vizier. This order must be carried by a legal functionary, accompanied, in the case of a Turk, by the Imam of the neighborhood; in the case of a Greek or Armenian by the superior of his church; and in that of a Jew by the rabbi; but, whether in a Mussulman's house or in that of an infidel, the officers may not enter the women's apartments until the women have left them.

The penal code, now in force throughout the Ottoman empire is that promulgated in the year 1840. It is a great improvement on the old penal laws, by which the punishment of death was in the hands of petty provincial tyrants. The first article of this recent code declares that the Sultan promises not to inflict death upon any subject who has not been tried by competent judges and condemned according to established law, and threatens with capital punishment any vizier who shall henceforth take the life of a subject on his own responsibility, "even that of a shepherd."

Capital punishment, by this code is inflicted, for exciting Ottoman subjects to revolt, for assassination, and for resistance to the police (when this resistance inflicts a mortal wound) in the execution of their duty. By this code robbery is punished by seven years' imprisonment; various periods of confinement or banishment are awarded to public officers, who fail to discharge their functions honestly, and all subjects of the Sultan are enjoined to deliver up to justice any delinquent who may come under their observation. Every subject of the Sultan is by this law equal in the eyes of the judge, without regard to race or religion.

In eighteen hundred and forty-six the famous *talimâti o'moumieh* were published. These decrees regulated the powers of all the government officers, the administration of the national treasury, and the organization of the police. In eighteen hundred and fifty, the Turkish government, pursuing its measures of reform, issued a new commercial code of laws of three hundred and fifteen articles, regulating the internal and external trade of the empire.

But all these decrees put together, although important, are not likely to effect that revolution which may be expected from the great reform made in the educational machinery of the Ottoman empire. The first of September, eighteen hundred and forty-five, when the first stone of a great Turkish University was laid on the site of the old janissaries' barracks, is a memorable day in Ottoman history. Education was taken from the hands of the Mohammedan priesthood, and the children of the empire taught the great truths of the world. Henceforth every Turk must send his child to school, and the State charged itself with his instruction. Thus, at the present time, when the child of a Turk has reached the age of six years, the father is compelled to present himself before the *monkhtar* or municipal chief of his locality, and to inscribe the child's name on the register of the *mekteb* or primary school, unless he can satisfactorily prove that he has the intention and means of giving his progeny instruction proper to his age at home. To enforce this law among the laboring population, no employer is allowed to take a boy as apprentice who is not furnished with a certificate from his mekteb declaring that he has gone through the prescribed studies. These studies consist of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the principles of religion and morals. In eighteen hundred and fifty-one there were no fewer than three hundred and ninety-six mektebs in Constantinople alone, mustering twenty-two thousand seven hundred scholars. These mektebs are divided into fourteen groups, with a committee to each group, charged with the duty of inspecting each mekteb, and regulating and recording its progress.

A Turkish child generally passes four or five years in the mekteb; after which he goes to the schools known as the mektebi rudidiè, or schools for youths, if his father wishes to give him more than an elementary education. These secondary schools are of recent creation only; yet in eighteen hundred and fifty-one the six then established included eight hundred and seventy scholars. In these schools the Turkish boy obtains a liberal education. He is taught the Arab grammar and syntax, orthography, composition, sacred history, Ottoman history, universal history, geography, arithmetic, and the elements of geometry. Even this instruction is provided gratuitously by the State. The learning which flourishes in the Turkish university of course includes all those studies in vogue through[illegible] the

universities of Europe. But in this part of the government reform, the Sultan finds he has a strong party to fight and overthrow. The old Mussulman spirit, the stronghold of which is in the hands of the ulemas, has to be rooted out, and this is to be done only by separating learning in Turkey, as elsewhere, from bigotry. To the schools the government have recently added separate academies for the study of agriculture and veterinary science.

In the face of all this energy on the part of the Ottoman government, the individual laziness of the people is remarkable. The industry of Turkey has fallen into absolute insignificance. At one time Turkish manufactures fed the great markets of the East, and found their way to some of the countries of Europe: now these industries do not suffice for internal wants. In eighteen hundred and twelve no fewer than two thousand muslin looms were at work at Scutari and Turnova; in eighteen hundred and forty-one hardly two hundred of them could be counted. Anatolia, Diarbekir, and Broussa, once so famous for their exquisite velvets and satins, now produce about one-tenth of the manufactures they gave forth thirty or forty years ago. In European Turkey there are about three important manufacturing establishments: the forges of Samagor and Fognitza in Bulgaria and Bosnia respectively, and the manufactories of arms at Mostar and Traonik. The stories of the commercial coma of Bagdad and Aleppo are equally striking; yet this general decay is easily accounted for, in the dogged determination of the Turkish manufacturers to cling to old and dear processes, and thus they have found themselves ousted from their old markets by the competition from the manufacturers of western Europe. To escape these terrible results there was yet one resource for Turkey. Her inexhaustible wealth of soil pointed her out as a great agricultural country that might make her perhaps the most important granary of the world. This resource has only lately occupied the attention of the government: the establishment of an agricultural academy being the first hopeful result.

Thus in estimating the Turk as an individual, and Turkey as a nation, we are led to curious contradictions. The old-school Turk is still the devout believer in the prophet, the slave-owner, the man who denies to woman all the great blessings of her social life. In all these points he is a barbarian; yet trace his youth, follow him through his course of studies at the mekteb, and in the higher schools, with every office in the state fairly open to him; with a rich country, and markets eager for any thing he may choose to produce, and you see that he has the opportunities for energy and greatness. He is lord over immense tracts of the richest land, that would yield him golden harvests in return for the lightest labor, yet he allows them to grow rank with weeds: he has the germs of splendid manufactures, that, developed on the systems of western Europe, would yield him enormous revenues; yet they are dying out: he has institutions of a liberal kind, a wide system of gratuitous education and humane laws; yet he can not be measured for intelligence or perseverance with the poorest continental peasant. Daily his government endeavors to rouse him from his lethargy; but the Sultan is a second Hokman, and is only trying his political medicines upon a dead or, at best, a half-animated body. He can not take the amber mouth-piece of his tchibouk from between his lips; he can not rouse himself from his luxurious carpet. The sea before him is splendidly blue; the warmth of the sun is exceedingly grateful; the fumes of the aromatic coffee are delicious, and he is content. In short, he is enjoying the *kef*, and may not be disturbed. The spiders may be the only busy spinners amid the looms of Scutari: he can not help it, the matter is in other and higher hands than his. It was written. His house is tumbling about his ears; well, it is useless to send for the masons. It is ordained to tumble. He is a clock; he has been wound up for a certain number of years; and, when he has run down, he will stop and have his head turned toward Mecca. He deplores the madness of those of his countrymen who pretend to direct events, to plan great projects for the prevention of all kinds of accidents, to use all kinds of infidel contrivances; these are not good Mussulmans. He, good easy man, waits patiently, prays devoutly, opens his doors with a benevolent heart to all comers, is beloved by his servants and slaves, and waits events. Every thing is written: of what avail then any exertion on his part? And so his life is one long kef; the amber mouth-piece remains forever in his mouth; his legs remain crossed; and, with a dignified reserve, and some philosophy, he looks out upon the bright waters of the Bosporus, and turns his back upon Europe.

But behind him he has strong men in his country. He is at war with his government—for this government has determined to make Turkey of some account in Europe; to interpret their religion as men, and not as blind and slavish bigots; to seize with a strong hand upon all improvements from the west that promise comfort and prosperity. And the contest between the old Turk and his new governors, is one that, at this moment, happens to interest us all very decidedly. If the old gentleman be determined doggedly to keep that amber in his mouth forever, to look to no quarter except that in which Mecca lies, and to loll always upon his handsome carpet; then we fear there is indeed little hope for Turkey; and he does well, for the repose of his bones, to have them carried to the great cemetery of Scutari. But if his sons, now imbibing new truths in the little reformed mektebs of Constantinople, learn to think otherwise, and to hail and help on all human improvements, golden harvests will wave over the great plains of the Ottoman empire, artisans will be once more busy in Anatolia and Broussa, and spiders will be routed from the looms of Scutari.

THE RUSSIANS AT HOME.

IT would be safe to lay a wager to any amount that there are not five hundred of our readers who have ever seen a Russian. We do not, of course, mean the Russian polished and civilized, taught to speak French like a native, and very tolerable English, besides half a dozen other languages: but we mean the veritable, genuine Russian, such as go to make up fifty millions of the subjects of the Czar; the raw material that is worked up into capital diplomatists, very good soldiers, and very bad sailors. Who ever saw such a Russian out of Russia? We know from actual observation just how the peasantry of every other civilized, and many uncivilized nations look, act, dress, and eat. The frieze coat, unlaced knee-breeches, ragged hat, shilalah, and dudheen of the Irish immigrant are as familiar here as in Connaught or Leinster; the newly-arrived German settler, with worked blouse and inseparable meerschaum, meets us at every turn; the Turkish *fez* is not an absolute stranger in our streets; and, thanks to the Chinese Junk, and a scheming speculator or two, the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, with their hemp-patched pig-tails, wooden-soled shoes, wadded cotton dresses (sadly the worse for wear now, poor fellows), and queer, good-humored faces, are so common that not a man will turn round to look at them. We would engage, at an hour's notice, to provide for almost any foreigner a dinner made up of his own national dishes; but where could we order *kwass* or *shtshee*?—what restaurant would undertake to furnish them?—and yet these are the words which fifty millions of very good Christians, in their way, have in their minds whenever they pray "Give us this day our daily bread."

All this shows that while we know something about Russia, we know very little about the Russians. Travelers have not unfrequently visited their country, who, if we judge from their books, have never seen the Russian people. We have been condemned—(from our position, we hope, and not on account of any actual transgression of our own)—to wade through many of their dreary volumes, and the only idea we could get of what the author saw in the Russians, was a confused picture of an Emperor six feet and sundry odd inches high, looking very fierce and warlike; an immense number of troops, all under arms, ready to be let loose upon the civilized world, and an indefinite number of the most rascally custom-house and police officers in the world, whose hands were always crooked for the reception of a bribe; and whom our travelers aforesaid were in the constant habit of bribing for a sum so ridiculously small, that one of our own functionaries would have turned away from it in absolute disgust.

Now all these things doubtless exist in Russia; but they are not all of Russia. There is something behind and beyond all this, which has enabled a half dozen of able men and one woman, as much a man as the best of them, within the course of a single half century to raise an almost unknown horde of barbarians to the rank of one of the most powerful empires—if not the most powerful empire—on the face of the earth: an empire which, indeed, seems ready to pit itself, at the moment when we write, in no unequal contest against combined Christendom.

That something is the Russian peasantry. Throw out Cossacks, and Tartars, and Lettes, and Finns, and Samoiedes, and what not, and the remainder are the proper Russians. They are the raw material out of which have been made the Suwarroffs and Kutusoffs, the Paskievitches and Diebitches, and all the other "offs" and "itches" who have found a name on the page of history, with a plenty left to die ignoble deaths and fill trenches.

We are about to see these Russians. But we must hurry on: (for we are now, reader and writer, pacing along the wide "Nevskoi Prospekt"—the Broadway of St. Petersburg.) We pass the gay promenaders, tricked out in Parisian costume; we pass the long line of troops under review. We enter the *Gostinnoi dvor*, or Great Market. It is a huge bazaar, a fair under a roof, where the dealers—there are ten thousand of them, they say—dressed in long blue caftans, without collars, salute us as we pass by their booths, as Chatham Street clothesmen salute returned Californians: "Walk in, Sir—*Shto vam ugodno 'ss?* What would you like? A coat? A cap? Kasan boots? Ah, yes, here they are. Walk in."

Not yet. We are bound on other business just now. We want to see the genuine Russians; the raw material of the nation. This has been somewhat wrought by art; but there are half a hundred millions in the empire in a rude state. We pass through the whole breadth of the bazaar, and emerge upon another street. This is the *Bolkhaïa Sadovaïa*, or "Great Garden Street." Let us follow this a piece, and we shall come to the *Apraxin Ruinok* and the *Tshukin Dvor*, the plebeian markets of St. Petersburg. These two markets occupy a square of something like a third of a mile on a side. The whole of the space is covered with stalls and booths. There are, at the lowest calculation, five thousand of them. They form a city of themselves; as dark and gloomy as though its streets and alleys belonged to some Oriental town, gray with the lapse of two thousand years, rather than to a modern city, of which the first stone was not laid a century and a half ago.

Here you will find no European wares. We have left them all behind in the Great Market. Lamps are suspended over the narrow entrances, before gaudy pictures of the Virgin and the Saints. Saint Johns and Saint Georges are piled up to be disposed of by wholesale; for the devil and his imps are legion, and to guard house and stable against them requires a corresponding number of these sanctified images. At short distances are little chapels, which have a very devotional look, which yet is somewhat modified by the constant neighborhood of the *kabacs* or bran-

dy-shops; both are equally well patronized, and by the same customers—a prayer and a dram go together. Dealers in kindred articles flock together, which serves to throw some order upon the otherwise inextricable confusion. We can not now stop to look at the shops or their wares, not even at those in which are exposed bridal ornaments, wreaths of artificial flowers, and wedding crowns, all cheap enough, and in quantities which show that marrying and giving in marriage is not neglected among the population that make their purchases here. If we could stop at any of the booths, it would be at those of the cooks, for the food of a people tells much as to their civilization. This, however, is not the market where the regular supplies of provisions are purchased. Here we find the knickknacks that provoke the appetite, the little relishes that busy men take between meals. A hasty inspection would suggest that the favorite comestible was the *piroga*, a very unctuous kind of fish-cake. It is eaten with oil, that to our eyes has an unsavory look; it is green and slimy, looking not unlike that which has stood for a long time in a brazen lamp. The *piroga*, like our buckwheat-cakes, must be eaten warm. Hence the dish containing them is kept always covered with a bit of greasy canvas.

We have at length reached the bottom of society. These bearded fellows are the raw material of which we have been in search, that out of which have been made, by different processes of manufacture, the blue-coated traders whom we left in the Great Square, the drivers whom we saw so swiftly whirling through the broad streets, the soldiers who stood so orderly on parade, like a living wall—ay, and the officers who reviewed them, up to the Emperor himself—for all, high and low, noble and serf, Czar and subject, are sprung from a single stock—and there are half a hundred millions of them, as we have said before, united, for good or ill, under one absolute head.

Their appearance is not prepossessing. It goes far to justify the appellation by which they have been designated from time immemorial—*Tshornoi narod*, "The Black People," or rather, the "Dirty Folks." Few of the cant names which are applied to classes come so near the truth as this. An individual of this class is termed a *mujik*. Here, where we see them in the rough, they wear their distinguishing national costume. It consists mainly of a sheep-skin coat, descending not quite to the knees, with a girdle about the waist, and a huge pair of boots. This coat is made with the wool turned inside, and is worn night and day, from the time when it is donned until it is worn out, which is not a very short time. It never leaves the person of the wearer except when he takes his weekly vapor bath, followed by a refreshing plunge into the cold water, or a roll in the snow in the winter. Of course it is never washed, and the state which it reaches in a few months, in respect to purity and odor, may better be left to the imagination than ventured upon in description. Besides the coat and the boots, the apparel of the *mujik* is hardly worth an inventory. His head is covered with a cloth cap, or a hat shaped a little like a mortar. His lower limbs are encased in striped cotton drawers, thrust into his boot-legs. His supply of linen is marvelously deficient, although there is usually something of the kind between his person and the sheep-skin. When he advances a little in the scale of society, this sheep-skin is replaced by a long blue caftan or coat reaching to the heels, confined around the waist by a girdle of some bright color. It is made without a collar, and as he displays no superfluous linen, and wears no covering about the neck, this member displays its full proportions.

The mujik has the half-Tartar face which distinguishes the Russian of every rank. It would be difficult to find one, out of the Imperial family, who has not this characteristic physiognomy; and this exception has been accounted for by saying, that the half-mad Grand Duke Constantine monopolized all the Tartar blood and features which should have been divided among his brothers. The Russian face is flat, the nose low, with the tip as it were pressed back a little, so as to leave the nostrils more exposed than consists with our ideas of beauty; the eyes are small, wide apart, and almost invariably very light in color. The whole face is marked by a general want of expression, which is not removed even by culture and education. It clings to the Russian like a birth-mark. The whole aspect of the mujik is rough and shaggy; his beard is long and bushy; so is his hair, except behind, where he usually has it cropped quite close, so that from the rear his head looks somewhat like a turnip. His voice is loud and harsh, and he is always noisy. He certainly, to a stranger, bears the look of a bandit; and one's first sensation on meeting him is a sort of spasmodic twitching of the pocket-nerve, accompanied by an uneasy sensation about the throat.

But a little acquaintance does away with much of this unfavorable impression. One gets accustomed to his rude exterior, and discovers that his noisy and boisterous ways are but an escape-valve to let off the superabundance of his animal spirits. At heart he is a very fine fellow, with a great flow of good-humor under his rough exterior. Among themselves they are always joking and playing all manner of waggish pranks. For strangers the mujik has a special courtesy. If you can manage to muster up enough of his language to make yourself at all intelligible to him, you have won your way to his heart at once, and he will cheerfully go twice as far out of his way as even the Parisian will, to do you a service. And when he takes his leave of you, it is with a "Good-day, my father," or "brother," as the case may be; "can I do any thing else for you?"

In truth, there is less of wanton brutality among the Russian peasantry than among the corresponding class in almost any European nation. "*Punch*" not long since had a sketch designed to illustrate the amiable ways of the in-

habitants of the mining districts in England. A couple of rude-looking natives are watching an individual who is passing.—"Who's that?" asks one native of the other.—"It's a stranger. Fling a half of a brickbat at him," is the amiable response. Such a sketch would have no point as applied to the Russian peasantry. The mujik would very likely have no objection to cheating the stranger, or to picking his pocket on occasion; but it would never enter his head to do him a wanton injury "just for the fun of the thing."

He has, moreover, a wonderful dexterity and faculty of imitation. He can turn his hand to any thing with a facility that would do no discredit to a "live Yankee." A little polishing converts the rawest mujik into a dexterous coachman or sledge-driver or shrewd and cunning trader. A little more transforms him into a *petit-maître* of the first water. Half the drilling required by the English clodhopper transforms him into as perfect a machine as ever went through the manual of exercise: and need enough he has for precision here; for a keener pair of eyes to detect a fault in discipline never ran down a line of soldiers, than those that are placed a good six feet above the boots of his Imperial Majesty the Czar. He possesses a natural aptitude for the use of mechanical instruments. The carpenter of other countries uses a dozen tools to perform what the mujik manages to do very tolerably with his ax. With it he will smooth a board and make a very passable joint. He is perhaps deficient in that inventive faculty which enables a Yankee to whittle a clock out of a shingle, with his jackknife; but as a simple copyist of what others have done he is without a superior, and has scarcely a rival. You can get as perfect a *facsimile* made at Moscow as at Canton. In the Imperial Palace is a piano made by a peasant who had never seen but one in his life. It struck him that he would like such an instrument, and he set to work with the few tools at his command, and produced a very satisfactory piano. The Czar hearing of this achievement ordered the instrument to be purchased for a liberal sum. So in copying pictures and other works of art they are quite successful, although, as far as we are aware, Russia has not produced a single original artist of even respectable rank. Few people acquire foreign languages with equal facility; though this may be partly accounted for by the fact that the Russian is so difficult, both in construction and articulation, that whoever has fairly mastered that, finds the task of acquiring any other an easy one.

The Russians, like all impressible races, have a keen if not deep religious sentiment. The Czar knows this well, and finds in it the chief means of maintaining his unbounded influence over them. Hence his determination to convert the present aggression upon Turkey into a Holy War. The religious feeling of the mujik is far enough from being an enlightened one, and expends no small part of its force in crossing, veneration for the saints, and keeping the fasts of the Church. He crosses himself the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night; when he commences eating by way of grace, and when he finishes by way of thanks. When he wants to cheat you, he crosses himself for the sake of luck, hoping that the saints will help him to a few additional *copecks*. Every brandy-shop has the picture of its patron saint, before which the thirsty souls cross themselves previous to imbibing; and the keeper has a private saint of his own before whom he makes the same sign, in the hope of getting a double blessing on his bad brandies. When the mujik enters a house, he salutes the picture of the saint before he pays his respects to the occupant. When he sees a church, or hears a bell, or passes one of the saints' shrines in the street, up goes his hand in the holy sign, and he not unfrequently pauses to utter a brief prayer or two.

Enter a church on a festival day, and you will be sure to see the floor covered with rough-bearded peasants going through with their devotions, in which all ages and both sexes join in the most vehement manner; each selecting a place for his prostration as near as possible to the officiating priest.

Every thing that the peasant has must receive the priestly benediction. Houses and shops, food and water, fruits and herbs, flocks and herds, bed and board, must receive consecration. When a new house or shop is opened the services of the priest are in special request. Every wall and floor, every door and window, every table and chair, every box and chest must share the blessing. Three times a year all rivers and streams are blessed. At the winter consecration a hole is cut in the ice over which a booth is erected for the officiating priests. Here the consecration service is chanted, after which a wooden cross is dipped into the water, which from that moment is fit for Christian use, and the foul fiend and his imps are debarred from using it for unholy purposes. The blessing extends to a considerable distance from the place of consecration, though it is doubtless much more potent just at the spot hallowed by the immersion of the cross than at any other. A great rush is consequently made, every one being eager to be the first to secure a cup-full of the blessed fluid before the virtues of the priestly benediction have been weakened. This winter consecration of the Neva is attended with great pomp, the principal clergy, the court, and the Imperial family bearing a part in it.

All the fruits of the earth must be blessed before they are fit for the use of man. The ripest fruit, eaten before the time for the benediction has come, would entail untold evils; while the most unripe, after the ceremony has been performed, lose their crudeness, and will not "harm the weakest constitution."

The Greek Church exceeds even the Latin in the number and rigor of its fasts; and the Russians outdo all other members of that communion in the observance of these lenten days. Upon strict fast-days not only are flesh and fowl ex-

cluded, but every thing which contains the smallest portion of animal matter. Sugar is forbidden, on account of the blood and bone-dust used in the process of refining. Foremost of all stands the *Velikoi Posd*—the "Great Fast" of seven weeks, which precedes Easter, and which is in turn preceded by the *Masslänitza*, or "Butter Week." During this week the Russians seem determined to make amends for the enforced abstinence from this unctuous condiment which they must so soon undergo. It is butter, butter everywhere. Every thing is redolent of butter. The standing dish of the season is *blinni*, a kind of cakes fried in butter, and eaten with butter sauce.

After Butter Week comes the Great Fast, *par excellence*. For seven long weeks farewell to all feasting. Those who are more than ordinarily devout, exclude even fish from their tables during the whole of the first and the last of these seven weeks, and upon Wednesdays and Fridays of the other five. Soups made of *kwas* and mushrooms, fish and cakes flavored with oil, together with the inevitable fasting *shtshee*, made without meat, are the standing fare upon these lenten days which succeed the joyous Butter Week Lucky is the family some member of which is born on a saint's day falling within this dreary time; for in favor of such the strictness of the fast is somewhat relaxed. If the saints are at all pleased with the posthumous honors awarded to them, happy is the one whose day falls in the course of the Great Fast. He at least will not fail of receiving due honors from his bearded namesakes and all their kindred.

Easter Eve at last approaches to put an end to these weary weeks of fasting—not before it has been long prayed for; for the people are tired out with their long abstinence. Many of them have kept strict fast for the last three days.

As midnight approaches the people begin to throng to the churches, bearing unlighted tapers in their hands. All is gloomy within. A single candle burns upon the reading desk, by the light of which one volunteer after another reads aloud a passage of Scripture. At length the solemn service of the mass is begun; but the chanting is low and monotonous, as though it came from the depths of space, and only faint undulations of sound fall upon the ear from an immeasurable distance, until the moment when the midnight hour is pealed from the numerous bells of the churches. The scene changes as by magic. The door which closes the Holy Place is flung wide, and amid the sudden blaze of the lamps thus disclosed, the choir bursts forth into the national Easter anthem. *Christoss vosskress—Christoss vosskress ihs mortui*—"Christ is risen—Christ is risen from the dead," peals forth from innumerable throats. The lamps in the church are lighted, together with all the tapers borne by the assembled throng. Priests bearing smoking censers pass through the crowd, incensing the holy pictures upon the walls. The churches are illuminated without as well as within. The bells in the city ring out the joyous tidings of salvation completed; and every voice repeats the words once uttered with fearful hope, in the silence of the gray Judean dawn, by the disciples who earliest came to see the spot "where the Lord lay." Friend grasps the hand of friend, and every body bestows upon every body else the Easter kiss of peace. The priest of the highest rank takes his place before the open doors of the sanctuary, and bestows the kiss of benediction upon all who approach him with the salutation of the day.

Then follows the blessing of the food which is to break the long fast. The poorer portion of the congregation have brought their eatables, and arranged themselves in long rows within the sacred edifice, reaching far out into the street. Through these pass the priests sprinkling the sanctifying waters right and left with liberal hand, while every body keeps a sharp eye that his own portion does not fail to receive a few drops of the purifying shower. Then comes the eating, not unfrequently just as the earliest beams of the rising sun begin to pale the lights of the illumination. Ample amends are made for the long abstinence. It is almost worth one's while to endure the privations of the fast, for the sake of enjoying the keen zest of the feast which follows.

These Easter dishes vary, of course, with the means of their owners. For the richer classes the skill of the cooks and confectioners is tasked to the utmost to prepare dishes and confections appropriate to the season. As many dishes as possible are served up in the form of a lamb. Butter, so long a stranger, is fashioned into the shape of the emblem of innocence, the fleece even being closely imitated. Another favorite form is that of an egg. Upon one occasion a lady of the court gave an entertainment to the members of the Imperial family, in which every article was either made in that shape or served up in egg-shaped dishes. The soup-dishes were huge ostrich eggs; porcelain eggs from the Imperial manufactory held fowls ready to be hatched all hot and smoking; jellies and conserves blushed through glass eggs, and nuts and fruit were done up in egg-shells of gold paper. For the lower classes, for whom all these things are too costly, there are two dishes belonging in special to the season. These are *pushka*, a kind of curds pressed hard and done up in cylindrical rolls, and *kulitsh*, a species of bread, in which an infinity of little rolls are stuck upon the surface of a large one, all being decorated with consecrated twigs. The poorest table at this season must be ornamented with a taper in honor of the occasion.

Thus is inaugurated the joyful Easter festival, when for a week all distinctions of rank seem leveled. *Tshin* or "Rank," according to the popular saying, one of the triad of Russian divinities, seems deposed during this Saturnalia. Every body visits every body else, as they do with us on New-year's Day. The "compliments of the season" take the form of the unvarying Easter salutation, "Christ is risen." Then every body kisses every body else, no matter how slight the acquaintanceship. To refuse the offered sa-

lute would be considered a breach of the proprieties of the season. Smooth-chinned *employés* press their lips together. Rough old mujiks mingle their shaggy beards in fraternal salutation. As for the young they absolutely run to riot on this prevailing delicacy. Were the article not of so easy fabrication, it would be terrible to contemplate the waste at this season. Fortunately, however, this is one of the few luxuries of life of which the supply never falls short of the demand, and with which it is impossible that the market should be glutted.

Those occupying public stations have a heavy official duty to perform in the matter. The chiefs in all the offices must salute their subordinates. The general of division salutes the colonels; the colonels salute the captains; the captains salute all the privates of their respective companies. Thus each soldier gets a salute by proxy from his commanding officer. The Emperor's part in this general osculation is no sinecure His own family—a numerous one, counting all its collateral ramifications—of course falls under the general rule. But in addition, he must kiss all the nobles of the court whom he chances to encounter, the officers on parade when he reviews the troops, and lastly a certain number of privates chosen from the respective companies. The meanest sentinel on duty at the palace gates may "for this occasion only," press his lips to that august pair upon whose slightest word hangs the repose of Europe.

We shall not be thought to have given too large a space to this Easter festival, when it is borne in mind that a sixth part of the life of a Russian peasant is devoted to the feasts and fasts of this season.

There are two grave defects in the character of the mujik: to say the least of it, he is but "indifferent honest;" and he is sadly given to intoxication. But even his rascality and his drunkenness assume a form of their own. He does not pretend to be honest. "Oh yes," he will say, "we Russians are all great rogues. We shall cheat you if we can. So look out. Buy something of me, and two to one you are cheated. A man must get up early in the morning to catch us asleep." This very avowal of roguery, so gayly and unhesitatingly made, is often the best blind in the world; and the unwary purchaser finds to his cost that he would have been wise to have taken the fellow at his word. But what is to be done with so good-humored a rogue?—Upbraid him?—Why, Topsy herself was never half so ready to confess any fault, real or imaginary, possible or impossible.—Beat him?—He is used to that, and takes it as a matter of course. Any body who has by any means acquired a superiority over him may beat him. If you have hired him to perform any service, he is for the time being your slave, your serf, and as a natural sequence you may beat him to your heart's content. If you have hired him as driver, he thinks it quite as reasonable that you should beat him, as that he should beat his horse. Indeed, when a petty Russian official engages a horse and driver, the latter is sure of two blows to the animal's one.

The nature of the mujik comes out strongly when he is in his cups. When an Italian or Spaniard is intoxicated he grows moody and revengeful, and his hand gropes instinctively for his stiletto. Beer and gin have a wonderful power in setting the fists and hob-nailed shoes of the Englishman in action, as their wives and the police reports can testify. Every body knows the close connection between a "drop of the creature" and the action of the Irishman's shilalah. But the Russian when drunk is more good-natured and garrulous than ever. Two half-intoxicated mujiks reeling home together quite throw Damon and Pythias into the shade. They stagger along in perfect amity and good feeling, each having apparently no other object in life than to take care of the other, quite unconscious that he is himself sadly in need of a keeper.

The Russian triad, we have said, quoting a common proverb, consists of *Tshin*, *Tshai*, and *Shtshe*—"Rank, Tea, and Cabbage-soup." Of the first of these, the less said the better. Of the second all travelers speak in the warmest admiration. Those who can find nothing else to praise are in ecstasies at the decoction of the fragrant herb. They say that no good tea is to be had out of Russia, and that nobody but a Russian knows how to drink it. The superior quality of the tea itself they ascribe to its being brought overland—a sea-voyage being fatal to the fine aroma of the plant. It is drank with the addition of a slice of lemon, a practice unknown elsewhere.

Shtshe is the national food. It is simply a soup made of cabbage, of which half a dozen heads chopped up are thrown into a gallon or two of *kwas*, with the addition of a little meal, a lump of butter, and a couple of pounds of mutton, if it can be afforded. The very poorest omit the butter and the meal, the net result left is simply *kwas* and cabbage. This is the meagre fare upon which the Russian soldiers are to be sent out to do battle against the world leagued against them. The *kwas* of which we have spoken is simply a very light acid beer, made by steeping a couple of pounds of barley meal, a handful of salt, and a cup-full of honey together. It undergoes the requisite fermentation in a few days. In a week it arrives at the highest point of perfection. If the Russian pantheon is ever to be enlarged beyond its present limits, *kwas* and brandy—or as they call it *vądki*, "little water"—will be the next additions.

We must not conclude without adverting to a singular custom which has of late years fallen somewhat into disuse, though it is by no means extinct even yet. On Whit-monday, the festival of Choosing Brides is celebrated in the famous Summer Garden. The young damsels of the middle classes, arrayed in all their finery, are brought here by their mammas to be submitted to the inspection of the other sex. Every article of ornament, and some that are not usually placed in that category, is heaped upon the blushing

beauties by the fond mothers. An author says that on one occasion a mother, as a crowning addition to her daughter's toilet, fastened a half-gross of tea-spoons around her neck by way of necklace; disposed of a number of table-spoons as a girdle, and arranged a couple of punch-ladles behind in the shape of a cross. In a week after this preliminary view, serious negotiations are entered into between the parents of the young couples who may chance to have formed a mutual liking for each other.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

THIS twenty-seventh of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, I am staying on a visit in a small but comfortable French chateau. It has been snowing fast all night long; and the fall is so heavy, and the drifts are so deep, that all communication by carriage is cut off until the *cantonniers*, or road-makers, can dig out a passage. The long covered arbor in the garden, with its central dome and pavilion at each end, is converted into a white semi-transparent cavern, which an Esquimaux would look upon as a palace. Alphonse, the man of all work, is sweeping a foot-path down the avenue which runs straight from my bed-room window to the fish-pond in the newly purchased park, on whose surface he evidently is projecting a space for us to skate upon. Martha, the maid-servant, spade in hand, is boldly opening a royal road direct from the kitchen door to the wood-stack and the coal heap; for we burn a few coals here, which reach us both from Belgium and England. My host is perfectly content; the walking postman has brought him his favorite newspaper, the Journal du Département de l'Est, and he is already deeply absorbed in the continuation of an interesting *feuilleton*. The postman's task was not an easy one; but New-year's Day and its accompanying gifts are near at hand. Madame Fossette, the mistress of the house, is busy expediting household affairs, with an eye to the spinning-wheel by-and-by. Félicité Fossette, her daughter-in-law, is fully occupied, for the moment, with her two little children. My friend Isidore Fossette, nephew, son, and husband of the aforesaid persons respectively, has been lamenting with me that it is impossible (that is to say, would be extremely foolish) to go out at present after the flocks of wild geese which are hovering about the neighborhood. They are not likely to shift their quarters far, and we shall be sure to get a better shot at them to-morrow. Moreover, we are to dine to-day off a fine young white-fronted gander, and there is a magnificent bean goose in store besides, both which highly-valued head of game are the result of our prowess. Trust a Frenchman not to think of the larder whenever he amuses himself with half a day's shooting.

You must know, then, that I am an Englishman residing abroad, through the joint inducements of health, economy, and taste. My income is just sufficient for me to live thus, sparingly and prudently, in idleness; I manage, however, to earn so comfortable an additional revenue with my pen, that you may call me, if you like, a professional rather than an amateur writer. For the successful prosecution of this pursuit, a certain degree of quiet and retirement is necessary. With an innate dislike to a great-town residence, and an instinctive love of out-door amusements, I contrived to secure every requisite advantage by lodging in a roomy farm-house, the land contiguous to which was cultivated by the proprietors, a widow and her married son, all living under the same roof. The Fossettes, therefore, are no new acquaintances of mine. Their farm is a paternal estate which has belonged to the family about seventy years. The house itself, when I first entered it, was an offshoot of the old chateau: all the principal rooms of which had long remained unoccupied, until I selected my apartment.

The garden, when I first came, was utterly neglected: a wilderness of weeds, a tangled thicket of unpruned bushes. With the frugality, approaching to miserly habits, which often characterizes the country people of France, the Fossette family regarded this garden as much of an inconsistent piece of luxury in their station of life, and as much of an incumbrance, as the chateau itself. But I soon explained to them that if they would allow me to act as their head-gardener (when writing, and fishing, and excursionizing did not call me elsewhere), and if Isidore and Alphonse would work under my directions as often as they could contrive a spare half day, with Martha now and then to lend a hand to the weeding, they might not only have many extras to set upon their table—only consider how much better the soup would be, with a variety of fresh-cut vegetables!—but it would become a sort of savings' bank for labor.

My plan was adopted, and we went to work. It is hard to say who were most delighted, madame and myself, or Isidore, Alphonse and Martha, as order and productiveness gradually took the place of chaotic rubbish. We found still surviving many valuable fruit-trees and flowering shrubs, with which the place had been planted in the days of its prosperity. Peaches, apricots, vines, figs, and mulberries; roses, althæas, pomegranates, hydrangeas, and many other favorites of the olden time, were a valuable stock to find ready at hand, and only begging for the spade and the pruning-knife to come and help them. All these joint exertions made us very good friends together, and I became the family confident, to whom family history and family projects might be intrusted, with the certainty of finding a sincere coadjutor. Madame revealed to me the cause of a secret sorrow, and I hit upon a scheme for removing it.

A literary task required me to visit Montoise, the capital town of the Département de l'Est, a short day's railway journey from the department in which Beaupré is situated. I took with me a letter of introduction to Monsieur Regnier, the editor and proprietor of the leading newspaper there. After a few days' intercourse, and a dinner (which I hold to be the very best way of cementing a new connection), M. Regnier had

put me in the way of pursuing my researches, and I could talk to him unreservedly about other matters. So, without further preface, I observed, "General Delacroix resides at Montoise, I believe. Do you know him?"

"I know him well; he is an amiable old man, leading a quiet life, with few acquaintances and no relations. As is the case with many elderly people, his principal amusement is fictitious narrative. He studies the feuilleton of my paper most punctually. He must be getting into years."

"He is seventy-one next first of May."

"He has seen a good deal of service, too. Although, I believe, without a broken bone or a ball lodged in any part of his body, his person is said to be covered with scars. He has several remarkable scars on his face."

"The most striking one," I answered, "is not a wound received in battle. I mean that across his left eyebrow. It was caused when a boy, by the kick of a vicious mare, which fractured the bone, and left him for several days in a most precarious state. He must have been inevitably killed, but for the courage of a younger sister, who pulled him back as he lay on the ground insensible, and gave the alarm."

"You seem to be better acquainted with his history than I am," said M. Regnier.

"I only know what has been told me."

"Would you like to be introduced to him? I can easily do it."

"No; not yet at least. But I very much wish to see him. Then, if I like his looks, I have two favors to ask of you;—first, to allow me to write a feuilleton in your newspaper, and then to inform me when it is likely to fall into his hands."

"With the greatest pleasure. We will now step to the Café Dagbert, where the General is sure to be at this moment, and then you can take your first survey, and lay the ground-work of whatever scheme you happen to be planning on the present occasion."

We entered. The General was reading the Journal du Département de l'Est attentively. M. Regnier approached, and saluted him.

"Good-day, good-day!" said the General frankly. "You know, M. Regnier, I do not pretend to be a critic, but I hardly think your feuilleton to-day as good as usual."

"Perhaps not, General, that may be remedied another time. I am expecting in an early number to give you a specimen of a new writer, who has lately volunteered his services."

"Ah! I shall be curious to see it. Pray give me a hint when it appears."

I had heard and seen enough; I was satisfied. Not only was the General as like Madame Fossette as it was possible for a brother to be like a sister, but his voice also rung with the clear metallic tenor tone which was familiar to my ears from the lips of her son. The scar, too, on the eyebrow, was exactly as described to me. I kept it in the back-ground. We soon left the café, and departed our several ways. I sat down to my writing table, and did not rise until the feuilleton was finished. It had been too long meditated, not to run off fluently. I hastened with the manuscript to the office of the Journal. M. Regnier translated it into French with equal rapidity. We corrected it between us, and it was at once put into the printer's hands.

"Now," said he, "all we have to do is to go to the Café Dagbert the day after to-morrow at three in the afternoon. My paper will be delivered there, soon after our arrival; and your little intrigue, whose object I think I now clearly see, and in which I heartily wish you success, will make the first step toward its *dénouement*."

We met punctually at the appointed time. M. Regnier introduced me to the General, as the English author who had written the feuilleton in the forthcoming number; I said it was merely a slight anecdote founded on fact. In the midst of further desultory small-talk, the light-heeled Mercury of the office arrived. The paper was handed to the General at once, who opened it carefully, doubled back the upper portion, carelessly disregarding political news, leaders, and advertisements: adjusted his gold spectacles, and fixed his whole attention on the realms of romance. I watched him narrowly.

At first the only perceptible symptom of unusual emotion was the agitated and rapid way in which he drew his breath. Then, after the lapse of two or three minutes, he laid the paper down, uttering in an under-tone the single monosyllable "Strange!" and looking very hard, first at me and then at M. Regnier. He promptly resumed the paper, but soon stopped, saying, "The heat of the room has dimmed my glasses—I can not see through them." He removed them, and it was visible that his eyes were suffused with tears. "Will you be kind enough to read it to me?" he asked, "and to begin at the beginning. I wish to hear the whole of the tale."

I took up the journal and said, "If you will excuse my English accent, I shall have great pleasure in reading the feuilleton as distinctly as I can. I repeat, it is nothing but a mere anecdote founded on fact."

The printed narrative ran as follows:

"In place of our usual Feuilleton to-day, we propose to give the simple relation of a happy event which has occurred to a respectable family in a distant department.

"Toward the close of the last century, a farmer and small landed proprietor of the name of Douriez resided at Belleclé. His family consisted of four sons and a daughter; Penelope, the girl, being three years younger than her elder brother. The eldest, Jerome Douriez, received a better education than the rest, owing to the accidental favor of the Curé, who believed that he had discovered a certain latent talent in his rustic pupil. The pursuits of all the younger brethren were entirely limited to the usual routine of a small French farm. Jerome, however, found time to impart a considerable amount of information to his sister, who, besides himself, was the only member of the family able to read and write. A jealous feeling was the consequence on the part of the juniors, while the elders looked, contempt-

uously and even disapprovingly, on what they considered as little better than idleness and waste of time. When they saw him drawing circles and triangles on the dusty ground, which he had smoothed with the palm of his hand, they regarded him as an idiot who amused himself with the chance crossings of sticks and straws. When they found that he devoted whole days to rambling from hill to plain, from forest to stream, mapping out the country on scraps of paper which he carried about with him for the purpose, they not unreasonably complained: telling him that he would be much better employed in plowing in the colza or sowing the wheat.

"Jerome was both idle and indolent. By the former epithet, I denote his perpetually playing at soldiers with the village boys, storming imaginary fortifications, and building temporary bridges over dry ditches and fordable brooks; by the second, his long-continued indulgence in undeveloped schemes and day-dreams, imagining a future career utterly inconsistent with his present position. The estrangement of his family became more and more decided. He was treated as a burden, and a good-for-nothing sluggard, of whom it was prophesied no good could come. It is a long lane which has no turning; and at last this uncomfortable state of things was stopped, in his eighteenth year, by a sudden summons to serve as a soldier. He left home with but one regret, and that was, that he must part from his sister, probably forever. Early in the year eighteen hundred and one, Jerome bade adieu to his native village."

The General rocked in his chair uneasily, but we took no notice.

"Years passed away, and, as far as his family was concerned, Jerome might have been reckoned with the dead. He never wrote; why write to people who can not read, and who parted from you in a way which makes you believe they would not care to read a letter from you if they could! Now and then, some trifling but significant token did reach Penelope by unexpected hands; for instance, one day there was delivered to her the half of an old story-book which she and her absent brother had often conned together in childhood. She kept these friendly intimations to herself, rejoicing in the thought that her favorite brother at least had escaped the dangers of war, was surviving, and had not forgotten her. Years, I say, passed away; the mother died, and was soon followed by one of the younger sons. Douriez, the father, had grown weak-minded, driveling, and more miserly than ever. The two sons remained unmarried, and still resided under the paternal roof, working hard and faring frugally, to increase their goods more and more abundantly. Their farm was a sort of common storehouse, whose treasures, it was felt and understood, would pass to the lot of the last surviving member. It was a mass of unenjoyed wealth, without the least prospect of being better employed at any future time, except perhaps through Penelope's means, who was now fully recognized as the mistress of the household.

"In the year eighteen hundred and thirteen, a letter addressed to the elder Douriez arrived. Penelope was deputed to open and read it. It came from Jerome. It was short, straightforward, and not without affection. It stated that after so many years of absence and silence, he wished to see his relations again. That he had been harassed in mind and severely wounded in body, and that he would be glad to enjoy a little repose at home; indeed, both private and public circumstances made a short furlough indispensably necessary. That if they would send word at once to his temporary address that he would be welcome, he would visit them immediately; but that they must not delay their communication, if they wished it to reach him.

"A family consultation was held as to what course should be pursued. Should they again be burdened with an idle dependent, who would be more useless than ever, incapable of work, with military habits of smoking, drinking, and dissipation, to consume the produce of the farm and the dairy? If Jerome chose to present himself at their door as a broken-down beggar, claiming a crust of bread and a night's lodging, of course they could not drive him away; but, to invite him was quite a different matter. In vain Penelope pleaded her utmost. It was decided that no notice should be taken of Jerome's letter, and that events should be allowed to follow their own course.

"A few weeks afterward, a disabled veteran returned to Belleclé. His first thought, after seeing his own friends, was to call on the Douriez family, and congratulate them—yes, congratulate them! on the honor which Jerome had shed on their name. What! Did they not know that he had risen to be a general, with fortune, and decorations, and high renown! And, as he was now fast recovering from his late dangerous wound, did they not know that there was no guessing what eminence he might reach. Even Marshal of France, perhaps!

"'Jerome rich! Jerome powerful! Jerome high in favor with the Emperor! Oh! let us send word to him to come without delay! Penelope, you are the only writer among us. Write instantly; we will dictate.'

"A letter was dictated, even more mean spirited and transparently interested than their previous silence. They even had the injustice and the cunning to make poor Penelope take upon herself the blame with which they alone were chargeable for the tardiness of their missive. It was dispatched. At the end of a few anxious days, no answer. Another week; no answer. Another year; no answer. Forty long years; and no answer."

Here, I discontinued my reading, and looking at General Delacroix, insidiously said, "I should have done the very same thing myself. I never would have responded to the advances of people who had so heartlessly and cruelly cast me off, even though they were my own brother and sister, and the sole relations I had in the world."

"Would you not?" he thoughtfully returned.

"I do not know whether I should, or not. But you are younger than I, and your passions have greater power over you. Men's resolutions change as they advance in years. Life is short, and anger should not be eternal. Please to go on, if you are not tired."

"Forty long years," I continued from my feuilleton, "is a longer space of time than people are in the habit of imagining. Douriez, senior, departed this life. One of his sons caught a fever, while too closely overlooking some laborers in the marshes; and he died too. The other heated himself in thrashing flax-seed; obstructed perspiration, and a whole week passed in an atmosphere loaded with dust, brought on inflammation of the lungs, which terminated in a rapid consumption. Both the young men had continued single; so Penelope remained inheritress of all. After a decent delay of eighteen months, she married a young farmer, between whom and herself there had long existed an intelligence of looks. He was not spared to her many years, and she was left a widow, with an only son."

I paused.

"Well," said the General, impatiently, "is that all? Or are we to have the continuation in the next number?"

"No. The whole is here. The rest is very soon told."

"The estrangement of the surviving brother and sister still continued. In fact, neither of the two knew whether the other were living or not, though each felt a secret yearning in the recesses of the heart. At length, Jerome happened to read, in one of our most popular novelists, a tale which strongly reminded him of his early youth, but the conclusion of which was more in accordance with the dictates of natural affection, than with the unyielding maintenance of displeasure that refused to be entreated. He remembered that no reconciliation could take place in the grave. He made cautious inquiries. He found that, those of whom he had most right to complain, and whom he now began to pity for their narrow-mindedness, were gone; that the sister whom he loved, was left, and had a worthy son, whom she loved too. He formed the bold resolution to swallow his long-cherished pride and anger, and to make the first step. He sought his sister; found her unchanged, except by years and sorrows; and saw at a glance that her child, his nephew, would stand him in the place of a son. The relatives met, to part no more. One roof covers them by night; around one table they daily assemble in cheerful thankfulness; and now, at their last hour they can, without hypocrisy, utter the prayer, 'Father, forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us!'"

"And that, General," I said, laying down the paper, and assuming a sort of commercial-traveler's self-complacency, "that's my first attempt at a feuilleton." But my sprightliness met with no response.

"You say, Sir, this little story is founded on fact?"

"I am acquainted with all the parties. Of course, the real names are not given."

"And Jerome, the elder brother, who rose in the army—do you know him?"

"Yes!"

He seemed disappointed at this answer.

He then observed, more as if talking to himself than addressing me, "I should much like to see how those people get on together."

"Nothing is easier;" I interposed. "I want to transact business with them to-morrow" (this was not strictly true though, for I had not yet taken all the notes I wanted at Montoise) "and I shall be very happy to take you with me in the character of a friend who wishes to join me in a short excursion."

"But the General—Jerome, as you call him? I wonder if I know him. Is *he* there too?"

"If he is not now, I have no doubt he will be there, by the time of our arrival."

I cut all further conversation as short as possible. It was agreed that General Delacroix should meet me at the railway station, the following morning, at seven o'clock. M. Regnier excused himself from joining us, on the ground of the exigencies of his paper, and his publishing business. Strangely enough, the General never inquired whither I was going to take him. He seemed to be indulging in some visionary imaginations, from which he feared to be awakened by the least collision with fact. He kept the appointment with military exactness. I took both our tickets. He made no remark as to the length of our journey. He had never traveled by that line of railway, and it was only toward the close of our trip, that he was startled to observe towns whose public buildings were familiar to him.

We alighted. He took my arm, and I led him through lanes and across meadows, over whose features more than fifty years had thrown their veil. I opened a gate leading into a shrubbery of evergreens. A shady path led us to the garden-door of a mansion. I entered without knocking, and we soon stood in a spacious saloon, wherein were sitting a matron in company with a fine young man, her son, with his neat smiling wife, and two little children. Before they could recover their surprise at our entrance (my presence was too habitual to startle them) the General looked hard at the elder personage. I felt him tremble; he let go my arm, and advancing to my good friend Madame Fossette, embraced her long and lovingly, with no other uttered expressions than, "My sister!"

And this is how I happen to be visiting at the comfortable Château de Beaupré this snowy twenty-seventh of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-three.

SHOTS AND SHELLS.

IF the world will go a-fighting, we of the peaceable class may at least try to understand what the Quixotes are about. With this view we have inquired curiously into the nature of the missiles which, with the aid of villainous saltpetre, they let fly at one another; and the replies we have re-

ceived enable us to give some account of those diabolical messengers of battle that "hurtle through the darkened air," under the name of shots and shells.

The term *shell*, in military language, signifies a hollow globe of cast iron, the central cavity being destined to contain either gunpowder alone, or a mixture of gunpowder and bullets: if the latter, the shell is termed a shrapnell from the gallant captain, its inventor; and also a "spherical case-shot." When filled with gunpowder alone, it is simply a shell, or occasionally a bomb-shell.

The ordinary shell, or bomb-shell if the reader pleases, is a very old invention, dating from at least the beginning of the sixteenth century, and attributed, with strong probability, to the Venetians, who employed this missile with great effect against their enemies the Turks. Its construction is sufficiently simple, consisting as it does of a hollow cast-iron sphere, with an aperture plugged at pleasure, just as a bottle is with a cork. The contents of this round iron bottle are gunpowder; and the intention is, that at a certain given period, the powder shall ignite, and burst the shell into fragments. These fragments spreading far and wide, commit sad devastation by virtue of their projectile force; in addition to which, the ignited gunpowder sets fire to any combustible body with which it may come in contact.

When the shell is projected from a gun, and has arrived *at*, or at any rate *very near*, the object intended to be struck, the ignition is accomplished by means of a contrivance termed the *fuse*. Now, every child who has amused himself with a squib or a blue-light, will easily comprehend the nature of a fuse, which is a hollow cylinder of wood or metal stuffed hard with a comparatively slow-burning gunpowder or composition—not capable of explosion, but occupying a certain definite number of seconds before it can reach the internal charge. When shells were first introduced, and for a long time subsequently, they were shot out of short stumpy pieces of artillery denominated mortars. At present, they are not thus restricted, all but the very largest being now shot out of cannons and howitzers—the latter a sort of compromise between a cannon and a mortar. It will be perceived that the regulation or timing of a fuse—in other words, the adjustment of its length, in such a way that its fire may communicate with the central charge exactly at the proper instant—is a matter requiring much delicacy of hand, much calculation, and much experience. If explosion takes place too soon, the whole effect of the discharge is lost; if too late, then the missile is no better than a common round shot. Thus, at Waterloo, many of the French shells did no further harm than bespatter our troops with dirt, on account of the too great length of their fuse. The shells failing to explode in the air, fell, and buried themselves in the ground, where, finally bursting, they spouted up torrents of mud; and that was the extent of the damage they effected.

Perhaps, now, the reader will ask how the fuse is lighted? Why, by the blast of the gun itself—although the discovery that it might thus be lighted was the result of accident. For a long time subsequent to the introduction of shells, the fuse had to be lighted as a preliminary operation—a perilous arrangement, for if the gun missed fire, wo to the gunner!

Many attempts have been made, within the last few years, to effect the ignition of shells without the aid of a fuse—that is to say, to ignite them on the principle of the percussion-cap; and if this could be accomplished, they would acquire a great accession of power for many special purposes. Many cases may be imagined in which a shell of this kind would possess a manifest advantage over the common sort; for example, when brought to bear upon ships. The mere bursting of a shell near a ship, is not necessarily attended with serious consequences; but the great point to be achieved would be the explosion at the very moment of contact. The explosion of so large a quantity of gunpowder upon or within a ship's timbers, would be productive of an effect so easy to understand, that it need not be described. This consummation is scarcely likely when shells with fuses are employed, seeing that the very force of concussion has a tendency to extinguish the fuse, to say nothing of the chances in favor of a shell's bursting before it arrives in dangerous propinquity to the ship.

All attempts to apply the percussion principle to shells have, so far as relates to artillery, been futile. If the problem of rifling the bore of cannon, however, was solved, there would be no difficulty in the case, for these projectiles, as a matter of curiosity, have been frequently shot from rifled small-arms, and have exploded on striking their object with almost unfailing certainty.

Having described the ordinary shell, it might seem natural that we should proceed at once to the shrapnell; but certain reasons, the nature of which will be presently evident, induce us to preface that description with some notice of canister-shot. Has the reader ever seen a tin case of preserved provisions? No doubt he has; and he will, therefore, be at no loss to understand the nature of a canister-shot. Instead of a mere case of tin plate, let him imagine one of sheet iron; instead of dainty provisions, let him fancy the case stuffed full of small iron balls, something larger than musket-balls; and he will then have a good notion of canister-shot.

Now, the sheet-iron canister, although quite strong enough to withstand all the knocks, bumps, and other disturbing contingencies of transport, is by no means strong enough to withstand the explosive force of gunpowder; hence, no sooner is it discharged from a cannon, than its walls, splitting asunder, liberate the bullets, which are then scattered just like a charge of small-shot. The devastating effect of this projectile may be readily imagined; but its range is insignificant. Perhaps a distance of 300 yards

may be considered the most effective. Many of us have doubtless heard the assertion made, that a musket will kill a man when fired at the distance of a mile; nor, perhaps, is the assertion incorrect, if we make one trifling proviso—namely, that the man aimed at be hit. But the effective range of a musket is scarcely more than 100 yards; that is to say, if a musket properly charged, screwed in a vice for the purpose of maintaining its exact line of aim, pointed at a target about a yard square, and 100 yards distant, be fired many times in succession, the target will be invariably hit, although not by any means in the same spot. At a distance of 600 or 700 yards, the bullet might be deflected to the extent of 100 yards in any direction; and at the distance of a mile, its deflection would be so great, as to go beyond calculation. Nothing like accuracy of aim, we repeat, can be depended upon with the musket beyond a distance of 100 yards. From a consideration of this circumstance, it follows that artillerymen, with comparative impunity, may discharge canister-shot against a platoon of musket-armed infantry. The Minié rifle, however, and, indeed, many other varieties of rifle, are capable of hitting a mark at 800 yards' distance, and even more, with greater certainty than a musket at 100 yards; and therefore, long before a piece of artillery could be brought up within canister-range, its horses or gunners would be crippled or killed, and the gun thus rendered ineffective. Hence it follows, that since the introduction of the Minié rifle, the advantages of canister-shot are far less than they formerly were under the old musket system.

We are now prepared to enter upon the consideration of shrapnell-shells, or spherical case-shot. Let the reader picture to himself a common bomb-shell, not filled with gunpowder alone, but with a mixture of gunpowder and bullets; as many of the latter being first inserted as the shell will hold, and gunpowder thrown in afterwards until all the interstices are filled up. Let him furthermore imagine an instrument of this description to be supplied with a fuse, and he will have a true notion of the terrible shrapnell-shell, or spherical case-shot. From a consideration of the various parts of which this missile is composed, he will see that, being discharged from a cannon, it first travels like a common round shot; but a certain range having been described, and the burning fuse having ignited the gunpowder within, it will burst in pieces, with all the effect of a canister-shot. The shrapnell, then, admits of being regarded as a canister-shot intended to take effect at a very long range; and the greatest nicety is requisite in apportioning the effective length of the fuse to that distance. In practice, this apportionment is effected by means of a 'fuse augur' or borer, which scoops out determinate lengths of the composition. The effective range of such shells is very great; they will do good execution at 1000 or 1400 yards, and are highly dangerous at still greater distances; thus, as it would seem, conferring on artillery a preponderating advantage over the Minié rifle. Still, we must not conceal the fact, that the question as to this comparison is still open. The Minié rifle has scarcely been tried in the open field of war. During the progress of the siege of Rome, it did good execution against artillery; the *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, armed with the Minié rifle, having kept up such a destructive fire against the Roman embrasures, that the artillerymen could not stand to their guns. In the open field, it is argued by the opponents of the Minié rifle, cannon would have the advantage, inasmuch as the latter, instead of being stationary, and thus affording a constant mark for the sharp-shooters, would be constantly altering their distance, and thus disturbing the aim of the enemy. No doubt, the remark has much truth in it—but how much, only actual practice in the field can determine. The fact, however, is certain, that the general introduction of the Minié and other long-range rifles, will rob canister-shot of much of its terrors; indeed, some experienced men urge the total abandonment of the latter in favor of shrapnell-shells, the fuses of which can now be regulated with such accuracy, that their explosion at any given distance, compatible with their range, may be absolutely depended upon.

IS THE TOAD VENOMOUS?

MANY years ago the writer, then *un petit garçon*, gained access to a chemical laboratory which had been closed during a three months' recess. It had just been unlocked for the purpose of cleaning and sweetening preparatory to the winter's campaign. What a strange picture was there! The roaring furnace was icy cold, and the sand-bath on the top of it, indented with the florence flasks and retorts of last session, was plentifully coated with soot and dust. The benches were desolate, and nothing but the broken fragments of beakers, retorts, and twelve-ouncers, or the film of orange or blue crystals, told that they had been the scene of many a careful manipulation, or, mayhap, careless smash. Even the test-bottles, with their many-colored contents, seemed to feel the solitude, and not a few had given vent to tears, which, in the cold loneliness of the spot, had frozen to crystal. My old and somewhat dreaded friend, the galvanic battery, seemed quite unstrung, and his elder brother, the electric machine, was literally clothed in dust and ashes. But that which, of all other things, was calculated to bring the deepest shade of melancholy on my feelings, was a dirty pneumatic trough filled with water of a suspicious tint and somewhat cadaverous odor. In this trough had been left a poor half-starved frog, or toad—I know not which—the victim of many a *shocking* experiment, who knew, as well as the best third-year student, and that by his own sad experience, the effects produced on the nervous system by the juxtaposition of plates of copper and zinc.

Never shall I forget the sight which greeted my curious eyes on peering into that dark and dusty trough. There lay the osseous remains

of the poor reptile stretched out in the attitude of his last convulsive struggle. What a wonderful sight to one who had scarcely expected to find a bone of any sort in a frog or toad! So perfect was the skeleton that, in my boyish enthusiasm, I tried to pick it up, but the mysterious junction of bone to bone had dissolved with the capsular ligaments, and away the pieces flew with the agitation of the water, to be lost in its muddy bottom. Since that time the writer has seen much and borne much, being of the class known as naturalists; but he has never, amidst all his changes, lost sight of his old friend. During the interval, the bold lion, the sleek panther, and the noble horse, with scores of other creatures of more or less interest, have been by his knife robbed of flesh and tendon, to be fitted up as bony monuments of their faded beauty or power, but none of these afforded him the same pleasure as the dissection of the ugly toad, whose skeleton now sits calmly on the table before him.

Toads and frogs belong to a class of animals denominated the amphibiæ, from the fact of the animals composing it possessing the power of living on land or in water; and they were formerly classed with serpents and crocodiles—simply as reptiles. They differ from frogs by having no teeth in either jaw nor on the palate, in having shorter hind feet, and being covered over with dark suspicious-looking warts. Many are the conflicting opinions upon the question which we have placed at the head of this article. That the toad *spits* out, as is popularly supposed, a venomous saliva is, to say the least of it, highly doubtful. The pustules of the skin, however, contain a semi-fluid matter which has generally been allowed to be irritating. Dr. Jeremiah Kirby, for instance, says that, "when provoked, toads emit from their warty skin a frothy fluid, which was formerly supposed to be venomous, but which is merely sufficiently irritating to affect the delicate skin of some animals on which it falls. It is chiefly the ugly form and lurid appearance of these animals which has cast on them the reproach of being venomous—a reproach which is now ascertained to be unjust. Indeed, the flesh of several kinds of toads affords as wholesome nutriment as that of frogs, and they are eaten with impunity by snakes and several large birds." And again he adds:—"The irritating nature of the fluid emitted by toads, when frightened or disturbed, appears from the circumstance that dogs on seizing them are affected with a slight swelling of the mouth, accompanied by an increased secretion of saliva."

Much as I would like to clear up the character of my old friend, I am bound, in justice to him and to public safety, to admit that he is not the completely harmless creature kind-hearted naturalists represent him. Undoubtedly I would pity the man or woman who would faint at the sight of one, or even at its touch, but I would caution fool-hardy young gentlemen from every thing like bravado exploits with him. It is certainly safe to lay one on the hand provided it bears no wound; but let the angered creature inject a little of the matter from its rough skin into the slightest scratch or abrasion, and MM. Gratiolet and S. Cloeg will speak for the result.

"Popular tradition," says an English journal, recording the results of the experiments of these gentlemen, "has from time immemorial attached a poisonous influence to the toad, but enlightened opinion presumed that the idea was an ignorant prejudice. All doubt, however, as to the poisonous nature of the contents of the skin pustules has been set at rest by the recent experiments of two French philosophers, MM. Gratiolet and S. Cloeg, who, by inoculating various animals with the cutaneous poison of toads and salamanders, have demonstrated that the substance in question is endowed with well-marked and exceedingly dangerous qualities. The first experiment of these gentlemen was performed on a little African tortoise, which was inoculated with some of the toad-poison in one of its hinder feet; paralysis of the limb supervened, and still existed at the expiration of eight months, thus demonstrating the possibility of local poisoning by the agent. In order to determine whether the poisonous material spoiled by keeping, two gentlemen procured about twenty-nine grains of the poison on the 25th of April, 1851, and having placed it aside until the 16th of March, 1852, they inoculated a goldfinch with a little of this material. The bird almost immediately died. Subsequently, the investigators succeeded in eliminating the poisonous principle from the inert matters with which it is associated in the skin pustules, and they found that when thus purified, its effects were much more intense than before. Like most of the known very strong organic poisons, the active principle of the toad venom is alkaline in its character, almost insoluble in water, slightly soluble in ether, and very soluble in alcohol. MM. Gratiolet and S. Cloeg are at this time occupied in collecting a large amount of the toad venom, and will shortly make known the result of their further investigations, which are calculated, in the opinion of the investigators, to throw considerable light upon the nature and action of the poisons of hydrophobia, of serpents, of contagious diseases, and animal poisons generally." No doubt can, therefore, now be reasonably harbored of the toad's poisonous propensities, though it is hard to suppress an involuntary smile at the sanguine hopes of the experimenters. The toad is, evidently, however, quite harmless if let alone, so that there is no plea for its wholesale destruction, as if it were a cobra capella. All that is necessary, is to avoid incautiously handling it.

Repulsive and unintelligent as the appearance of our subject undoubtedly is, he is not without strong instincts, whose workings would seem to be very nearly akin to the feats of reason. An amusing instance of this kind is related in the "Naturalist," for November of last year, by Mr. William Whytehead, of Risley, in Suffolk. A toad had got planted comfortably in a radish bed, where slugs were, of course, in plenty, to satisfy his appetite; he was frequently disturbed by

members of the family and others, who removed him to other parts of the garden; but he as certainly returned to his own post, even through the barrier of a garden net, the meshes of which were but half the size of his body. That he actually did get through this difficulty was proved by observation; nicely illustrating how toads and men can overcome almost impossibilities by reducing the body. In order to test the extent of the toad's attachment to his chosen situation, Mr. Whytehead had it removed to a field some distance from the garden; but we will let him relate the incident in his own language. "The garden, which was large, was entirely walled round, excepting a small gate leading into another garden: this garden was also walled round, but there was a single hole under the outer door leading into a field. Behind the inner garden wall was a shrubbery, and into this we took the toad, little expecting to see it again. To our surprise, however, it was seated next day beneath the net. To reach this place, it must have gone through the fence of the shrubbery into a field, then through another fence into a second field, next through the hole under the outer garden, and, lastly, through the gate into the inner garden."

Public attention has from time to time been called to marvelous accounts of toads found in the hearts of trees, and inclosed in solid rocks, where they were supposed to have existed in a dormant state for centuries. Such marvels, however, are by no means so well authenticated as scientific observers would wish, and therefore are to be received with very great caution. Dr. Buckland performed experiments in order to determine the length of time which the toad would subsist without air or food, and found that death invariably occurred within twelve months, but that with an occasional supply of atmospheric air, life continued for a period of two years. The remarks of that gifted geologist on the subject are so much to the purpose, that we shall conclude this sketch with them. "The evidence," says he, "is never perfect to show that the reptiles were inclosed in a solid rock; no examination is ever made until the animal is first discovered by the breaking of the mass in which it was contained; and then it is too late to ascertain, without carefully replacing every fragment, (and in no case that I have seen reported, has this ever been done,) whether or not there was any hole or cavity by which the animal may have entered the place from which it was extracted. Without previous examination, it is almost impossible to prove that there was no such communication. In the case of rocks near the surface of the earth, and in stone quarries, reptiles find ready admission to holes and fissures." And again, he adds: "An individual which, when young, may have entered a cavity by some very narrow aperture, would find abundance of food by catching insects, which, like itself, seek shelter within such cavities, and may soon have increased so much in bulk as to render it impossible to get out again through the narrow aperture at which it entered. A small hole of this kind is very likely to be overlooked by common workmen, who are the only people whose operations on wood and stone disclose cavities in the interior of such substances."

HOLLAND HOUSE AND ITS CELEBRITIES.

THE interior of Holland House has been so modernized, as, with little exception, to retain no appearance of the antiquity to be expected from its appearance outside. We found, nevertheless, so much to interest us in it that we forgot to ask for the chamber in which Addison died. We believe, however, it is among the few apartments that are not shown. Among those which are, is Charles Fox's bed-room; that of Mr. Rogers (a frequent visitor), with a poet's view over the country toward Harrow; and that of Sheridan, in the next room to which a servant was regularly in attendance all night; partly to furnish, we believe, a bottle of champagne to the thirsty orator in case he should happen to call for one betwixt his slumbers, and partly to secure the bed curtains from being set on fire by his candle. A pleasanter apartment to contemplate, was the one in which Lord Holland used to hear his children say their lessons, and induct them into the beauties of Spenser—an unexpected trait in the predilections of a man of letters brought up in the town tastes of the eighteenth century. But his uncle Charles was fond of Spenser; and so was Burke, and the great Earl of Chatham. It is difficult to hinder great men from discerning the merits of greatness. The poetry of Spenser was to their other books what their parks and retirements were to the town itself.

The library must originally have been a place for exercise; for, in its first condition, it appears to have been scarcely any thing but windows; and it is upwards of ninety feet long, by only seventeen feet four inches wide, and fourteen feet seven inches in height. The moment one enters it, one looks at the two ends, and thinks of the tradition about Addison's pacings in it to and fro. It represents him as meditating his Spectators between two bottles of wine, and comforting his ethics by taking a glass of each, as he arrived at either end of the room. The regularity of this procedure is, of course, a jest; but the main circumstance is not improbable, though Lord Holland seems to have thought otherwise. He says (for the words in Faulkner's Kensington are evidently his): "Fancy may trace the exquisite humor which enlivens his papers to the mirth inspired by wine; but there is too much sober, good sense in all his lucubrations, even when he indulges most in pleasantry, to allow us to give implicit credit to a tradition invented probably as excuse for intemperance by such as can empty two bottles of wine, but never produce a Spectator or a Freeholder."

Addison, notwithstanding the popularity of the Foxes, is still the greatest celebrity of Holland House. His death in it is its greatest event. Places in the vicinity are named after him; and

the favorite record of its library is the tradition, before mentioned, of the bottle of wine at each end of it, by which he is said to have refreshed his moralities, while concocting their sentences to and fro.

It is added, unfortunately, that Addison drank the more because he was unhappily married. The question is still discussed, and will probably never be settled. The received opinion is, that Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick originated in his being tutor to her son; that the Countess became ashamed of it, as a descension from her rank; and that their lives were rendered unhappy in consequence. The prevalence of this opinion appears to have been owing to Johnson's Lives of the Poets, in which the case is stated with so evident a willingness to believe it, that people in general, who are ready enough to fall in with such an inclination, have overlooked the manifest assumptions on which it is founded, and the "saids" and "perhapses" with which it is qualified. Setting aside higher points of view on such questions, there is, in fact, no proof that Addison was tutor to the young Earl, or that the Countess felt any regret for the marriage on the score of rank. Tutorship, had he been a tutor, need not have hindered him from making a pleasant husband. Tutors have married highly, before and since, and have become lords and archbishops; and though the lady was a countess by marriage, her birth was but that of a baronet's daughter. The truth of the matter we take to have been, that the match was unsuitable on very ordinary grounds. The lady was well and merry; the gentleman fit only to muse. Addison died at the end of three years. And hence (as Johnson would have been the first to say, had any body provoked him to differ with the other opinion) hence all this mighty fuss, sir, about a tutor, and a countess, and the punctilios of rank.

Mighty versions are often given to things that have quite another significancy. It has been questioned of late under what real impulse another circumstance occurred, which is connected with Addison and Holland House. We allude to the famous words which he is said to have addressed in his last moments to the young Earl of Warwick: "See in what peace a Christian can die." The story originated with Young, who said he had it from Tickell; adding, that the Earl led an irregular life, and that Addison wished to reclaim him. But according to Malone, who was a scrupulous inquirer, there is no evidence of the Earl's having led any such life; and Walpole, in one of his letters that were published not long ago, startled—we should rather say shocked—the world, by telling them that Addison "died of brandy." It is acknowledged by his best friends, that the gentle moralist, whose bodily temperament was as sorry a one as his mind was otherwise, had gradually been tempted to stimulate it with wine, until he became intemperate in the indulgence. It is impossible to say what other stimulants might not gradually have crept in; nor is it improbable that, during the patient's last hours, the physician himself might have ordered them. Addison, therefore, may have had some stimulus given him, whatever it was, not because he had contracted a habit which he could not leave off, and so "died of it," but because, like many a sober man before him, he had not strength enough to speak without it. Again, he might or might not have known the nature of the draught, yet still have regarded his peace of mind as a thing apart from the composure of his nerves, and justly founded on what had been a conviction of his life. He might have said to himself, "Nothing can compose me longer, but my religious belief. Let me show in this last trial, how tranquillizing it can be." It is in vain that we fancy the light spirit of Walpole laughing at us for these considerations—saying to us, "Oh, what need of words? He died drunk and maudlin, and there's an end. We can not thus consent to think the worst, instead of best, of a man who has given the world so much instruction and entertainment, and whose Christianity, at all events, was of a kind superior to vulgar intolerances, and who was disposed to think the best of most things

Good words are good things; yet good deeds are better. Addison, we doubt not, had his rights of comfort from both; yet there is one thing which we could have preferred his doing in his last hours, to any thing which he may have said. It is the amends which, for some mysterious reason or other, he said he would have made to Gay, "if he lived." The story, as related by Pope, is, that "a fortnight before Addison's death, Lord Warwick came to Gay, and pressed him in a very particular manner to go and see Mr. Addison, which he had not done for a great while. Gay went, and found Addison in a very weak way. Addison received him in the kindest manner, and told him that he had desired this visit to beg his pardon; that he had injured him greatly; but that if he lived, he should find that he would make it up to him. Gay, on his going to Hanover, had great reasons to hope for some good preferment; but all those views came to nothing. It is not impossible but that Mr. Addison might prevent them, from his thinking Gay too well with some of the former ministry. He did not at all explain himself in what he had injured him; and Gay could not guess at any thing else in which he could have injured him so considerably." Now it surely would have been better, if instead of stopping at Gay's pardon of him, which of course the good-natured poet heartily gave (we fancy we see him coming out of Holland House with the tears in his eyes), Addison had followed it up with making the amends while he could; or, better still, had he secured the amends beforehand, in order to warrant his asking the pardon. It may be said, that he might have been unable. Perhaps so. But still he might have given proofs that he had done his best.

Addison, it must be owned, did not shine during his occupation of Holland House. He married, and was not happy; he was made Sec-

retary of State, and was not a good one; he was in Parliament, and could not speak in it; he quarreled with, and even treated contemptuously, his old friend and associate, Steele, who declined to return the injury. Yet there, in Holland House, he lived and wrote, nevertheless, with a literary glory about his name which never can desert the place; and to Holland House, while he resided in it, must have come all the distinguished men of the day; for, though a Whig, he was personally "well in," as the phrase is, with the majority of all parties. He was in communication with Swift, who was a Tory, and with Pope, who was neither Tory nor Whig. It was now that the house and its owners began to appear in verse. Rowe addressed stanzas to Addison's bride; and Tickell after his death thus touchingly apostrophizes the place:

"Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race;
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?"

It seems to have been in Holland House (for he died shortly afterward) that Addison was visited by Milton's daughter, when he requested her to bring him some evidences of her birth. The moment he beheld her, he exclaimed, "Madam, you need no other voucher; your face is a sufficient testimonial whose daughter you are." It must have been very pleasing to Addison to befriend Milton's daughter; for he had been the first to popularize the great poet by his critiques on Paradise Lost in the Spectator.

Holland House, after Addison's death, remained in possession of the Warwick family and of their heir, Lord Kensington, who came of the family of Edwardes, till it was purchased of his lordship by Henry Fox, who subsequently became a lord himself, and took his title from the mansion. This was about a hundred years ago, in the beginning of the reign of George the Third.

Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland of the new race, was the younger son of that marvelous old gentleman, Sir Stephen Fox, who, after having had a numerous offspring by one wife, at the age of seventy-six married another, and had three more children, two of whom founded the noble families of Holland and Ilchester. It was reported that he had been a singing-boy in a cathedral. Walpole says he was a footman; and the late Lord Holland, who was a man of too noble a nature to affect ignorance of these traditions, candidly owns that he was a man of "very humble origin." Noble families must begin with somebody; and with whom could the new one have better begun than with this stout and large-hearted gentleman, who, after doing real service to the courts in which he rose, and founding institutions for the benefit of his native place, closed a life full of health, activity, and success, in the eighty-ninth year of his age?

Henry Fox was as full of vitality as his father, and he carried the stock higher; but though very knowing, he was not so wise, and did not end so happily. With him began the first parliamentary emulation between a Fox and a Pitt, which so curiously descended to their sons. Many persons now living remember the second rivalry. The first was so like it, that Walpole, in one of his happy comprehensive dashes, describes the House of Commons, for a certain period, as consisting of "a dialogue between Pitt and Fox." Fox had begun life as a partisan of Sir Robert Walpole; and in the course of his career held lucrative offices under Government—that of Paymaster of the Forces, for one—in which he enriched himself to a degree which incurred a great deal of suspicion. He was latterly denounced in a City address, as the "defaulter of unaccounted millions." Public accounts in those times were strangely neglected; and the family have said, that his were in no worse condition than those of others: but they do not deny that he was a jobber. However, he jobbed and prospered; ran away with a duke's daughter; contrived to reconcile himself with the family (that of Richmond); got his wife made a baroness; was made a lord himself, Baron Holland of Foxley; was a husband, notwithstanding his jobbing, loving and beloved; was an indulgent father; a gay and social friend; in short, had as happy a life of it as health and spirits could make; till, unfortunately, health and spirits failed; and then there seems to have been a remnant of his father's better portion within him, which did not allow him to be so well satisfied with himself in his decline. Out-tricked and got rid of by the flighty Lord Shelburne, and forsaken by the selfish friends with whom he had jobbed, and made merry, and laughed at principle, he tried, in retirement, to divert his melancholy with building a villa at Kingsgate, between Margate and Broadstairs, in a style equally expensive and fantastic, from which he made visits across the channel to France and Italy. He also endeavored to get some comfort out of a few other worthless persons, such as George Selwyn and Lord March, afterward Duke of Queensberry ("Old Q.,") gentlemen who, not being in want of places, had abided by him. But all would not do. He returned home and died at Holland House, twenty years younger than his father; and he was followed in less than a month by his wife. It is said that a day or two before his death, George Selwyn, who had a passion for seeing dead bodies, sent to ask how he was, and whether a visit would be welcome. "Oh, by all means," said Lord Holland. "If I am alive, I shall be delighted to see George—and I know, that if I am dead, he will be delighted to see me."

A curious story is told of the elopement of the Duke of Richmond's daughter, Lady Caroline Lennox, who thus speedily followed her husband to the grave. The Duke was a grandson of King Charles the Second, and both he and the Duchess had declined to favor the suit of Mr. Fox, the son of the equivocal Sir Stephen. They reckoned on her marrying another man; and an evening was appointed on which the gentleman was to be formally introduced as her suitor. Lady Caroline, whose affections the dashing statesman had

secretly engaged, was at her wit's end to know how to baffle this interview. She had evaded the choice of the family as long as possible, but this appointment looked like a crisis. The gentleman is to come in the evening: the lady is to prepare for his reception by a more than ordinary attention to her toilet. This gives her the cue to what is to be done. The more than ordinary attention is paid; but it is in a way that renders the interview impossible. She has cut off her eyebrows. How can she be seen by any body in such a trim? The indignation of the Duke and Duchess is great; but the thing is manifestly impossible. She is accordingly left to herself for the night; she has perfected her plans in expectation of that result; and the consequence is, that when next her parents inquire for her, she has gone. Nobody can find her. She is off for Mr. Fox.

Stephen, second Lord Holland, though by no means destitute of natural abilities or vivacity, appears to have had in his composition too great a predominance of the animal nature over the spiritual Hence an apoplectic tendency, which took him off at the age of nine-and-twenty.

But Stephen had a brother, afterward the celebrated Charles James Fox, the "man of the people," who, however he may have indulged himself in the same way, had life enough in him to keep him wide awake (and others too) for nearly twice the time. Indeed, he may be said, during his youth, to have had too much life; more animal vitality in him, and robustness of body to bear it out, than he well knew what to do with. And his father is said to have encouraged it by never thwarting his will in any thing. Thus the boy expressing a desire one day to "smash a watch," the father, after ascertaining that the little gentleman did positively feel such a desire, and was not disposed to give it up, said, "Well, if you must, I suppose you must;" and the watch was smashed. Another time, having been promised that he should see a portion of a wall pulled down, and the demolition having taken place while he was absent, and a new portion supplied, the latter itself was pulled down, in order that the father's promise might be kept, and the boy not disappointed. The keeping of the promise was excellent, and the wall well sacrificed; but not so the watch; and much less the guineas with which his father is absolutely said to have tempted him to the gaming table, out of a foolish desire to see the boy employed like himself! Habits ensued which became alarming to the old gamester himself, and which impeded the rise, injured the reputation, and finally nullified that supremacy on the part of the son, which was borne away from him by the inferior but more decorous nature of Pitt.

Fox was a great lesson as to what is good and what is bad in fatherly indulgence. All that was good in him it made better; all that was bad it made worse. And it would have made it worse still, had not the good luckily preponderated, and thus made the best at last even of the bad. Charles was to have his way as a child; so he smashed watches. He was to have his way as a youth; so he gambled and was dissolute. He was to have his way as a man; so he must be in Parliament, and get power, and vote as his father did, on the Tory side, because his father had indulged him, and he must indulge his father. But his father died, and then the love of sincerity which had been taught him as a bravery and a predominance, was encouraged to break forth by the galling of his political trammels; and though he could not refuse his passions their indulgence, till friends rescued him from insolvency, and thus piqued his gratitude into amendment, that very circumstance tended to show that he added strength and largeness of heart to his father's softness; for the spoilt child and reckless gamester, finally settled down as the representative of a nobler age that was coming, and was the charm in private of all who admired simplicity of manners and the perfection of good sense. Apart from this love of truth, we do not take him, in any respect, to have been profound, or to have seen beyond the next generation. What was greatest in Charles Fox was his freedom from nonsense, pettiness, and pretension. He could by no means admit that greater was smaller, or the rights of the American and French nations inferior to those of their princes. He envied no man his good qualities; felt under no necessity of considering his dignity with young or old; thought humanity at large superior to any particular forms of it; and in becoming its representative in circles which would have conceded such a privilege to none but a man of birth, enabled them to feel how charming it was.

The spoilt child prevailed so long in the life of Fox, and to all appearance so irremediably, that accounts of him at different periods seem hardly recording the same man.

To give instances, in as few words as possible. We have seen the smashing of the watch.

When a youth he was a great admirer of peerages and ribbons; and on his return from his first visit to the continent he appeared in red-heeled shoes, and a feather in his hat—the greatest fopperies of the day.

His father paid a hundred and forty thousand pounds for his gaming debts.

He took to the other extreme in dress, and became as slovenly as he had been foppish.

On coming into office he showed that he could be as industrious as he had been idle.

Whenever he was in office he never touched a card; and when his political friends, out of a sense of what was due to his public services, finally paid his debts, and made him easy for life, he left off play entirely.

He dressed decently and simply, and settled down for the remainder of his life into the domestic husband, the reader of books, and the lover of country retirement, from which he could not bear to be absent for a day.

In Holland House Fox passed his boyhood and part of his youth. He is not much associated with it otherwise, except as a name. He and a

friend, one day, without a penny in their pockets, walked thither from Oxford, a distance of fifty-six miles; for the purpose, we suppose, of getting a supply. They resolved to do it without stopping on the road; but the day was hot; an alehouse became irresistible; and on arriving at their journey's end, Charles thus addressed his father, who was drinking his coffee: "You must send half a guinea or a guinea, without loss of time, to the alehouse-keeper at Nettlebed, to redeem the gold watch you gave me some years ago, and which I have left in pawn there for a pot of porter."

A little before he died, at fifty-eight years of age, of a dropsy, he drove several times with his wife to Holland House, and looked about the grounds with a melancholy tenderness.

But, notwithstanding the celebrity of Charles Fox, and that of Addison himself, the man who has drawn the greatest attention to Holland House, if not in his own person, yet certainly by the effect of his personal qualities and attainments upon other people, was Fox's nephew, the late Lord Holland, Henry Richard, third of the title. He succeeded to the title before he was a year old; rescued the old mansion from ruin; and with allowance for visits to the continent and occasional residence in town, may be said to have passed his whole life in it, between enjoyments of his books and hospitalities to wits and worthies of all parties.

Lord Holland was a man of elegant literature, of liberal politics, and great benevolence. Traveling like other young noblemen on the continent, but extending his acquaintance with it beyond most of them, and going into Spain, his inclinations became directed to the writers of that country, and his feelings deeply interested in their political struggles. The consequence was a work in two volumes, containing the Lives of Lope de Vega and Guillen de Castro, a translation of three Spanish comedies, and the most hospitable and generous services to the patriots who suffered exile in the cause of their country's freedom. The comedies we have never seen. The lives, though not profound (for he was educated in a school of criticism anterior to that of Coleridge and the Germans), are excellent as far as they go, written with classical correctness, and full of the most pleasing and judicious remarks. How he formed that unbounded admiration of Bonaparte, which has lately transpired in his posthumous Recollections of Foreign Courts, it is difficult to say. The admiration, we have no doubt, was driven into inconsistency by the hypocrisy and broken promises of Bonaparte's enemies, the kings and ministers, who pretended to oppose him in behalf of freedom. Privately the late Lord Holland will be remembered only for his benevolence, and for the great increase of pleasant associations which he has given to Holland House; publicly, there is one reigning circumstance in his career, which will procure him a niche in the parliamentary history of his times, equally unique and beautiful—and that is, that whenever a measure was carried through the House of Lords which was not of a just or generous nature, Lord Holland's "Protest" against it was sure to be placed upon the records. There is a book of his, also, which will live; another posthumous work, entitled Reminiscences of the Whig Party. It is written, not only with correctness and elegance, but with a charming mixture of acuteness and good-nature—of the sharp and the sweet—the "true pine-apple flavor;" and contains some masterly portraitures of character.

Lord Holland had a constitutional tendency to gout, which, until he was married, he kept under by hard riding and hunting. During the last twenty years of his life his gout conspired with his love of books to render him less and less active, until at last he became wholly confined to his chair, and the disease killed him at the age of sixty-seven.

THE DUPE AND THE DUPER.

HONOR to worth! There is one Greek, at least, whom I have known and whom I would rescue from the contempt which too often attaches to his countrymen. He is a sea-captain, a rough, weather-beaten man, with the heart of a child. Oh, so valiant and gentle! So true and stanch, that the grasp of his honest hard-working hand does a man good. It makes one better to see him among weaklings and little children: he seems so conscious of his uncouth strength, and appears afraid of breaking them. His healthy, merciful heart would not let him harm a worm.

Captain Jorgey was once rich; but he had no thought for himself, and was so good and so simple that bad men took advantage of him, and now he is only wealthy in the love and esteem of all who know him, in the affection of boys and girls, who greet him with a shriek of joy, and turn aside from their path coming home from school when they see him; in the gratitude of the widow and orphan, who thank him with moistened eyes for many benefits, and put him to the blush with their praises;—and in the kind thoughts of every body. Captain Jorgey was ruined long ago, by a hard, vile man, who now (lest all should cry shame upon him) gives his victim an asylum in his house and protects, insults and makes him useful. But Captain Jorgey does not seem conscious of this, and it is very touching to see his loyal gratitude and affection for one who has wrought him many cruel injuries. He thinks he can never do enough to show his thankfulness for the rude bed and scanty board which is doled out to him. He has become as a bondsman to his task master. I wish I had such a servant as Captain Jorgey: I would try and treat him better. Upon the whole I think I would rather have him for a brother or a very near friend. He is never absent from the house except when sent upon some errand. He does all sorts of odd jobs. He minds the children and makes them toys. He stables the horse, drives bargains, and is sent to wrangle about tradesmen's bills. He must overlook the

servants—a hard task this—and tell of their short-comings; he must give the benefit of zeal, experience, and honesty, all for mere bread and board. Yet I am afraid I could never gain the friendship of Captain Jorgey; for he can not conceive it possible that any one should think ill of his spoiler, or suppose himself to be unfairly used.

The man to whom Captain Jorgey owes his ruin is no ogre for all that; he is merely a very frequent specimen of the modern Greek. Still young, he has acquired a very considerable fortune. In reality superficial, empty, and ignorant; acquainted with no one art or science, and hardly able to read and write correctly, he has yet a natural acuteness that would puzzle the wisest. He is indeed one of the most successful sharpers of the corn market; and that is saying a great deal. He has the most pleasant, frank, plausible manner possible; yet he only speaks truth by accident. He seems to divine other men's thoughts and intentions by a sort of instinct; and no one ever comes in contact with him without somehow or other getting the wrong end of an argument or a bargain. He will commit the most impudent robberies with a cool air of assurance that is positively astounding. He is hard, unjust, oppressive, cunning, false, tricky, selfish; all with the air of an injured man. He has his temper under the most extraordinary command, and would never by any chance let slip an expression of a disagreeable nature toward any body, from whom he might ever by any possibility have the chance of gaining sixpence. To dependents he is of course as heartless a tyrant as ever insulted worth or imbittered misfortune. No man has ever shown him to appear in the wrong. His labors are only known by their fruits. Somehow or other every body who makes his acquaintance and gets mixed up with him in business, grows poorer, and yet you can not convict him of dishonesty. The fact is there; the reason is a mystery. His very victims are constrained to speak well of him, for they can prove no evil. His acquaintances seem all under obligations to him. Persons formerly thriving and well to do in the world, pass beneath his yoke into difficulties in a manner that is almost magical. When they fail and sink into utter ruin, *he* has always contrived to get paid. He has foreseen what was going to happen, and has disposed of their acceptances—sold them perhaps to some friend who desired a safe investment, and who had asked his advice. In short, he is out of the scrape, let who will be in it. To be sure there are one or two people who look shyly at him. It is possible to be sharper than some men, but not to be sharper than every man. Strange whispers go about respecting him; his mother is said to have died in extreme poverty, and one of his brothers to have got into trouble and to have never got out of it. But he does not mind such reports as these, for he has one of his poor relations living with him and can point triumphantly to her. To be sure she cooks and superintends the washing, but he can not be expected to entertain her for nothing; although she is said to be a perfect wonder of economy, and to live altogether on boiled salads. There is a grand gold chain which her important relative wears rather ostentatiously, and which is said to have belonged to her deceased husband, as well as the watch which is attached to it; but that 's nobody's business. It is natural that dependents should show some substantial marks of gratitude to their protectors, if they have any.

It does not seem on the whole astonishing that the friendship of such a genius as this should have been disastrous to Captain Jorgey. Shortly after its commencement, the Sea Captain's affairs got into a maze, and they never got out of it. He had then an olive garden, and a little vessel of his own, with which he went about to the ports in the neighborhood, and sometimes got as far as Malta, driving a thriving trade. But as soon as he began to carry cargoes for Kyrios Ozlan and to leave the management of his affairs at home in the hands of his employer, every thing went wrong. His olive trees produced no fruit, his house was burnt down; and, though every thing was destroyed in the fire, he has since seen some things about the premises of his patron so like his own as to be quite surprising. But this does not shake his simple good faith, and he seems to me so respectable and happy in it that I sometimes wonder if after all he is not really the wiser man of the two. My opinion is not at all disturbed by the fixed smile which is always on the lips of Kyrios Ozlan; for I can not help fancying that he must sometimes feel uncomfortable, especially in the long windy winter's nights.

Captain Jorgey's olive garden and his pleasant house by the sea-side have passed into the hands of his patron. It makes one quite uncomfortable to hear him talk about them with such complacency, and brag of their produce. It is painful to see Captain Jorgey on the summer afternoons toiling home with a large basket of fruit, proud that the land which once was his at least produces something. Kyrios Ozlan however only receives them with a grunt of disapprobation (it is not worth his while to flatter Captain Jorgey now), and an ungraceful observation about the expense of gardening; so that the modest sailor really feels quite puzzled that the property which was once a little fortune to him, should be such a burthen to his patron. He feels quite disgraced by it, and is ashamed that he should have allowed his generous friend to accept it for such a large debt as that which was due to him; at the date of the transaction Captain Jorgey knew it was a large debt, though he did not quite know how much, for there had never been an account between them, and he was not a good hand at figures if there had been one.

The fact is, that when Captain Jorgey's olive trees would obstinately persist in bearing no fruit in the most favorable seasons; when his grapes seemed all gathered before they had grown; and when his figs did not appear to grow at all; when he returned home and found his house burnt

down, and ruin staring him in the face; Kyrios Ozlan proposed to him a very notable scheme for redeeming his fortunes. This was to lend money at a high rate of interest, to a trader in the town, who had not hitherto borne a very good reputation for strict exactness in his accounts. Captain Jorgey, indeed, ventured to make an observation to this effect at the time; but his kind friend only smiled in a peculiar way he had, and told Captain Jorgey that he did not understand those kind of affairs—which, indeed, was true. So the honest sailor left every thing to his friend, and commenced another voyage. Not, however, till he had given a mortgage on his property for a considerable sum of money, which had been placed out at such famous interest in his name, and which had been lent by Kyrios Ozlan with the most disinterested generosity. But fresh troubles awaited him. He seemed born to ill-luck. When he returned, the trader had left the country, and had taken Captain Jorgey's money with him. The stout seaman, however, was not half so much distressed at this, as at the loss sustained by his kind friend, after all his efforts on his behalf which were detailed to him with such scrupulous minuteness. There was of course but one thing to do—to give up the olive garden; and although it had, by that time, begun to bear all sorts of produce, in a very remarkable manner considering its former sterility, yet the Captain was quite surprised that his patron should accept it for such a considerable debt. To be sure he held Captain Jorgey's bond for the balance, but what was the use of that? he could put him in prison at any time; but he was far too good to do it, which was another reason for gratitude, and another reason—so thought the honest sailor—why he should try, by every means in his power, to repay the immense debt of generosity and forbearance which he owed his benefactor. I am almost sure that Captain Jorgey would have thought it nothing but his duty to die, or go into slavery uncomplaining, for that most cold and heartless scoundrel.

It is a touching and cruel thing to see them together, and to see the humble respect and gratitude of the brave sailor, in his worn clothes so carefully brushed: the perspiration pouring down his furrowed cheeks from unremunerated toil: his anxious glance to catch the eye of his patron, as that estimable creature sits in state, in his gold chain, upon an easy chair in his country house. It moves one's very heart to see the sailor, so willing and earnest, so untiring and contented, under a rod of iron.

O Captain Jorgey, good, honest, noble-hearted sailor! Little dost thou dream how infinitely better and greater thou art, in the eyes of Him who sees all things, than the bedizened rogue who has robbed thee. Little dost thou think how the hands of many honest men would be stretched out to grasp those shy, awkward fists of yours, who would not deign to touch the white and jeweled fingers of that amazing scamp for an earldom. Little does thy modest fancy picture what bright kind eyes of noble women would smile on you, which would turn with infinite disgust from him.

Thine is a true story, Captain Jorgey. Let it ingraft in our hearts, a deeper contempt for ill-gotten riches, and a profounder respect for faith and honesty. I do not envy the man who, if he had to choose, would not immeasurably rather be the dupe than the duper. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way by which thou travelest, gentle Captain; but it will conduct thee to thy high reward!

A GLIMPSE OF ARMENIA.*

THE Hon. Robert Curzon, whose "Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant" was less generally read in this country than it deserved to have been, has given us in this lively work a glimpse of life in a country of which little has of late years been known to the civilized world. This region—the second cradle of the human race—has for centuries formed a sort of "debatable land" on the borders of Persia and Turkey. The wild Koords who owned allegiance to the Sultan, have made it one of the cardinal virtues to make a foray upon a Persian village, and the tributaries of the Shah of Persia considered it an action deserving of paradise to pay the same amiable attention to a Turkish village; while both parties kept vigilant watch to plunder any unfortunate caravan of merchants who might have succeeded in escaping from the avalanches and snow-drifts which block up the lonely mountain paths. The two governments at last came to the conclusion that the net results of this systematic robbery were any thing but profitable to either party, and requested the assistance of England and Russia to aid them in establishing a definite boundary between the two countries. Commissioners from the four governments, each attended by a numerous suite, were in 1842 sent to Erzeroom, the capital of Armenia, for this purpose. Mr. Curzon, who was at that time private secretary to Sir Stratford Canning, the British Embassador at Constantinople, was appointed one of the Commissioners on the part of England. After spending a year in the exercise of his duties, our author was prostrated by an illness so severe that he was obliged to quit the country. The other members of the Commission continued their duties for the ensuing four years, when a treaty was signed fixing the boundaries between Turkey and Persia. But as the geography of the country was wholly unsettled, another Commission was appointed to define by actual survey the location of the places enumerated in this treaty. The labors of this Commission lasted until September, 1852. It is understood that Colonel Williams, the English Commissioner, is about to publish an account of their protracted labors. In the meanwhile Mr. Curzon furnishes the latest accounts which have been made public respecting this interesting region,

* Armenia: A Year at Erzeroom and on the Frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Persia. By the Hon. Robert Curzon. With Map and Illustrations. Harper and Brothers. (*Small 8vo. Price* $1 00. *Just ready.*)

in one of the most readable books of travel which have recently been published.

The expedition sailed from Constantinople up the *Fena Kara Degniz*—"the Bad Black Sea"—as it is called by the Turks, with very good reason, since of the thousands of their vessels which navigate it, full half, it is said, are annually wrecked, as a matter of course. Arriving at Trebizond, they had an interview with the Pasha. This interesting individual is thus described:—

"We scrambled up a large, dark, crazy wooden stair, at the top of which, on a curtain being drawn aside, we were ushered into a large, lofty room, where we beheld the Pasha seated on the divan, under a range of windows, at the upper end of the selamlik, or hall of reception. Then commenced the regular exercise of formal civilities, bows, and inquiries after each other's health, carried on in a thorough mechanical manner, neither party even pretending to look as if he meant any thing he said. We smoked pipes, and drank coffee, and made a little bow to the Pasha afterward in the most orthodox way, till we were bored and tired, and wished it was time to come away; but this sort of visit is a serious affair, and I don't know how long we sat there, with the crowd of kawasses and chiboukgis staring at us steadily from the lower end of the hall.

"What the Pasha looked like, and what manner of man he was, it was not easy to make out, seeing that to the outward eye he presented the appearance of a large green bundle, with a red fez at the top, for he was enveloped in a great furred cloak; he seemed to have dark eyes, like every body else in this country, and a long nose and a black beard, whereof the confines or limits were not to be ascertained, as I could not readily distinguish what was beard and what was fur. Every now and then his Excellency snuffled, as if he had got a cold, but I think it was only a trick; however, when he lifted up his voice to speak, the depth and hollow sound was very remarkable. I have heard several Turks speak in this way, which I believe they consider dignified, and imagine that it is done in imitation of Sultan Mahmoud, who, whether it was his natural voice or not, always spoke as if his voice came out of his stomach instead of his mouth. Abdallah Pasha paid us his compliments in this awful tone, and, till I got a little used to it, I wondered out of what particular part of the heap of fur, cloth, &c., this thorough-bass proceeded. I found, to my great admiration, that the Pasha knew my name, and almost as much of my own history as I did myself; where he had gained his very important information I know not, but an interest so unusual in any thing relating to another person induced me to make inquiries about him, and I found he was not only a man of the highest dignity and wealth, possessing villages, square miles, and acres innumerable, but he was a philosopher; if not a writer, he was a reader of books, particularly works on medicine. This was his great hobby. In the way of government he seemed to be a most patriarchal sort of king: he had no army or soldiers whatever; fifteen or sixteen cawasses were all the guards that he supported. He smoked the pipe of tranquillity on the carpet of prudence, and the pashalic of Trebizond slumbered on in the sun; the houses tumbled down occasionally, and people repaired them never; the secretary of state wrote to the Porte two or three times a year, to say that nothing particular had happened. The only thing I wondered at was, how the tribute was exacted, for transmitted it must be regularly to Constantinople. Rayahs must be squeezed: they were created, like oranges, for that purpose; but, some how or other, Abdallah Pasha seems to have carried on the process quietly, and the multitudes under his rule dozed on from year to year. That was all very well for those at a distance, but his immediate attendants suffered occasionally from the philosophical inquiries of their master. He thought of nothing but physic, and whenever he could catch a Piedmontese doctor he would buy any quantity of medicine from him, and talk learnedly on medical subjects as long as the doctor could stand it. As nobody ever tells the truth in these parts, the Pasha never believed what the doctor told him, and usually satisfied his mind by experiments *in corpore vili*, many of which, when the accounts were related to me, made me cry with laughter."

From Trebizond they set out through the mountains to Erzeroom, over some of the most infamous roads, or rather paths, that ever tried the patience of man or beast. The capital is situated on an extensive plain lying some seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains covered with perpetual snow. The population is stated to amount to thirty or forty thousand, though Mr. Curzon thinks that this is an overestimate. Outside the suburbs is an immense ditch, dug as a protection against the Russian invaders. The science of engineering must be at a somewhat low ebb in Armenia, if this work is to be taken as a fair specimen of its productions. It was made without any walls or breastworks, and the sides were so sloping that it did not stay the progress of the enemy for a moment; they marched down one side and up the other with the utmost facility.

It was winter, and the aspect of the town was striking enough, though far from agreeable.

"'Lord, to see!' as Mr. Pepys would say, "what a place this is at Erzeroom! I have never seen or heard of any thing the least like it. It is totally and entirely different from any thing I ever saw before. As the whole view, whichever way one looked, was wrapped in interminable snow, we had not at first any very distinct idea of the nature of the ground that there might be underneath; the tops of the houses being flat, the snow-covered city did not resemble any other town, but appeared more like a great rabbit-warren; many of the houses being wholly or partly subterranean, the doors looked like burrows. In the neighborhood of the Consulate (very comfortable within, from the excellent ar-

rangements of Mr. Brant) there were several large heaps and mounds of earth, and it was difficult to the uninitiated to discriminate correctly as to which was a house and which was a heap of soil or stones. Streets, glass windows, green doors with brass knockers, areas, and chimney-pots, were things only known from the accounts of travelers from the distant regions where such things are used. Very few people were about, the bulk of the population hibernating at this time of the year in their strange holes and burrows. The bright colors of the Oriental dresses looked to my eye strangely out of place in the cold dirty snow; scarlet robes, jackets embroidered with gold, brilliant green and white costumes, were associated in my mind with a hot sun, a dry climate, and fine weather. A bright sky there was, with the sun shining away as if it was all right, but his rays gave no heat, and only put your eyes out with its glare upon the snow. This glare has an extraordinary effect, sometimes bringing on a blindness called snow-blindness, and raising blisters on the face precisely like those which are produced by exposure to extreme heat. Another inconvenience has an absurd effect: the breath, out of doors, congeals upon the mustaches and beard, and speedily produces icicles, which prevent the possibility of opening the mouth. My mustaches were converted each day into two sharp icicles, and if any thing came against them it hurt horribly; and those who wore long beards were often obliged to commence the series of Turkish civilities in dumb show; their faces being fixtures for the time, they were not able to speak till their beards thawed. A curious phenomenon might also be observed upon the door of one of the subterranean stables being opened, when, although the day was clear and fine without, the warm air within immediately congealed into a little fall of snow; this might be seen in great perfection every morning on the first opening of the outer door, when the house was warm from its having been shut up all night."

One of the most important duties of the Commission was to settle the geographical boundaries between Turkey and Persia, through this pleasant country where every body felt it to be a religious duty to shoot every body else, unless indeed he could get near enough to run him through with his long spear, or knock him on the head with a mace; which latter methods were preferable, since they involved no expense for powder and lead. For the purpose of gaining local information many of the chiefs of the wild tribes were brought before the Commissioners, who thus became acquainted with some original characters. The following is an account of one of these interviews:

"I was introduced to three of the most picturesque people I have ever seen. The first was Osman Pasha, late Governor of Zohab; the second, Sheikh Thamir, whose horse I had been looking at outside; the third was yclept Abdel Kader Effendi, chief secretary to the Government of Bussorah. These persons were dressed in flowing robes of various colors; they had long beards, and enormous turbans of Cashmere shawl. All three were remarkably ugly, strange-looking men, and I can not describe to you the peculiar way in which their clothes were put on, and the wild and almost magnificent appearance they presented. There were, besides these and ourselves, B—— Pasha and four other gentlemen, in the modern Turkish dress. The three Commissioners and their two dragomans sat on the divan under the window, all, except myself, with their legs sticking out, like people waiting for an operation in a hospital. Enveri Effendi sat on a cushion on the floor, in the right-hand corner, and the others were ranged on the two sides of the room. As we were fourteen people, on a sudden fourteen servants rushed into the room with pipes; then one brought coffee on a tray, the brocade covering of which was thrown over his left shoulder; and then came a man bringing to each of us a cup, well frothed up, and in a zarf, or outer cup, of a different kind, according to the rank of the person to whom it was presented. Enveri Effendi and the three Commissioners had cups of enameled gold, the rest of the Pashas, etc., of silver. When this ceremony was concluded, the door was shut, the servants disappeared, a curtain was drawn across the door, and two chaoushes, with muskets, put to guard it outside. Then Enveri Effendi lifted up his voice, and, after swinging himself about, and grunting two or three times, he told us that the gentlemen in the turbans had brought up a number of old firmans, teskerès, and other papers relating to the lands between Zohab and the Persian Gulf; that he had examined them, and that now he begged the Commissioners to put any questions they chose to the worthies before them respecting the lands, etc.

"Then we all looked at each other for a little time, then they all looked at me. Then I took up my parable, and desired the dragoman to ask Osman Pasha who he was. 'I am Osman Pasha,' said he; 'and I and my family have been sovereigns (or hereditary governors rather) of Zohab for seven generations.' Having asked him a great many questions, and written down his answers, which made him somewhat nervous, I turned to Sheikh Thamir. 'What is your fortunate name?' said I, upon which Sheikh Thamir opened his eyes, then he opened his mouth, then he looked at Abdel Kader, then he shut his mouth again, and said nothing. So I asked him again who he had the honor to be. Upon this, Abdel Kader, who appeared to be his mentor or adviser, came and sat down by him, and said, 'He is Sheikh Thamir.' Sheikh Thamir upon this shouted out, at the top of his voice, 'Yes; I am Sheikh Thamir, the son of Gashban, who was the son of Osman, who was the son of—' 'Thank you,' I said, 'I only wanted to know from your own lips who you were, but am not particular as to the names of all your respected ancestors.' However, Sheikh Thamir was not to be stopped in that way when he had once begun, so he shouted out a long string of names, and when he

got to the end he said he was Sheikh of the Sheikhs of the great tribe of Chaab, and commander of the district of Ghoban, which his ancestors had held before him for one or two hundred years—or more, or less, as I pleased. In answer to other questions, which Abdel Kader always accompanied with his own notes and commentaries, he said, 'I have no papers; we do not understand such things. What do I know? I am an old man. I am forty-five years of age; let me alone.' In course of time I did let him alone, and a difficult thing it was to draw out any information from this wild desert chief. Every now and then somebody else put in a word. At about four o'clock the meeting broke up. We returned home and dined, and in the evening went out riding. When the moon rose, I went away, a man carrying a meshaleh, a thing like a beacon, on the top of a pole, with old cotton dipped in pitch burning in it; it is the best light there is for out-of-doors, as it never blows out, and gives much more light than any torches or lanterns."

While at Erzeroom a judicial case was brought to the notice of the Commissioners, which will illustrate the wild mode in which justice is administered in these regions. The following is the statement of the affair, as drawn up for their intervention:

"A merchant, named Mehemed, brought his merchandise to the Khan Ghengé Aga Khan, where he slept. Two soldiers slept near him. In the morning his goods were gone; he accused the soldiers (who were the only people who had been near him) of the robbery; they denied it, and were let off by the judge at the mekemmé, before whom they had been taken. A Turkish woman, named Zeilha, saw the two soldiers bury something, upon which she told the merchant that his goods were buried at such a place by the soldiers. He went there, and found half the goods; the soldiers, therefore, were again taken up, when they confessed to the theft of half the goods, but said that the *oda bashi*, or chamberlain of an inn, an Armenian, named Artin, had taken the other half. Artin was accordingly taken before the tribunal of the Kiaya; the Pasha ordered him to be tortured, on his declaring himself ignorant of the theft. A *tass* (metal drinking-cup) of hot brass was put upon his head; afterward a cord was tied round his head, two sheep's knuckle-bones were placed upon his temples, and the cord tightened till his eyes nearly came out. As he would not confess, his front teeth were then drawn one at a time; pieces of cane were run up under his toe-nails and his finger-nails. Various tortures have been inflicted on him in this way for the last twelve days, and he is now hung up by the hands, in the prison of the Seraskier, where he will be kept and tormented till he confesses or dies. This is the deposition of his wife Mariam, who begs me to interpose to save her husband, who, she declares, slept at home, and not in the khan, on the night when the robbery took place."

Though the Commissioners had properly no right of interference in the internal affairs of the community, they made such strong representations to the Pasha on the subject, that the practice of inflicting torture for the sake of extracting a confession of guilt from an accused person was ordered to be abolished. If the Pasha's account of the morals of his Koordish subjects may be relied upon, there was at all events little danger that a confession should ever be extorted from an innocent person. "There are so few who do not deserve punishment," said he, "that if you see two persons you may be sure that one has stolen something." Hanging is a frequent mode of punishment. An execution once took place directly under our author's window. He thus describes the mode of operation:

"What we called at school a cat-gallows was erected close to a bridge over the little stream which ran down the horse-market, between my house and the bottom of the hill of the citadel. The culprit stood under this; the cross-beam was not two feet above his head; a kawass, hav-



KOORDISH GALLOWS.

ing tied a rope to one end of the beam, passed a slip-knot round the neck of the Koord, a young and very handsome man, with long black hair; he then drew the rope over the other end of the beam, and pulled away till the poor man's feet were just off the ground, when he tied the rope in a knot, leaving the dead body hanging, supported by two ropes in the form of the letter V. Hardly any one was looking on, and in the afternoon the body was taken down and buried."

In the citadel there used to be a clock, famous through all the mountains, although it had not "gone" within the memory of man. It happened, however, that in course of time a Pasha of a philosophical turn was sent thither, who took it into his head that a clock was actually intended to keep time in some sort or other; but there was not in the whole country a person capable of putting the antiquated machine in motion. The Pasha supposed that, as the clock was of Frank manufacture, every Frank was a clock-maker. Now the only infidels who were wont to resort to that country were *hakims* or doctors, with marvelous pills and powders, warranted to cure all the ills which afflicted the true believers. Whenever one of these made his appearance, the Pasha would very politely request him to put the time-piece in running order. It was quite in vain for the poor pill-vendor to protest that this was out of his line of business, and quite beyond his power. The Pasha would assure him that a man who pretended to cure the illnesses of the followers of the Prophet, ought certainly to be able to administer to the clock; concluding with ordering his guards to take the unbelieving dog up into the tower, and, in case he would not cure the clock, to thrust him down into the dungeons below.

"Having often," says Mr. Curzon, "heard this story of the good old times, I one day proceeded to the citadel to see the tower where the clock had been, and to examine the dungeon, where I should have been sent if I had arrived at Erzeroom fifty or sixty years ago. This dungeon really was a dungeon; any thing so terrible as an abode for a human being I never saw before. The pozzi at Venice were rather pleasant and agreeable places of retirement, compared with the abode of many a poor Frank, in whose education the art and craft of clockology had been unfortunately omitted.

"At the foot of that which had been the clock-tower was a range of small low rooms, of which two were particularly belonging to the prison: the outer room of the two was larger than the other; this was appropriated to the guards, who kept watch and ward, and who fed, or did not feed, the wretched prisoners under their care. The inner room was small and low, and had one window, through which the light and air had to struggle with the opposition of heavy crossed and re-crossed iron bars. The window looked into the castle-yard, but the room was so dark that I could hardly see my way.

"'A horrible place for the poor prisoners,' said I to my guides; 'little chance of their escape from these thick walls and heavy bars, and low strong roof; they must have been safe enough here.'

"'O Effendim,' said the kawasses, 'this is not the prison. Here is the prison, at your feet down below.'

"'Where?' said I.

"'Look down,' they replied, 'on the middle of the floor; there is the entrance; you can not see the dungeon itself, for it is, perhaps, a little dark.'

"In the centre of the floor of this dismal cell was a heavy wrought-iron grating, square, made of great bars, about six inches apart, seemingly of enormous weight, lying on the ground, and fastened down with two or three huge rusty padlocks on one side and some lumbering old hinges on the other. This iron grate was opened and raised, for my special edification, and there appeared under it the mouth of a narrow well cut in the rock, perhaps two feet and a half in diameter, which sank down into the darkness far below. 'Now,' said my informants, 'if you stand on this side, and look steadily till your eye is accustomed to the gloom, you will be able to distinguish something white a good way down; that is a square stone, like a table, in the middle of the vault, upon which the jailers let down the provisions for the prisoners, as they can see on that stone when the things arrive at the bottom.'"

All winter long—and winter lasts there six or eight months—the snow lies deep in Erzeroom, and the inhabitants live with their cattle in their dwellings, which become like so many burrows. At length spring approaches, and the population begins to revive; the women and children creep out to take a blink at the sun; sleepy cows emerge from their subterranean stalls, and stare wildly about; and in due course of time the labors of summer commence. Among the earliest and most important of these, is making *tezek*. What tezek is, and how it is prepared, we must let our author describe:

"At the commencement of the summer the whole city of Erzeroom is engaged, even to desperation, in making tezek; you hear, smell, and see nothing else. How are you off for tezek? In short, no one cares for any thing except tezek, and he who has most tezek is the greatest man, and he who has but little tezek is naught—no one cares for him, or indeed for any thing else except the one absorbing topic of tezek.

"The cows, and bulls, and oxen, having reappeared on upper earth, the Augean stable is cleared out. Tezek, the only fuel of Erzeroom, consists of the production into which the said oxen have converted their food for many months; it is trodden down hard, and is dug out by zealous Armenians, and brought exultingly to the tops of the houses; it is mixed with a good deal of the chopped straw, with which horses, and oxen, and sheep are fed; while in the subterranean stables, more chopped straw is added, mixed with water, and, except the higher class

of grandees, such as the Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief, and the author, all true men were employed on the tops of their houses, treading the chopped straw into the tezek with their naked feet; their full Turkish trowsers being pulled up and tied with a belt round their waists. With a stick to lean upon, they are there all day, trotting about, up to the knees in tezek, shouting to each other; Mohammed bringing some more water to pour upon it; Hassan staggering up the ladder with more tezek of the genuine unadulterated kind from the recesses of the stable; Bekir with a great basket of chopped straw; and then all set to with a will, and tread steadily for an hour or two, as sailors do round a capstan, for the dear life; and when they get very hot, they wipe their brow with a tezeky sleeve, and their sleeve with a fold of a tezeky trowser, so that they become altogether tezekious before the sun sets upon their labors, and vails his nose, if not his eyes, under the clouds which hang over the eternal snows in the dreaded passes of the mountains of Hoshabounar. The tezek being trodden into a stiff clayey state, about six or seven inches thick, is left alone for a day or two to dry; amateurs, however, scrambling up to the top of the house to see how it is going on, to pick a bit off and look at it cunningly and smell it, to find whether it has the true flavor. There are Armenians who are knowing in tezek, who understand the thing; and over a remarkably good batch a knot of the fancy will sit on little stools, and smoke their pipes, and discuss the question scientifically; telling tales of former celebrated heaps, and of Hadji such a one, who was famous in that line, and of one Bokchi Bashi, who had an astonishing talent in the preparation of inimitable tezek.

"When it is all ready, it is dug out in square blocks and carried down the ladders again carefully in open baskets, and piled up in the inner treasuries below, and stored for the fuel of the future winter. It is better for being old; when it resembles peat turf. It gets somewhat dusty in a year or so, and then rivals that sort of snuff called Irish blackguard in its capacity for making you sneeze, if you venture to move a clod of it to put upon the fire; it then burns clear and clean, without flame, and is very hot; but when more fresh—though that is not the word—more new, I may say—it produces a thick stifling smoke, very odoriferous, and not generally appreciated by those who do not love tezek for itself, or who are not at that time manœuvring to make you purchase an astounding bargain of the precious fuel of their own particular manufacture."

Tezek, we are told, is of various qualities. That of sheep and goats is most prized, as it burns without leaving any ashes; next in estimation is that of oxen and cows. That of horses and donkeys is by most people considered objectionable from the amount of smoke which it produces. The fashionable world at Erzeroom, as in other places, however, is apt to take fancies; and during Mr. Curzon's stay there the tezek of oxen, with the slightest possible flavor of donkey, was voted to be decidedly the most genteel fuel.

THE INFANT HEIR.

ONE cold winter night, when the wind swept furiously down Broadway, and the mercury was somewhere below zero, when the stars were shining in that splendid brilliancy which they never have except in such December nights, and the blaze of fires shone through the windows with the cheerful glow that they never have at other times than just such nights as that, my friend Mr. Stanton had seated himself, after dinner, in his library, with a book and a cigar, and was preparing to pass an evening in luxurious quiet, when a servant announced a visitor.

"If you please, Mr. Stanton," said Stephen, "I didn't know if it was right to show her in or not. She speaks like a lady, if she is dressed poor, and I believe she is a lady for all her clothes."

Trust an old family servant at any time to recognize, by a sort of instinct, the gentleman or lady in any garb. Stephen was as correct as usual, though the person who entered was clad in the thinnest of summer dresses, with a miserable shawl around her neck, that did not half conceal or cover the outlines of a form that certainly gave evidence of having been graceful and beautiful when rounded and full. She was young, too, not more than twenty-five; and as she came into the rays of the half-shaded light, she appeared to have been remarkably beautiful, though her beauty was now more like a ruin, or a memory, for her face was thin, her eye roving and wild, her hair drawn back in masses without arrangement, and her whole appearance that of abject poverty and suffering want.

But she advanced as if she were accustomed to the tread of soft carpets, and her grace and ease took Mr. Stanton by surprise before she spoke, which she did almost at the instant of entering the room, but in a broken, rapid voice, which was perfectly unintelligible. He saw that she was nearly frozen, and her teeth were chattering furiously. He bade her approach the fire and warm herself before she tried to speak; but she refused the invitation with a single gesture, and apparently recovering the power of speech, but in a hoarse voice and with exceedingly labored utterance—in fact, with a gasp at every word, she spoke, so that he could understand her wishes.

"I want medicine for my dying child."

"I am not a physician, Madam. You have perhaps mistaken the house."

"You are a man. You have money. I have none. Go with me. See the child. I know what medicine it wants, but I have no money—no, not a farthing to save it from death."

It was no uncommon thing to see street beggars, and to have just such applications as this; but there was something that affected the master in her case, very much as Stephen had been moved to let her in at the door. It was impossi-

ble to turn such an applicant out of doors, and it was impossible to sit quietly while she stood looking with her imploring eyes into his face, as if the last particle of hope were ready to disappear from them if he should say no to her demand.

"Where do you live?"

"My child is dying at No. 25 —— Street."

It was near. He threw his cloak around him, bade Stephen follow, and walked rapidly, but not so rapidly as the mother, who flew along the streets almost as if she were carried by the sharp cold howling wind. She stood waiting for him at the door of a brick house, which he recognized as the habitation of countless families, who lived in masses on the different floors. As he entered, she flew up the stairs, and he could see her standing like a ghost at the head of the dark staircase, where a gleam of light entered at the window, and the blast pouring in at the broken panes fluttered her thin white garments. Up another staircase she flew as he reached the first landing, and again paused to await his coming, and again led him up another and the last flight, to the door of a small room under the roof.

Her manner was so wild, and yet so bird-like, that he would have thought her a maniac but for a seriousness that pervaded it, and which impressed him with the idea of a painful reality in her suffering and poverty-stricken condition, and he followed her as we have heard of the hunter following a bird to the place where its mate or its young are caught in some cruel snare.

The room which she entered was small, low, and dark. The only light came through a dormer window, which was nearly as broad as the half of the room, and in which a broken pane admitted the cold air with keen force. But at this elevation above the streets of the city the rays of the moon just on the horizon were visible, shining full into the dismal chamber, and giving sufficient light for persons to see clearly the contents of the chamber, after emerging from the darkness of the passages and the staircases.

A single stool, a heap of bedding on the floor, a small table standing under the window, and one or two other articles, composed the entire furniture of the room. But the visitor was startled at an apparition that met him as he entered, and he said he should have stepped back into the entry, if Stephen had not been close behind him.

It was an angel standing in the moonlight. Certainly it was an angel! A young slender girl, in pure white, with golden hair floating in masses of curls down her shoulders, stood in the rays of the moon, and welcomed her mother's return. Her feet were bare. Her face was white as the moonlight. Her lips did not move, but she smiled. The smile dispelled the idea that she was of supernatural origin, for no angel ever smiled so sadly.

"My child, why did you not keep yourself covered as I told you."

"Mother, Eddie cried for you, and I rose to still him, and he is sleeping again."

The mother advanced to the bed that lay in the dark corner, and knelt by its side. He could see her bending over it carefully, lest she should disturb the sleeper, and then he saw her suddenly throw her arms around the child and lift him to her breast and bow down her ear to its face, and then with a cry of agony she sprang out into the moonlight, and held the babe up in the light of the white rays that could not lend any new pallor to the features of the dead child; and when she saw that the ills of life for that child were ended, she sank with a moan of exhausted anguish on the floor, and fainted.

Mr. Stanton was in a curious position. Accustomed to dealing with almost all classes of men, he yet had no experience in this sort of thing; but, recollecting that he had seen a grocery store on the first floor of the house, he sent Stephen down after candles and brandy. He was back in an instant with a lighted tallow dip in one hand, and a mug of whisky in the other, the nearest approximation to brandy which the precincts afforded.

They directed the child to rub this on the head and feet and hands of her fainting mother, and when she began to give indications of returning life, he poured a few drops of it, diluted with water, into her mouth. It ought to have restored her. It was vile enough stuff to resuscitate a skeleton, and he was not surprised when it nearly choked her, and produced decided evidence of returning consciousness. This effected, he dispatched Stephen for his own housekeeper, with instructions to bring food and clothing, and while he was gone some of the female inhabitants of adjoining rooms entered, and Stanton stood in the entry waiting his man's return, while they bemoaned the dead child which lay in its mother's arms on the miserable bed.

She continued silent, and he could perceive that she shrank from the approach of any of the intruders, and zealously guarded the dead child from the contamination of their touches. And after a few moments, when they found themselves as unwelcome as ever, they passed out, muttering as they went that they should think the pride of the fine lady would have been brought down by this time.

And then through the open door he saw the mother lay the dead child on the pillow, and kneel by its side, and the living daughter, more angel-like than before, knelt on the other side, and as the young soul escaped from earth to God, and knelt at His throne, the prayers of the mother and sister came up to Him, and He folded the wanderer in His arms, and comforted the mourners.

The mother arose and came toward my friend, and addressed him for the first time after leaving his own house.

"You are very kind, Sir, and I owe you an apology for so little noticing it."

"Madam, that is sufficient apology," said he, glancing toward the child.

"Oh, Sir, he was the sweetest babe God ever gave, but he has gone from bitterness, from poverty, from pain, to rest and peace. I can not grieve. I could not weep. I do rejoice that my child is dead."

"Have you lived long in this room?"

"Six months. No more."

"And this is not your place. Pardon me, but you have lived in other scenes."

"I have. But long ago."

"You are in want—in poverty."

"No, Sir—I have never begged until this night, and you will bear me witness it was for my child, not for myself."

"But you are freezing here. I shiver myself in this cold garret, with my cloak around me. But you are thinly clad, and that child yonder has not clothes to cover her."

"Violet, my child, cover yourself with the bed clothes. Do not stand there any longer."

"Here are clothes for her, madam," said he, as his housekeeper now entered with the necessary articles. But it was some time before he could persuade her to consent to be an object of charity, and it was with great difficulty that she could be induced to eat the food which Stephen had brought in a basket. But the shivering condition of Violet, and the wistful eyes which the poor child cast at the eatables prevailed, and they ate with the air of starved persons. He waited only long enough to give instructions to his housekeeper, and then returned to his library and his book, and a fresh cigar.

But the cigar would not burn freely, and he threw it away. The next one disappeared with unexampled rapidity, and he was enveloped in a cloud of smoke. The next one kept no fire. It was a cheroot of the finest brand, but it would go out. And after lighting it a half dozen times, he threw it away and gave up smoking and went to his bedroom. But he did not sleep much that night, and when he did sleep he dreamed unpleasantly.

Joab Stanton (such was the name his parents bequeathed to him, for which he often said he would have brought an action against his father, but that the old man was penniless and not worth suing), Joab Stanton was a man of deep feelings and a sensitive heart. He had been a laborious business man, and had amassed a large fortune, on which he had retired at the age of fifty, and the surplus income of which he devoted to the purposes which a benevolent heart can always find. But of late he had been given to much regret that he had not married in his younger days, for he was lonesome, and his house and his heart were alike empty. Still he had little hope of filling either to his satisfaction with a wife, for he knew that he was not well favored of countenance, and he judged well that his property might prove a stronger temptation than himself. And now visions of the happiness he would have had in seeing a group of children flitting through his large rooms haunted him constantly, and it was not the face of Mrs. Brandon that spoiled his cigars that evening, or made them so uneven, nor was it her graceful form, beautiful even in poverty, that moved around his room as he tried to sleep; but it was the fairy vision he had seen in the moonlight, of Violet Brandon which possessed him, and his determination was reached before he rang for Stephen in the morning to send Mrs. Whitman to the breakfast-room.

That good woman communicated the fact that she had left Mrs. Brandon in a comfortable condition the evening previous, but that she was not long for this world, if appearances were to be believed. She had every symptom of the most incurable of diseases, and Mrs. Whitman felt assured that Mrs. Brandon could not live many weeks longer.

Strange as it may seem in such a warm and good soul as Mr. Stanton possessed, he yet felt a sort of pleasure in this intelligence. It was, in fact, but confirming a conclusion to which he had himself come the evening previous, and it removed the one great obstacle to his plan, which was to make Violet Brandon his daughter.

It was, perhaps, a week after this that he called on me, related the circumstances which I have thus far given, and requested me to accompany him to see Mrs. Brandon. He wished her to place the child under his care in such manner that she could not by any possibility be removed from him by the interference of relatives.

I found the lady in a much more comfortable place than he had found her in. When she grew too ill to offer any strong resistance, he had caused her to be removed to a private boarding-house, where she was surrounded with every luxury, and where she had opportunity to resume the position to which it was manifest she was born. She was deeply grateful to Mr. Stanton for his delicate kindness. He had taken care that she should be fully informed of his character and standing; and when he was assured that she had nothing more to learn concerning him, he stated to her frankly his desire to adopt Violet, and bring her up as his own child.

This, she said, removed her last anxiety from her mind, and she readily assented to any plan that might be devised to further this object.

I found her a lady of the utmost refinement of feeling, of accomplished education, and of intelligent and active habits of mind, somewhat impaired by illness, but still interesting and eminently attractive. It became necessary for me to inquire into her former life, in order to know precisely whether she had sole authority over her child, and she entered on her history with pain, but without hesitation.

Her father was a man of wealth and of some position in another city. She was the elder of two daughters; and while the younger had been the pet of her mother, she had been best loved by her father. He was a man of hard and imperious disposition, and I fancy had more pride in than affection for his beautiful child. It was the old story of an attachment, without the consent of parents, and, when they opposed it, an elopement. Her mother was dead before. Her father refused to see or hear from her. Year after year passed, and the old man sternly repulsed her from the door whenever she approached it. Her sister turned against her, and married a lawyer, who, doubtless, encouraged the estrangement. Then her husband came to New York to find employment as an artist, but, after

much poverty and struggling, had died miserably. She had kept some costly trifles, which had been sold for money during her husband's illness. On what was left of the value of these she had lived until the evening when her child died. Such was her simple and not uncommon story.

I prepared the necessary papers of apprenticeship, and then a will for Mrs. Brandon to execute, appointing Mr. Stanton her executor and the guardian of her child. It seemed a farce for her to make a will, but I thought it as well to add the force of such a direction to the other papers, and I then saw no more of the parties for some time.

Mrs. Brandon died shortly after this, and Violet was removed to the house of her guardian. She came to him penniless and destitute, possessing only her mother's marriage certificate, valueless except as an indication of where proofs could be found, and her wedding-ring taken from the cold hand which was to be resolved to dust, and needed no golden pledge of union with that hand which had already gone to the same.

And now we pass over eight years, during which Violet Brandon grew up into a woman of rare and exquisite beauty. She was ever the same gentle girl in appearance, with the same blue eyes and golden hair. Joab Stanton's soul had found something to love, and he idolized her. She deserved all his affection, for a more lovely woman was not in all the city. She had been taught by the best masters, and had evinced a keen appreciation of the advantages which her guardian's liberality had furnished her. She had grown to be a part of the old man's establishment, of his household, and of his heart. The servants idolized her, and Stephen used to bless the night that led him to her mother's garret chamber.

Among the visitors whom the beauty and loveliness of Miss Brandon had attracted to the residence of her guardian was one who was distinguished by certain peculiarities from all others, and who was manifestly the superior of the gay crowd that he sometimes met in the drawing-room. Mr. Wheaton was a gentleman of rare acquirements. No one knew precisely how he lived or what he lived for, except only his intimates, and these were uncommunicative and unapproachable persons. One was a clergyman, noted for his retired life, his great learning, his devotion to books, and his aversion to society. A man of unprepossessing personal appearance, repulsively cold manners, and an exceedingly disagreeable assumption of superiority over the ordinary minds that came in contact with him. Another was an eminent physician, a very popular man, whose friends were innumerable, while his intimates were few; one of those very unpleasant characters who will converse with you for an hour, and leave you with the impression firmly fixed that the man is a perfect gentleman, an inimitable conversationist, but that he has been trifling away his time with you for amusement, and that he has talked superficially of things of which he knew more than he cared to tell you.

Another still was a Roman Catholic priest, a man of polished manners and habits, said to be very learned, but exceedingly diffident in society, avoiding carefully all conversation except on the passing subjects of the day.

There was but one other person in this singular group. He was a young man, of about the age of Wheaton, who had the reputation of being a thorough man of the world at twenty-five, who spent the income of a princely fortune, no one knew how, and who was suspected variously of being very charitable and benevolent, very wild and extravagant, a man of remarkably abstemious habits, and a dissipated gambler. Of the five, Wheaton and the doctor were the only ones who came into society. The former was a man of remarkably fine personal appearance, of elegant address, and of peculiarly attractive manner. Quiet and unobtrusive, saying but little in the crowd, but sometimes warmed to eloquence when a group formed around him, without his being conscious that he was the centre of attraction, and relapsing suddenly into commonplaces when he became aware that he had more than two or three listeners. Indeed there was a peculiarity about the entire group which characterized them all; namely, a desire to conceal their better qualities from the world and reserve them for their meetings with each other. These were said to be meetings of great interest. The few who had been present when the group were together in the clergyman's parlor, where the coffee was distributed by his excellent lady, aided by the Doctor's wife, told great tales out of doors of the sparkling wit, the brilliant conversation, the learned anecdotes, the wonderful erudition, which characterized these *réunions*. But it was in vain that the uninitiated sought to obtain admission to them. They were in another world from that world of brilliancy and fashion in which Violet Brandon moved; and Wheaton was a sort of comet, coming from the outer darkness into the sunshine. It was not long doubtful to an observing mind, what was the attraction which led him into that particular part of the solar system of New York fashionable society which was bounded by the walls of Mr. Stanton's mansion. His visits became more frequent, and at length were confined to this one house, and he was not met with elsewhere in society. Night after night, when the drawing-room was filled, he might be seen quiet, calm, and apparently occupied in watching the countenances of the gay idlers around him, gathering what hints he might of the varied phases of human nature, and amusing himself with their peculiarities. But a keen observer would have seen his eye regularly seeking the place in which Violet was surrounded by the crowd, and where her clear and musical voice might be heard, and sometimes perhaps the observer might have caught a quick return of his glance, a gleaming smile of intelligence, an acknowledgment of his presence and of his watchful look, that spoke volumes. Some-

times, but this was not often, Miss Brandon and Mr. Wheaton met in the middle of the room at a distance from others, or accidentally found themselves in the same recessed window, or even at times so far away from listeners as in the conservatory. But no one could say of what they conversed, although it was at times hinted that Miss Brandon was something of a blue, and that she could actually talk to Mr. Wheaton for five consecutive minutes, a feat no one else could boast of having accomplished.

But the truth was, that there was a great deal of frank true love between those two. It would be difficult to tell how it begun, or on what it grew. There was a tacit understanding between them, that each loved the other, and yet no word of the sort had been spoken by either. But there were wells of affection in the deep heart of Violet Brandon that were finding their way up to the light, and which bade fair soon to burst forth and sweep away all the barriers which the rules of society had built around her, and make her, what no fashionable woman ever was or ever will be, a good, true-hearted, lovely and loving woman.

I have mentioned a maiden sister of Mr. Stanton. His family consisted of a brother, this sister, and himself. The former was once a merchant in the city, but had retired to the country. He was a man in every respect the reverse in character of his brother. Perhaps his early life, and the struggles through which he had reached wealth, had operated to narrow his mind. He was exceedingly penurious, and had become in his advanced years a devoted lover of money. But superadded to this was a certain family pride which induced him to desire to perpetuate wealth in his family; and from the moment that he had called himself father, he had determined to make his son one of the wealthiest men in the country. This idea having grown on him as he grew older, it was not surprising that at twenty-four the son was a sort of second edition of the father. He had been educated to this idea, and though his education had not been otherwise altogether neglected, yet this was the predominating characteristic, and this made the man.

When Violet was adopted by his uncle, he had felt as if an injustice were done to him, in depriving him of his expected succession to a fortune in addition to that of his father. At the same period his father had met with very heavy losses in a stock speculation into which he had ventured nearly his whole fortune, and lost his entire investment. The effect upon two such individuals might be imagined, but the blow was materially lightened by the accession of an unlooked for property from a relative of his deceased mother.

By the will of Edward Bronson, who died in Boston, his immense property, consisting chiefly of landed estates in New York, and amounting to nearly or quite a half million, was devised to any male issue of his daughter, and in default of such issue then to the eldest son of his cousin, the only surviving relative that he then had. This eldest and only son of the cousin had taken the property, it being satisfactorily ascertained that the daughter of the testator had died within a few weeks after his death, and left no male children. But the fortunate heir was himself a sick man, too far gone with consumption to enjoy his immense fortune, and too weak to make any disposition of it. He died within a year, and his sister's son was heir at law, being Robert Stanton. Thus the loss of a moderate fortune was replaced by a splendid inheritance, into possession of which the father immediately went as guardian of his son, then a minor.

Robert Stanton was by no means contented with his wealth, and desired as much as ever, or even more than ever, to add to it the respectable wealth of his uncle. Violet Brandon was in the way of this; but as Violet grew older a new idea possessed him, for her exquisite beauty made every one love her. She became about as much of an object as the fortune, and fortunately the possession of the former implied the possession of the latter. Consequently Robert Stanton was an indefatigable suitor. At first he had seemed to think it a matter of course that she would marry him. The money reasons were absolutely convincing and must prove insurmountable. She could not need wooing, or even asking. But he saw that the logic of dollars was not the rule of reasoning in Joab Stanton's domains. Then he set himself about it as he would to amass wealth. But love seemed to have been left out of the education of Robert Stanton, and he neither understood it himself, nor appreciated the necessity for winning it from her. Of course his suit sped but poorly. Yet he was patient, and patience works wonders; and so long as he saw no immediate prospect of any other person interfering, he continued to "bide his time," which he hopefully waited for.

He was too dull to see the glances of Wheaton —too stupid to appreciate the coldness of Violet. In this manner a year passed and Wheaton was about to ask for a conversation with Joab Stanton, when a terrible affliction overtook my good old friend.

One morning he did not make his appearance in the breakfast-room, and Stephen said he had not yet rung for him, as he usually did while dressing. Violet, much alarmed, hastened to his room. The old man lay in his bed, living, breathing, but that was all. A stroke of paralysis had deprived him of all the active functions of life. Doctor Williamson was sent for, but he looked mournfully at Violet, when he had seen his patient, and his look was sufficient. She knew that there was no hope, and she was equal to the hour. Every thing was instantly arranged, and his brother was summoned. Miss Stanton, who had loved Violet as well as if she had been her brother's child, and who had always been second to Violet in the government of the household, was completely prostrated. Week after week passed, during which the house was silent and deserted. Violet saw no company, and yet it was observed by Miss Stanton that she was often in earnest conversation with the otherwise silent physician

who always accompanied Doctor Williamson in his visits. Robert Stanton the father, was extremely courteous to Violet, whom he manifestly regarded as the mistress of the house, and the son lost no opportunity of urging his suit. Nearly an entire year passed during which Joab Stanton lived, occasionally speaking incoherent words, but never giving any indications of returning consciousness.

It was winter again. The room was warm, and the single lamp in a marble vase shed a dim light through the sick man's chamber. Doctor Williamson and his usual companion made their evening call at about nine o'clock. Robert Stanton, senior, and his son, Miss Stanton, Violet and Stephen were in the room. A moment before the physicians entered, the sick man had spoken aloud the name of Violet. His voice had much of its old tenderness, and she sprang to his side. His eyes were wide open, and he was looking at her. In the dim light she thought there was intelligence in his countenance. He whispered, "Violet, what is all this?" She nearly fainted with joy. The Doctor heard the question, and placed his hand on her lips, replying himself—

"You are very ill, my dear friend, and have been so for a long time."

"How long?"

"Nearly a year."

"Paralysis?"

"You are correct."

"It was my father's disease. I have been sick a year; and am now sensible. It seems to me that this is a bad sign. I have heard as much. It was this way he died. Doctor, tell me frankly, am I dying?"

"I will be frank with you, my old friend. I do not think you can live many hours, perhaps not many minutes!"

"Who are here?"

Doctor Williamson named over the persons in the room.

"Williamson, help me now in this extremity. You ought to be a lawyer for just such moments as this. Get pen, ink, and paper immediately."

Stephen went for it, while the group surrounded the bed, but the Doctor imposed strict silence until the return of the old servant.

"Now, Williamson, write my will, quickly, for I may die soon. Listen all of you. I give all I have to Violet Brandon, my adopted daughter. God forgive me for having neglected this, and accept my grateful thanks for this hour of reason in which to retrieve my neglect! Have you written that down, Williamson?"

"This is my last will. I devise and bequeath my entire property, personal and real, to Violet Brandon, my adopted daughter. I appoint—"

"I have written so much. Who will you make executors?"

"Henry Wheaton, sole executor. A year has not changed aught. Has it, Violet, my child?"

She smiled at him, with eyes full of tears, as she sat there silent and trembling on the edge of his bed, and then fell on his neck and kissed him. He took the pen in his hand, but it was impossible to guide it as of old, and it made a rude, irregular mark along the paper. So Doctor Williamson held his hand and guided it to write the name.

"Now, Williamson, do you and your friend yonder witness it."

The friend had been pretending to mix some medicines at a side-table, but the sick man asked him to approach, and he could not avoid doing so. Doctor Williamson had in the mean time signed his own name, and then suddenly pushed Stephen into the chair which he vacated.

"Ah! I understand," said the dying man, with a glance of intelligence. "Well, Stephen, sign your name, old man; and Violet, give Stephen ten thousand dollars. I could not put it there; and it is better so, since he is a witness. And now, friends, this is my last will and testament. I declare it here before you all, and I hand it now to the executor. Take it, Wheaton, and take her, too, and God bless you both forever!"

Wheaton, finding it impossible longer to conceal himself, advanced and took the old man's hand one moment, and then felt him guiding it feebly along the covering of the bed to the other hand where lay the delicate fingers of Violet. The thrill which went through his arm told when her hand lay in his, and the two hands of the dying man inclosed them, and then the light grew dim again to his eyes, as if it were replaced in the marble vase, and Joab Stanton never spoke again. He lived twenty-four hours, and no one could say when he died.

Robert Stanton, I speak now of the son, had always supposed that his uncle had made a will long before this time, but when he found that this was not the case, and that Violet was not for him under any circumstances, he determined to attack this will, and endeavor to destroy it. It was a brief document, but it was of tremendous force in its brevity. No one doubted the full effect of the words. What then was the testator's capacity. Certainly a strong case might be made against the mental condition of a man who had not spoken two coherent words for nearly a year.

But it was the most unfeeling cruelty, and most inhuman to attack the will of such a man in favor of such a child. The adopted daughter of his heart, who had for twelve years rested secure in his affection, whose hand the persecutor himself had sought in marriage: to drive her out of the home in which she had been brought up from childhood into the cold world in which she had not a relative or friend, was nothing less than fiendish.

The moment the attack was commenced Wheaton called on me. He had been an acquaintance of my own, and knew me as the legal adviser of the deceased Mr. Stanton.

I first devoted some time to a careful examination of the testimony likely to be advanced on both sides, and arrived at the manifest conclusion that the whole case must depend on the state of mind established at the time of making the will,

without reference to the previous year. I consulted several eminent physicians as to the possibility of such lucid intervals in cases of paralysis, and having satisfied myself on that point I desired to meet Doctor Williamson. "This," said Wheaton, "you will hardly do unless you accompany me to our usual meeting at Dr. Atherton's. The Doctor is always there, if his patients die for it." Accordingly on the next Thursday evening I was for the first time introduced to the company of the gentlemen before mentioned, and in the course of the evening the conversation was turned to the subject on my mind.

"What," exclaimed Doctor Williamson, "do they intend to dispute the will? Why, the man was never more sensible or capable."

"Who was that, Doctor?" asked Father Lefevre.

"Joab Stanton, merchant and gentleman, died a month since leaving a will and a beautiful heiress."

"And who disputes the will."

"His brother and his nephew."

"Have they other property."

"Yes, they are wealthy. The son inherited the property of Bronson the Boston millionaire, so called, though he left but half a million."

"Why, what a wretch he must be. But did you say Bronson?"

"Yes, the same. Did you know him?"

"Yes, I knew him well. Is he dead? and did that splendid property go to such a villain as this you have described?"

"So it seems."

"Alas for Isabel Bronson!"

"Why, father, it is new to hear you talking of ladies."

"But Isabel was more than all others. It was in my younger days that I knew her, and I may be pardoned for having admired and almost loved her. I may as well be frank, and say I did love her. It was before I took the vows of my present profession. She was the beautiful daughter of the wealthy merchant, I the poor student in the college near her residence. But she was far above me in her calm and splendid beauty; and I did not speak to her, or approach her."

There was something in the good father's tone that attracted me to him, and I took an opportunity an hour later to renew the conversation.

"And what became of Isabel Bronson? I have never heard this story of the property of Robert Stanton until this evening, and I feel some peculiar interest in it. Can you tell me, Father Lefevre?"

"Yes, I can tell you that. I did not lose sight of her till many years later. But I did not know until to-night that her father was dead also."

"Then, she is dead?"

"Yes, long ago. I have even prayed by her peaceful grave. She lived a sad and sorrowful life for one so young and beautiful. But I am thankful that I had it in my power to comfort her at times. Several years passed, during which I did not see her;—and one evening a man called at my rooms, and asked me to make an appointment to marry a couple in the church, proffering evidence of the required publications having been made. He was my friend. An artist of brilliant promise, but young and poor. So I promised to meet him, and in the night, by the light of a few tapers, he led his vailed bride to the altar, and it was not till the ceremony was half-finished that I recognized Isabel Bronson. They lived in Boston for two years, but the old man's influence was exerted to crush them, and I think he succeeded. Brandon told me he must remove to New York, and he did so. They had then one child of rare beauty for a babe, and exquisite promise for its womanhood. But New York was not the place for him, and they went elsewhere. Ten years had passed before they were again in New York, where, in the mean time, I had removed. Then they returned; and here another child, a boy, was born. Williamson, do you not remember the artist, Brandon, to whose rooms I once took you?"

"Ay, well, and his angel wife. Was she not an angel? Do you know I have been thinking of her often of late, and yet I can not tell why! Singular that you should have mentioned her!"

"I think not singular, as you will soon find, Doctor," said I, continuing the conversation with the clergyman, in which at this moment Dr. Atherton, the Presbyterian clergyman, joined.

"I can tell you what reminds you of her, Williamson."

"What do you know about it, pray?"

"Why, this much. In one of my expeditions after poor lost human nature, I found a sick and dying man, with a Catholic priest by his side, and a wife, beautiful exceedingly, on the other side. The wife was Protestant, and begged me to stay with her, and pray for her husband; and the priest, with a courtesy that agreeably surprised me, seemed quite willing that I should do so, and I knelt and prayed, and he knelt too; and the wife knelt, and a child, as beautiful as a dream, knelt too; and a babe of two years' old knelt in the group; and while I prayed, the soul of the dying man went forth. You never saw such a home as that was then, and while Lefevre and I stood looking on the peaceful face of the dead man, his desolate wife clasped her children to her breast, and fainted. We took what measures we could for the burial of the man, and Lefevre and myself walked out together. We talked as we walked, and disputed as we talked, just as you see us dispute to this day, and with just the same effect on each other. We agreed in the hope that the man was saved, and that through the Saviour of men; but we disagreed about the extreme unction which he had administered before my arrival, and about some things in my prayer; but before we had reached his residence I saw that the fever which had taken away the man, had seized on him, and for two weeks he was delirious, while I was not admitted to see him. And I confess it, I never thought of the widow in that time. I had never seen her but once, and then for a brief space, as I had

felt no more interest in her than in ordinary strangers. But the first inquiry of Lefevre, when he recovered was for me, and I was admitted; and he sent me to look after Mrs. Brandon; but she was gone, and from that day neither he nor I could find traces of her till we found her gravestone, with her name in full, in the grave-yard of the —— Church. But not many weeks ago, I saw Dr. Williamson walking along the street with the living image of Mrs. Brandon, and I am very sure it must have been her daughter. Who was it, Doctor?"

"Miss Brandon—the same name! Why, it must have been her! Who can tell where Joab Stanton found his adopted daughter?"

"I can tell you, Doctor, when the time comes. You are all right. Miss Brandon is the granddaughter of Mr. Bronson beyond a question. It is only to be regretted that she was not known to her grandfather before his death."

"She could hardly have won his love, for she could have been but a child when he died, and he was a hard-hearted old man. But now the question is, whether Joab Stanton's will shall stand."

Doctor Williamson's clear and convincing statement went far to satisfy me of the probability of success in the case. It was manifest, however, that Wheaton's testimony was not to be thrown away by marrying him to Miss Brandon. But he said it was not worth a paltry hundred and fifty thousand dollars to wait such an age; and it was arranged, with the help of Mrs. Atherton, that they should be married within the year. So closely allied in all their sympathies were the five men who composed that singular group, that each claimed a right to share in the ceremony. So it was arranged that Dr. Atherton should perform the marriage ceremony in his form, and then Father Lefevre in his, and that Dr. Williamson should give away the bride, and that Tryon should be groomsman, while a lovely friend of Violet was her bridesmaid.

But Tryon, who has not hitherto appeared actively in the story, had been present on the evening which I have mentioned, and had taken an idea into his quick and clear brain which had not occurred to me or to any other person. "If Joab Stanton's will can be contested, perhaps Edward Bronson's might be equally as well contested." Accordingly he obtained a copy of it and proceeded to make some investigations on his own account.

The months preceding Wheaton's marriage passed swiftly without incident. Violet Brandon had found a home in the house of excellent Mrs. Atherton, and here the ceremony was to be performed.

Much interest was felt in the circles in which Violet had moved, for her sudden disappearance and its cause was well known, and not a few rejoiced at the probability of her soon returning to grace the society of which she had always been a favorite.

The carriages had deposited their successive loads of the gayly dressed friends of Miss Brandon at the clergyman's door, and the ceremony was performed, when Tryon, gathering the three friends around Wheaton and his bride, to the temporary exclusion of all others, and beckoning me toward him said that, he desired to make the bride her first present.

"Mr. Phillips, if a man die, leaving a will, by which he gives his property absolutely to the male issue of his daughter, if she have any, and otherwise to a distant relative; and at the time of his death his daughter has a son who dies two days after the death of the old man, what becomes of the property?"

"The grandson takes, of course, and the property passes to his heirs at law."

"He has a mother living and a sister. The mother dies within a year, leaving a will in favor of the daughter. Whose is, then, the property of the old man?"

"That daughter's, of course."

"Can you imagine any possible claimant against such a title?"

"Certainly none."

"The property nevertheless has been taken by a distant relative, who has absorbed the annual income of it, say some forty thousand dollars, for a period of twelve years or more."

"He must repay the mesne profits to the true heir."

"Then, Mrs. Wheaton, permit me to present to you a certified copy of the will of your grandfather, Edward Bronson, a certificate of his death on the 10th day of December, 18—, the affidavit of your old servant Stephen, and of some half dozen unknown persons, but good witnesses, that your brother Edward died on the 12th of December. I believe we have the evidence in our group here to complete what is wanting. Father Lefevre married your father and mother, and baptized you. Dr. Williamson was present at your brother's birth; and I believe your claim against Robert Stanton is good for nearly half a million on the annual rents of the estate, which, to offset against the claimed estate of your guardian, will make a very pretty figure. I think, Mrs. Wheaton, that I am very safe in congratulating you as one of the wealthiest ladies in New York."

The astonishment of the crowd who had gathered around us was great, and when it became known that the beautiful bride had received a half million or more for a bridal present, the excitement was intense. But the remainder of Tryon's story was not to be lost. It was evident that he kept something back, and Dr. Williamson at length drew it out.

"Why, to say truth, I wished to effect a peaceable arrangement of the whole matter. I like Phillips well enough, but I detest law. So I went to the —— Hotel, where I knew that I should find Robert Stanton, and I showed him all these papers. At first he looked frightened, but soon gathered courage, and was insolent. So my peaceful intentions vanished, and I believe I horsewhipped him. It was in the public room, and a whip was very handy, and I suspect I used it."

"Ha, ha—you are in Phillips' hands now to a certainty; a pretty way to keep out of law."

And so he was. Stanton *vs.* Tryon was the most amusing assault and battery case that had been tried in our courts for a month of terms. We had a crowded court room, and a glorious good time of it with the witnesses, and the judge found it quite impossible to suppress the exhilaration of the audience; and when they had laughed till their sides ached at the ludicrous descriptions of the horsewhipping which we extracted from very willing witnesses, they had another chance to laugh at the coolness with which Tryon drew a check for a thousand dollars to pay the amount of the verdict against him, and the admirable sagacity of a deputy sheriff who stood ready to appropriate it on an execution against Robert Stanton for the mesne profits of the Bronson estate. For we had got through with that before we tried this.

The will of Joab Stanton was sustained, and Violet lived in the old house again, until the changes of the city drove them up town. The old house has now a brown stone front, and is a wholesale store in —— street.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

BUT little was done in Congress, during the month, of general interest. A brief *ex post facto* debate on the Nebraska Bill took place in the Senate on the 20th of March, designed to be explanatory of some of its provisions. Senator Badger explained his amendment, providing that the repeal of the clause in the Missouri Compromise, excluding slavery, should not be held to revive the law of Louisiana, by which slavery is permitted. He said that, in his opinion, the law would not in any case be revived by the repealing clause, because the manifest intent of the bill was to leave the whole subject to the decision of the people of the Territories. He had offered the amendment, therefore, not because he thought it necessary, but merely to satisfy the scruples of some other Senators whose views were different from his own. Nor did he mean to admit the *right* of the people of the Territories to make their own laws, as he considered the legislative power of Congress over the Territories to be plenary—but, merely, that under existing circumstances, he was willing to concede to them this power. Senators Butler and Mason concurred in this view of the subject. Senator Clayton objected to the amendment that it was, in effect, an instance of Congressional intervention in the affairs of the Territories, and that it was thus in conflict with the fundamental principle of the bill. The Deficiency Bill has been discussed at some length in the Senate, but without any results worthy of note.——In the House of Representatives, on the 15th, a Message was received from the President, in reply to a resolution of inquiry, transmitting documents concerning the case of the Black Warrior at Havana, in which he stated that our minister in Spain had been instructed to demand reparation for the seizure of the ship; and that, on receiving the reply of the Spanish government, he should be prepared to take any measures of redress which Congress might direct. The message was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; but, up to the time of closing this Record, no report has been made. On the 21st, the bill for the organization of a Territorial government in Nebraska was taken up, and Mr. Cutting, of New York, moved to refer it to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. Mr. C. advocated this motion at length, declaring himself warmly in favor of the bill, because it recognized the right of the people in the Territories to make their own laws, and established the doctrine of the non-intervention of Congress on the subject of slavery. But he feared that the amendment offered by Mr. Badger, and adopted in the Senate, providing that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise should not revive the Louisiana law on the subject of slavery, would be found to involve the principle of intervention; and that Mr. Clayton's amendment, excluding aliens from the right to vote, would create a strong sentiment against the bill, and greatly embarrass those upon whom its vindication would devolve in the Northern States. For these reasons he wished the bill to go to the Committee of the Whole, in order that it might be fully debated before action should be taken upon it. Opposition was made to this motion on the ground that the bill would hold so low a place on the general calendar that it could not be reached for many weeks; but the motion prevailed by a vote of 110 to 95, and the bill was accordingly referred to the Committee of the Whole, where it still remains. Incidentally, however, it has been discussed once or twice. On the 23d, Mr. Millson, of Virginia, spoke in favor of the bill, although he thought it did not render to the South the full justice to which it was entitled. Mr. Hunt, of Louisiana, spoke earnestly against it, on the ground that the Missouri Compromise was a compact between the North and South for the settlement of a bitter controversy, and that its repeal now would be a flagrant breach of faith, and would create new excitements throughout the North on the subject of slavery. Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, supported the bill, and censured very severely the course of Mr. Cutting, who, under the guise of friendship, had given the bill its death blow by securing its reference to the Committee of the Whole. On the 27th Mr. Cutting replied, vindicating himself from the censure cast upon him, and justifying the course he had taken. The discussion became personal, and so violent as to lead to a hostile correspondence between Mr. Cutting and Mr. Breckenridge, which ended in mutual explanations.—— On the 28th, the bill authorizing the construction of six first-class steam-frigates, which had passed the Senate, was taken up. Mr. Bocock urged the necessity of promptly passing it, and of taking proper precautions to have the work which it authorizes well done, whether it be done in the government navy yards or by private contract. Mr. Lyon, of New York, also advocated the measure, saying that he should hereafter move to increase the number to twelve. The great extent of our sea-coast, he said, rendered a large navy necessary for its protection; and it was also very important to have vessels of war in foreign ports for the protection of our citizens. The English navy has 468 vessels,

and the French 371; while we have but 72. On the 30th, Mr. Benton, of Mo., spoke on the subject, saying, that, while it was conceded that we must have a navy for defense and for the protection of our commerce, he did not think we ought to have one for conquest. We had been steadily increasing our naval force under the mistaken idea that it must keep pace with the navies of England and France. He doubted the utility of a navy in time of peace, and did not believe that we should follow their policy of keeping up stationary squadrons in different quarters of the world. He preferred having cruisers to be sent on special service when required. Mr. Bocock replied to Mr. Benton, that a strong navy was needed to prevent other Powers from attacking our commerce. A variety of amendments were subsequently offered, relating to the number of new vessels, the places where they should be built, and other points, all of which were rejected; and the bill was passed by a vote of 113 to 43.

In New York a bill passed by the Legislature, prohibiting entirely the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, was vetoed by Governor Seymour in a Message sent in to the Senate, on the 31st of March. The Governor objected especially to sundry provisions in the bill for proving the fact of sale, which in his judgment embodied very serious encroachments on personal rights, and would be found oppressive and tyrannical in practice. He also declared his conviction that the cause of Temperance could not be advanced by prohibitory legislation, but that it must depend upon the voluntary efforts of individuals, and upon moral influence, for its success.——The Legislature of Louisiana has passed resolutions declaring that, in their judgment, the Compromise Measures of 1850 were intended to establish certain principles which would withdraw the question of Slavery entirely from the floor of Congress, and thus put an end to all agitation of the subject; and that so far as the Nebraska Bill is designed to carry into effect and perpetuate this principle, it meets their approval. The Legislature of Mississippi has passed a resolution declaring the bill to be in accordance with the Constitution of the United States, and in the opinion of the Legislature just and proper, and instructing their Senators to vote for it. A letter written to a political friend by Ex-Senator Clemens, vindicating his course in opposition to the Nebraska Bill, has excited considerable attention. He says that he opposes the bill because it gives the people of the Territory the right to admit or exclude slavery as they may see fit—a provision which, in his judgment, not only embodies an unsound principle, but which would shut out slavery from the Territory as effectually as the Wilmot proviso itself. And in this opinion he says he is sustained by the President of the United States, who took occasion to say in his presence, in conversation with a Northern Senator, that the bill was a proposition in favor of freedom—that if it passed, although we might absorb the whole of Mexico, we could never add another Slave State to the Union; and that he was greatly surprised at the favor with which the bill was received in the South, as well as at the hostility evinced toward it at the North. Mr. Clemens declares his belief that the passage of the bill would be highly injurious to the South—that the Compromise of 1850 does not repeal that of 1820, and that the passage of this bill would involve the South in a flagrant breach of faith. In a subsequent letter Mr. Clemens states that the President had uniformly expressed himself in favor of the principle of the bill.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 16th of March. The time for the election of United States Senator continued to be the principal topic of political discussion. Both branches of the Legislature had fixed the 17th of April as the day for holding the election, but a motion to reconsider having been made in the Senate, the result continued doubtful. Charges of bribery are freely made by each party against the other, and legal inquiry had been instituted in one or two cases. The Indians continue their depredations, though they have been severely chastised in several instances.——In Tolo county four were killed and nine wounded in Februarv, and at about the same time nine were killed and five wounded on Clover Creek, at the head of the Sacramento. On M'Cloud river some thefts and other outrages were punished by a foray of miners, who killed twenty-two Indians. It is rumored that the various tribes had concerted a general attack upon the whites. On the Tejon a tribe of Indians has been settled, and is making good progress in agriculture.——A duel took place at Sacramento on the 9th of March, between P. W. Thomas, District Attorney of Placer county, and Dr. Dickson, Physician of the State Marine Hospital, in which the latter was mortally wounded.——The wheat crop of the State promises to be much larger than usual: the returns of other grains will be considerably less. The reports from the mining districts continue favorable.——From *Lower California* we have intelligence of the continued embarrassments of the invading party under Captain Walker. An address signed by sixty-nine persons claiming to act on behalf of a Convention of the people of Sonora, and welcoming the invasion which is to sever them from Mexico, and lead to their annexation to the United States, has been published; but other accounts state that the whole proceeding was a farce. The Convention was composed of the armed company of Capt. Walker, with *twenty-eight* inhabitants of the country, who had been compelled by force to give their attendance and sanction to the proceedings. It is said that several of them refused to sign the address until after several days of imprisonment. Mr. Frederick Emory, who has acted as Secretary of State of the Republic of Sonora under Capt. Walker, and Señor Cordova, who has also been connected with the enterprise, were arrested at San Diego on the 9th by the officers of the United States ship Portsmouth on that station; vigilant measures have been taken to prevent any aid being sent to the invaders, and it is believed the expedition must soon come to an end. Two members of the company had been tried on charge of stealing and had been shot.——From *Oregon* our dates are to March 1st. Very rich gold mines are reported to have been discovered in the Calapovya mountains near the Willamette. Indian difficulties continue in the South.——From *Utah* we have intelligence to the 2d of February. A large meeting had been held in favor of the speedy construction of a railroad to the Pacific, and Col. Babbitt had been sent to Washington to lay the resolutions adopted before Congress. After he had been a week on his journey, he suddenly came upon Col. Frémont, who was engaged in exploring the new route to the Pacific. He found him in a state of great distress. Seven of his party had died from cold, fatigue, and starvation. the game which they had expected to find in abundance had entirely failed, they had eaten eighteen of their mules, and were feasting on a dog and a pint of flour when discovered. Col. Frémont, after receiving provisions from Col. Babbitt, decided to go

on with his exploration.——From the *Isthmus* we have intelligence of the safe return of Lieut. Strain of the United States navy, who, with a party of twenty, had started in January to explore the Isthmus of Darien, and who were supposed to have perished, as nothing had been heard from them for several weeks. They have suffered the extremities of famine, as their provisions were exhausted, and the Indians fled into the mountains; several of the party had died, and Lieut. Strain, with the others who succeeded in reaching the Pacific, were destitute of clothing and food. This will probably put an end for some time to come to all efforts to explore the Isthmus with a view to the construction of a ship canal, as the enterprise seems to be impracticable.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The leading topic of interest during the month has been the disclosure of some very important and very remarkable secret negotiations between the Emperor of Russia and the British government. In our last month's Record we noticed the vehement denunciations of the Emperor, who was distinctly accused of falsehood and duplicity by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons on the 17th of February. The St. Petersburg *Journal*, in noticing this speech, repelled the aspersions of Lord John Russell by saying that he held in his possession the most full and frank declaration of the intentions of the Emperor confidentially made, and which the English government itself had acknowledged to be moderate and just. On receipt of this declaration, evidently made by authority, the London *Times* said in reply, that, in the recent communication thus referred to, the Emperor of Russia had distinctly proposed that the English government should join him in the dismemberment of Turkey, and that this proposition had been indignantly rejected. These publications led to the production in Parliament of the secret correspondence referred to which was quite voluminous. It seems from these papers that, during the visit of the Emperor to England in 1844, he held several conversations with members of the British government concerning the condition of Turkish affairs, the result of which was embodied in a memorandum setting forth the principles on which the two governments agreed to regulate their conduct toward the Ottoman Porte:—these principles were, that both should seek to maintain the existence of the Ottoman Empire in its present condition as long as possible, and that, if they should foresee its ruin to be imminent, they should endeavor to agree upon the measures to be taken, so that the changes which might occur in the internal condition of the Empire should not be injurious to their own security or to the balance of power. This continued to be the mutual understanding between the two powers. On the 9th of January, 1853, however, the Emperor Nicholas meeting the British Minister, Sir Hamilton Seymour, entered into a conversation with him which proved to be the first of a series of confidential communications on the subject. He began by expressing his decided conviction that Turkey was on the verge of ruin, adding that her fall would be a great misfortune, and that it was very important that Russia and England should come to a perfectly good understanding on the matter, and that neither should take any decisive step of which the other was not apprised. On the 22d of January this conversation was renewed. The Emperor disclaimed any intention to conquer and overthrow the Turkish Empire, but asserted his right to the protection of the Christian population, which, he said, gave rise to very inconvenient obligations. He did not wish any thing like a convention with England on the subject, but desired to come to an understanding with Sir H. Seymour as a gentleman in regard to it. He then declared that he would not permit England to establish herself at Constantinople, but was also ready to engage not to do so himself, though he would not deny that circumstances might arise which would induce him to hold it for a time as a guarantee. On the 9th of February Lord John Russell replied to the report of this conversation, in effect declining the Russian overture, but declaring, on behalf of the British Cabinet, that they had no intention or wish to hold Constantinople, and that they would enter into no agreement to provide for the contingency of the fall of Turkey without previous communication with the Emperor of Russia. On the 20th of February the Emperor renewed his earnest declarations to the British Minister that the Ottoman Empire was on the verge of dissolution—using the strong figure that the "sick man was certainly dying;" and on the next day entered into still farther details. He began by declaring the results which he would *not* tolerate;—he said he would not permit the permanent occupation of Constantinople by the Russians, nor by the English, or French, or any other great nation. Nor would he ever tolerate an attempt at the reconstruction of the Byzantine Empire, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful state; still less would he permit the breaking up of Turkey into little republics; rather than submit to any of these arrangements he would go to war and carry it on as long as he had a man or a musket left. He suggested afterward, that Russia and England should declare that in case of the dissolution of Turkey, no power should be permitted to take possession of its provinces, but that the property should remain as it were under seals until amicable arrangements could be made for its adjudication. Being pressed for a reply, Sir H. Seymour remarked that the difference between them seemed to be this—that while the Emperor continually dwelt on the fall of Turkey and the subsequent arrangements, England looked to her remaining in her present condition and to the arrangements necessary to preserve it. The Emperor replied that if the English government had been led to believe that Turkey contains any elements of existence, it had received incorrect information:—that its dissolution was near at hand, and that such an event ought not to be allowed to take Europe by surprise. He said the French were endeavoring to embroil them all in the East, and added that he had a month before assured the Sultan that if his services were required in resisting them they should be at his command. With regard to Austria he said that whatever would suit Russia would suit her also; their interests, so far as Turkey was concerned, were identical. The Sultan had already broken his word to him and given him ample occasion for sending an army to Constantinople; but he had contented himself with such a display of force as would show he did not mean to be trifled with. If the Turkish Empire should be dismembered by any internal commotion it was gone forever:—it was to be tolerated only, not reconstructed; in such a cause he would not allow a pistol to be fired. In the event of her fall, he believed it would be less difficult to arrive at a satisfactory territorial arrangement than was generally supposed. The Principalities were already in fact an independent State under his protection, and with Servia and Bulgaria might so continue.

If England should take possession of Egypt and of the island of Candia he should have no objection; indeed he did not know why the latter should not become an English possession. The substance of this conversation was embodied in a memorandum, in which the Emperor urged the English government, instead of joining France in supporting the resistance of the Porte, to second the demands of Russia, as this would be the surest means of postponing the crisis which both England and Russia were so anxious to avert. The Earl of Clarendon on the 23d of March replied to this memorandum, expressing satisfaction that the Emperor had declared himself deeply interested in preventing the fall of Turkey, because they were convinced that upon his conduct would depend the hastening or postponement of that event. He thought nothing more likely to bring it about than the constant assumption that it was inevitable. On the supposition that such a catastrophe should take place, the English government shared his belief that the occupation of Constantinople by any of the great powers should not be allowed; that there are no elements for reconstructing the Byzantine Empire; that the systematic misgovernment of Greece offers no encouragement to extend its territorial dominion, and that anarchy would be the result of leaving the provinces of Turkey to form themselves into separate republics. But all these arrangements as to what should *not* take place would go but a little way in solving the real difficulty. England desired no territorial aggrandizement, nor could she be a party to any previous arrangement from which she was to derive any such benefit;—nor could she be a party to any understanding which was to be kept a secret from the other powers. Her main object was the preservation of peace; and she desired to uphold the Turkish Empire, from a conviction that no great question could be agitated in the East, without becoming a source of discord in the West, which would assume a revolutionary character, and embrace a revision of the entire social system for which the Continental governments were certainly in no state of preparation. The English government believed that Turkey only required forbearance on the part of the other European powers, in order not only to prolong its existence, but to remove all cause of alarm respecting its dissolution. After a preliminary conversation with Sir H. Seymour, a note dated April 3, was prepared in reply, in which the Emperor expresses his cordial satisfaction that the views of the English government coincide so entirely with his own in regard to Turkey. He thinks the English government has been misinformed as to the actual condition of the Empire, but agrees in the belief that the best way to prolong its existence is by forbearance on the part of the other powers, a policy which he declares his willingness to observe.

The publication of these important communications excited very general interest. They had not been made the subject of debate in Parliament up to our latest dates, nor had the political aspect of the Eastern question been any farther discussed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had submitted his war budget. He estimates the additional taxation required by the war at £3,307,000—the total expenses of the year being £56,189,000 and the revenue estimated at £53,349,000. He proposes to meet the whole of the increase needed by doubling the income tax, thus avoiding the imposition of any new duties on commerce, and at the same time preventing the incurring of any debt. The receipts of the year thus far have generally exceeded the estimates. The financial arrangements for the war were generally popular, and were almost unanimously sustained by Parliament.——The Reform Bill has been postponed.——A splendid dinner was given by the Reform Club to Sir Charles Napier, on the 7th of March, at which Lord Palmerston presided.

FRANCE.

The Legislative body met on the 7th to consider the bill authorizing a loan of 250 millions of francs to provide for the war expenses; it was adopted unanimously by 238 votes. M. Billaut who had been appointed to prepare the report upon it, said that the Emperor had been unwilling to draw the sword, but now that this had been done the war ought to be rapid, brilliant, and decisive; and France after aiding to secure the Continent against the disturber of its repose, would resume the free course of her pacific conquests. The whole Legislative body waited on the Emperor to present him with the vote, in order "to render still more striking in the eyes of Europe the testimony it offers to the Emperor of its entire confidence and most resolute concurrence." The Emperor in reply said he was profoundly impressed by the *empressement* with which the Legislative corps had voted this law.——The reply of the Emperor of Russia to the autograph letter from Napoleon III. had been received. He rehearses the grounds of difference, claiming that his policy has been marked by the utmost forbearance and the most sincere desire for the preservation of peace. His occupation of the Principalities, he says, was preceded and in great measure caused by the hostile appearance of the combined fleets in the neighborhood of the Dardanelles: and the affair of Sinope was the consequence of the impunity with which the Turks were allowed to convey troops, arms, and ammunition to the Russian coast for the prosecution of hostilities. He had learned from the Emperor's letter for the first time, that the Russian fleet was to be no longer allowed in the Black Sea —that he was thus to be prevented from provisioning his own coasts. After such an announcement he could not be expected to discuss even for a moment the proposition of an armistice, of the evacuation of the Principalities, and of the opening of negotiations with the Porte. Threats would not move him. His confidence was in God, and his right; and Russia, he would guarantee, would show herself in 1854 what she was in 1812.——An imperial manifesto has been issued to the people of Russia, announcing that France and England had sided with Turkey, and that the Emperor had in consequence broken off all intercourse with those powers; thus, it is added, England and France have sided with the enemies of Christianity against Russia combating for the orthodox faith.——On the receipt of this manifesto, M. Drouyn de Lhuys issued a circular to the French diplomatic agents, throwing the responsibility of results upon Russia, which had closed the door to the last hope of peace, and rebuking the Emperor's attempt to enlist religious fanaticism on his behalf. France and England, he says, do not support Islamism against the orthodox Greek faith; they go to protect the Ottoman Empire against the ambitious covetousness of Russia.——An official notice has been published in the *Moniteur*, since the appearance of the recent correspondence between England and Russia, that after his failure to enlist England in his schemes, the Czar applied to France, which was compelled in her turn to decline proposals analogous to those made to Great Britain. Great satisfaction is expressed at the course pursued by the British Government.

Editor's Table.

POLITICS AND THE CHURCH. In the latter of these it was proposed to find one of our remedies for the rank corruption of the former. But we fear we have rashly undertaken a task beyond our power to accomplish. Error is much more easily discovered than truth. The manifest symptoms of disease, and even the more hidden causes of it, present problems of far less difficulty than a true investigation of the proper remedies. It may be said, too, that our fears are in a great measure imaginary; the case is not so bad after all; judged by an ideal standard, we may fall far below the mark, but then we are still ahead of all other nations; there is, it is true, an immense amount of corruption, but then it is greatly exceeded by evils of other kinds that abound in other countries, and under other governments. Miserable consolation this, even if the plea be true. Alas for our country, if the picture we have presented be the fair one; but alas for our humanity, if the moral elevation which may be claimed for our politicians is really higher than that of any other nation on the globe. When there has been forced from us such an avowal as that, who would deny the stern doctrines of human depravity, or the remarkable declaration of Scripture that "the world lieth in wickedness."

But for the remedy.—We might as well make our confession at once. We know of no remedy; at least no human remedy. Every thing which suggests itself partakes, more or less, of the very disease it may be prescribed to cure. A wisdom superior to the human may bring about a restoration through means which time and circumstances can alone reveal to us; but until this takes place, the utmost that can be done is to point out some of the influences that may possibly stay the plague, or, at least, abate some of its worst symptoms.

And here, doubtless, the Church can accomplish much. We intend no logical, or theological definition of the term. We do not speak of it in its outward ecclesiastical organization, nor would we dwell upon its connection or want of connection with the State. We do not now inquire what makes a Christian State, and whether it must not be heathen, if it do not acknowledge, in some way, some form of Christianity, and some deference to the authority of the written Christian revelation. That revelation certainly decides some *moral* questions so intimately connected with the social and political, that government can not ignore them. And hence it is that both in its specific and its general action, legislation must be for or against religion. There can be no neutrality. It must acknowledge or repudiate. But the most serious difficulties attend all such questions. They involve problems which time alone can solve, and God may be now solving them in a way we know not. No thinking man would be so rash as to say that all the truth here is on one side, and that because former times have gone to the extreme of ecclesiastical despotism, we are perfectly safe in pushing on to the other extreme of a complete divorce between all political action, and all spiritual belief.

But we meddle not here with these graver problems. In speaking of the Church, it satisfies the argument we have in hand, to bring before the mind the great mass of those who may be called serious and believing Christians, under the visible organization, or organizations, through which they are known, that is, become visible, in their influence upon the world. When we thus speak of serious and believing Christians, the terms are not so vague as might at first be thought. They are capable of conveying a clear idea, catholic, evangelical, and, at the same time, free from any haze of an unmeaning and spurious liberalism. They are the men, who, with all their inconsistencies and imperfections, may be said to live for the other world, as other men live for this. Such is certainly their profession. They are the men for whom "the things unseen and eternal" outweigh "the things seen and temporal"—who estimate the value of this life by its connection with the life to come, making this connection the great test by which they try, not only their own individual conduct, but the worth of all moral, social, and political reforms. They are the men who are convinced that the world lieth in darkness and wickedness. They, therefore, take for their guide a supernatural written revelation, and believe in a supernatural Person who is the founder of an everlasting spiritual kingdom.

Such is the Church with its members, its ministers, teachers, and priests—with its revelation, its ordinances, its sacraments, or holy things—with all that gives it power and visibility on earth. It is a spiritual kingdom, and yet it has much to do with the kingdoms and republics of this world. It has a community of membership with the civil organizations, and through this it may do great good to them, or receive great harm to itself. It has a deep interest in the purity of the State. It is, therefore, a part of its mission to stay the virulence of political corruption. The ministers of the Church, in all its denominations, should feel that they have a call to preach against it—to lift up against it one of their loudest notes of alarm—to denounce it unsparingly as full of peril to the souls of men, as in fact, one of the most demoralizing, and, therefore, irreligious influences of the day.

Would you have the clergy preach politics, then, says some self-satisfied objector, who fancies that the bare statement of the question is a sufficient estoppel to all argument? No sir—by no means—that is, in the common acceptation of the term as having reference to those outward questions of greater or less importance, which politicians, and especially party politicians, are ever getting up under the name of political or party measures. These belong not to the pulpit. They all present issues that have two sides to them, and about which, when viewed in themselves, and aside from the motives of those who originate them, serious men may honestly differ. The clergy should not preach on the political right or wrong of slavery. The apostles not only never engaged in any such logomachy, but even condemned others for doing it. How far one man may have dominion over another is a political question, belonging to the civil jurisdiction, and which may be decided more or less wisely or beneficially for the State. But it no more belongs to the mission of the pulpit than the comparative merits of monarchy and republicanism, or the right of suffrage, or the determination of the male and female political franchise, or the political expediency of property in land, or the regulation of apprenticeships, or the limit of minority, or usury laws, or bankrupt laws, or bills for the preservation of the homestead, or even agrarian laws, if the State, in the exercise of its political sovereignty, should see

fit to enact them. On all these topics a clergyman might perhaps hold forth in a fourth of July oration, or in a lecture for a secular purpose, and on some secular occasion, or in a speech at some public dinner, provided it were ever wise in him to be found in such a position; or he might express his opinion like any other citizen in the exercise of his political suffrage. But when he tacks them on to some tortured text of Scripture, and calls it preaching the gospel, he is doing that for which he was never sent; he is perverting his sacred mission to a purpose from which, instead of good, evil, and evil only, has ever flowed. The distinctions are so clear in themselves, they are so unmistakably recognized in the Bible, and in the preaching of the first heralds of Christianity, that it is indeed a wonder that theologians, as well as moralists, should have so confounded them. The whole matter may be thus briefly stated. The *relations themselves* are *political*, and as such may be more or less wise, more or less expedient, more or less politically just. The *conduct of men in these relations*, the manner in which they discharge the duties that grow out of them, their perversion of legal powers to evil ends, their use of property whether in lands or persons, for the mere purposes of a selfish tyranny, or a selfish gratification—these, on the other hand, are *moral* questions, while the social and political circumstances out of which they arise constitute the field, sometimes the essential field, of a moral probation. Here the pulpit can not go too far in its fidelity to duty. Here are no expediencies. Here all consciences give the same response. The clerical Boanerges may thunder against all oppression, all cruelty, all selfishness, or using men for merely selfish ends, which he may find in slavery, or in any other of the oft times necessarily unequal relations of mankind. Should he faithfully do his duty here, he might find political measures becoming of little importance. The moral sphere well guarded, even their evil may be neutralized, if not turned to good.

We conclude, then, that the clergy have no call to preach for or against compromises, or for or against fugitive slave laws, or for or against Nebraska bills, or any thing of the kind as a political measure per se. One reason we have briefly given. They belong to a different and clearly defined jurisdiction. Another is, that the outward measure itself is not the real evil (even when it may be politically condemned), but the representative of something behind it, against which the pulpit may pour forth, and should pour forth, its sternest anathemas. The worst men may sometimes have the best measures politically considered. They may have wisdom enough, or cunning enough, to outwit their more principled antagonists in such a game. It is the motive, the selfish end in view, in the getting up of political measures, which brings them within the domain of religion and morality, and here the clergyman has the whole field to himself. He may not preach against the statutes and constitution of the land, but he should warn of the Divine vengeance those who would make use of them for the purposes of cruelty and oppression, or to serve the ends of a corrupt political ambition. No legislation can make these right, any more than any system of ethics can make servitude per se, or monarchy per se, or war per se, or this or that political measure per se, a moral wrong. Is it said that such preaching would, if truly and faithfully applied, be preaching against slavery and political institutions? so be it. It is the preaching of the gospel in its condemnation of all unrighteousness, and if any political institution, or any social relation, can not stand before it, let it be consumed by its fire.

And so we may say of almost every mere political measure that has ever been agitated in our land. The very fact that serious men, conscientious men, religious men, may be found on either side of them, shows that they do not belong to the pulpit, either as subjects of censure or approbation. Take these exciting slavery questions for example. Will any man who has the least reputation for candor or intelligence, utterly forfeit it by pretending that the Editor of the Charleston Mercury is not as honest, as conscientious, and as honorable a man as the Editor of the New York Tribune—we select these as the best representatives of their respective parties—or that the Badgers and Claytons of the south are not as upright in their conduct, and as pure in their motives, as the Sewards and Sumners of the north, or that there are not among the Methodist Bishops and Presbyterian Ministers of Carolina and Georgia, as faithful followers of Christ as the Rev. Theodore Parker or the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher? Can we doubt that there are good men, conscientious men, on both sides of this Nebraska bill? But are there two opinions—can there be two opinions, on the abominable turpitude of political corruption, and its extensive prevalence in our land? It is this which taints every political measure in any way connected with it, and whatever in other respects might be its merits or demerits. Here is a wrong per se—a deadly damnable wrong, an immediate practical wrong, which no circumstances can make right. It is a wrong which underlies all other political wrongs, and without which the evils of wrong measures, or mere political mistakes, would be trivial, would be transient, would soon heal themselves. It is this infusion of the selfish gambling principle into political action, this getting up of public measures on no higher grounds than to enable political factions to test the "hardness of each other's shells," or to "head off" an antagonist in the race for the spoils—this making the management of a great state a game to play at, which is the great *original sin* from which every other political iniquity derives the malignity of its poison. This is the atrocious act which can not be characterized in terms too severe, and against which the clergy ought to utter their anathematizing thunders from one end of the land to the other.

But this is abstract preaching, some may say. It is declaiming against sin in general; it is assailing that which is invisible; it, therefore, strikes and wounds no individual conscience. We would go boldly up, they say, to particular measures, and lay the sin upon specific political acts, as containing the real wrong per se. Here would be something tangible, practical, direct. All this is certainly very plausible. It is moreover very common; and yet, however arrogant it may appear in us, we must pronounce it an egregious fallacy, whether as applied to the public or the private life. Our first answer would be the one to which we have before resorted, and which can never lose its force. It was not the method of Christ and his Apostles. Look at the list of crimes which Paul so frequently denounces. What are they? Slaveholding, landholding, arbitrary measures of government, specific acts of any kind, whether of public or private men? No—but ambition, corruption, covetousness, worldliness—falsehood, cruelty, pride, selfishness, turbulence, party strife, unholy zeal, envy, malice, wrath, and all uncharitableness.

There is a fallacy in the terms of the objection as well as in the idea, and here we would appeal in the second place, to facts. When the *preacher* assails the act, or measure, or specific conduct, whether public or private, there is immediately raised as a shield, the abstract per se question, which is entirely separate from the motive, and has ever, as we have said, some defensible side. In other words, a corrupt *motive*—and the distinction is of the utmost practical importance—takes shelter under a *reason;* the conscience finds rest in a logomachy; it becomes a strife of words; the practical demoralizing evils are lost sight of in the false issue that is raised, and the spiritual depravity, which, but for this, the conscience might have seen, remains unknown, unfelt, and undisturbed. To take, for example, the case which is ever nearest at hand. The slaveholder knows that he has a defensible side; he knows the strength of his argument as derived from the social and political relations; he knows, too, that the Scripture, if not his apologist, treats the whole subject in a manner very different from that of his modern antagonist; and triumphing on these grounds, as he ever will, he becomes hardened against those moral considerations which might otherwise have been brought to bear upon him with an overwhelming force. Here he finds shelter, and it is this shelter which the false logic, and false and unscriptural preaching of his assailants have given him.

Felix was a licentious man, Felix was a despot, Felix had been a party to wrong political measures, Felix had been guilty of specific acts of political oppression. Here, then, was an admirable occasion for that faithful, pungent, *personal* preaching for which some would contend as the only practical efficient kind. Paul should have told him of the wrong per se of holding and exercising arbitrary power; he should have charged him, to his face, with his adulteries, his extortions, his odious and unjust measures of government. But Paul did not do this, or any thing like it. Certainly it could not have been for the want of that moral courage which is so abundantly possessed by the reformers of our day. It was no part of his mission thus to assail Felix, and the measures of Felix. He had higher work, and deeper work to do. Paul preached against "spiritual wickedness." "He reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." And the tyrant trembled. Personal preaching would only have provoked him and hardened him in his crimes. It would have driven him to his abstract hiding places, to shelter himself in the lawfulness of the outward and defensible relation. The Apostles' preaching was "the word that reached to the dividing line of soul and spirit, and was a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Let men have confidence in the power of the gospel as Christ, and Christ's commissioned apostles, have given it to us. A well known satirical poet makes a witty and effective point against those preachers, who, instead of denouncing the individual sinner and his specific acts, are ever most valorously assailing "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." He, bold and honest man, would have the pulpit's thunders launched with more specific aim. They should be directed against this or that individual, according as his measures, or his speeches, had failed to take the hue of the poet's own abstractions. But what good, we may ask again, has such preaching ever accomplished? It is the peculiarity of satire that it attacks the specific manifestations of vice in which men differ, or in which one age differs from another, but never goes down to the deep heart of humanity, or that deep depravity in which all men agree. It never touches "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." We may well ask, therefore, when has the world ever been made better by it? We doubt not the good intentions of the satirical preacher referred to, but where is the strong moral conviction, the reformation, the repentance, the new life, to which he can point as having been ever produced by his keen iambics? Instead of doing any good in the world, how much more frequently is it the case, that the satirist himself is a man of questionable virtue? "The exceeding sinfulness of sin!" Let one be convinced of this, and every other moral conviction follows of course. The light that reveals it is that through which alone he can read the moral character of all his acts. In the deep feeling which it produces alone is born the most tender charity, the truest and most enduring philanthropy—that philanthropy by which Paul was distinguished above all the satirists, all the social and political reformers, of his own and every succeeding age.

And so is it with political corruption. Instead of preaching for or against specific measures, let the clergy every where endeavor to produce a deep conviction of the exceeding vileness, the wickedness, the deep moral degradation of that political gambling through which, when it exists, all measures are tainted. Let them hold up the generic depravity of the political life, when it gets into that state which we have already defined. Let them set forth "the exceeding sinfulness" of party politics. Let them aim to produce, and especially in the minds of the young, an utter abhorrence of this party selfishness, this damnable doctrine that the interests and offices of the country are but "spoils" to be lost and won as they are raffled for in a vile party strife, which is doing more to demoralize and de-religionize the souls of men than all the grog shops, and slave pens, and gambling brothels in the land.

Too long has the cry been, *measures—measures.* What we most want is *men*—if we can get them—high souled, high principled men, and then we can trust their *measures.* Even their mistakes might be better for us than the more successful measures of the corrupt and trafficking politicians. Paradoxical as this may appear, we would maintain it on the ground that a sound morality in our public men, is of more real value than any commercial, national, or even social prosperity that connects itself merely with certain outward and temporary enactments.

To this, then, let the pulpit direct its powers. Let the clergy preach earnestly—we mean like men convinced of a most solemn truth—for that is the secret of all success in preaching—against the "exceeding sinfulness" of political corruption. Instead of denouncing particular measures, and uttering their satirical innuendos, or aiming their priestly thunders at particular men, who are, after all, no worse than the great mass of party politicians, let them expose the utter baseness and wickedness of the whole party system, as one of the most odious manifestations of the generic human depravity. Let them tell the members of their respective churches, that, as the word and the thing have come to be understood, they can not be thorough-going caucus men and yet Christians—they can not retain their allegiance to this political Baal without forfeiting their allegiance to Christ—they can not receive into the creed of their political action this Satanic doctrine of "the spoils," without "doing despite" to all that is most pure as well as most fundamental in the

Gospel. Above all, let them tell our young men, who are every where plunging into party politics, "as the horse rusheth into the battle," that in the present state of things, and on the principles commonly avowed, and even gloried in, such a course will probably be with the wreck of all moral principle, and at the risk of a corresponding spiritual perdition.

This is all within their province. It belongs strictly to the domain of morals and religion. It is concerned with men's spiritual health. Satirists may call it "abstract preaching," if they please, but if only earnestly and solemnly done, it would tell more upon the national conscience, it would do more to purify the political atmosphere, to introduce a higher order of political ideas, and thus to generate righteous *measures*, than volumes of sermons on compromises, or miles of petitions against Nebraska bills, or the most vehement pulpit advocacy or reprobation of any movements on the party gambling board that might be got up by venal politicians on the one side, or hypocritically opposed by mischief-loving fanatics on the other.

The clergy should ever stand in the front rank among the leading powers of the age. Sad indeed is the thought, and most deeply is it to be deplored by every true philanthropist, when they fall in the rear, or take positions from whence they are drawn into the wake of other movements. It is the fashion now to counsel their mingling in the secular march in order to increase their influence. Such an idea, however, is wholly foreign to the Scriptures. Their power over the world, it should never be forgotten, is just in proportion to their separation from it. They should occupy ground from which there should be no hinderance to their denouncing freely all its unrighteousness; but this can never be done by taking the part of one secular faction against another. They are a power in the State, but they should remember that the State is something more than present men and present measures. They have political rights and political duties, but the more they abstain from defiling their hands with that well known thing vulgarly called "politics," the more will they be able to exert a sound, a legitimate, a Christian political influence.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE violets are blooming around our Chair. We do not mean that we have actually planted its legs in the garden, and are sitting in the open air, for, unhappily, May is a myth. It is sweet and warm in poetry, but in prose it is damp. We mean only that there is a feeling of violets in the sunshine—a breath of violets in the air, and a look of violets in the blooming faces that we pass as we stroll out upon the avenues, or try to find some trace of summer in Hoboken or Greenwood. The harbingers of spring that come in March are almost as beautiful as May. Not the trailing arbutus, which little fingers are digging from under dead, wet leaves, in the woods and upon the hill-sides; not the half-started buds that, impatient for summer, are ready to burst into full blossom at the first kind look of the sun; but the few warm days, the cluster of balmy hours, that so often crowd the front of March, and lay their humid lips against the windows, making them drip with the honey-dew that shall feed the summer flowers.

The German poets—and every German is much more a poet than most Yankees—overflow in spring songs. Spring to them is like a honeymoon annually renewed. They walk in the fields, and woods, and gardens, and write their *Frühlings-Gedanken*, their spring thoughts, as rhythmically and exuberantly as a young lover babbles vows and admirations. Before we sat down in this contemplative Easy Chair, and roamed the world "a youth light-hearted and content," it was our chance one exquisite May morning to stand in the *Thier-Garten*, a park of Berlin, which lies just outside the great gate of the city. As we strolled idly along the paths under the trees, repeating one of Goethe's spring songs—as much, we allow, to keep our German as our poetry in practice (for once we were poetic and spoke German)—we encountered a youth enthusiastically reciting some lines from a paper which he held, and upon which he wrote rapidly during the frequent pauses of his promenade.

"Good-morning!" he cried to us, whom he had never seen before; "what a heavenly morning!"

"It is wonderfully beautiful!" we cried, with sudden and electrical enthusiasm.

"And you," he continued eagerly—"have you, too, been writing your spring thoughts? Listen!"

We listened, and our impromptu acquaintance began to pour out the most transcendental rhymes into our ears, which reported the sense, or rather the sequence, to our mind quite respectably. But the vehement gesticulation of the youth, and his unaffected delight in his own performance, relieved us from any sense of obligation to applaud or admire. He evidently would as soon have expected us to praise the beauty of the new moon. The enjoyment was taken for granted. When he had finished, he turned his beaming face toward us. His eyes glistened. A tremulousness of the lip showed us the reality of his emotion. We understood, then, how naturally *Werther* was written by a man who observed as well as shared this singularly genial, impressible temperament. All the German romance was interpreted by our friend and his conduct—his spring songs and his enthusiasm. Undine—Aslauga's Knight—Melusina—Tieck—Hoffmann—Richter—they were all explained.

"Beautiful!" we said, as he looked at us. He smiled with the satisfied suavity of a bard who hears the approval of posterity.

"Read me your spring thoughts," he said warmly, as he rolled up his manuscript.

We answered that we had none.

"Poor man!" he said, compassionately, and retreated slowly among the trees, looking up into them as if he saw the coming leaves and the bright buds sitting in the fullness of summer.

How foolish the German seems to the anxious Yankee and the airy Frenchman; yet that warmth, that natural enthusiasm, that hearty flow of emotion, is precisely what the shrewdest authors are constantly endeavoring to invent, and when they have described it, they say with a sigh, "What an Arcadia were a world in which such men were realities!" O Messieurs Poets and Authors! if the beings you struggle to depict as the happy and ideal people were to call and inquire for you, how surely would you whisper over the banisters to the discreet servant, "Not at home!" If, by chance, you met one of them in the *Thier-Garten*, or any where else, what an inexhaustible source of raillery and comical description for the next little dinner or *petit souper*. Mohammed made a law that no true believer should make a statue under penalty of being forced to supply it with a soul. If, in like manner, some gracious commander of the Faithful would only declare that no author should create a

heroine whom he was not willing instantly to marry, how the "ideal" would go by the board, and the good, generous, noble women of reality and daily life come by their own again.

The "ideal," in the sense usually intended by the word, is as foolish and unnatural in literature as it is in art. The sharp-sighted and pure-minded artists have long ago seen that the utmost reach of art is the most rigorous obedience to nature. The attempt to describe, with pen, or chisel, or brush, what has no type in nature is futile. What is the most perfect of the statues, the most exquisite beauty of the painted Madonnas, when compared with the supreme loveliness of a beautiful woman? The carnation on her cheek is the despair of the most perfect pallet. If Titian's *Bella Donna* is so beautiful to our eyes upon canvas, what must she have been to his eyes in nature?

It is for the reason suggested in our last paragraph that Thackeray is so great and powerful a depicter of life and character. "I have no head above my eyes," he is reported to have said to a friend; meaning that he wrote from observation, and not from theory, nor what is called imagination. His new work, *The Newcomes*, which appears in monthly numbers, is, in every way, worthy of him. It is, as one who knew the author well would imagine, a new walk in Vanity Fair. All his writings are records of what is going on in that immense region. His eye detects immediately what belongs to that diocese, although it should usually be considered very foreign to it. In fact, we all pay a little tithe to it—we all have some little private nook in that great Babel, where we slip in, and enjoy the life that goes on there. As the Venetian nobles had sumptuous little houses for their pleasures, hidden far away in remote streets, and entirely beyond the precincts of the state-palace on the Grand Canal which bore the family name, so we all have our little private, unsuspected booth in Vanity Fair, where we sell and are sold, and from which we hurry back in time to go to church with our wives, who have just hurried home, also, from their little ornamented and convenient booths in the same fair. And if, some unlucky day, we chance to meet there, in mid-traffic, there is a blush, a confused bow, and great domestic politeness afterward.

In *The Newcomes*, whose fortunes it is so pleasant to follow from month to month, as they thus acquire a reality, and become, as it were, a part of the actual circumstance of life, Thackeray will undoubtedly convert to his side the many of the gentle sex who have hitherto refused allegiance to him upon the ground that all his women were either fools or knaves. While the heroic gentlemen who did not believe that, like Dobbin, all heroes must have clumsy hands and feet, and be great gawky louts, will find that Thackeray is of their opinion. For, to the ladies, Ethel, if we mistake not, will be lovely without the weakness which is so deprecated in Amelia, and brave and noble without the subtle knavery of Mrs. Rebecca Crawley. And, to the gentlemen, the father of Clive Newcome will prove to be just such a father as every son would be glad and proud to remember—such a father as he could never recall, after all the long years of life, and when he saw his own grandchildren around him, without an affectionate melancholy quite beyond tears.

No one, however, who has ever read Thackeray's sketch of *Erminia*, published in *Punch*, as one of the *Proser* papers, by Dr. Solomon Pacifico, would ever doubt that no man has a more true, and delicate, and tender appreciation of what is most feminine in womanly character. In fact, to this old Easy Chair, it is clear enough that no man could draw Becky Sharp so dextrously who did not most exquisitely conceive and reverence the opposite of that character. What is it that originally attracted so observant and penetrating a mind to that development of character except the contrast it offered to the noble type of woman? The power to draw Lady Macbeth implies the perception, although not necessarily the power of representation, of the subtle and shy loveliness of Ophelia, Desdemona, and Imogen.

We therefore heartily advise all the friends about our Chair, to enrich their lives with the monthly perusal of this touching and tender, as well as severe and amusing, story. It is a great mistake that it is dull to read stories in numbers. You have to take life in numbers. You are compelled to wait patiently until every day is regularly issued. How long are the denouements in coming! How eagerly and delightedly, or how anxiously and sorrowfully, you await the crisis! It is sure to come. It comes sometimes rather more quickly than you hoped. The story ends suddenly. Two lovers are married, and go in to endless festivity: perhaps you may be one! Or there is a bell tolling—perhaps for you!

Besides, we hurry on so rapidly that if you wait until the convenient monthly number has swelled into the huge two volumes of a complete work, you are very likely never to find the moment for attending to it. There are many adherents of this Chair who complain bitterly that they have not read *Copperfield*, for instance, or *Bleak House*, because they did not read it in numbers, when they might have taken it just before dinner, or in the cars, or just before going to bed—in fact, at a hundred times when they would not think of beginning a book. And, lo! after a dozen or score of such spicy hours scattered through a year, not felt by their loss, but only by their pleasant gain, the book would have been read, and read with enjoyment. For that must be remarked, too, that it is quite a peculiar enjoyment. You speculate about the fate of Ethel Newcome—you hope, you fear, you doubt, as you do about your cousin Jane, or your niece, the gentle Anne. You digest the whole matter. You taste the tale drop by drop. You forecast probabilities, you balance chances. The book becomes a graceful arabesque around the actuality of life. It is like the frame, painted with genii and loves, around some of the solemn old pictures in churches. Only, if you look closely, the genii and loves have their fair and foul fortunes, and are, all the while, in an airy and remote degree, strictly re-producing the grave subject of the great picture.

And now that we speak of pictures, we must say how mellow and exquisite in tone is this new story of Thackeray's. The eager, restless, sometimes even a little glaring, style of his earlier books—especially before *Vanity Fair*—is as subdued and delicious in *The Newcomes* as the most harmonious and *soave* of the Venetian pictures. Not a sparkle is lost, not a ray of wit, not a searching glance, not a sigh, nor a doubt, nor a wise innuendo, nor a touch of pathos, like the warm pressure of a hand in sorrow—nothing that makes Thackeray Thackeray, is wanting. The tone indicates the easy mastery of genius. It is full of what the Germans call *Innigkeit*, "inwardness." Your heart aches, your soul smiles, you feel the delight and satisfaction streaming along your nerves—the intensity of your enjoy-

ment reveals its quality. In a recent number of *The Edinburgh*, there is a review of Thackeray. The author says many good things and many just things. But singular enough, he seems to us to have missed the very peculiarity and individuality of Thackeray's genius. By far the best article upon the author of *The Newcomes* was in the *Westminster* of a year since, April, 1853.

It is a great pity that every place is pleasantest in the summer. Italy is never so beautiful as in June. The sojourner in Paris, who, when the dark days made him dismal, said "O for May to lead me away from the city!" finds that May leads into the city such a splendor and beauty, that he longs to stay. The Boulevards bloom sooner than the fields. The gay grisettes, and the brunette lorettes, and the *dames* of the Faubourg St. Germain, put on fresh muslins, before the trees put on fresh leaves. Light vests and airy coats begin to expand and adorn the streets. Landaus are laid back; chairs are placed upon the pavement before the cafés; café doors are thrown open, and the *boutiques*, and —on the whole—he will not leave Paris (he writes to his darling aunt at home) quite so early as he had intended.

It is so in New York too. There are few weeks pleasanter in the year than those early ones of May. Windows are thrown up, and the flowers in brilliant blossom are ranged under the curtains. They feel the fresh air and the kindling sun, and we passers in the street, share the pleasures of the flowers. Furs, coats, and cloaks disappear. The chrysalis in muff, tippet, and heavy shawl, emerges a butterfly in airy gauze, in delicate muslin. Doors are open, as well as windows. At intervals a wind wanders down Broadway, so gentle and mild, that you could believe it blew from the halcyon isles; and you think of wood-paths and violets, and wonder if—but, on the whole, your slight, but exceedingly well-fitting, and handsome patent-leather shoes forbid that thought for the present; since, we must all frankly allow, that delicate shoeing is not strictly compatible with pastural pleasures, despite the delicious pumps in which *Elvino* and *Massetto* always bound so joyfully upon the stage. Birds are hung in their cages at the open windows, and sing loudly while the omnibusses rattle. In the mellow May moonlights the itinerant musicians begin. They are in the next street playing the *Prima Donna*, or the Polka Redowa to which you waltzed in Newport last summer when it was new. And now it is new no longer, but the itinerant band plays it. As its strains float into the moonlight you do not seek your partner and glide into the delirious and delicious whirlpool of the dance, but you feel for a shilling—remember the exquisite hours associated with that music—you are again a wild actor in the Newport revel—once more, you plead, protest, swear; that music has restored to you a vivid bit of your past, with a thousand tender regrets, a thousand sweet sorrows—you beckon to the chief musician, give the shilling, and call it charity. In the street, at morning, every body is cheerful. Even the sad Yankee face lights up with the promise of summer. The blind beggar at the corner turns his face toward the sun, to feel what he can not see. In the afternoon wedding-parties enter the churches up-town. The setting sun streams tenderly in, making summer twilight in the holy place. Who would not be married in spring, in May, in twilight, and come out of church, and step into the carriage under a young May moon?

Singularly enough it is the sun only who is the wonderful magician that has wrought this work. The sun alone makes spring in town. He has it all his own way. He shines warmly—so that windows may be opened and light dresses worn—and it is summer. Nothing more is wanted. You would not know—except by your remembrance that it snowed yesterday—that it was not June. The air is warm—the sky is bright—birds are singing—flowers are blooming—and we are all blossoming, also, in drilling and muslin. What more, or different, will the dog-days see, except that our drillings will then have gone to the wash, and our muslins be wilted?

But here is the charm, and the triumph of the citizen. It is only summer *in town!* Those country cousins in the rural districts feel the sun, but they see no summer. The landscape gives the lie to the sun. The fields are tawny and sere. The hill sides are desolately bare. The boughs of the naked trees actually gride in the spring air, as in the winter gale. It seems now as if they were gnashing their teeth at their impotence. No crops, no greenness any where; occasionally a bird flies timorously over the wood and drops an inquiring note—"Can this be spring? No; I'm sure that I'm mistaken"—and shrinks into silence. The flowers? Ah! yes. Call in six or eight weeks.

No; it is our victory who live in the city: *our* birds are singing and have not a solitary doubt: *our* flowers are blooming, now, when we want them, and when they do honor to the returning sun, like genuine lovers and patriots,—not, with your country-flowers waiting, like parasites, to see whether he is going to make sure of the throne. Here are we, walking in handsome shoes upon a dry path. You, we believe—our dear country cousins—are floundering up to your necks in mud, and water, and "slosh." By-and-by you will have green-peas, and roses, and dry roads. Thank you! we will come out and see you when that good time arrives. Meanwhile ours is here. Our summer dates from the first warm day to the last. We are not compelled to spoil our "Good-morning!" "Fine day!" by adding that odious "over-head." It is fine through and through. Not on Midsummer day, St. John's day, shall we feel a purer delight than in these budding and fragrant May days. Is not the Spring a nectar which the body drinks? Surely this old Easy Chair is lighter under us—it feels in its sapless frame the quickening touch of the power to which it once responded by bursting into leaf and flower. Even now, if it might be, it would bear something else than flowers of rhetoric. Do you remember Guido's picture of the *Hours*, how they lead in with dance, and song, and wreathing of garlands, Aurora's chariot? Even so these days lead in the summer, and they are as beautiful as itself; and as the old Easy Chair feels the magnetic thrill, we share it too; we dream of the up-town churches, and the summer evening bridals, and the stepping into the carriage under a young May moon.

We sit in our Easy Chair to hear the current gossip of the town, and discourse of it easily, gently, not with fury and passion, but as men talk politics with their friends. In a country like ours where free discussion is generally fairly allowed, there is a great and noiseless escape of unpleasant feeling which might otherwise explode in very grave actions. Better a loud word than a revolution: a truth which the governments of Europe know very well; only, unhappily, they also know that if they

permitted the loud words to be spoken there, the revolution would follow. It is only under certain conditions that the remark is true.

In a generally discussing country, therefore, there has naturally been a good deal of remark upon the conduct of our representative at Turin, a Virginia gentleman, and Editor of a Journal in Richmond, who either calls himself, or is called by his friends, *Citizen Daniel*. *Mr.* Daniel seems to us a simpler and more democratic title, inasmuch as every American is a citizen by the fact of birth. The use of the word *citizen* is only a poor reminiscence of the custom of the old French revolution, which abolished a variety of titles, and replaced them by this one of citizen. It was a natural act in those days. Indeed no thoughtful man can be surprised, however much he may be disgusted, by any of the phenomena of that direful time. It was the wild and terrible protest of a nation trodden for years into the very depth of ignorance and misery, against those who trampled upon them. It was a fearful, but not unnatural, reaction. But, at the same time, it is necessary to remember that it was so fearful and terrible because the people *were* ignorant and miserable. It may have been an awful process by which they were so oppressed, and a sad fact that they were so. There is, however, no doubt of the fact, and when they arose, it was like the rising and the raging of wild beasts. If the Bourbons and the aristocracy of old France had sown the wind, it is no less true that the harvest was the whirlwind. If Louis XIV. and XV. were tyrants, it is as clear that Marat was a murderer. It is not necessary to love the fishy Robespierre because we hate the old kings. For an American, or for the inhabitant of any country, at this day to use the word *citizen*, as it was applied to the Frenchmen of the revolution, is a laughable affectation. Why imitate France? Why not be called *Man* Daniel, and done with it. As a general rule, we should say that when so much stress is laid upon small and unimportant details, there is either no very great interest at stake, or there is the lack of heroism to encounter the worst. The latter was the case with the Italians of Northern Italy in 1848. Their patriotism exhaled in red cockades and a particular cock of the hat. When the government declared the pointed crown to be seditious, the Lombards, who professed so ecstatic a desire for liberty, could find nothing better to do than to widen the band or to wear the hat sideways, until that was forbidden. There is surely no fault to be found with such foolery, if a solemn purpose and an enduring heroism underlies it and justifies it. But it is usually evidence of a want of that tragic gravity which always inspires great movements.

Mr. Daniel—if the use of the simple republican title may be allowed—went to Turin as representative of the United States government. There is in Italy, and in other European countries, a class of persons called the nobility, who bear certain titles, such as Dukes, Marquises, Counts, &c. The language of Italy, also, is not English nor American; and in a society where so many strangers of various nations are constantly brought together, the use of a common language is agreed upon for common convenience and intelligence. That language is the French. A man who speaks French fluently is equally at home in what is called the "society" of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Turin, Madrid, Vienna, or Naples. If a man does not speak French, he will naturally not enjoy much conversation in any of those cities, unless he chances to know the native language of the country in which he is residing. And as the people at large speak no other than their own tongue, he will be quite as much at a loss with them. In all large foreign cities, also, there is the opera, which is the common social resort of the nobility and of the class which helps to constitute what is known as "society"—and of that class the diplomatic body is a prominent part. Moreover, in all those cities, and in every spot upon the globe large enough for a man to stand upon, there is a certain style of conduct known as gentlemanly, which is based upon no absurd doctrine, but upon that respect which a man instinctively pays to himself, and therefore recognizes as his duty to show to others. It is a spirit of courtesy, and gentleness, and consideration. It assumes on all sides a hearty and manly regard for what is personal and individual, so long as that individuality does not outrage the common well-being. It is a spirit not so easy to be defined as to be appreciated. No laws can be laid down by the observance of which a man becomes a gentleman. Yet without such laws no man ever fails to recognize what is inspired by that spirit, and to honor it with all his heart.

Now Mr. Daniel was sent to Turin to represent the United States. He was selected, probably, for his especial fitness for the post. He understood perfectly, without doubt, our character and institutions—and those of the country to which he was sent, and the relation of each to the other. He was conversant with the languages of the countries, and their customs. He knew that Sardinia was a monarchy, and that there were noblemen there, and that garlic was freely used in the *cuisine* of that country. We take all this for granted: just as we suppose that if Mr. Daniel had been appointed commissioner to negotiate a loan for a private Trading Company, he would have felt himself competent for the post by his knowledge of the end proposed, and his command of the means to accomplish it, or he would have respected himself enough to stay at home. Had he accepted such a commission, however, and upon arriving at the spot designated for operations had written home to his friends, and they had imparted it to the public, that he did not know the language in which the business was to be transacted, and that the whole business was a tom-foolery, and that the commissioners were donkeys and knaves, who wore only one clean shirt a week and dined for a shilling upon old cheese, and then came to him in his box at the Opera, which he was obliged to have because the other tom-fools had one, and then jabbered to him in a language which might be Mongolian for any thing he knew to the contrary—that the country was a rum old place, where the buildings were ruinous and the hotels bad, and where a man was made to pay roundly for every thing he had—that, in short, the business was bad—the country was bad—the people were bad—that they, and he, and the rest of the world were idiots and fools—had such a commissioner written such a letter, might not a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* properly sit upon him, and if he were proved of sound mind, would he be adjudged a gentleman?

That an American should insult Italy, and in the very neighborhood whence Columbus sailed, is a pity; and a very silly thing for any man to do. We will hope that before he leaves, Mr. Daniel will find himself converted to some intelligence of the reasons why Italy is and always has been so dear to every poet, and every traveler, and every man who knows what part she has played in the history

of the world. We can not suppose him to have been ignorant of the facts of society in Sardinia—that there were noblemen, and diplomats who wore gold lace, and natives who ate garlic, and a general ceremonial state of things—he must have known that he was going to encounter all these things, and if he was so well convinced that it was a dance of fools, he has betrayed how much money *per annum* will hire him to play the fool. That he should find nothing else but jabbering Counts in foreign society may be attributable to many reasons. It may suffice to suggest that when a man does not understand a language, he is not precisely in a position to estimate the value of a society in which that language is the medium of intercourse. That he should be willing to remain in an atmosphere strongly impregnated with garlic—and exchange cards of a larger size than are used in Richmond, Virginia—and receive gentlemen in his Opera box—and undergo all the other martyrdoms of his position, is only to be explained upon one hypothesis, namely, that the emolument awarded by a grateful country recognizing his self-sacrifice, is more considerable than the annual revenues of his paper.

But seriously, as a wise friend leaning over our Chair suggests, is it not sad that with such opportunities as are afforded by his position, a man should see nothing more or better than the things which have vexed the soul of "Citizen Daniel?" He is the representative of a wise, and liberal, and noble government. If the customs of Turin so seriously offend his sense of dignity and propriety that he can not share in them, let him honorably abstain; but without insulting them—since it is fair and generous to believe that they are based upon views as sincerely entertained as his own. If an American supposes that every monarchist is a designing villain, he is merely a very ignorant and silly person. If "Citizen Daniel" thinks that, with all its imperfections, there may yet be something to be enjoyed and learned in the society of a polished Italian city, it would be wise in him to mingle in that society, although he knew that his neighbors did not believe that the theory of the rights of man as expounded by him, was the only and most satisfactory theory of human government.

The truth is just here, if we are to assume that every man and every nation that has not the republican form of government is therefore villainous, and corrupt, and dangerous to us and to the peace of the world—then let us base our intercourse with other nations upon that assumption. But while that is neither our principle nor belief—while we receive in good faith the representatives of governments differing in principle from our own, let us go to them in equal good faith. Suppose that it should suddenly be discovered that the Swedish Minister at Washington had been amusing the gay public of Stockholm by writing home letters stating that he was a fool and all the other Ministers in Washington were fools—that they were humbugging each other and the world at large—that the cooking, and dancing, and conversation of Washington society were insufferable—and should add in a postscript that he had been in the country a month and did not know a word of the English language. Would not the Swedish Minister suffer under the shocks of "inextinguishable laughter" at Washington, and find that his position was not of the kind usually considered agreeable? And will not "Citizen Daniel" inevitably make a similar discovery at Turin? If you don't like the cut of a gentleman's coat, why not keep quiet about it—why insist upon running up to him and saying—"That's the worst coat out!"

Mr. George Sanders, too, has not been confirmed as consul to London, and Kossuth has written a letter upon the subject to Dr. Howe, of Boston, regretting the vote of non-confirmation as an indication of sympathy with European tyranny! Did Kossuth know that in the Senate of the United States there were but six votes for Mr. Sanders, and that one of those was not from a political friend? This little affair has made much talk around our Chair. But it belongs strictly to the department of "Citizen Daniel's" wrongs. Kossuth considers that it is the duty of the United States to devote its powers to the republicanizing of Europe, and his estimate of our conduct will be always determined by that. There is a mystery called *Buncombe*, which Kossuth has yet to explore, but which Mr. Sanders and "Citizen Daniel" sufficiently understand. The noble rage of the latter against the aristocratic tom-foolery of Turin would be more effective if it were not, unfortunately, set off against an equal and more contemptible tom-foolery at Washington; and as his commission issued from the latter place, that fact inevitably invalidates absolute faith in the purity of his Turin wrath. The moment that a man is suspected of not representing a party, or a set of principles, but himself—that moment he is lost. The great secret of demagogueism is to figure in the public eye as the type of a cause. Louis Napoleon, and all successful usurpers, succeed by putting forward some cause dear to the majority of men. Louis Napoleon calls his empire *the security of social order*—his uncle called his *the glory of France*. In both cases it meant simply, *l'état c'est moi*, only it was stated in a more popular form according to the times. Hence, the good instinct of this country—having learned by experience that not every man who cries, "I am your man," *is* therefore the man—usually drops all the old names when the trial actually comes, and it makes a new man President. The politicians struggle and pull. They say, "Here is my bill, and there is my proposition: this is my doing, and that is my undoing." But the public voice retorts, "True; but you will excuse me, if I have been so often bamboozled by the same officious kindness toward me, that I begin to suspect that it is not so much charity for me as consideration for yourselves. So pass on, gentlemen, and I'll try General Duldum."

These are general observations collected about our Chair, and we mean only to make a general application to the cases of "Citizen Daniel" and Consul Sanders. That application is this: in a country where politicians care more for Buncombe than for national honor and individual integrity, there will national honor and individual integrity sadly suffer, because every man who talks about them will be supposed to be secretly pursuing his own interest. Every speech made for Buncombe is a premium offered upon political and personal dishonesty. And when a man has been in the Buncombe arena, whether as editor of a paper, a magazine, as representative, senator, or foreign minister, he has given the country the best reason for believing that he is still true to Buncombe, still speaks and writes for Buncombe, and still looks to Buncombe for his reward. Therefore, let every man say of such, "May Buncombe have mercy upon them;" and therefore, also, let every man say, "Do not intrust the duties, and dignities, and solemn, sometimes sad, responsibilities of the country

abroad—or any where, if it can be helped—to the representative for Buncombe."

"In what railroad shall I invest the proceeds of the copyright of my last volume of poems?" cried a young poet, as he rushed into our room the other morning, almost disturbing the equilibrium of our Chair.

"Proceeds—poetry—railroads!" we exclaimed, for when we were young, the three words were never in such close connection.

"My friend, romance has gone out as railroads have come in!"

"Stuff!" cried he. "Is not Tennyson of the age of railroads? Is not Alexander Smith—?"

"Stop, my young friend! Mr. Smith has yet to make good his claim. Tennyson is indeed a poet beyond peradventure; and your words condemn mine, for I remember his noble *Godiva.*

"I waited for the train at Coventry.
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge, &c."

But what I mean is that the seclusion and speed of a car prevent your seeing and enjoying the landscape. For instance, you take the train for Albany, and sit upon the left of the cars. Let it be summer. It is dusty and hot. You doze, and read, and swear a little. What do you see? What do you hear? What do you wish? To be at the end of your journey. Nothing more. When you arrive at Albany, you have passed along one of the finest railroad routes in the world, and you are only tired and dusty, and longing for a bath and a bed. Your mind is not full of pleasant images as you lie down. You have been by the spot of André's capture—by the Tappan Zee—by West Point—under the Catskill—through a hundred romantic, and interesting, and beautiful spots. You have not seen one. You know no more of them than when you had only read of them in books.

Railroads are very well for those who have business to do in Albany this afternoon, and who must be in New York this morning. They finish in New York; they are put in a box: *fiz! rumble! presto! change!*—they are in Albany. To a people whose only object is "to get ahead"—railroads are invaluable. To those who wish to get something, and to whom whether it be here or ahead, makes very little difference, railroads are sometimes conveniences, always temptations, but rarely benefits. To a man who is aiming to make himself as much of a man as possible, it is not so necessary to overrun a great area, as it is to master whatever he meets. You surely value a man more who knows Shakspeare thoroughly, than one who has cantered through all English Literature, and knows nothing of it, which is a possible, and, by no means infrequent case—or an artist who can paint a miniature naturally and well, rather than one who can do no detail, but badly covers a huge canvas. It is precisely so in traveling. If you have gone leisurely on from Albany to the *Saulte St. Marie*, and know, historically and by observation, all the interesting points upon the way, you are much more of a man than your cousin who, in the same time, has raced through England and gets home before you. To move rapidly is not to travel—but few men believe it.

Fancy, for a moment, a system of railroads in Italy. Now no man can really know and enjoy Italy who has not taken it step by step. He must stop at every church, at every palace, at every town. This hill must be climbed—that ruin seen. The costumes of the peasants at vespers and in the vineyards must be studied. He must stay here an hour, there a day, yonder a week—otherwise he has been in Italy, but he has not seen it. You have been over the ground, as we suppose, from New York to Albany, but you do not know it. In Italy, too, the landscape is a perpetual charm. It is impossible to say how much of the permanent impression of that lovely land is derived from that of the aspect of the country. But railroads destroy the possibility of seeing this; they do, in fact, annihilate the landscape. They are levelers in the worst sense. Will you please fancy them upon the desert. Will you figure yourself ascending the Nile, having bought a ticket in the Lightning-line to Thebes? Could the desert be truly seen, the desert of our imaginations and the desert of solemn reality, except from the swinging back of a camel? What a whir, what a dust, what a putting up of windows and putting down of blinds to shut out sun and dirt, if the nineteenth century could once fairly get at the desert!

With all the great advantages of the railroad to a country where the object is to go fast, there is an equally obvious disadvantage where the object is to go slow. We have, comparatively, little to see, and may therefore hurry on as fast as we choose, remembering, a little sadly, that, at that rate, we do not accomplish things which will make the country worth seeing, a thousand years hence. O young poet! that wishest to invest the proceeds of thy poetry in stocks, we do not join the dull cry that all improvement destroys romance, but we doubt if all change, even annihilation of space and time, is, therefore, improvement. To tell the truth, it is pleasanter to jog thirty miles a day in a vettura from Florence to Rome, than to dart five hundred miles in twenty-four hours from New York to Chicago.

Mind: if we had things to buy or sell in Chicago or New York, we should say precisely the opposite. It is only in the interest of things to see, that this old Easy Chair's opinion on the subject is quite made up.

Our friend the Poet, looked at us pensively.

"Dear friend," we said, as he took his hat, "invest the proceeds in the most paying railroad you can find; then go and travel slowly upon the dividend in lands where speed is foolish."

To see old Sam Rogers as he looks now, when he is past ninety years of age—Sam Rogers the friend of Byron, and in whose genius Byron so firmly believed—Sam Rogers who has breakfasted most of the famous literary men of a famous literary century—Sam Rogers whose book of reminiscences will be richer than that of any contemporary, who saw, in his boyhood, the funeral procession of Gray passing around a corner, and who in his extreme age heard the murmur that hails the coming of Alexander Smith—Sam Rogers who was singularly hale and hearty, chirruping at routs and chatting at breakfasts, until, one hapless evening three years since, he was knocked down by a cab in his own street as he was returning home on foot, and who has been ever since confined to an easy chair—to see such a man is a privilege and a pleasure. But to see him without crossing the sea is one of the miracles wrought by art—by a magician with a wand of crayon. That magician is Samuel Laurence, who has recently come among us from London, where his fame has long been established. The engraved head of Thackeray, which hung in

Williams and Stevens' window—the Italian head of Tennyson which fronts Ticknor, Reed, and Field's edition of his poems—a small tinted half-length of Thomas Carlyle, the face in profile and bending over a book, which is in the artist's possession—are among the works whereby he has linked his name not only to Fame, but to Fame in pleasant company. The head of Rogers, a rough crayon sketch from which a portrait was painted, was taken in London last year, and the artist has brought it with him to New York. He has also, since he has been in the country, completed a head of Bancroft, the historian, which is not inferior to any work he has done.

The characteristic of his portraits is the force and beauty with which the character of the subject is presented—and that is the highest charm of portraits considered as such. In a letter to a friend Carlyle speaks of Laurence as a "character-drawer." Thackeray calls him "the best draughtsman of heads since Vandyck;" and Thackeray knows what he means and what he says when he is speaking of art. Whoever sees a head by Laurence will hardly fail to confirm the opinion of Carlyle; and if he has the necessary knowledge, will probably not differ from Thackeray. There is a firmness, a conscientiousness, a beauty, and a naturalness in his works, which will make them always remarkable.

The beauty and success of a portrait does not depend upon what is vaguely and unmeaningly termed "idealizing the face." A face idealized is in that sense, untrue to nature, and therefore a bad work of art. To say of an artist that his aim should be to produce a resemblance which shall yet be flattered; meaning that ugly men should show handsome upon his canvas—is as wise as if you were to ask him to make a brunette appear to be a blonde. It is true enough that the spectator often sees a surprising likeness, and also a beauty or expression which he had never observed in the original, and which he naturally and naïvely calls "the imagination of the artist;" as if it were possible the two things could co-exist—a surprising likeness and something in the face that is not in nature. The secret of this frequent fact does not always, nor often, occur to the spectator. The explanation is, not that the artist has put into the face an expression that is not in the original—it is that the spectator has not seen that expression in the original. But the artist has seen it there; and here is precisely the difference between a man who is an artist and one who is not. Nature takes care that if a man is born with the tendency which results in making him an artist, he shall have an eye to see form, color, characteristics—which she denies to other men. "Having eyes they see not," is the literal truth of most of us. You do not see your friend as an artist sees him, who has, not only the original eye, but a long and careful culture and practice of observation. Nor do you see the landscape any more than your friends. When Turner was painting, and the lady looked over his shoulder and said:

"Really, Mr. Turner, I see nothing like that in nature;" the great artist was not mortified, nor did he pause in his work, but merely answered:

"Madam, don't you wish you could!"

When therefore, you see a portrait which appears to be an extremely perfect and characteristic likeness, and yet to have something that you have not recognized as part of the expression of the original, don't say to the artist, who is decorously smiling in his sleeve at your remark:

"Ah! sir, you have the true secret of your art. It is very like, yet it is a great deal handsomer than the original"—or vice versa.

"Ah! sir or madam" (would the artist reply if decorum, &c., allowed), "that is all in your husband's, wife's, friend's face, and don't you wish you could see it?"

May-moving! There are two days on which all people who regard their comfort and their pleasure fly, by car, by steamer, by carriage, somehow, somewhere, by land or water, to escape the great Babel which we so placidly call "the metropolis of America." They are May-day and the Fourth of July. To seek the country upon May-day is natural. It is encouraged by the poets, and whole romantic boarding-schools do sometimes and in damp verity, go to the woods and fields, and dismally dance around a wretched pole hung with shivering flowers, and return chilled, sad, and weary, with rheumatism and tic-douloureux established perpetually.

Great is the force of bad habit! And yet even a surly Easy Chair recalls the earlier days of May festivals; when the damp was not perceived; when the pole was not wretched; when the flowers had a summer bloom; and when—bliss of blisses!—when the *May-Queen*, that peerless and perfect creation, stood, clad in light muslin, and crowned with delicious arbutus, the very Helen of our young imaginations fired with "the tale of Troy divine." Years pass, and each strips a hue from the flowers, and blows more coldly around the festive pole, and sheds more indubitable damp upon the ground. But it is because they pass, heavily treading upon our hearts, and pressing out the warmth, and moisture, and bloom that make the young heart so beautiful. The enthusiasm that cries with delicious longing and eager girlish delight, "I'm to be Queen of the May, mother; I'm to be Queen of the May," fades slowly and surely—and the gay girl grown to be a mother, says to *her* daughter, "How foolish! my dear; the ground is too damp still. Besides, it is such a foolish custom." She did not think so thirty years ago when she stood blushing and beautiful, and, of all the admiring eyes of boys that clung to her beauty, cared to please only two;—which two now look daily upon a lady less beautiful than that girl, who is called by the mouth below the eyes—"Ma." You may hear any day at dinner, "Ma! will you have a piece of the rare or well done." "Ma" is fat and jolly, and says with a smile, "Rare, with gravy from the dish," and turns to Frowzelinda, the youngest darling, and adds, "My dear, it is much too damp to go into the woods. Now be a good girl and don't cry, or I shall have to send you up-stairs. Pa, a little bit of the fat."

Amen, we say; so runs the drama of life (tragedy or farce, as you like) into the fourth and fifth acts. But Frowzelinda believes in May, and arbutus crowns, and admiring boys. Darling Frowzelinda! so do we.

But in the city, May-day is a serious matter. If "Pa" doesn't own his house, woe to him. It is as if the world were ending. It is a maelstrom of furniture, and distracted people carrying mirrors, and fragile articles. It is the grand unvailing of a thousand household economies. You see the state of your neighbor's pots and pans. You detect his broken pitchers and patched tureens. All the domestic subterfuges come to light, and are publicly carried by the window. It may rain, or blow, or snow, or freeze—but the work goes on. It is the Exodus of Gotham. Unhappy ones, who pay rent,

and who will not rise into ruinous rates, you must trudge. Behold the *charette* at the door. Bundle! bundle! And away go the unhappy, tumbling over those who go out as they come in, and, O Cloacina! they sit down in the dirt of Mrs. Margery Daw's household, which custom does not require that housekeeper to remove.

There is no day more dreary and disgusting than Moving-day. And why there should be this insane conspiracy of every man against his neighbor's convenience, why every lease should begin and expire upon the same day, does not appear. It might be more pleasantly arranged, more wisely, and more profitably. But, we repeat, great is the force of bad habit. And great is the misery of moving our households, as we do every thing else, in the most awkward, shiftless, and expensive manner. But there is one thing that an American will not do; and that is—*learn*. He will bungle his way out, if he can. If not, he will be apt to call his way the best. The Italians, when they wish to saw wood, rub the log against the saw. But it is not the best way.

Our last month's speculations upon dueling had a certain point given them by contemporaneous events. For several days it seemed that the acrimony of congressional debate was about to be interrupted by what would only have embittered it the more: namely, a duel, which, had it resulted fatally, would have thrown another cloud of sorrow and of disgrace over the nation. Yet there could have been no more striking illustration of the essentially savage, and dishonorable, and unmanly views afloat in the community, than the fact that the issue of the quarrel was complacently awaited, and if there were any indications of wavering, or the wish were uttered by any man who believed in honor and manliness that there should not be an encounter, such dissent was looked upon with condemnation, and sensible men said in a solemn way, that, really there seemed to be no other course.

When "sensible men," as they are facetiously and with a stinging satire called, dine with other sensible men who exercise their prerogative of getting drunk, and are pressed upon all sides to booze and tipple—do they "really think that there is nothing for it but to get drunk?"

They are perfectly correct, if they value the esteem of the table more than self-respect and the consciousness of the sympathy of the wise and good. So they are perfectly right in fighting duels, if they prefer the applause of the holders of a traditional theory of gentlemanly conduct to that of men who are the final judges of character and valor. Captain Swivel tells you with confidence and the high military air, that there is nothing for a gentleman to do but to fight when his honor is impeached. But every noble man feels that his honor is not to be separated from his character, and that is in the knowledge of men who have been familiar with it for tens and scores of years. If a man should chance to have no character, and go out to fight to prove his honor—*does* he prove it to you and to us—O respected and respectable President of the Coral Reef Insurance Co.? We know that he has no proper honor, whether he shoots Captain Swivel or Captain Swivel shoots him. The President of the Coral Reef Companies, and all the directors and respectable stock-holders, are perpetually preaching to the clerks in the establishment to "build up a character." And when they have built it up and it is perfectly proved and known, it is not to stand a moment against the word of an opponent who chooses to give the lie. The principle of dueling strikes at the root of civilized society: and the custom exists only by the sufferance of those who profess to deplore it.

We can not speak of the Exhibition of the National Academy as becomes an Easy Chair of our dimensions: but there is not much to praise, so that it is perhaps quite as well not to say much. None of the leading artists are out in very great force; certainly none show works superior to their works of former years. In fact, Mr. Hicks and Mr. Elliott, and Mr. Kensett and Mr. Church, are almost the only ones who do not fall behind their general success. Mr. Kensett does not exhibit works of as much importance in size as those of last year; but in quality they are quite worthy of him. We consider him the best of our landscapists. Mr. Church has not painted a more universally pleasing picture than the sunset which he shows this year. It is a beautiful effect, but the landscape seems to be hardly up to the sky, which is a great defect—if it be really so, and not the result of our looking at the canvas from our Easy Chair. Mr. Elliott's portraits please by their likeness. He has a graphic style, so to speak, which is always attractive and popular. His head of Bryant, the poet, is, however, not a great triumph—at least it is not an agreeable picture. It wants harmony of color. But others of his heads have a familiar, free-and-easy air, which, if not the highest grasp of the art, is yet delightful to those who know the free and easy expression of the original. It is not possible to feel—"leastwise" this Easy Chair does not—that the artist instantly seizes the characteristic of each individual expression. Portrait-painting is making character visible. This appears in much greater degree in the portraits by Mr. Hicks. The full-length of Mr. Trimble, the friend of the Public Schools, is a bold and careful work. The conditions were hard, however, and the subject necessarily stiff. Boards can not be graceful; yet we require grace of drapery, and when the drapery is a Quaker coat, great is the task to produce grace or an agreeable effect upon the beholder. But the character and force of the picture are beyond question, and it is handled with a vigor that shows the master. In the same artist's portrait of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, there is the same seizure and presentment of character. But the character indicated is humor, adroitness, and a rapidity which might be mistaken for force. The face has a "knowing" look—indicating a susceptible temperament, ardor of conviction, sweetness and rectitude of feeling, highly-colored and impetuous eloquence. But the higher traits of character are not apparent in the portrait. The strain of genius which is clearly enough indicated is not of a lofty kind. At least so says the picture (for we are speaking of the picture, not of its subject) to us. The artists who paint character are terrible men. The genius of the artist is the gift of tongues. It causes him to tell truths in a manner which he can not understand, and despite his will.

The sayings of an Easy Chair about art may not be worth any thing to artists. They will probably seem only inefficient twaddle to some artist who might condescend to listen. But he ought to remember that he paints for a world of Easy Chairs—not for one of Titians and Raphaels who will decide upon his merits, with a perfect intelligence of the means and the limitations of the process. There is in the mysterious entity called the Public something by

which all works in every kind are sifted and sifted, and only the best are given to immortality. The public sees that a conscientious effort, although imperfect, is of infinitely higher worth and promise than polished and perfected falsehood. Two years since, Mr. Baker, who is among our best painters, exhibited a bit of beautiful color—a group of children playing in a wood, called, we believe, the Summer Day. It was delicious. It was broad, and warm, and full of the promise he is fulfilling. This year we noticed a work of similar character and claims, by an artist hitherto unknown to the Academy's catalogue. It was a picture called "Autumn," by Mr. Wild, of Boston. It represented a young girl emerging from a forest-path in autumn, holding gathered in her apron a mass of ferns and leaves touched by the season and the sun into a magical splendor. The delicate, and luxuriant, and luxurious imagination indicated by this little picture is remarkable. A bit of cool distant landscape, in the Venetian manner, did not fail to suggest the sympathy of the artist, which his whole manner reveals, with the most superb Italian art. The picture is essentially American. It seizes upon what is peculiar to our nature with the same instinct and feeling that led the old painters to what was peculiar in theirs. This is working in the spirit of art, and not imitating its works. The artist is young, and his picture is so. But while its faults are those of inexperience, its virtues are those of genius and conscience.

We do not believe that academies are of any advantage to art; on the contrary, we regard them as the sources of a standard of a meretricious and conventional excellence. They are organizations for the apotheosis, or for the respectable support, of mediocrity. The great pictures were painted before the academies were founded. Great works grew alone. Academies may supply the dry details of means, but they supply so much that corrupts the use of those means, that the student would do better to acquire them elsewhere. Poets must learn grammar; but if well appointed grammar-schools have a direct tendency to degrade poetry, it would still be better for the budding bard to lisp his imperfect numbers, and try to systematize his irregular verbs at the knees of the poor old village schoolmistress.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The images and forms which come to our eye, traversed the glass in the early days of March. Our readers will be good enough to transport themselves, in feeling and in thought, across the ocean, and to look down with us on Europe from the eyrie we have built up from our bundle of papers. We can hardly conceive that flowers will be bursting, green grass starting, hyacinths flinging out odors, and violets gone by, when these lines, which are penned in an atmosphere of chill, of war, and of revolution shall have come to our readers' eye. We say that we write in an atmosphere of chills; for by the witchery of the foreign files at our elbow, we seem, and really are, translated to the snowy fields of France, and northern Italy. Floating ice creaks and flounders along the Rhone; the sunny *côte* is frosted with a white cloak; ice lasts through the day in the shadows of the gaunt towers of Avignon; the southern sailors of Marseilles clap their arms upon the decks of their orange-laden feluccas, and cover their ears with furs. The toiling diligence, over the passes of Mont Cenis, or of the Simplon, is dragged through huge drifts of snow; and the slopes by Aosta are coated with ice. All Lombardy is sheeted to the depth of six inches with the wintry shroud; and the wretched poor warm themselves, and gain such small pay as they can by shoveling the snow from the highways. Not for twenty years past, as they tell us, have the fields shown such a covering of winter; and the cottagers, suffering as they do, yet find hope in the snow, and believe that the grain and the grapes of the coming year will be richer, and more abundant, by reason of the cold. They quote you their old proverb, "Much snow covers much bread."

But we pass from the weather, to the impending wars.

England is roused once more, as in the days that went before Waterloo. In far away country towns, there is sight now of marching soldiers. Red-coats surprise one at every corner of the sea-port cities; farmers reckon upon high prices for corn, Eton-boys read histories of wars gone-by, and emulate over their school-room benches, the thwacking heroisms of Frederic the Great or of Cœur-de-Lion. Little banners, with the British lion *rampant*, are broidered by the school-boys' sisters, and companies march to the play of God Save the Queen, on a flageolet.

Enthusiasm so rarely stirred under British mists, and coal-smoke, is fairly up now; and the nation is quickened by provocation. The business-like tone of speakers in the Commons, is kindled into something more eloquent than conversation; and a chance is offered in the ferment of the times, for new orators to make a fame for themselves. All the ordinary topics of the season;—the opera, the balls, the new pieces at the Haymarket, Miss Cushman in Merrilies, Charles Matthews in debt, a new miniature of Prince Albert, all give place to the engrossing theme of Russian aggression, and of Austrian hesitancy.

Nor is it to be denied that England is just now, in very great trepidation as to the course which this last named power is about to pursue. Very certainly, our neighbors of Britain have done very little to conciliate the authorities of Austria; and a few careless praises of the chivalry of the young Emperor Joseph, can hardly do away with the memory of very great affronts.

Yet, as matters stand, Austria would find equal danger in throwing herself upon the side of either of the contending powers. If she side with the West, she allies herself in opposition to her sympathies, and exposes herself to the animosity of a neighbor whose power of harm will outlast the war, and out-run treaties. If she lend a hand to Russia, she exposes all her southern frontier to the inroads of revolutionary forces, whose Christianity, and refugeeism will certainly be countenanced by Turkey; and she further invites a French army to the very open port of Leghorn, and to the very fruitful fields of Lombardy.

Nor is this probability a very arrogant one. People in England, in France, and we may add, in Lombardy itself, are looking forward to it, as by no means an impossible conjuncture. It would seem that Austria herself, were alive to the danger of such issue; and her troops, which are stationed now in Florence, in Leghorn, and in Bologna, are under daily war-drill. The family prejudices of the Grand Duke would naturally dispose him to close sympathy with Austria; but the people under his rule—considerate and benevolent as they find it—would never join him heartily, in an alliance favoring the great despotism of the East.

Tongue-tied as men are, throughout all of northern Italy, yet the near presence of some great political convulsion, awakens every one into expression of some kind; which though quiet and secret, covers great intensity of feeling. Those who have lived longest amidst the scenes which are just now to undergo a change, feel that the change can be no slight one, and that Europe is only at the beginning of the end.

It is curious to note indeed the variety of prognostics which belong to the opening war. There are those of phlegmatic temper, and of business habits of thought, who, reckoning upon the suspension of commerce, and the losses which will thereby force themselves upon the thought of the people, believe in a speedy healing of the difficulties, and a resumption of that every day course of affairs, which is increasing the wealth of capitalists. There are others again of high faith in diplomacy, who are confident that a vigorous show of arms, and a dash or two of blood, will—like a duel—satisfy honor, and open a way for explanations. There are others again, thoughtful men, who weighing well the diversity of interest which just now afflicts the nations of Europe—the various antagonisms of Papacy and Protestantism—of Islamism and Christianity—of Feudalism and Reform—sigh deeply, "God only knows the end." Last of all are the ever sanguine Revolutionists, foreseeing in the beginning storm only the wearing out, and the violent wreck of all the old elements of despotism, to be followed by the pleasant dawning of free governments every where, and the assertion of peoples' rights.

The poet-letter of Victor Hugo from his place of exile in the island of Jersey, is at once a token and expression of this feeling. But there is very much of romance in the conception; far more, we fear, than the ignorance of the European masses will allow the fulfillment of. We all pray for liberty, here and every where; but liberty not only supposes rights, but duties; and duties imply qualifications, which we greatly fear are wanting.

If enthusiasm is great in England, it is not wanting in the neighbor empire of France; the departure of the Russian families, so long making fashionable part of Parisian routs, has brought home to the minds of bourgeois, and of working men, the thought that the war is at hand. The French love the bray of a trumpet, in whatever direction it may call them; and street-eyes, full of pleasant wonder, and of admiration, follow the crowds of soldiery which just now traverse the Paris streets. It is something new, even for natives, to look on men as food for legitimate and orderly war; and it gives a dreadful interest to the sight of reviews nowadays in the Champ-de-Mars, to reflect that the crowd of men you see will, within a month or two at farthest, be fired upon by well-charged artillery, and cut through and through with showers of leaden grape.

The papers give a story of a poor woman looking on at one of these grand ceremonials of war, who hastily left the crowd without, and rushing into the lines, seized upon a young soldier, and attempted by main force to drag him away. Motherly instinct and anxiety carried her straight forward to the coming time, when he would be no longer in reach, and when the mock-battle of Paris would be converted into terrible earnest, and the body of her son left to the wild birds that live by the Danube. You may judge if the action of the poor mother did not touch a sympathetic chord in more hearts than one; and how readily her pardon was granted. The son, however, kept his place; he perhaps keeps it still; he may keep it throughout; but the chances are against him.

Who cares for what the Opera Company may be doing in these times, when things are earnest, and not set to music? Even the vacant stalls which the Russians have left, are hardly sold at one half their price. The laugh-making farces at the little theatre of the Palais Royal miss their aim, and fall on ears and eyes quick and eager for the "*Moniteur-r-r.*" The great House of Industry rears its hulk gradually among the just budding trees of the Champs Elysées; but whence will come the peace-offerings? Will Russia send suits of furs, or Austria her inlaid furniture, or Turkey her carpets and pipes? There are those who say ominously, and with a nearness to probability that makes one shudder—"It would make a nice hospital!"

Meantime, however, *on s'amuse.* The balls at the Tuileries are talked of, or were, for they have now gone out in the ashes of the Lenten season. The dresses have given boudoir topic to hosts of talkative dames; and our Republican Americans, less democratic than their representatives, have tricked themselves in blue and gold to have a sight at the imperial fêtes. Newspaper correspondents have made themselves eloquent upon the absence of Mr. Buchanan from a court fête; and upon the black coat of Mr. Sandford, at a kindred show, the other side of the Channel. It would seem indeed that American affairs, the present and past season, have taken a new phase in Europe: and between the Spanish duels, the ball costume of Paris, the self-devotion of Mr. Buchanan (coat-wise), the magnificence of our Berlin envoy, American socialities are ripening, if not into form, at least into discussion, upon the other side of the water: and the funny spectacle is presented of the most practical and matter-of-fact people in the world resenting, with broadswords, ball-room conversation, and stickling with court-chamberlains for black coats, or with home powers for gilded ones. We trust these weighty affairs will not disturb the peace of those nations which are divided by the ocean.

Amidst all the disturbances which really threaten the European world at this time, it is pleasant to turn our eyes for a moment upon that speck of true hilarious gayety which has made itself felt by the gathered ones of all countries in the Carnival at Rome. And it is rather mortifying to reflect, that within a month or two of the time when the poor legate of the Pope was stealing away like a criminal from our shores, under fear for his life, two or three hundred Americans were making themselves gay in the Roman streets, under the protecting shadow of the keys and the triple crown.

It was just at the date, too, of fierce battles upon the Danube, when thousands were dying in rude Wallachian huts, from sabre cuts and cannon wounds, that civilized Western Europe, with Americans to stimulate the gayety, lost itself in mirth, and flung flowers from morning until night. Our readers, before this shall have come to their eye, will have become weary of Moldavian geography, of Danubian marshes, of Kalafat, of Omer Pascha, and of tales of slaughter; therefore we think we are doing a merciful work in turning their eye from it all, and making it to rest (through the medium of our far-seeing glass) upon the Corso of Rome.

It is the Monday before the closing day of the Carnival. The sun rises brightly; the sky is clear, blue, and the air bracing and cool. The shops along

the street are being metamorphosed into *loges;* the crimson and golden canopies hang out over all the balconies, and stream in rich profusion from every window. The serving maids are busy with the last stitches which complete their holiday attire, or trot gayly through the streets in coquettish wide-brimmed hats, with great baskets of *confetti.* The country people, in caps, in steeple-crowned hats, and with no hats at all, are coming in with monster bouquets, and great panniers of violets. At every corner old women are posted with scales and immense stores of the counterfeit red and white bon-bons.

At noon the noise of music makes itself heard far up the Corso, and soon, in an increasing throng of careless lookers-on, and under windows filled with the beauty of every nation on earth (not shaming the black eyes and fair features of the Italian girls), comes the first cohort of the Papal troops: then another band, and another cohort: bugle-notes mingle with the roll of drums; the rich uniform of the noble guard contrasts strongly with the grotesque figures which show themselves at intervals in the throng. Troop after troop defile along, until four thousand foot, and a half a thousand finely mounted horse have swept slowly by.

Again comes the sound of music, and the rich cortége of the Governor of Rome comes down the street; a guard before, four gilded carriages with gilded harness, and a guard behind. A half hour after, and there is another burst of bugles; and the cry is—the Roman Senators! The guard is even richer than all that has gone before; their march slow and stately, as becomes those who bear up the ancient memory of Roman lictors; the horses are dressed in massive golden trappings, and the carriages are like the state carriages of princes.

Afterward, the whirl of the crowd closes around the stately procession, and the gayeties of the modern city cover up the vestiges (very shadowy ones) of the ancient empire. Carriages filled with fancifully dressed ladies of every nation and tongue come slowly down the street; at first few in number, but soon thickening into dense, slowly-moving lines of coaches and horses. Bouquets dance in the air from street to balcony, and from balcony to street. Every available point of view in every house is now occupied to the full. Bon-bons make a white shower all up and down the street. The grotesquely dressed figures upon the pavement commence their songs and unintelligible jargon. The flower-boys snatch up the harvest of falling bouquets, and grapple eagerly such bon-bons as wear a truthful and *sugary* look.

On the whole array keeps moving; always passing, and never wholly passed. Little side-coquetries are carried on from window to window, and cross-fires from house to house. Presently comes a carriage-load of gray plaids, that mark unmistakable of British origin; and a shower of the dirty and dusty bon-bons, thrown from some overhanging balcony in the midst of them, gives token of the ready and willing jokes which every where greet cockneyism.

Neither sex, nor rank, nor any outward tokens of distinction meet with regard; and such doleful sexagenarian as ignores the follies of the day, must abandon the street of gayety, or must ride with windows shut; which even then may be broken by the flying oranges, and expose him to an inundation of pastry *confetti.*

The dusty, red looking chariots of the Cardinals keep widely aloof from the gay crowd. Yet, here and there, from a retired and quiet balcony, you can catch a glimpse of some saintly father of the Church peeping from behind the window hangings, and lending a kindly eye to the frolic where his hand or foot may not enter.

It is no place for the assertion of any sort of dignity except the dignity of unlimited fun. A nice coat is the inevitable mark for bushels of bon-bons; and woe be to the lady, English or Roman, who thinks to shelter herself by Paris parasol from the dusty shower. Beauty and homeliness, each receive their reward of the flying sweets; the first as peace-offerings, and the last as sacrifice!

Dowager ladies of sixty, with wrinkles showing through the rouge that would bury their withered fingers, throw bouquets with a grace that would seduce if it were not affected, and with a coquetry that would surely captivate on any day but the Carnival.

Observe yonder the mincing steps of some miss in fairy costume, who picks her way with a safe-conduct, unknown to any but a Roman *masque,* amidst the throng of carriages, and of foot-goers bustling and shouting. Her step is elastic, though she may have passed a score of times; her shoe is clean and tidy, though the street is none of the fairest; and one would have thought a hundred might have trampled upon it (if indeed it were not so small): her white dress of muslin (a trifle short, if she were not in costume) has wonderfully escaped, and the long, snowy plumes dangling from her crimson cap have found no harm; and her curls (too profuse, if they were not real) are sleek and glossy as when she made her morning's toilet.

Observe her as she passes. One throws her a bouquet, and she receives it gràciously—at least the intent; for it has fallen beyond her, and two flower-boys are picking a quarrel over its capture. She throws none back but on extraordinary occasions, although a light basket of violets is at her elbow: there it goes—her best, to a spruce fellow in leggings, with a pannier full of beautiful things; and the lady of the crimson cap has the choice.

And who is our lady of the snowy plume, so deft, so gracious, and so winning? She walks like a princess; but watch closely, and you may find that she wears the same faded sash around her waist that you have seen about the neck of a serving woman in your café of some five-and-forty; but what boots it all? It is the Carnival.

Servant-girls have their favors, and their little returns; princes look on beggars, and with kindness; but it is the Carnival. The lapse of hours only increases the humor of the sport; and just at the times that the booming cannon give admonition from Castle, from the Piazza di Venezia, and the Porta di Popoli, that only a half hour of riding remains, the people are all wishing the sun at mid-heaven. But in the ordered time, truer to the word than most Italian promises, the guns boom again over the laughing, shouting multitude; the horse-guards stationed at every corner wheel into the middle of the throng, and with their swords motion out the carriages of prince and stranger. The strollers on foot only remain, throwing bon-bons, ogling, shouting—mad as ever.

A corps of foot-soldiers with drums and music troop down the street, leaving a sentinel on either side at every yard or two of distance. In vain these press the people back with their muskets; in vain they try to keep open a narrow track through the centre for the races. Presently come spurring through the midst a squadron of mounted guards;

the people at the windows feel their hearts in their mouth at sight of such swift gallop of soldiers through the mass of frolicking people. Wonderfully, however, the crowd parts, and leaps away from the charging squadron like mercury from the touch. Again they traverse the Corso; this time toward the starting-point, and the soldiers try anew to press back the multitude.

Presently, and far from the Obelisk, comes a low, deep murmur; the people shrink and crouch to the wall; the patter of swift running horses becomes louder and louder; shouts mingle with the clatter; on rush the startled racers; no riders, no drivers, but the heavy dangling spurs pricking them on flank and chest at every motion; they fly like the wind; twelve have been counted; the crowd closes in; shouts drown the distant clatter of hoofs; the cannon sounds over all, proclaiming that the goal is won.

Again the carriages wheel into the Corso, for one more roll before darkness shall have settled over the city. The horse guards have now retired, and confusion succeeds confusion; but mirth makes the disquiet tolerable; and until the darkness drives the people from their balconies, and the night air makes light dresses too thin for a Roman night, the laughs and the flower-throwers are noisy every where.

Gradually, after dark, the carriages and foot retire, windows close, balconies are disrobed of their crimson hangings, silence gains a place in the streets, passers-by may be counted. Carriages go to the balls and theatres: at ten, nearly all are gone. Still something to tell of the gayety of the city comes up from the street at intervals; and not till an hour past midnight is the Roman world asleep.

The next day, with the fire in the streets at evening, closes the Carnival. This is the great day of all. Six days of fun have no way slackened the zeal with which fun renews itself on the morning of the Tuesday that closes the year's holidays.

The largest baskets of flowers, the reserve of bon-bons, the richest of pretty fancies, are this day brought to the show. The sellers are more earnest to sell, for it is their last chance; the buyers more earnest to buy, for it is their last occasion for giving and receiving such favors from beauties of every rank as can only be given on such a day.

The horses have on this last day unusual training and decoration, and garlands are hung over their harness. Even the carriage wheels are sheathed in laurels; the costumes are doubled in number and in grotesqueness; the streets are fuller than ever; the train of coaches is longer, and the same faces or figures pass before the eye far less frequently. One way, the procession—slow as a funeral, but joyous as a Bacchanal—touches on the gates of the Popoli; another way, on the fountain of Trevi; another, the Tiber at the port of the Ripetta; and another, it passes in the eye of old Rome under the steps of the Campidoglio.

All this stretch of carriages, at least six miles in length, is yet stopping and stopping, to admit newcomers, till nightfall.

Wax candles, of the size of the finger, are this day in the market, with flowers and confits; and by two in the afternoon flowers are falling in price, and the wax is rising. Boys do not stoop any longer but for the prettiest of the falling shower; and basketfulls, at two pauls in the morning, are selling at three for five *baiocchi*. The carriages make no noise as they roll over the accumulated bouquets; and when the cannon is sounded for the races to begin, the entire Corso is carpeted with flowers. What would have been a fortune to the flower-gatherers of yesterday, is to-day become worthless; and the racing horses trample upon roses and violets.

After these, once more the carriages appear, but there is no more pleasant bargaining in flowers or in bon-bons. Sellers are vainly offering their camellias at the old price of Tivoli roses. All hands are full of *maccholetti;* all lighted, and as fast extinguished. In the windows rows of wax tapers are streaming on the night air; and in the highest balconies every hand has its little burden of light.

The aim of this night's sport is to put out, each one his neighbor's fire; and those who have thrown flowers at each other all the day, now close coquetries by extinguishing each other's lights. The whole length of the Corso seems a brilliant river of stars, wavering, and reeling, and sparkling, and fading, from balcony, from foot-man, from coach, and from window. The air is filled with shouts of triumph, or the screams of darkened ladies.

Gradually, as night falls, with its damps, the carriages retire, the balconies lose their play of tapers, and serving men busy themselves with dismantling the gorgeous canopies. The street-walkers grow tired of their own noisiness; the stream of lights is less brilliant; one by one the windows of the lofty houses darken; soon they can be counted. The voice of the revelers is hoarse; the costumed figures have gone to the closing ball; the night-patrol take their stand; the clock on Monte Citorio sounds midnight; and the Carnival for the year is ended.

With the morning, carters clean up the Corso. Balconies come down; shops wear their old look; tradesmen content themselves with prospective gains; old women wear smiling faces; old men bless the quiet; invalids creep out to-day; strangers put their guide-books again under arm; and beggars and girls wear faces that seem to say, "I wish it lasted forever!"

Editor's Drawer.

THE correspondent who forwards us the following lines, accompanied by a modest note, will accept our hearty acknowledgments. They possess more than common excellence:

"HOLY ANGELS ARE AROUND ME."

["Beautiful flowers are around me, Holy Angels are all around me, and I see a Heavenly Light!"—These were the last words of one who is now in the presence of GOD.]

"Holy Angels are around me,
And I see a Heavenly Light!"
As the tide of life was ebbing,
Said a sainted spirit bright.

'Mid the sighs and tears of mourners,
Like a child he fell asleep;
Fell asleep to wake in glory,
Where the sorrowing cease to weep.

"Fairest flowers are all around me!"
These were flowers of fadeless bloom.
From the Founts of Living Waters,
Thine to win beyond the tomb.

Perish wealth, and fame, and honor,
Worthless seems the world's renown;
Thine were Faith, and Love, and Patience,
Thine the Christian's radiant crown.

Holy Angels all around thee,
Were revealed unto thy sight,
Messengers to waft thy spirit
Upward to the Gates of Light!

E. J. G.

An antiquarian correspondent has sent us several anecdotes, &c., for preservation in the "Drawer," derived from various sources, more or less ancient. Some of them date as far back as the year 1792. We select a few specimens for the amusement of our readers:

"It was a custom with Benjamin Lay, to visit, at times, the houses of worship belonging to other religious societies than his own. He would not go within the walls, but stood at the door. He one day attended at Christ Church, where the late Dr. Jenny was preaching on the subject of the Day of Judgment.

"After service, while the congregation were coming out of the church, Benjamin was very desirous to know from those who passed him, how the Sheep were to be distinguished from the Goats at the last day. A facetious gentleman, to whom he applied himself, took him by the beard, and giving it a good shake, replied:

"By *their beards*, Benjamin!" . . . . .

During the time of Gen. Belleisle's confinement in Windsor Castle, as a party of soldiers were marching there, to be set as guards over him, a gentleman had the curiosity to ask on what business they were going; when one of the officers, fond of punning, replied:

"We are going to Windsor, to keep a General *Fast*." . . . . .

The following *Dialogue between an Irish Innkeeper and an Englishman*, dates as far back as 1804:

English man.—"Halloa, house!"

Inn-keeper.—"I don't know any one of that name."

Eng.—"Are you the master of the Inn?"

Inn.—"Yes, sir, please your honor, when my wife's from home."

Eng.—"Have you a bill of fare?"

Inn.—"Yes, sir, the fairs of Mollingar and Ballinastee are the next week."

Eng.—"I see; how are your beds?"

Inn.—"Very well, I thank you, sir."

Eng.—"Have you any 'Mountain?'"

Inn.—"Yes, sir; this country is full of mountains."

Eng.—"I mean a kind of wine."

Inn.—"Yes, sir; *all* kinds, from Irish wine (butter-milk) to Burgundy."

Eng.—"Have you any porter?"

Inn.—"Yes, sir; Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where."

Eng.—"No, no; I mean porter *to drink*."

Inn.—"Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean—never fear him for *that*."

Eng.—"Have you any fish?"

Inn.—"They call *me* an odd fish."

Eng.—"I think so; I hope you are not a shark."

Inn.—"No, sir, indeed I am not a lawyer."

Eng.—"Have you any soles?"

Inn.—"For your boots or shoes, sir?"

Eng.—"Psha! have you any *plaice?*"

Inn.—"No, sir, but I was *promised* one if I would vote for Mr. B——."

Eng.—"Have you any wild fowls?"

Inn.—"They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days."

Eng.—"I must see myself."

Inn.—"And welcome, sir; I will fetch you the looking-glass!" . . . . .

When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV., his majesty was astonished to find one Sunday, instead of a numerous congregation, only himself and the priest.

"What is the reason of this?" said the king.

"I caused it to be given out, sire," replied he, "that your majesty did not attend Chapel to-day, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the King."

This "*Address to a Jug of Rum*," was first published in 1815. It is as applicable now as when it first appeared.

"Here, only by a cork control'd,
And slender walls of earthen mould,
In all the pomp of death, repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose;
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath;
The fist for fighting nothing loth;
The passion which no word can tame,
That burst like sulphur into flame;
The nose carbuncled, glowing red;
The bloated eye, the broken head;
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming, and dispute.
Assault that Innocence assails;
The images of gloomy jails;
The giddy thought on mischief bent;
The midnight hour in riot spent;
All these within this jug appear,
And Jack, the hangman, in the rear."

During the traitor Arnold's predatory operations in Virginia, in 1781, he took an American captain prisoner. After some general conversation, he asked the captain what he thought the Americans would do with him if they caught him; the captain declined at first giving an answer; but, upon being repeatedly urged, he said: "Why, sir, if I must answer your question, you must excuse my telling the plain truth: if my countrymen should catch you, I believe they would first cut off that lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of Freedom at Saratoga, and bury it with the honors of war; and afterward hang the remainder of your body on a gibbet."

There is a great deal of latent intelligence in the world, which only needs a little awakening, to be fully brought out. Witness the following colloquy:

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us, on the globe?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Well now," continued the perplexed teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?"

"Out of *the hole*, sir!" replied the pupil, with an air of triumph at having solved the great question.

There is something very grotesque in the annexed "*Invitation to Mont Blanc*," by a Yankee traveler in Italy:

"How de du, Mont Blanc? I vow I'm glad to meet ye;
A thund'rin' grist o' miles I've come to greet ye!
I'm from America, where we've got a fountain
Niagara it's called, where you might lave
Your mighty phiz; then you could shirt and shave
In old Kentucky—in our Mammoth Cave;
Or take a snooze, when you're in want of rest,
On our big prairies in the far 'Far West;'
Or, when you're dry, might cool your heated liver
By sipping up the Mississippi river.
As for companions, should you wish for any,
Why, we've the Kaatskill and the Alleghany:
You may accept them with impunity;
They both stand high in our community.
Give us a call. *You*'d almost step from hence;
Our folks all long to see Your Eminence.
Come over, Blanc!—don't make the least ado;
Bring Madame Jura with you, and the little glaciers too!"

PERHAPS the briefest personal memoirs ever written were the "*Memoirs of Count Rostopchin*," written in ten minutes. We subjoin a few paragraphs, each of which constitute a "chapter."

"MY BIRTH: On the twelfth day of March, 1765, I emerged from darkness into the light of day. I was measured, I was weighed, I was baptized. I was born without knowing wherefore, and my parents thanked heaven, without knowing for what.

"MY EDUCATION: I was taught all sorts of things, and learned all kinds of languages. By dint of impudence and quackery I sometimes passed for a *savant*. My head has become a library of odd volumes, of which I keep the key.

"MY SUFFERINGS: I was tormented by masters; by tailors who made tight dresses for me; by women, by ambition, by self-love, by useless regrets, and by remembrances.

"MEMORABLE EPOCHS: At the age of thirty, I gave up dancing; at forty, my endeavors to please the fair sex; at fifty, my regard of public opinion; at sixty, the trouble of thinking; and I have now become a true sage, or an egotist—which is the same thing.

"RESPECTABLE PRINCIPLES: I have never meddled in any marriages or scandal. I have never recommended a cook or a physician; and consequently have never attempted the life of any one.

MY DISLIKES: I had a dislike to sots and fops, and to intriguing women, who make a game of virtue; a disgust for affectation; pity for made-up men and painted women; an aversion to rats, liquors, metaphysics, and rhubarb; and a terror of justice and wild beasts.

"ANALYSIS OF MY LIFE: I await death without fear and without impatience. My life has been a bad melodrama on a grand stage, where I have played the hero, the tyrant, the lover, the nobleman, but never the valet.

"MY EPITAPH: Here lies, in hope of repose, an old deceased man, with a worn-out spirit, an exhausted heart, and a used-up body. Ladies and Gentlemen, pass on!"

ALL those who are fond of simple music, in contradistinction from what is called "scientific" or "difficult" execution—which Dr. Johnson once said he wished was not only "difficult" but *impossible*—will not be able to avoid laughing heartily at the following picture, drawn by that very graphic artist, Mr. Sam Slick:

"What's that? It's music. Well, that's artificial too; it's scientific, they say; it's done by rule. Jist look at that gal to the piany: first comes a little Garman thunder. Good airth and seas, what a crash! It seems as if she'd bang the instrument all to a thousand pieces. I guess she's vexed at some body, and is a peggin' it into the piany out of spite. Now comes the singin'; see what faces she makes; how she stretches her mouth open, like a barn-door, and turns up the white of her eyes, like a duck in a thunder-storm. She is in a musical ecstasy; she feels good all over; her soul is a-goin' out along with that 'ere music. Oh, it's divine; and she is an angel, ain't she? Yes, I guess she is; and when I'm an angel, I will fall in love with her: but as I'm a man, at least what's left of me, I'd jist as soon fall in love with one that was a leetle more of a woman, and leetle less of an angel. But hello! what onder the sun is she about! Why, her voice is goin' down her own throat, to gain strength, and here it comes out ag'in as deep-toned as a man's; while that dandy feller alongside of her is a-singin' what they call falsetter. They've actilly changed voices! The gal sings like a man, and that screamer like a woman! This is science: this is taste: this is fashion: but hang me if it's natur'. I'm tired to death of it; but one good thing is, you needn't listen without you like, for every body is talking as loud as ever."

WE have never seen a better illustration of "the power of kindness," than the following anecdote of William Savery, a distinguished preacher among the Quakers, whose name is to this day a "sweet savor" with the society of Friends:

"Savery was a tanner; and one night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, whom I shall call John Smith. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done.

A few nights afterward, as the farmer's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock at the door, and when it was opened, there stood "John Smith," with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said:

"I have brought these hides back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can get a lantern," replied Savery, "and I will go to the barn with thee; then perhaps thou wilt come in, and tell me how this happened. We will then see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out his wife prepared some hot coffee, meat, and pies on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said:

"Neighbor 'Smith,' I thought some hot supper would be good for thee."

He turned his back toward her, and did not speak. After leaning against the fire-place for a few moments, he said, in a choked voice:

"It is the first time I ever stole any thing in my life, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think I should ever come to be what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarreling; and now, since I began to go down hill, every body gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children lack food. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you!—and yet I stole your hides. But I tell you the truth when I say, it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, friend 'Smith,'" said William Savery. "The secret still remains with ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost or misspent time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any more intoxicating liquors for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow, and give thee good wages. Thy little boy can pick up stones. But eat something now, and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep thee from craving any thing stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of thy wife and children, and it

will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it to thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed almost to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head upon the table, and wept like a child. After a while, however, he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night with these friendly words:

"Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me."

He entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years—a sober, honest, faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but, after "Smith's" death, Savery sometimes told the story, to prove how surely "evil might be overcome with good."

THE recent demise of the only survivor of the first battle of the revolution, at Lexington, Massachusetts, will impart a new interest to the subjoined "antique," which we find in the "Drawer:"

"A good old lady, in 1775, lived on the sea-board, about a day's march from Boston, where the British army then was. By some unaccountable accident, a rumor was spread in town and country, in and about them, that the regulars were on a march for that place, and would probably arrive in three hours at the farthest. This was just after the battle of Lexington, and all, as might be supposed, was in sad confusion. Some were boiling with rage, and full of fight, some hiding their treasures, and others flying for life.

"In this wild moment, when most people, in some way or other, were frightened from their propriety, our heroine, who had two sons, one about nineteen years of age, the other about seventeen, was seen preparing them to discharge their duty. The oldest she was able to equip in fine style. She took her husband's fowling-piece, 'made for duck and plover,' and with it the powder-horn and shot-bag; but the lad, thinking the duck and goose shot not quite the size to kill regulars, his mother took a chisel, cut her pewter spoons, hammered them into slugs, and put them into his bag, and he set off in great earnest, but thought he would call for one moment and see the parson, who said, 'Well done, my boy! God bless you!' and on he went, in the way of his duty.

"The other was importunate for his equipments, but his mother could find nothing to arm him with save an old rusty sword. The boy seemed unwilling to risk himself with this alone, but lingered in a state of hesitation, when his mother thus upbraided him:

"'You, John, what will your father say, if he hears that a child of his is afraid to meet the British! Go along! Beg or borrow a gun; or you will find one, child. Some coward, I dare say, will be running away; then take *his* gun, and march forward: and if I have heard that you have not behaved like a man, I shall carry the blush of shame to my grave!'

"She then shut the door, wiped the tear from her eye, and waited the issue: the boy joined the march.

"Such a mother could not have cowards for her sons. She was indeed one of the 'strong-minded women' of the Revolution—a patriotic *American mother!*"

IT was Hosea Bigelow (introduced to the public by his friend Lowell, the poet) who thus described the difference between "service," in the late war with Mexico, and "General Trainin'," or "Cornwallis" sham-fights in Old Massachusetts. The lines are full of "real pith:"

"This kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our October trainin',
Where a chap could clear right out, ef it only looked like rainin';
Where the Cunnles used to kiver up their shappoes with bandanners,
And send the Insines skootin' off to the bar-room with their banners,
(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted,) and a feller could cry quarter
Ef he fired away his ram-rod, arter too much rum-and-water.

"Recollect what fun we had—I and you and EZRY HOLLIS—
Up there to Waltham Plain, last fall, a-havin' the CORNWALLIS?
This sort o' thing ain't jest like that: I wish that I was furder!
Ninepunce a day for killin' folks comes kind o' low for murder.
(Why, I've worked out to slaughterin' some, for Deacon CEPHAS BILLINS,
And in the hardest times there was, I always fetched ten shillin's:)
This 'goin' where glory waits ye hain't one agreeable featur',
An' ef it warn't for wakin' snakes, I 'd be home ag'in short metre:
O *wouldn't* I be off, quick time, ef 't warn't that I was sart'in
They 'd let the day-light into me, to pay me for desartin'?"

MORE than forty years ago a work was published in Edinburgh, entitled "*Hugh Trevor.*" It was a powerful novel, and had great popularity. One striking incident in the adventures of the hero is thus related:

"Going down St. James's-street in London one evening, with a person who had treated him with much civility, he is run violently against by an accomplice of his companion, knocked down, and robbed of his money. His 'civil' friend leaves him in the lurch, and he seeks his lodgings, there being no remedy for his loss.

"To divert his mind, he repairs to the theatre, and takes his stand among the crowd which surrounds the entrance. He observes that the people about him seem watchful of each other; and presently the cry of "*Take care of your pockets!*" renews his fears, and putting his hand to his fob, he misses his watch! Looking eagerly around, he fixes his eye upon his quondam friend, who had aided in robbing him! He goes on to say:

"The blood mantled in my face. 'You have stolen my watch,' said I. He could not immediately escape, and made no reply, but turned pale, looked at me as if entreating silence and commiseration, and put a watch into my hand. I felt a momentary compassion, and he presently made his retreat. His retiring did but increase the press of the crowd, so that it was impossible for me so much as to lift up my arm: I therefore continued, as the safest way, to hold the watch in my hand. Soon afterward the door opened, and I hurried it into my waistcoat pocket: for I was obliged to make the best use of all my limbs, that I might not be thrown down and trodden under foot. At length, after very uncommon struggles, I made my way to the money-door, paid, and entered the pit. After taking breath and gazing around me, I sat down and inquired of my neighbors how soon the play would begin? I was told in an hour. This new delay occasioned me to put my hand in my pocket and take out my watch, which as I supposed had been returned by

the thief. But, good Heavens! what was my surprise when, in lieu of my own plain watch, in a green shagreen case, the one I was now possessed of was set round with diamonds! And, instead of ordinary steel and brass, its appendages were a weighty gold chain and seals! My astonishment was great beyond expression! I opened it to examine the works, and found it was capped. I pressed upon the nut and it immediately struck the hour. It was a repeater!"

Think of *that* position, for an honest man, with the *detecting* proof of his evident guilt ringing in his pocket. It strikes us as very dramatic.

THEY have a very expressive term at the West, in speaking of a man who would be the architect of his own fortune, that he must "*paddle his own canoe.*" A lady of Indiana has expanded the curt advice into a piece of original and sparkling verse:

"Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back;
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale,
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view;
And toward the beacon-mark
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due;
But, while it is called to-day,
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower.
But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue;
And to gain the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow-men?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong,
In the world's free fight?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right.
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind—
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe."

WE have no idea who "*Old Humphrey*" may be, nor where he hails from; but he has a good deal of the strong common sense and humorous *vein* of Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard." Hear him "*On Fits:*"

"Though I am no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions, and as I shall charge you nothing for them, you can not grumble at the price:

"We are most of us subject to *Fits*. I am visited with them myself, sometimes, and I dare say you are, also. Now then for my prescriptions:

"*For a Fit of Envy*, go to a watering-place, and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout, or dropsy—how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. 'A sound heart is the life of the flesh; envy the rottenness of the bones.'—*Proverbs of Solomon.*

"*For a Fit of Passion*, walk out into the open air. You may 'speak your mind' to the wind without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

"*For a Fit of Idleness*, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a hero.

"*For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly*, go to the work-shops, or speak to the wretched inmates of a jail, and you will soon be convinced:

'Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.'

"*For a Fit of Ambition*, go to the church-yard, and read the grave-stones: *they* will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister.

"*For a Fit of Repining*, look about you for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, and afflicted, and deranged; and *they* will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

"*For a Fit of Despondency*, look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and those He has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into the garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them, while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

"*For all Fits of Doubt, Perplexity, and Fear*, whether they respect the body or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulder, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician: 'Cast thy burden on the Lord: He will sustain thee.'"

A LADY, now traveling in Europe, mentions the following instance of severe sea-sickness which she witnessed on board the vessel which took her out to Havre:

"One morning I heard the steward inquiring kindly as to the health of one of the ladies who was forever complaining of a seventeen-year headache. She responded despairingly:

"Oh, ver' bad. All ze night I was more sick zan evair. Ze head, ze back, ze limbs—so bad I can not tell?"

"Would you like some breakfast, madam?"

"Don't know—ver' sick wiz ze *sea-mal*. Vot aves you?"

"Can get you *any thing* nice, madam."

"Aves you ze bif-stek?"

"Yes, madam."

"I takes ze bif-stek. Aves you ze mouton-chop?—ze potate?—ze tomate?—viz ze coffee and hot cake?"

"We have: any thing *else* you would like to have, madam?"

"Ah, mon Dieu! I can not tell; I ver' indispose. Stop, garçon!—after leetle bit, bring ze lobstair, cucumber, and ze oil!"

It is not often that one encounters a *Poetical Dunning Letter*, but here is one that has found its way into the "Drawer:"

"I've waited on you several times,
With my account so small,
And now I write to ask, if you
Intend to pay at all!
You used to say that you'd 'look in,'
And 'settled it should be;'
But you forgot—I'm short of 'tin,'
And so I write to thee.

"Oft at your office I did call—
Long on your stairs I sat:
You were denied—though in the hall
I'm sure I saw your hat.
When I got in once by mistake,
And 'twas too late to 'cut,'
You said 'you'd only got a cheque,
And all the banks were shut.'

"But all your dodges ain't no use,
Letters must come to hand;
And neither humbug nor abuse
Am I a-going to stand.
Shell out!—or in the County Court
Pulled up you sure shall be;
But if you'd settle—as you ought,
Write by return to me."

A word to "professional" scolds: "I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they can not govern *themselves*. How, then, can they govern *others?* Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild."

"Brek-e-kex-ko-ax!—Brek-e-kex-ko-ax!" Now do frogs abound; now do they croak all day by the pond-margins, and sing in the night-season; and now will these lines be appropriately put forth:

"Of all the funny things that live,
In woodland, marsh, or bog,
That creep the ground, or fly the air,
The funniest is the Frog!
The frog—the 'scientifickest'
Of Nature's handy-work;
The frog, that neither walks, nor runs,
But 'goes it' with a jerk.

"With 'pants' and coat of bottle-green,
A yellow fancy vest,
He plunges into mud and mire,
All in his 'Sunday's best:'
When he sits down, he's standing up,
As Paddy Quin once said;
And, for convenience' sake, he wears
His eyes a'top his head!

"You see him sitting on a log,
Above the 'vasty deep;'
You feel inclined to say, 'Old chap,
'Just look before you leap!'
You raise your cane to hit him on
His ugly-looking mug,
But ere you get it half-way up,
Adown he goes—*Ker-chug!*"

The following *anecdote of the late Duke of Wellington* may be relied upon as entirely authentic. It has never appeared in England:

Lord Wellington was dining at a public dinner at Bordeaux, given to him by the authorities, when he received a dispatch from Paris, informing him of the abdication of Napoleon. He turned to his aid-de-camp, Freemantle—

"Well," said he, in his knowing, sportsman tone, "we've run the fox to his hole at last!"

"What do you mean?" said Freemantle.

"Napoleon has abdicated."

Freemantle uttered an exclamation of surprise and delight.

"Hush!—not a word!" said the duke; "let's have our dinner comfortably."

He laid the letter beside his plate, and went on calmly eating his dinner. When the dinner was over—

"There!" said he, to Monsieur Lynch, the Mayor of Bordeaux; "there is something that will please you."

The mayor cast his eye over the letter, and in an instant was on the table announcing the news. The saloon rang with acclamations for several minutes. The mayor then begged leave to give a toast:

"Wellington, the Liberator of France!" There was another thunder of applause. The Portuguese consul did the same, with like effect. The mayor rose again, and gave,

"Wellington, the Liberator of *Europe!*" Here the applause was astounding. Wellington, who had sat all the while picking his teeth, now rose, made one of his knowing, civil bows to the company round:

"Jack," said he, turning to Freemantle, "let's have coffee."

If there are any readers of "The Drawer" who have ever wept over "*The Sorrows of Werter*," we commend to their perusal the following very touching lines. They embody "the joy of grief:"

"Werther had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter,
Would you know how first he met her,
She was cutting bread and butter.

"Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing that might hurt her.

"So he sighed, and pined, and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by them troubled.

"Charlotte having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter."

Some satirical wag gives the ensuing, among other directions, as to "*Deportment in Church*:"

"If you should sit in a pew by the side of a 'fashionable' lady, you must not look at her during service, especially if you are not good-looking, as she might *faint*.

"Never 'cast sheep's-eyes' at the fair sex during sermon-time, unless by previous arrangement.

"If you attend church with a lady in the evening, you should 'see her home,' unless some one who is better-looking should 'cut you out.' In that case, you can rebuke his impudence, but don't say any thing to the lady. *She* wasn't to blame, poor thing!

"If you have a small hand, and happen to have a ring on it, be sure to keep it in your pocket; else some suspicious people might think you wanted to make a show.

"Canes, umbrellas, and babies, should be left on a stand outside the door.

"Don't change your seat, unless there are sharp tacks in it, or a 'little dear' behind you pulls your

hair; and even then, don't get uneasy or fidgety, nor leave, until there is a pause in the sermon; *then* go out, like the wick of a bobtailed candle.

"Should the sermon exceed one hour and forty minutes in length, you can shift your position; but not even *then*, unless you think you can get an easier one.

"If a lady is sitting by your side, and she gets to nodding, let her lean her head upon your shoulder; but at the same time remember, that in Martin Van Buren's translation of Homer, we read that

"'*Nodding* Ilion waits the impending *fall*.'

"If on entering your pew you find a stranger in it, don't thrust him out, but let him remain; and if the sermon is as long and as dull as some we have heard, he will get sufficiently punished for his audacity."

A CORRESPONDENT in Michigan sends us the following as a "set-off" to the somewhat similar trick, practiced by the down-east trader, as recorded in a late "Drawer."

"A farmer from the vicinity (I quote from the *Detroit Advertiser*), drove a very fat ox to market a few days ago, expecting that the animal, when killed, would yield some twelve or fifteen hundred pounds of beef.

"He sold the ox; the buyer drove him off, and at night came back, representing that the ox had been slaughtered, and offered to settle for it, but showing an account of its weight, which fell short of the expectation of the farmer, who insisted on seeing the beef; after examining and weighing which, with the tallow, he was forced to go home, though not more than half-satisfied, with the money in his pocket.

"During the night, after his return, the dead ox came home to his yard, alive and well, having broken out of the butcher's inclosure; and the next day the farmer drove the same ox back to town, and offered to sell him to the same butcher, who, having missed the animal, eyed the new-comer rather suspiciously, and concluded that he had been 'sold.' But he bought the ox at a thumping price, and paid for him—*this* time!"

IN connection with the foregoing, let us record here the "experiences" of another "sharp" operator, as set forth in a sketch entitled "*The Span of Grays*," which we condensed from a far-western newspaper some months since, and deposited in our capacious receptacle:

"Good-morning, Mr. Jones."

"Good-morning, Mr. Johnson: glad to see you. How are all the folks in your part of the country?"

"Very well, thank you. Mr. Jones, I hear that you have a very nice span of good horses, which you would like to sell. How is it?"

"I have," replied Jones; "and a likelier span can't be found any where."

"O, I presume not," was the rather satirical response.

"Come in and *see* them, Mr. Johnson: this way, sir, if you please;" and Mr. Jones opened the stable-door where the horses were kept.

"Fine! *very* fine!" said Johnson. "I suppose they are perfectly sound?" and he walked around the horses, and surveyed them for the seventh time.

"Perfectly sound, I assure you," said Jones.

"No heaves?"

"Not in the least."

"Sprained?"

"No, sir."

"Can't you take two hundred and forty-five?"

"Can't—'pon honor."

"Well, I'll take them at two hundred and fifty."

"Done."

Johnson paid for the horses, and drove them home.

But he was not long in discovering that one of his superb grays was troubled with the spring-halt, and the other with something else quite as bad. Johnson was in a towering passion, and wrote letter after letter to Jones, but received no answer: so one day he called over to *see* him.

"Mr. Jones, those horses are not sound!" were the first words that passed his lips.

"I can't help that," was the response.

"But you *must* help it, and that quickly, or I'll take the law of you!" exclaimed Johnson, passionately.

"How much will you settle for, Mr. Johnson?—come, talk away!" said Jones, for it was *his* turn to be angry.

"Fifty dollars," snapped Johnson.

"I'll give you twenty-five."

"Shan't do it!"

And home he went, chafing with rage, and was just starting over to Squire B——'s for a writ, when a man accosted him:

"Have you got a pair of horses to sell, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Walk this way, sir. There, sir, can you beat *that?*"

"Pretty well *matched*," suggested the stranger. They are not entirely sound, are they?"

"Sound!" repeated Johnson, as if astonished at the question; "indeed they *are*, in every respect."

"I suppose, then, if I should buy them, you would remember what you say now; but here are witnesses;" and the stranger looked keenly at Johnson.

They talked long and earnestly, but in spite of all Johnson's protestations, the stranger would not take the grays *then*.

"In one week you shall hear from me," said the stranger. "I shall by that time have made up my mind whether to buy them or not."

Johnson didn't have to wait so long as that.

"Box sixty-four," said Johnson, at the Post-office. "Jones's hand-writing!" said he, as he opened the letter which was handed to him; "guess he has sent that fifty dollars along!"

But his illusion speedily vanished as he read:

"*C*——, *December* 28, 184—.

"Mr. S. Johnson.

"Dear Sir—I regret exceedingly to have been forced to this step; but as you told a particular friend of mine, Mr. N——, that your horses were perfectly sound, I shall not take the trouble to settle for them. Mr. N—— will not have them!

"Yours, &c., DEXTER JONES."

"Two wrongs" did not make "a right" in this case exactly, although at least *one* of the parties to this "fair business transaction" will probably have this verdict recorded against him—

Served him "*right!*"

Literary Notices.

Of recent works on English philology Roget's *Thesaurus* is the most elaborate, and probably the most important, although its practical utility, we think, is overrated by its author as well as by the editor of the American edition, issued in Boston by Gould and Lincoln. It consists of a collection of English words, arranged according to their significance, in groups of kindred ideas, and not in alphabetical order, after the manner of a dictionary. A general idea being given, a copious variety of terms, expressive of different shades or relations of that idea is presented, enabling the writer to choose that which is most appropriate to his purpose, without the annoyance of turning over the leaves of a dictionary, perhaps in vain, or wearying his patience in pursuit of the fit term, by random guesses or fruitless appeals to his memory. Thus, you wish to speak of the thinking faculty, but are at a loss to know which of the numerous words used to express this in our language is most nicely adapted to present the shade of meaning which you desire to convey. Turning to the *Thesaurus*, under the proper head, you find an assortment of terms from which you may take your choice, as intellect, mind, understanding, reason, thinking principle, sense, common sense, consciousness, capacity, intelligence, intellection, intuition, instinct, conception, judgment, genius, parts, wit, wits, shrewdness, archness, intellectuality—besides references to other divisions, under which a still further supply is afforded. It is evident that the beginner in composition will seldom find it convenient to avail himself of such an aid. The most obvious terms suggested by memory will usually suit his purpose best. He would only be lost in such an overflow of verbal wealth as is given in this volume, and soon would be tempted to give up his task in blank amazement. The practiced writer, on the other hand, is naturally in possession of a vocabulary, which renders the habitual consultation of such a work superfluous. In the excitement and heat of composition the memory surrenders its treasures—fitting words, "like nimble and airy servitors," trip around the pen—the most expressive terms wait on the beck of intellect, as if coming from the vasty deep, without being summoned—no search, no malice prepense, no painstaking, no diving into musty philological receptacles can gain so rich or so apt a variety as the suggestive soil of the writer, under the inspiration of a congenial theme. No available vocabulary, we hold, can be furnished by a knowledge of isolated words. The terms which throng the memory in the moment of composition do not come from the study of dictionaries; they are not derived from any collection of lifeless, abstract phrases; but they are impressed on the mind from the pages of genius and inspiration, from the charms of conversation, from listening to impassioned eloquence, and other sources, where we have met them in the fresh glow and radiant colors of vitality, doing actual service in the cause of truth and natural emotion, and reproducing themselves like the invisible lines of magic writing on being brought under the influence of fire. There are some occasions, no doubt, when a technical, scientific, or otherwise unusual word is in request, on which a collection like this may be consulted to advantage; and even infrequent as these are, every amateur in the niceties of expression would wish to have it within convenient reach. In the American edition, a number of "vulgar words and phrases" of doubtful utility have been omitted, in spite of the example of the author, who has collected them with great assiduity in the original. We observe that this has given offense to several of our critics, who complain of it, as if it were a personal loss—and perhaps it is so. But their tastes can easily be gratified in some other way.

A collected edition of *The Poetical Works* of William H. C. Hosmer is published by Redfield, including the contributions of the author to various periodicals, and the poems delivered before the literary societies of different colleges. Among the living poets of America Mr. Hosmer holds an honorable rank. His reputation is founded on genuine merits; with a lively poetical temperament, he has faithfully studied the principles of his art; a basis of substantial thought underlies his productions; his taste is too pure, and his feelings are too natural for him to seek effect by indulgence in extravagance and affected displays. The legends of the Indians present the author with many favorite themes, and in their treatment he exerts his powers with the greatest success. His poems in this line contain many admirable descriptive passages, and are founded on a just conception and familiar knowledge of the Indian character. Under the title of *Bird-Notes*, and *The Months*, a series of agreeable little poems present numerous striking pictures of the course of the seasons, and other poetical aspects of nature. The miscellaneous pieces are for the most part pervaded by a genial and pure spirit, a quiet love of beauty, and a vein of true and elevated sentiment, while they show a readiness and dexterity in the management of verse which could have proceeded only from genuine gifts of nature, and the discipline of strenuous culture.

Charles Scribner has published a volume of original poems, entitled *Apheila*, with a number of shorter pieces, by Julia Pleasants and Thomas Bibb Bradley, two cousins of the South. The poem from which the volume takes its name is consecrated to a traditional demon, who "always removes joy, and begets gloom, and casts shadows over things fair and beautiful." The baleful doings of this accursed imp are celebrated in winding strains, for the rhythm and imagery of which the late Edgar Poe has furnished the model. The prevailing tone of the shorter pieces may be inferred from the confession in the Proem that they were not written "to win a wandering glance from the rose-hued hall and the choral dance," but for the "lonely one, who hath watched all night for the tardy sun:"

> "Who hath showered out tears, and poured out prayer
> For the bright-winged joy that was flying there."

Many of the poems in the collection remind the reader of Mrs. Hemans, both in their style of versification and their general pensive cast of sentiment. A too devoted study of favorite poetical authors has impaired the originality and force of these productions; but they show an uncommon richness of fancy, a living sympathy with nature, and a freedom and facility of expression, which combined with a more robust frame-work of intellect, would have entitled the tuneful cousins to an unchallenged place among our native poets. In its present form, the volume doubtless contains many popular elements, and will afford genuine pleasure to the social circle in which its authors are known, though it has hardly sufficient substance to claim a permanent hold on the interest of the public.

H. C. Baird has brought out a new edition of *Vathek*, the celebrated Oriental tale by William

BECKFORD, "England's wealthiest son," whose genius was commemorated by Lord Byron, while his habits of magnificent luxury were the astonishment of his countrymen. Beckford died about ten years since, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. He inherited from his father, a large landed proprietor in England and the West Indies, the enormous estates, which made him the richest commoner of his day. His education was in keeping with his fortune. In addition to his classical attainments, which were of no ordinary character, he spoke five modern languages, and wrote three with facility and elegance. He read Persian and Arabic, was an accomplished designer, and gained a proficiency in the science of music, under the instruction of the immortal Mozart. The tale now reprinted was written before the author had completed his twentieth year, and was composed at a single sitting. In the opinion of Byron, *Vathek* "far surpasses all European imitations for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination. As an Eastern tale, even 'Rasselas' must bow before it; his Happy Valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis." At the present day the work must be regarded chiefly in the light of a literary curiosity. The production of a modern Solomon, if not in wisdom, at least in the splendors of costly voluptuousness, it will be read with interest even by those who would find no charm in its intrinsic character.

Merrimack; or, Life at the Loom, by DAY KELLOGG LEE, is a new volume of the series of popular stories which have already gained a well-deserved reputation for the author as the delineator of scenes in common life. He shows an accurate knowledge of the wants and aspirations of the human heart, a familiarity derived from personal experience with the incidents which he describes, and a very considerable power of strong and lively expression. In this volume the story vibrates between the quaint old town of Salem—which Hawthorne has immortalized in one of his most powerful romances—and the bustling, dusty, crowded, spinning and weaving city of "Merrimack," the interior of which is portrayed with great freshness of coloring. As a picture of an important and unique phase of New England life, the work is very interesting, and can scarcely fail of popularity among the million. (Published by Redfield.)

History of the French Protestant Refugees, by M. CHARLES WEISS, translated by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, is one of the most valuable historical monographs which we have lately received from Continental literature. It presents a complete view of the fortunes of the Huguenots after their dispersion on account of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, together with notices of their antecedent history, and the collateral events of the day. It is written in a style at once forcible, elegant, and picturesque, and the translator, with some few exceptions, has done justice to the original. (Published by Stringer and Townsend.)

Rev. C. COLTON, who is preparing a Life of Henry Clay, requests all persons who have in their possession letters from Mr. Clay, to forward them to A. S. Barnes and Co., New York, assuring them that the letters shall be returned to the owners.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

THE sudden death of this eminent and accomplished man, which took place while discharging his official functions on the Bench, has called forth a universal feeling of sorrow, among all who were acquainted with his genial personal qualities, his rare attainments as a scholar, and his integrity and disinterestedness in public life. In this country he was widely known by his classical dramatic writings, his reminiscences of Charles Lamb the well-beloved, and other literary productions which have made his name a household word around the American hearth. Our readers will peruse with a saddened interest the following sketches of the character and works of Talfourd, which we have gathered from several of the London journals.

The departed Judge was of humble origin. His father, Edward Talfourd, was a brewer; he lived at Reading, in Berkshire—which town Talfourd afterward represented in the House of Commons. His mother was the daughter of a dissenting minister, Thomas Noon. The future judge and dramatic poet was born on the 26th of January, 1795; and was consequently some months short of sixty when he died. From his youth upward he proved his possession of the literary temperament—he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. But the disposition was not encouraged. The atmosphere of dissent was about the young poet. His reading was restrained; Shakspeare was banned from the home in which he lived; and the only dramatic works to which he had access were Hannah More's attenuated "Sacred Dramas." In after life and in the fullness of his fame, the poet always spoke of Hannah More with gratitude; and the influence of her manner is perceptible in his most celebrated passages. His first efforts saw the light of day in that nursery of genius—the poet's corner of a provincial paper. Among his earliest offerings to the Muse were verses on the liberation of Sir Francis Burdett from the Tower:—a political fact which set the bells ringing and the bards singing from one end of England to the other. At a proper age he was sent to school—the Dissenters' Grammar School at Mill Hill, and the Grammar School of Reading, then under the direction of Dr. Valpy—an excellent master, from whom the author of "Ion" first caught that love of antique history and poetry which grew into the passion of his literary life. So long as Dr. Valpy lived, the Reading schoolboy held toward him the language of reverential affection; and when the tragedy of "Ion" was first printed it was dedicated to him.

In 1821 he was called to the bar, and joined the Oxford Circuit. Next year he married—his wife being Miss Rutt, the daughter of Mr. John T. Rutt, of Clapton. As his family increased rapidly, the Poet felt that the Barrister must have his way among the realities of life. By steady labor, by unceasing application, even more than by his natural gifts, he rose in his profession. For some years he almost closed his eyes to the blandishment of letters. He was busy with cases, abstracts, precedents, acts of Parliament, and rulings of the courts of law. He had his reward. His assiduity gave him power and wealth, and power and wealth led him up to honors. In 1833, after twelve years' devotion to the drudgeries of his profession, he found himself in a position to which drudgery was no longer necessary. He then got his silk-gown. As Serjeant Talfourd he had to do battle as a leader in his profession; his income increased, without calling for a corresponding sacrifice of time; and then—but not till then—he turned once more to his old love and became a candidate for poetic laurels. What an example to the young, the unplaced, the aspiring man of genius!

Having earned his rank by hard industry, success waited on him like a shadow. He entered Parliament in 1835 for his native town; he com-

posed his tragedy of "Ion," and circulated "two editions" of it in private—the first of which appeared in April, 1835. In May of the following year it was produced by Mr. Macready at Covent Garden with success—a success, in no slight degree, owing to the taste and pathos of Miss Ellen Tree, who, subsequently, at the Haymarket, assumed the character of the hero, and made it her own. The "Athenian Captive" and "Glencoe" followed the first and most successful effort. These plays were written for Mr. Macready, and were produced by him at the Haymarket Theatre. There is another play, "The Castilian," in private circulation, which has not been acted. To complete our story of his literary labors, we must add, that Talfourd published "Vacation Rambles," a lively, picturesque, and pleasant record of travel; a "Life of Charles Lamb;" an essay in an Encyclopædia on "the Greek Drama;" at an early period a biographical memoir of Mrs. Radcliffe; and among other works, known and unknown, permanent and fugitive, a "Speech on the Law of Copyright."

His critical and miscellaneous writings in reviews and magazines were numerous, and distinguished at all times by an elegant and flowing style. He contributed an article to the "Edinburgh Review" on Hazlitt's "Lectures on the Drama," containing a vigorous defense against the attacks of contemporary critics; and a paper in the "Examiner," "On the Intellectual Character of Hazlitt" was also from his pen. Talfourd was a great admirer of Hazlitt's character and genius, and in a volume of his "Literary Remains," compiled by his son, he aided, together with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in writing a notice of his life. To the "Quarterly Review" his chief contribution was a biographical memoir of the two eminent brothers, Lords Eldon and Stowell. The journals for which Sir Thomas Talfourd most frequently wrote were the "New Monthly Magazine" and the "Retrospective Review." The subjects of his best articles in the former were, "The Author of 'Waverley,'" "The Writings of Godwin," "The Genius and Writings of Wordsworth," "Modern Periodical Literature," "Mr. Oldaker on Modern Improvements," "A Chapter on Time," and "On the Melodrama against Gambling;" and in the "Retrospective Review" his principal papers were, "Rymer on Tragedy," "Colley Cibber's Apology for his Life," "On John Dennis's Works," "On North's Life of Lord Guilford," and "On Wallace's Prospects of Mankind, Nature, and Providence."

Talfourd was a member of Parliament about eight years. His first period of public service extended from 1835, when he succeeded Mr. Palmer in the representation of Reading, to 1841, when he was ousted by the Tory candidates; his second, from his re-instatement in 1847 up to the date of his elevation to the Bench in 1849. His success in the new sphere was not striking; but his forensic renown gave him the ear of the House; and in the absence of other literary men, he was assumed to represent generally the interests of literature and of literary men in the Great Council. The poet died, of apoplexy, at Stafford, while delivering his charge to the grand jury. He was speaking of the increase of crime—of the neglects of the rich, the ignorance of the poor—of the want of a closer knowledge and more vital sympathy between class and class—and of the thousand social evils which arise from that unhappy and unnatural estrangement of human interests—when his face flushed and he bent forward on his desk, almost as if the Judge were bowed in prayer by some sharp and overpowering emotion. A moment more, and the bystanders saw him swerve, as if he were already senseless. He was dying, calmly and happily. In a few seconds he was gone—and all that was mortal of the poet was carried into the Judges' Chambers and there laid down in breathless awe. There was something almost epic in the suddenness and solemnity of his end.

It is difficult to speak calmly of one so suddenly taken from the friends to whom his affectionate nature even more than his genius endeared him. Talfourd rose unaided to very high honors from the middle rank of life. He mastered, by patient labor and incessant industry, the desired vantage ground from which to exercise his various and remarkable powers. He was a brilliant advocate, an orator surpassed by few; he has connected his name as a legislator with two important acts of Parliament; he was a liberal and earnest politician; he was a working man of letters, a subtle critic, a successful dramatic poet; he was a judge as competent to his high functions, and conscientious in discharging them, as any who has worn the ermine. But it is not in any of these characters his memory is now most dear to those to whom he was most intimately known. Notwithstanding such varied successes, and the rank to which they bore him, there was that in the man himself which was far beyond them all. He never sank in his transitory vocation what in his nature was permanent and noblest. He did not forfeit what a man should live for, that he might the better succeed in life. Never in any human being we have known were such rare intellectual qualities neighbored by so sweet a temper, by manners so modest and unpretending, by a more kindly sympathy with all just pursuits and innocent enjoyments, by a more perpetual radiance of good and generous thoughts. In him it was not possible that mere worldly success or a selfish and satisfied ambition should "freeze the genial currents of the soul." There remained with him to the last the great art of living happily by the great means of diffusing happiness.

Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, has been combating the alleged heresies and paradoxes delivered in that city by Mr. Ruskin, in his recent course of lectures before the Philosophical Association. Mr. Blackie read a paper on "Mr. Ruskin and Greek Architecture," before the Architectural Institute, in which the excessive laudation of Gothic, at the expense of Greek architecture, was censured, the beauty and effects of the two styles not being subjects of comparison. Mr. Ruskin's theory about religious faith being necessary for high art, was also shown to be fanciful, some of the noblest works being by skeptics, while men of the noblest faith and truest piety, such as the Covenanters, abhorred every idea of the fine arts. Professor Blackie and Mr. Ruskin are both enthusiasts in their way, and, by their earnest advocacy of their extreme views, they will at least gain more general attention to questions of art, in connection with history, literature, and taste. In the matter of Grecian and Gothic architecture the learned Hellenic Professor uses language of great discretion and moderation, compared with that of Mr. Ruskin.

Mr. Maurice's "Theological Essays" are traveling the round of authoritative condemnation. Already fiercely assailed in London, they are positively prohibited in Rome. As the Index of the

Congregation has now become the chief organ of advertisements for new books in southern Europe, it is understood that the publishers are in great spirits. A large demand for the work is immediately expected.

Dr. BRUGSCH, a young *savant* sent out to Egypt by the Prussian government, reports that M. Maunier, a French photographic artist, has made a curious discovery at Thebes. Having been employed by Abbas Pasha to execute an album of Egyptian antiquities, he caused several temples to be cleared of rubbish for the purpose. When that of Amenophis was laid bare, it appeared that the capitals of the columns had originally been covered with copper-leaf, hammered over the stone so as to take its shape, and afterward painted. Another interesting discovery was, that the great irregular paving-stones were formerly covered with a wooden flooring, which seems to illustrate, says Dr. Brugsch, the description of the Temple of Solomon. Although no general conclusion can be drawn from these facts, they are valuable additions to our knowledge. It is interesting also to learn, that some curious Byzantine frescoes have been found under the colonnades of the Temple at Luxor.

The Paris papers have been occupied for some time past with the law proceedings instituted by the shareholders of the *Constitutionnel* newspaper against Dr. Veron, its late part proprietor and manager, on the ground of an alleged unfair distribution among them of the proceeds of the sale. The trial, which had been going on for several days, has been just brought to a close. The judgment of the Court is that Dr. Veron shall refund to the shareholders the enormous sum of 1,180,000f., the proceeds of the sale having been nearly 2,000,000f.

France has recently lost one of the most distinguished of her sons in the person of the well-known Abbé DE LAMENNAIS. He was born at St. Malo in 1782; his father was a wealthy ship-owner, but became reduced in fortune by the revolution and the wars with England. Feeling a strong repugnance to commercial pursuits, he gave himself up to study; and, though not aided by good masters, plunged deeply into all the branches of human knowledge. In 1816, he was formally ordained a priest, and shortly after he brought out the "Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion." This work was received with much interest, and placed him at once in the rank of the foremost writers and thinkers of the day. It has since been translated into almost every language, and is still generally read, and as generally admired. It was followed, after an interval of two years, by a second volume under the same title, which is quite as remarkable for powerful reasoning and nervous eloquence, and even more so for the vast reading it displays. He now became an active contributor to newspapers and periodicals. In 1825, after a visit to Rome, he brought out a translation of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," and his "La Religion considerée dans ses Rapports avec l'Ordre Civil et Politique." This latter work is considered one of the most magnificent apologies for the Roman Catholic Church ever published in any language. It was followed by his treatise on the "Libertés de l'Eglise Gallicane," which is also esteemed by Romish churchmen. As this latter work attacked some pretensions put forward by the government, he was prosecuted and fined a small sum. On this occasion he made to his judges a threat which has become memorable in France, "You shall learn what it is to have to do with a priest!" In 1827 and 1828 he produced "Réflexions sur l'Imitation," "La Journée du Chrétien," and "Le Guide du Premier Age," which are full of the most fervent and touching piety. His next publication of note was "Des Progrès de la Révolution et de la Guerre contre l'Eglise," a work which was censured by the Archbishop of Paris as being too liberal, though it exalted the authority of the Church. The Revolution of 1830 broke out shortly after, and the Abbé de Lamennais, in conjunction with the Count de Montalembert, started a newspaper called the "Avenir," in which he labored to reconcile the Church of Rome and the cause of liberty—or rather to make that church the champion and representative of the political, civil, and moral progress which, in different degrees, is acting on every state in Europe. A little later he brought out a small work called the "Paroles d'un Croyant." It is a sort of cry of anguish over the temporal misery and intellectual darkness of the lower classes in all countries, and a sort of Apocalyptic denunciation of "kings and tyrants who are represented as oppressing God's people." It is one of the most remarkable of books. The "Paroles" produced an excitement not only in France, but in all Europe; they were seized on by the extreme democratic party as the best exposition and sanction of their peculiar doctrines ever put forth—and no wonder, for they maintained nothing less than that all that the Saviour Christ taught was democratic—and they caused terror to all the ruling powers. At Rome they created a tempest of wrath, and Pope Gregory XVI. thundered against them as "erroneous, anarchical, scandalous, impious, offensive to God, blasphemous," etc. But the die was now cast: Lamennais was henceforth one of the bitterest and most relentless adversaries of the Papacy, one of the most devoted and enthusiastic partisans of "the people." All his later publications, such as "Le Livre du Peuple," "De l'Esclavage Moderne," his contributions to reviews and newspapers, etc., were written in this spirit; and, whether it be for good or for evil, certainly no man has done more to damage the Papacy and to exalt democracy. On the Revolution of 1848 he was elected a member of the National Assembly, and he of course voted with the extreme republican party. In the Assembly he never spoke, and took no active part in political proceedings, but he felt a keen and painful interest in all that occurred, and both his party and the public paid far more attention to him, seated silent and reserved, than to noisy talkers and foolish busy-bodies. He continued in the Parliament until it was destroyed by the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon in 1851. Not being what the French call a "man of action," he escaped exile, but his heart was cruelly wrung by the shipwreck of the republican cause, and he resolved to take no further part in politics. To occupy himself he undertook a translation of Dante, and had made considerable progress with it when death struck him. It remains to be added that so intense was his hatred of the Roman Catholic religion, that, in his last illness, he would not allow a priest to approach him, and he gave peremptory orders that his body should be buried without any religious service whatsoever. He also ordered that it should be interred—not in a separate vault, but in the large pit reserved for the extremely poor, who leave no friends at all, or friends who are unable to pay the modest fee required for the temporary occupation of a grave.

The Spirits on May-Day.



Mrs. Jenkins being about to remove on the First of May, has engaged the celebrated "Medium," Mr. Turner, to move her furniture, thinking it will be cheaper than to employ a Carman.



The "Experiment" succeeds to admiration. Mr. Turner makes off, followed by all the furniture.



The suspicions of our Vigilant Police being excited by this new mode of Table-Moving, the "Medium" is taken into custody.



Mr. Turner finds himself at last in a very *moving* situation.

Fashions for May.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Out-door Costume and Child's Dress.

WE have neither space nor inclination to present those extravagant fancy costumes which originate in sheer caprice and craving for novelty, however absurd; nor even those authentic foreign modes which can never be adopted by our countrywomen. Our illustrations are confined to those styles which we anticipate will be received with favor here.

For illustration we select an extremely graceful mantilla, called the Eugenie, composed of white grenadine. It is of very ample proportions, and owing to the volant not being lined (as is the body with taffeta), it falls with that graceful pliancy peculiar to this fabric. It is impossible that an engraving should do justice to the rich metallic lustre of the inwoven silk garlands, or the beautiful semi-transparency of the fabric. This mantilla is worn scarfwise, low upon the shoulder.

The Child's Dress is of cashmere, of a delicate pale salmon hue. The *gilet* is of white *poult de soie*, confined by buttons and loops, and is joined to the



FIGURE 3.—BONNET.

surcoat, which is elaborately ornamented, as is also the skirt, by an arabesque design of braid-work. A *ruche* of lace surrounds the neck. The sleeves, puffed, and like the pantalettes—which are worn fuller than formerly—are of needle-wrought cambric. The Hat (which we illustrate opposite on a larger scale) is of Leghorn, trimmed with No. 22 ribbon of white satin, figured. The clumsy rosettes which have been worn so long, are displaced, and the hat is confined by a simple braid. A waving ostrich plume completes the decoration.

BONNETS.—Figure 3 is composed of white silk and blonde. The silk is frilled in rows 1½ inches wide, divided from each other by narrow bands;

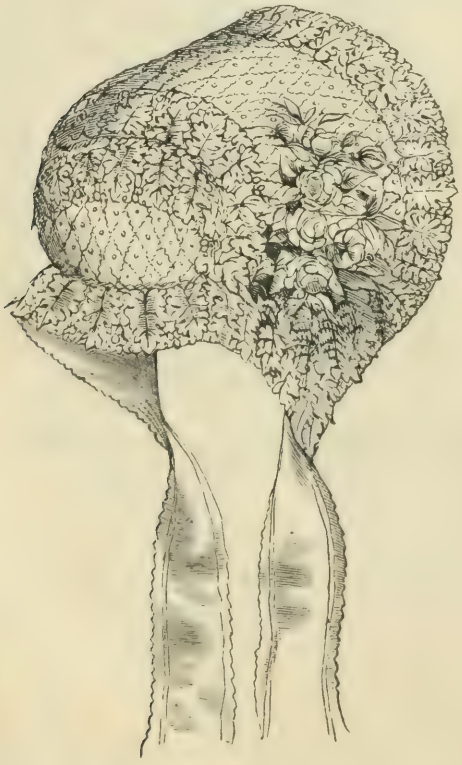


FIGURE 4.—BONNET.



FIGURE 5.—CHILD'S HAT.

these run from the front to the crown, which is covered by blonde lace arranged in a star form. The same lace trims the front. A marabout feather completes the exterior. White jonquils, violets, and sprays of snow-drop, mingled with a few threads of moss, constitute the interior trimming. The



FIGURE 6.—CAP.

snow-drops are so disposed as almost to overarch the head.—Figure 4 is entirely unique. It is composed of hair and Swiss straw, with rows of grape-leaves of embossed and shaded green satin. It is lined with green silk. Groups of pale pink roses, with sprays of the lily of the valley, form the trimming. Inside is a simple *ruche* of blonde, very full upon the cheeks.

CAPS.—Figure 6 has a foundation of tulle, with borders of broad blonde, between which are spring flowers. The trimming is of pink satin ribbon.—Figure 7 is of blonde, with black lace edging upon the trimming; this is of corn-color, relieved at its edge by a velvet line.



FIGURE 7.—CAP.